All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Send to any Address for $2.00 a Year

No. 11. 2ND YEAR. CRESTON, B.C., FRIDAY, OCT. 29 1909 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Men's Sweaters

Bargains that Come but Once a Year.

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

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

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

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

Ball was Great Success

The ball given on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, far exceeded the wildest expectations of the local lovers of dancing. There were over hundred people present. The music was excellent, being the Northey orchestra. A noticeable feature to the onlooker was the number of good dancers among the fair sex as compared with the men, also the number of beautifully gowned pretty women that were taking part, which conclusively proves that Creston can make good in the matter of producing good looking women.

Dainty refreshments were served during the evening, and too much credit cannot be given the management committee as well as the musicians and the floor manager, S. J. Stephens, who did good work.

Our society editor being present at the ball, we are able to report the various costumes of the ladies who participated at this most enjoyable affair, which are as follows: Mrs. J. Carver in black and white; Mrs. J. J. Atherton, in black, trimmed with cream; Mrs. J. Atherton in black and white; Mrs. Birt in white; Mrs. Malone in blue costume; Miss Ethel Tull, white and red; Mrs. Northey, cream net; Miss Huscroft, white muslin; Mrs. Jno. Huscroft, white lingerie; Mrs. Mead, white lingerie; Miss B. Johnston, blue silk; Lady Douglas, fawn, trimmed with pink silk chiffon; Mrs. S. Trombley, black silk; Mrs. Carr, cream silk; Miss Quaife, white silk; Mrs. A. Miller, grey silk; Miss Howarth, pale blue serge, trimmed with white silk medallion; Mrs. J. Young, red silk, trimmed with silk lace and insertion; Miss Johnson, white silk, trimmed with silk lace; Miss Beam, in white; Mrs. T. Quaife, white; Miss E. Ryckman, white; Miss McGillivray, brown and white; Miss A. Ryckman, white lingerie; Miss Martin, white; Miss M. Ryckman, in a beautiful fawn, prettily braided with silk; Mrs. McInnes, white and blue; Mrs. Kelly, pretty fawn, trimmed with narrow brown braid; Miss J. Smith in white, trimmed with blue ribbon; Mrs. J. Scott in cream; Miss V. Huscroft in pale blue silk, trimmed with lace; Mrs. J. Miller, white, with red; Miss Smith, white lingerie frock; Miss Olga Wigen, pretty blue silk with white.

Fernie Shots Beat Creston

The rifle shoot held by the Creston-Erickson Rifle Association, on the range between the two points, was a great success. Being Thanksgiving Day, most of the stores, etc., were closed, and an opportunity was thus given for everyone to turn out. As a result of seeing the preliminary announcement in the Review, a communication had been received from the Fernie Rifle Club, offering to shoot a match against a picked team of local shots, and the matter being arranged, the Fernie boys come down on the Sunday train.

At a little before 9 a.m. on the 25th. both teams, accompanied by their supporters, drove down to the range, and everything being found satisfactory, the shooting began at 9.15 a.m.

Conditions for shooting were good; the wind was constant, blowing across the range from left to right, and later dying away to almost a complete calm, with a slight gust every few minutes.

The light however, was very puzzling, alternating between very light and dull, sometimes the target being bathed in sunshine while the firing point was a dull streak; again, the targets were in the shade, whilst the sun shone bright on the barrels of the rifles. These changes effected the shooting, especially at the longer ranges, sometimes a single marksman would score a bull, then with the next shot make an outer, although the pull off in both cases seemed equally steady. At two hundred yards the visiting team was leading by seven, which they further increased by eleven, to a lead of eighteen at five hundred yards. At six hundred yards however, and contrary to expectations, the local boys started to pull up rapidly, and when the final shot had been fired were only eleven behind. If one or two of our young shots had paid a little more attention to the light and the slight gusty wind at the two longer ranges, it is quite possible the result would have been different.

At 11.45 a.m. the "cease fire" was sounded, and both teams after giving three cheers for Fernie and Creston respectively, moved to the tent, where the Methodist ladies had surpassed themselves by providing what everyone voted to be the finest Thanksgiving dinner they had ever eaten.

Below we give the detailed scores:

FERNIE—J. Minton, 84; R. N. Clerke 77; Dr. White, 74; W. Bleasdell, 71; J. T. Laurie, 71; B. McBirnie, 80; G. H. Boulton, 83; G. L. Pedlar, 86. Total —626.

CRESTON—G. Cartwright, 75; E. Cartwright, 68; A. S. FitzGerald, 85; O. Moore, 84; J. E. King, 77; F. Broderick, 77; E. C. Wilson, 82; E. Harrison, 67. Total—615.

Eastern B. C. Sunday School Association

CALL FOR PROVINCIAL CONVENTION

The third Provincial Convention is to be held (D.V.) in the city of Nelson, November 3-4, 1909.

A splendid program is being arranged. Questions of vital importance in the modern Sunday School will be discussed and every school in the province should be represented. Mr. Marion Lawrance, general secretary of the International Sunday School Association, will be present to take part in each session. Mr. Lawrance is the leading Sunday School expert in the world, and it will be the opportunity of a lifetime to hear him speak and catch his enthusiasm. Mr. E. O. Excell, the great singing evangelist, will have charge of the music throughout the convention, and this ensures the best possible results obtainable. The leading Sunday School workers of the province will also take part in the meetings.

The following are delegates: Members of the Provincial Board, Pastors and Superintendents of all Evangelical Schools, and each school can send one delegate for every fifty of the enrolment or fraction thereof.

The Sunday School friends of Nelson will provide free entertainment for all certified delegates. The usual reduced rates will be granted by the railroads, viz., 100 present, return free.

Important matters will be presented to the convention for discussion. We therefore suggest that much prayer be offered by all workers for this Convention, and that all pastors, superintendents and district officers put forth special effort to secure a full delegation from all schools.

On behalf of the Provincial Board,
I. W. WILLIAMSON,
General Secretary.

A beautiful Gourlay piano is on exhibition at the Creston Furnishing Co.'s store. The Creston Realty & Timber Co. are the agents. See them about their easy term system on a piano.

Miss Barretson, the leading Irish vocalist, and Mr. Bryce Howitson, the "Harry Lauder" of Canada, will sing between the acts at the play, "The Remittance Man," at the Mercantile Hall Monday evening, November 1st.

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.

SCHOFIELD IS CRESTON'S CHOICE

PRESENT MEMBER RECEIVES UNANIMOUS NOMINATION

A mass meeting of the conservatives of Creston and immediate vicinity was held in the old shoolcouse on Thursday evening. Although the evening was showery there was a gathering of a trifle less than one hundred voters.

President R. J. Long, in an able manner, explained that this year an effort was being made not to have any convention at all and thus do away with the necessity of appointing delegates, but to try and make the nomination of James Schofield unanimous all over the riding. This the meeting heartily agreed to. It was then moved by J. B. Moran and seconded by S. Scott "That James Schofield be nominated as conservative candidate for this riding."—carried.

It was then moved by J. B. Moran and seconded by J. K. Johnson "That this meeting move a vote of confidence in the McBride Government."—Carried unanimously.

It was then moved by J. B. Moran and seconded by G. Benney "That the secretary write Messrs. Schofield and Wright re fixing up the old schoolhouse for public meetings."—Carried. It was then moved by J. B. Moran and seconded by Guy Lowenberg "That a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Harry Wright, Government agent, for the good work he has done in this district."—Carried.

It was then moved by G. Benney and seconded by S. Scott "That a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. James Schofield for all the good work he has done for this portion of the riding."—Carried.

Mr. Moran moved "That a vote of thanks be tendered Superintendent of Roads Benney for the able manner in which he has superintended all road work in this district." This resolution was seconded by S. Scott and carried.

The meeting then tendered a vote of thanks to President Long and Secretary Compton for the manner in which they were conducting the business of the Conservative Association.

After the business of the meeting had been completed, three cheers and a tiger were given for James Schofield and the McBride Government.

The Kelley Swift Company, playing at the Mercantile Hall on Monday night next, will present "The Remittance Man," a veritable scream from start to finish. The Edmondton Bulletin, speaking of this show, says: "This is the best road show seen in Canada for years."

R. W. Palmer, the government apple packer, will give demonstations on the scientific packing of apples, at the ranch of J. Compton, on November 4th next. This is a rare opportunity for all fruit growers to learn the art of packing apples and it is to be hoped that many will avail themselves of the opportunity. Mr. Palmer's services on this occasion will be given free.

Bayonne Camp Rich in Gold

Some valuable information has just been obtained from Mr. Frank Aiken, a pioneer mining man and prospector of this district, who has been prospecting in the Bayonne camp for the past eight years, and who owns several valuable properties in that camp. According to Mr. Aikens, the Bayonne camp is from 6,200 to 7,200 feet above sea level. The principal groups in this camp are as follows: The Bayonne Group of nine claims, at present has four claims known as the Old Mike, Summit Bell, Echo, and Sunrise now working. This ore is free milling gold and runs as high as from $30 to $500 per ton. There is now over five hundred tons of high grade ore already on the dump on these claims.

The next group of importance is the Montana Group, consisting of three claims, owned by Phil. Casey and others. This group is very promising and the ore is very similar to that of the Bayonne. The Echo Group comes next with its six claims, and a force of miners are at present developing this group, which is owned by W. Maher. The ore assays $80 in gold. Then there is the Summit Bell Group, owned by F. Aiken, comprising three claims. The ore here assays from $60 to $115 per ton. There is a tunnel, one hundred and fifty feet long on these claims, and it is regarded as one of the drawing cards of the camp. There is also the Old Mike Group of four claims, which is owned by Aiken and Ginsberg. There are four tunnels on this group and over seven hundred feet of work has been done. The average gold assay is $50 per ton. After this is the Smuggler Group, with its three claims. It is owned by Messrs. Stewart and Malone, of Nelson. This group has assayed as high as $100 per ton in gold.

The Campbell Group of four claims comes next, and is owned by Jos. Campbell. On this group the ledge has been exposed by stripping over 2,000 feet, and the ore runs from $30 to $70 per ton in gold. The Arkanaw Group comes next with its three claims, owned by Angus Currie and others. Here there are open cuts, and the surface is stripped, exposing the ore on all sides, which assays $30 per ton in gold. The Sunrise Group of five claims, owned by Angus Currie and W. Maher presents a fine appearance. There has been a lot of work done on this group in the way of stripping, and rich float can be found on all sides. This float assays from $800 to $900 per ton. To show the magnitude of the Bayonne camp, it is stated that in addition to these groups already mentioned there are at least 50 other claims in the camp with good showings. Mr. Frank Aiken, who is thoroughly familiar with the Sheep Creek camp and other mining camps in B.C., says that in magnitude the Bayonne camp, although in its new state, far exceeds the Sheep Creek camp in importance and size. It is further stated that the Bayonne Group will start shipping as soon as the wagon road from Creston to the camp has been completed in the spring. Creston, according to Mr. Aiken, is the nearest shipping point by land to the Bayonne camp, and says that the general public have no idea of the many high-grade gold properties that are in that camp. There is an abundance of water and all the timber necessary for mining purposes for many years to come. The Bayonne camp, according to Mr. Aiken, is also a veritable hunters' paradise, as both large and small game abound, and the many small lakes in that camp are literally filled with ducks and fish of all kinds.

WELLS SENTENCED TO PRISON

FOUND GUILTY OF ABDUCTION AND THEFT AT LETHBRIDGE

Tuesday morning, October 19th, at Lethbridge, Wells was up before the magistrate to answer to a preferred charge of abduction of a girl named Jones, whom Wells, it appears, was convinced he could convert into a dramatic star of the first magnitude. The Lethbridge Herald says:

"According to the first witness called, Mr. Jones, the father of the girl, Wells had represented himself as a theatrical man, and wanted Mr. Jones' daughter to attend a school in Denver, where she would be trained for entrance to the stage. This Jones had refused to allow, although Wells had come to him repeatedly trying to persuade him to allow the girl to go.

"Saturday night, Wells and the girl took matters into their own hand, and decided to go in spite of protest. Wells walked into the house about 1 o'clock Sunday morning and picked up the girl's valise, telling her to come on right under the father's notice. This she did."

This was the substance of the father's testimony, and after hearing the evidence of both sides, the prisoner, George Wells, was found guilty on the abduction charge and sentenced to 23 months imprisonment. He was also found guilty on the charge of theft and sentenced to an additional six months. It was after he had received his sentence that he attempted to commit suicide in his cell by knotting his shirt to the top of his cell, being found swinging from it, almost strangled to death. He is now being very carefully watched.

C. P. Riel returned yesterday from a two weeks visit to Nelson, Spokane and Cranbrook.

GO

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KERRY COW CO.

In their 4-act Scream, entitled:

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This Show has had wonderful success through Alberta and B.C.

See Window Cards for quotations from leading journals.

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COOK STOVES - $12.50 Up

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See the New Sanitary Roasting Pan

Creston Mercantile Co.

For more than a year has serge been a fashionable material, and the number of serge gowns and costumes being made up at the present moment would indicate that the fashion is still popular. Serge is a material that has generally been associated with the idea of cold weather, the winter season and practical hard wear generally; but there are now so many different weaves and weights, not to mention variety of colors, that the material has assumed a place of its own among the fabrics for summer, as well as winter, and no outfit is complete without at least one serge costume. Black and blue have been and are the favorite colors for general wear, while serge somehow seems a thing apart and is used for more elaborate styles: but grey and brown have of late been added to the list. Brown serge is, however, not to be rashly recommended, for if it is not of just the right shade and texture it is most unbecoming and unsatisfactory in every respect, and there are only a few shades that should be considered.

Blue serge trimmed with black is a combination that suggests itself, for black trimmed blue serge cotumes are always smart, whether the black be in the facings and finish or in the braiding. At the moment the narrow soutache and the inch width Hercules braid and an inch wide fancy braid are the most in demand. There is no set rule as to how the braiding shall be used. There may be bands of it around the skirt, several different widths combined, or four rows of the inch wide bordered with the narrow soutache. Some of the costumes are most elaborately braided, while others have as little as possible on them—just enough to show that braiding is the trimming above all others.

Smart Serge Costume.

The one piece short serge gown, a sort of long, half-fitting coat, has been and is considered the smartest of any serge costume. Extremely severe in line and detail, it possesses the much sought after effect of making the wearer both extremely slender and girlish, and although it does not fit tight to the figure it has all the appearance of it, and carries out to perfection the very latest craze for a long jersey or sweater coat with a pleated skirt.

Above the pleats, entirely covering the jersey toy, or what looks like a jersey, the material is covered with an elaborate braiding of black soutache put on in straight lines alternating with irregular curves, the straight lines finished with crochet or passementerie tassels; the serge sleeves, full above the elbows, are finished with a straight band of the serge and below the band a deep lace cuff. There is a small yoke and slick collar of lace, and around the yoke and above the cuffs is a band of Chinese embroidery on a gold or silver braiding on a light color cloth. The same style is made in a much simpler plan without the elaborate braiding, and the plainer, more even style finds quite as many patrons as the more elaborate. Too much braiding, especially when not carried out by skilled labor, lacks the finish and style of the simpler gown.

For perfection in cut and simplicity of design it would be difficult to find a smarter garment than the long fitted coat of brown serge made on such severe lines, buttons and ends at the sides and front comprising all the trimming excepting the yoke, collar and cuffs of Irish lace.

The color is the clear yellow brown that is becoming when there is, as in this instance, the lace yoke and collar to relieve it, but the same model carried out in blue, black or white is much safer for the average woman to choose. This fitted long coat or one-piece gown is a rather curious fashion, for although it is called a coat it is not worn over a gown, but is complete in itself. There are serious disadvantages, too, about it. It is too warm to be worn in hot weather and too light for any very cold season, and should, indeed, be worn on cold days with a warm waist and with furs. It is well calculated to show off good lines and is lighter in weight than most serge costumes, and these two qualities make it popular, although its chances for a long life are by no means strong. It is like the old-fashioned redingote, a one piece garment of many years ago, when it was the fashion to wear gowns that showed every line of the figure to advantage—or disadvantage. It must be conceded that the present rendering of the fashion is far more attractive and proves that the modern figure is infinitely more graceful and that women, as a rule, carry themselves much better.

What is the best and most practical style of travelling gown has never been satisfactorily decided. The one piece gown, with which must be worn, or carried, a coat, is advocated by some women; the coat gown just described is also pronounced good but after all the general consensus of opinion is in favor of the coat and skirt costume, with separate waists.

There are so many different materials now to be found that will match the color of the costume, but are far lighter in weight, that it is comparatively an easy task to keep the all one color effect that is so much smarter than the white waist and dark skirt. Chiffon cloth, net, crepe de Chine and, once again, silk are all utilized for the separate waist, which has a small chemisette and collar of cream net or lingerie or is made to wear with white collar and tie. All the waists are simple in design, but are distinctly dress waists, not blouses, and are either made over boned and fitted linings or are worn over tight fitting corset covers, the aim being to look as trim as possible. With the coat and skirt and more elaborate lingerie waists are still fashionable, but are rarely seen with the coat. If the heavier materials are thought too warm there are dark colors in wash materials that can be utilized.

Newest Coat and Skirt Costumes.

One of the newest of the coat and skirt costumes for this season is quite on the lines of the fashionable model of four years ago. The skirt is pleated in wide box pleats, the coat is medium length, with exaggeratedly long and narrow collar of satin, and is bound with satin and has satin buttons.

Serge of fine cord and light weight is one of the favorite materials for this model, and a dark blue with trimmings of black is the smartest color. There are also cheviots that make up effectively, and it is effective in heavy ribbed pongee and in the smooth cloths in plain colors. Some women object to serge as a material and choose always the plain cloth in preference, and the latter material has been so popular of late years that it now is more in demand for the more elaborate gowns and costumes that can be made up with some trimming.

White serge costumes, or, indeed, light color serges, are not appropriate in travelling, but no summer outfit is complete without a white serge coat and skirt. The white serge with hair line of black is in style this season and is rather newer than the plain white, or was, for since the fashion became popular it has grown by leaps and bounds until there is danger of its losing its smartness from its popularity.

There are some new weaves of white cheviot and white serge. The former with a herringbone design, as it is called, is a most attractive fabric and is rather a relief from the plain ribbed serge of which so many costumes have been turned out. It does not require binding or embroidery and, in truth, looks far better made up plain. A smart model is made with the plain circular skirt with front panel. The coat is much longer at the back and sides than in front and the trimming consists of crochet or pearl buttons with silk loops. The coat is made to wear turned open, with silk or satin faced lapels and collar, and has only two buttons as fastening. These are put on above the natural waist line. On the skirt at either side is a row of the buttons, and from the waist to the elbow is another row. A dainty lingerie blouse finished with full jabot is worn with this costume, which is noticeable for its simplicity and smart appearance.

There are seasons when certain models are deemed fashionable, which the maddest enthusiasm cannot truthfully designate as attractive, but which are chosen by women who are credited with good taste in dress. The long gray serge half fitting dress coats or coat dresses are on this order. For travelling, for motoring in cool weather, they are practical, and if well cut have an aid of being up to date, but they require to be carefully cut and fitted in spite of their appearance of being semi-fitting. The only trimming is soutache the same shade, and not much of that. Indeed, the soutache can, and often is, omitted with better results. These seem at first glance to be the same as the fitted long coats, but they are quite different. They really are separate garments, intended to be worn over the gown, and are not finished in any way at the same.

A. T. Ashmore.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

White Velvet Hats in Paris, Coiffures, and Other Items.

In Paris white velvet hats have been made to send to the seaside. The hats were large of brim, round of crown, with the former rolling well to the side. No other trimming was to be put on except the velvet ribbon band. At her side a mother of pearl buckle the width of the crown was to be posed. Another hat exactly the same shape and with the selfsame finish was of black velvet.

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

For slim-throated wearers some novel neckpieces show little bows arranged at the top of the stock.

Where two immense roses appear on the same hat they are usually flat in shape.

Colored embroidery enters into much of the new neckwear.

Skirts of Now and To-morrow.

Noting carefully the signs of the times in the world of fashion, and the ever-increasing tendency toward skirts that are draped with the utmost elaboration, we feel strongly disposed to gather the roses while we may, or, in other words, to make the most of the smartly simple styles while they are still left to us.

Later on, no doubt, there will come yet another reaction, for Fashion repeats herself, even as history does, but in the meantime, during the coming autumn and winter, there can be no doubt that we shall be called upon to admire and to wear skirts and overskirts that are arranged with draperies and folds of the most intricate description, caught up here and there into festoons, and drawn around the figure, in the form of sashes, in various unexpected and decidedly uncomfortable places.

The Low Sash.

Those skirts, for instance, which are tied in with sash draperies half-way between the knee and the ankle, offer a case in point. It was not easy to walk with anything approaching grace or freedom in the tight-fitting Directoire gowns, but it will be impossible to do more than mince along in Japanese fashion in skirts which are actuall ytied in somewhere below the knees. We are told that me must suffer in order to be beautiful, but it is a pity, surely, to suffer and not to be beautiful after all. It would be impossible, for example, to find anything approaching grace in these meaningless folds of material which are caught together and tied into clumsy bows on the front of the skirt, midway between ankle and knee.

These draperies are sometimes placed straight across a centre panel of fine embroidery, thus spoiling altogether the graceful effect upon those long lines which ought to run without interruption from waist to feet. In a draped skirt there are always infinite possibilities of charm and elegance, but to be entirely successful each fold and pleat must have a distinct meaning and intention of its own, and there must be no haphazzard looping and draping on lines which run in a contrary direction from those which are taken by the naturally beautiful curves of the figure.

Just Two Hats.

There are two new hats.
There's the much-liked cavalier.
And there's the new and large turban.
Wit haigrettes the turban is offered for evening.
The cavalier will be worn in large and medium sizes.
The upward turn at the left will be varied by the upward turn at the back.
In many instances the crown is so large and fluffy that the hat needs no other trimming.
Feathers and bows, as of as not, tumble over the crown from the back.

USEFUL TIPS.

Hints for Cuisine and a Bee-Sting Remedy.

For a luncheon dish where variety is wanted drop an egg into a peeled tomato to which has had the inside scooped out to make room for it, put the tomato into a ramekin, season it, add butter and a little hot water, and bake until the egg is set.

One of the useful utensils brought out in house furnishing departments is the peach pitter, which removes the stone from the fruit without tearing it badly.

A few minced nasturtium leaves sprinkled over the omelet give a snappy flavor.

If one is stung by a bee while in the woods or fiends it is neecssary to go no further than the first mud. The druggist has nothing that will relieve the situation more quickly.

Again the Petticoat.

It is back.
How it fits!
There's no hip fullness.
But there's room at the foot.
There are also frills 'round the feet.
The silk stockinette tops insure a snug fit.
Many insist that messaline finish out the stockinette top.
If messaline be chosen, the quality must be irreproachable.
As a rule, taffeta will be the petticoat of the season now fairly upon us.

VELVET IN MILLINERY.

Other Mems Gleaned in Every Lively Shopland.

Of the extensive use of velvet in the new millinery mention has already been made and indications are that this rich and becoming material will play a star role in the autumn millinery, but experiments are being made with soft, lustrous moire, and some very chic advance models are in shapes covered smoothly with this silk or are draped in moire. Some of the soft corded silks are tentatively used also and there is talk of cloth covered hats to match costumes.

The rough beavers are represented in the earliest showing, and there are of course smooth felts, although these appear to have been somewhat neglected in the making up of the advance models of every character.

The all black hat has been much in evidence during the summer and its popularity is likely to endure.

NEW FASHION IN FALL COATS.

Here's a good general utility coat for fall and early winter wear. It is made of elephant gray tweed trimmed with bandings and ties of satin in a slightly darker shade, and buttons of dull or oxidized silver.

The lines of this coat and many other fall styles are close, indicating a decided change in the outlines of the fashionable figure. There is no fullness in the coat in our sketch save a slight flare at the hem. It is a very practical as well as a decidedly jaunty garment, and will appeal strongly to the girl of quiet tastes.

BOAS AND BEADS.

Paris Had Gone Mad Over These Two Items.

The tulle ruffle has brought in its wake our old friend, the feather boa, in which Paris is at present reveling. In that city the boa is worn so long that it falls almost to the hem of the skirt, and is very fat and round in all its length, particularly, of course, around the throat. These boas are hot and not very becoming, but they are smart, so, of course, every woman wears them.

The shorter ones are finished with long chenille ends, or tassels of colored fringes. The boa is often white, but it may also be made in the most unlikely colors to match any gown.

Paris is also gone mad on bead necklaces and boas. They are made of every conceivable kind of bead, some of them very costly and rare, and brought from remote parts of the world, where they are probably the currency of the realm, and the sole dower of brides or less fair.

PRETTY HAT JU ST FROM PARIS.

Here's a jaunty hat of heavy corded silk in the very latest Parisian shape. Note the sharp turn-down on the left side and the decided turn-up on the right—all of which makes an attractive frame for a pretty profile. And the way the feathers are put on across the crown is unusual. The many looped bows of gold galloon is also a new wrinkle.

It is safe to prophesy that our girl will keep the right side of her face turned toward the man she hopes to impress, for she undoubtedly does look charming enough to melt any man's heart.

ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM.

MAINE FAMILY'S NOVEL WAYS TO SAVE EXTRA LABOR.

Feeds Horses, Drives Cows—Sounds Alarms When Thieves Come and Tells When Postman Leaves a Letter in the Box.

Auburn, Me.—Electricity has been harnessed on the Ramsdell Farm, in Minot, Me., and at the button touch or time clock behest of the proprietors it is made to do many kinds of work. The same subtle force that Benjamin Franklin once drew from the clouds on a kite string is now hitched up as a willing slave to agriculture.

This sixty acre farm is five miles west of Auburn, near the Lewiston and Mechanic Falls electric line. It was purchased by the present owners, father and son, eight years ago. The senior member of the firm, Osgood Ramsdell, was for a long time engaged in the mills of Lewiston, and the junior member, Edgar E. Ramsdell, has for years been an expert electrician and is chief inspector of the New England Telephone Company. For fourteen years he was in the employ of an electric lighting company in Salem.

The entire family is electrically inclined. Two other brothers, A. B. Ramsdell and H. C. Ramsdell, have the bump of ingenuity, common in the family, largely developed, and in leisure moments when at home have helped in the installation of electrical devices.

Upon entering the house the visitor is confronted with an array of electrical mechanism in the dining room which covered a large space on the walls. A feature of the entire installation, which includes a telephone and electric bell call in each room in the house, besides the manifold other connections with stable, mail box, poultry house and burglar and fire alarm system is the entire absence of visible wires, except in the cellar, where the cables, disposed carefully out of harm's way, tell the story of skilful installation.

The gratifying thing about the electrical plant is the fact that everything works. Of the score or more separate devices used for utilitarian or demonstration purposes, all work with accuracy at the press of a button or the iniative of the clock that controls them.

At present the electricity required to operate all the apparatus is obtained from thirty-two dry cell batteries, but plans are being made for installing a water power plant which can be provided by means of a dam across a ravine on the farm. From this source it will be possible to obtain sufficient electrical power to do all the mechanical work of the farm, such as sawing wood, grinding feed, cutting ensilage, threshing and various lesser operations such as running the separator, corn sheller, grindstone, fanning mill, churn and sewing machine.

In fact, after seeing what has already been accomplished on this farm, visitors say they will not be surprised to find cows being milked, horses curried and chickens picked by electricity in the near future. The electricity generated by the water power will also be employed to light the buildings and probably for cooking.

Of the various uses made of electricity at this farm the feeding of the horses by merely pushing a button at the house occasions the greatest surprise to visitors. If it is desired to have the feeding done very early in the morning, or at any time when the family is absent, a switch is turned making the proper connection with an electric clock, and at the scheduled time the current does the trick by opening the chute, in which the feed has been previously placed.

Another interesting feature of the equipment is a fire alarm system just as complete and accurate as is to be found in the city systems. The system includes a twelve-inch electro mechanical gong, indicator, pen register and boxes; box No. 52 on the barn and box No. 35 on the panel, and when either box is pulled there is a response from the eighteen inch electro mechanical gong in the house and on the similar twelve inch gong on the panel. At the same time the indicator marks the call on the permanent register. In addition an electric whistle is operated on the front of the barn.

The electrical announcement in the house when mail is deposited in the rural delivery box is another practical convenience. The main poultry house is protected by an electric burglar alarm, which, when set off by any movement of doors or windows, operates a ten inch gong in the dwelling. Recently two or three houses have been moved and now a change will be made in the system so that each of the five poultry houses will be connected with the annunciator and register a movement of door or window in any one of the houses, and the bell will continue to ring and the register needle indicate which house is being disturbed even if a door or window is immediately closed.

In the Ramsdell dwelling ten local telephones are in use besides the outside 'phone, each bedroom being provided with a portable desk set which can be made use of without getting out of bed. Two others are installed, one in the barn and one in the shop across the road. Also a line is to be run around the farm with a provision made for attaching a portable telephone when the men are at work at a distance from the house.

Two other novel features to be installed are an electrical gate opener, by which the cows can get into the lane that leads from the pasture to the barn. This gate being at a considerable distance from the house, it can be electrically controlled by pushing a button, with a saving of many steps. The other will be a battery call telephone in the stable connecting with the bedroom in the house, which ill sound an alarm whenever there is trouble among the stock.

Other electrical paraphernalia are the electrical clocks, one of which will call every room or any special one in the house, another strikes the hours on the fifteen-inch mechanical gong on the front of the barn, and another controls the feeding of the horses. Besides there are Morse telegraph sets in several rooms and a Morse register in the outfit.

An electric clock is run entirely by batteries, without any aid from springs or weights. This clock will run a year without renewing the batteries. The movement is valued at $50 by the inventor. A recent addition is a large self-winding calendar clock, and another unique, no-key electric device, making three electric clocks in the dining room.

For the protection of the outside telephone line from the shop to the house there is a cutout lightning arrester. This is located outside of the house and is operated by two cords. In case of a shower one cord is pulled, cutting off the line where it enters the building and leaving the arrester connected to the ground. After danger from the lightning is over the other cord is pulled, throwing the telephone once more into operation.

The Ramsdells do not expect to see many of the devices employed on their farm come into general use, but they say they have good reason to believe that a considerable number of the ways of employing electrical energy now in use and being planned will be utilized on hundreds of Maine farms in the lifetime of many now living.

The family includes the senior member of the farm firm, Osgood Ramsdell, and wife; the son, Edgar E., the prime electrical head, his wife and five young electricians. The eldest girl, Nina Ramsdell, eleven years old, will be the operator of the new branch magneto exchange switchboard in the dining room. She will doubtless be the youngest operator in New England.

ALASKA'S BLACK GOLD.

Her Coal Fields Said to be Richer Than Her Gold Reserves.

While Alaska's gold reserves are large they are in no way unique, for refined gold is the same, whatever the source. But when it comes to coal fields, says the American Review of Reviews, Alaska has no competitor. Its store of high grade fuel cannot be equalled in quality west of the Rockies.

In fact to find anthracite and bituminous coal which compares in fuel value with that of Alaska one must come east to Pennsylvania. These coals are, therefore, the key to the commercial situation on the west coast. For a high grade steaming coal used for manufacturing industries or a merchant marine or a coke for smelters in the Western States one must turn to Alaska.

Hence the growing population of the West has a vital interest in the development of these coal fields. These coals are of even national importance, for of all our Pacific possessions Alaska alone can supply our battleships with smokeless fuel.

The quantity of this anthracite and bituminous coal is not as yet determined, but it certainly is not limited and hence should not be washed. To use it, however, will not be to waste it unless it be improperly mined. A surveyed area of about 100 square miles is known to be underlaid with these coals, and it is probable that further investigation may show an extension of the field.

A rough estimate of the quantity within this surveyed area gave some 6,000,000,000 tons, or more than one and a half times the entire production of Pennsylvania since coal mining began. It is fair to assume that this coal is worth $1 a ton, which would make its total value about forty times as great as the entire gold output of Alaska to the present time. It is probable therefore that the value of the coal fields exceeds that of the gold reserves.

These coals are, however, practically untouched, for the only coal mining in Alaska is that of some lignites for local use. A few years ago statistics showed that Alaska's entire export of coal for a year was four tons, while is produced fifteen tons of gold. There are also some bituminous coals, though of less fuel value, in the Alaska peninsula, on the Yukon and on the Arctic slope. Lignitic coals and peat are abundant and widely distributed, and some of these possess great value for local consumption.

Six Sentence Sermons.

I desire nothing; I press nothing upon you, but to make the most of human life and to aspire after perfection in whatever state of life you choose.—Law.

Be your character what it will, it will be known and nobody will take it upon your own word.—Lord Chesterfield.

He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, look like insanity.—John Foster.

We ought to be guarded against every appearance of envy as a passion that always implies inferiority, wherever it resides.—Pliny.

To be indifferent whether we embrace falsehood or truth is the great road to error.—Locke.

All the possible charities of life ought to be cultivated, and where we can neither be brethren nor friends, let us be kind neighbors and pleasant acquaintances.—Burke.

ASSOUAN.

(Kansas City Journal.)

Although he was mild in his speech and manner, the old gentleman played golf well. But once when he made a foozle he ejaculated vehemently the word "Assouan!" A few moments later, when he made another bad play he repeated: "Assouan!"

The fourth time one of his friends said: "I certainly do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Assouan' so often?"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "isn't that the biggest dam in the world?" He was a clergyman.

GUARANTEED GOODS.

(Life.)

Customer—Can't you give anything off to a clergyman?

Tradesman—Not in this instance, sir. You see these goods is differtnt from yours. These are guaranteed goods.

Where It is Found.

Knicker—The keynote of the fashionable wedding is simplicity.

Bocker—In those who read about it.

The Weaving of Fate

The accountant's manner changed instantly from the polite deferential to the concisely businesslike.

"Ah!" he said, walking back to the desk and resuming his pen, but fixing a keen scrutiny upon Clare instead of writing. "What office were you in last?"

"I have been in no office," said Clare, regaining a little confidence by the reflection that he was doing nothing dishonorable, and had, therefore, nothing for which to tremble.

"Well, what house of business, then? It is the same thing."

"I have never been in a house of business of any kind," replied Clare. "Should you employ me, this would be the first situation I have had."

The accountant raised his eeybrows in surprise.

"How have you been employing yourself, then?" he asked.

"With my tutors," commenced Clare, but, remembering that he had determined to conceal his real station, he added more discreetly, "At home, sir."

"Ah!" said the accountant, upon whom the sudden hesitation was not lost. "What is your name?"

Now, although Clare had resolved to keep his real name a secret, he had, strangely enough, forgotten to fix upon a new one, and at the sudden question, unused to dissimulation, he replied:

"Clare——" then stopped, with a crimson flush.

"What is the Christian name?" said the accountant, who had not noticed tht rising color.

"Clare," was the reply.

"Oh, Clare Clare, eh?" said the accountant.

"Yes," said Clare, with an inward thankfulness at getting through the difficulty so cleanly. "Clare Clare."

"And what do you know of this profession," said the accountant. "Nothing, I suppose."

"I am afraid very little," said Clare, his heart sinking. "I—I am quick at figures."

"Speak any foreign languages?" asked the accountant.

"French, German, Italian and Spanish," said Clare.

The accountant looked up with an interested air.

"The whole four fluently?" he asked, in a more gracious tone.

"Y-e-s," said Clare, reluctant to speak so favorably of his accomplishments, though really an excellent linguist.

"Ah!" said the accountant. "Well, I do not want a clerk, mind; but—well, perhaps I could make room for one—though not at a high salary, mind; certainly not at a high salary."

"I do not require a high salary—to start with," said Clare.

"Hem! Well, suppose we say a pound a week, eh?"

Clare inclined his head.

"I thank you, sir," he said, at the same moment thinking how many weeks' wages he had flung away with indifference and thoughtlessness.

"That will do, eh?" said the accountant. "Well, I will trouble you for your address and a reference or two."

Clare started and looked blank.

This was a move on the board for which he was totally unprepared.

For a few moments he was silent, the accountant's eyes fixed keenly upon his; then, in a clear, steady voice, although his heart beat quickly, he said:

"Sir, there are reasons why I cannot give you my address or any references. I am taking this step unknown to everyone. I have but one relation and no friends. From this one relation I am keeping this thing a secret, from motives of pride, not dishonor. If you cannot, or, rather, will not, believe me, I must seek elsewhere for what I require."

Having said the last sentence firmly, he turned toward the door; but the accountant, after stroking his chin for an instant with an air of extreme calculation, said:

"Stop a moment, Mr. Clare, please. You must be aware, although, as is evident, you are unused to business forms, that it is quite contrary to ordinary practice to engage a clerk without a character and—I do not wish to hurt your feelings—without a fixed place of residence."

Clare bowed.

"I acknowledge the truth of what you say, sir; but again I must repeat that it is impossible to give you the information and the guarantee you require."

"May I ask for some definite reason?" asked the accountant.

Clare hesitated.

"Half an explanation would lead to a whole one," he said, firmly but respectfully.

"Well! well!" said the accountant, sighing vexatiously. "I suppose I must be satisfied. You will not blame me if, in engaging you, I refrain from giving you my entire confidence at first?"

Clare smiled, sadly.

"On the contrary, I cannot expect anything but distrust," he said, "and only hope to outlive it."

"That's well said," replied the accountant. "And now we will arrange matters. The hours are from nine to seven. Your duties at first will consist of copying accounts and correcting statements, afterwards the foreign correspondence will be—ahem!—intrusted to your care."

Clare could not help thinking that there were many requisites for the pound, but thankfully inclined his head.

"When shall you be ready to commence?" said the accountant.

"To-morrow, if you wish, sir," replied Clare.

"Very good. To-morrow, then, at nine," said the accountant, and, with a "good-morning," he dismissed the new clerk.

Clare drew a deep breath of relief and satisfaction as he made his way into the street again, and on his road to the gloomy square felt his heart more buoyant and free, and held his head more erect than ever before.

Now he was on a fair way to independence and the possession of the golden-haired girl with whom he had fallen in love at first sight.

CHAPTER V.

On the following morning Clare De Jersey rose early, partook of a light breakfast of bread and milk—for he knew not how soon he should be compelled to fare as frugally—and, without having seen his father, who had kept his room for the last few days, repaired to the accountant's office, pushing the green baize door open as the clock struck nine.

Immediately he was introduced to his desk by a fellow clerk, and found upon it a number of closely written sheets for copying.

At these and similar tasks he was employed the whole day, with the exception of an hour for dinner and half hour for tea, which spare time he spent in eating a roll and a piece of cheese at an old-fashioned tavern—luncheon bars were unknown seventy years ago—and in an excursion around the neighborhood, which was as strange a one to him as to the Essex farmer, by whose side he stood gazing at St. Paul's.

As the clock struck seven he, following the example of the older clerks, put aside his work and reached for his hat, which hung upon a peg above his head.

Walking toward home, he could scarcely persuade himself that it was not all a dream. In the richly furnished yet dreary-looking dining-room a well appointed dinner was served.

"Shall I ring for the soup, sir?" said the butler, meeting him at the door with a puzzled face.

"I have dined, Simmons," replied Clare; and after ascertaining that his father had been served in his own room, he left the house again.

With no settled purpose he walked through the square lost in thought, and after a few minutes' absorption, recovered to find himself in the crowded thoroughfare in which he had met the girl he had heard the old man call "Daisy."

To turn and walk in the direction of the little chandeler's shop seemed a natural consequence, and with his heart beating even faster than it had done in the accountant's offices, he found himself before the humble abode of the golden-haired girl.

Another young man, longing as he did to pass the portals of the sacred dovecote, would have hit upon the device of purchasing some trifling article and entering into conversation with the old man, her father

But this was Clare's first love passage and the soul of honor, he could not bring himself to perpetrate even such a mild and ordinary piece of deceit.

After looking at the window for a moment, he walked boldly in very much as he had entered the accountant's office the day before, and, advancing to the counter, wished the white-haired old man behind it "Good-evening."

"Good-evening, sir," replied Mr. Nickelboy, for that was the name over the shop door. "I hope Ies you well sir. I—I think I have seen your face—oh, bless my forgetful heart, yet, you're the young gentleman who carried our Daisy's basket home, ain't you, sir?"

Clare nodded.

"I was passing —this evening," he said, "and—and—I thought I would stop to ask if she had recovered from the alarm my awkwardness had caused her."

"Oh, dearie me, yes," replied the old man, with a good-natured smile. "She wasn't afraid, I thank you, sir. Daisy is a good, brave girl—a good, brave girl, sir—and don't mind going to and from her work alone. Not as such a gentle flower should go through the crowded streets alone, but you see, sir, I am an old man and I've this business' (the air of simple pride with which the old man looked around his shop would have befitted a merchant prince looking around his palatial office), "and there's this business to be attended to. Not as I do it all myself, because I don't. There's the missus always ready to give a helping hand, always no matter whether its firewood or needles, though her sight is not suited to them last as it was once,' added Mr. Nickelboy, with another smile and a sigh.

"And your daughter, does she not help you?" asked Clare, looking around upon the cheese, butter, candles and soap.

"Bless you, sir, no!" exclaimed Mr. Nickelboy, with a strange earnestness. "Daisy is a perfect lady. She does nothing except larn the millinery, which, I am told, she is wonderfully clever at, bless her. Mrs. Nickelboy do say that she will be a wonderful good hand at making bonnets and all them kind of things."

Clare was silent, picturing the golden head bent over a mass of ribbons, the tiny fingers plying the rapid needle.

The old man dispelled the vision by saying:

"I expect her here directly, sir; its close upon her time, and Daisy is never a minute late. Ah, here she is," exclaimed Mr. Nickelboy, looking through the window and lighting his good-natured old face with a loving smile.

The next instant the light figure of the girl tripped into the shop, and, not seeing Clare, who stood in the shadow, she took the old man's face between her hands, and with a coo of greeting, kissed him.

The old man, chuckling, looked over at Clare, and the girl, following the direction of his glance, turned and saw him.

"Father," she said, "you did not tell me——"

"You didn't give me time," chuckled the old man. "Did she, sir?"

Clare shook his head. with a smile.

"It was my fault, though I did not mean to hide. I seem fated to frighten you," he added, in a regretful manner.

"You have not frightened me now, neither did you the other night," the girl replied, lifting her trusting blue eyes to his dark ones.

"There. I told you so," echoed the old man. "You did not frighten her, and she is very much obliged to you,—ain't you, Daisy?"

"It was very kind," murmured the girl.

"I am very glad to hear that you were not frightened," said Clare, too much under the gaze of the blue eyes to know what h was saying. "And now I think I will go. Do you walk home every night alone?" he broke off suddenly to ask, with a bright flush.

"Yes," she said, with a look of wonder at his question.

"Always alone? Might I"—turning to the old man—"would you let me bring her home every night? She"—he hurried on, seeing a look of uncertainty and doubt, almost suspicion, upon the old man's simple face—"she might be hurt. Some rude fellow or other might knock against her, as I did the other night; crossing the road, the cabs and carriages—trust me, sir, and let me escort your daughter through the crowded streets to your door. Believe me, I mean no ill, on my honor, sir."

Here he stopped. So hurried had been the flow of strange words with which he had pressed his strange request that Mr. Nickelboy had not a chance to put in a word, but now he turned to Daisy and, drawing him to her, said:

"You make a kind offer, good sir, and looking at your face, I think you mean Daisy and me—for what hurts Daisy hurts me—no harm. But far be it from us to speak for her; she shall speak for herself. Daisy," he continued, addressing the girl, who stood with downcast eyes and trembling lips, at his side —"Daisy, the young gentleman has offered to see you safe home nights—what do you say, my birdie, yes or no?"

For a moment she was silent, then, lifting her eyes with the same trusting look to the eager ones of Clare, she said, in a low voice:

"Father, I do not know what to say. It would be ungrateful to refuse."

"You say yes!" exclaimed Clare, fervently. "You hear, she says yes."

"She do, so she do," said Mr. Nickelboy; "and now, sir, perhaps you will be so kind as to step into the little parlor and have a warm before you go on your walk. We are very humble, sir, very humble."

Clare followed them into the little parlor, where an old lady, who was introduced by Mr. Nickelboy as his "good missus," and who possessed a face as sweet natured and simple as her husband, was sitting by the fire.

She made room for Clare to warm himself, the old man standing opposite and regarding the youthhful face with a alf-troubled, half-kindly air.

Suddenly Clare looked up and said

"I am afraid, sir, by the way in which you address me, you think me a ——"

Here he paused.

The old man started at the strange speech, but finished for him.

"A gentleman."

Clare nodded.

"I hope I am," he said, with a smile; "but it is scarcely the word I wanted. Perhaps you think me rich, and of good position. You have confided to my care the greatest treasure you have. I must —nay, I do willingly confide in you. I am neither rich nor of station. I am an accountant's clerk, at so small a salary per week that I am seeking for an humbler lodging than I now possess."

As he finished, the old man's face cleared, and with a crow of delight he held out his hand.

"Now, old Dan's satisfied!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Do you know, young sir, I was fearful, yes, very fearful. I thought—you'll forgive me—that you might be one of those who prowl around seeking whom they might devour—you understand me, sir?"

But Clare's puzzled glance convinced him that he did not, and, with a slight look of wonder at such innocence, the old man went on:

"And when you asked, so strange like, I thought—forgive me again—I was to be allowed to see our Daisy home, right for certain; but I know if I said 'no,' you'd follow her o' nights, for all an old man like me said 'no.' Ah, I was fearful. And I meant to warn my birdie. But now"—and his voice cleared as he wiped the tears from his eyes—"there's a load off my heart to find you're what you are—honest, hard-working, like herself."

Clare arose and seized the hand held out to him.

"You trust me, then?" he asked.

"I do," said Mr. Nickelboy. "And if I am wrong, may his vengeance, the vengeance, no doubt, of some man twenty years ago fall upon your head, not mine," he added, in an inaudible and tremulous murmur.

In a few minutes Daisy, who had left the room to remove her warm shawl and hat, entered, and going to a drawer, drew from it a snowy tablecloth.

At the warning of supper, Clare arose, but Mr. Nickelboy pressed him so eagerly to remain and take "a bit of sup" with them, and his entreaties were so warmly echoed by the old lady, that Clare sank into his chair again, stealing a glance every now and then at the gentle girl, who set about her wonted task with a quiet, earnest air, and made him more in love with her than ever.

The tablecloth being crowned by a double Gloucester, a plate of shining butter and a crusty loaf, Clare was invited to draw near and partake of it.

By chance his chair was placed opposite Daisy's, and fascinated by the deep blue eyes, he ate little, but supped well of love glances.

Mr. Nickelboy had to leave his crust several times to attend on the customers, and then Daisy always waited, taking up her piece of bread and butter again as he entered; in this and other little things, such as replenishing his glass with the sparkling ale directly it was emptied, and putting aside the lamp when its light fell too much in the old man's eyes, she showed her love for him.

All this Clare noted, and something else besides, and that was that, although the old man and girl evidently entertained for each other the deepest affection, their manner lacked something of that usual between father and daughter.

Daisy was more attentive, more tender and loving that most daughters, and, most marked of all, the old man's manner was tinged with a tone of respect.

By no single act of Mr. Nickelboy's did this become impressed upon Clare, but still impressed it was; and it perhaps awoke him to the fact that the gentle, beautiful girl bore about her a certain difference, not only in appearance, but in voice, in manner and in tone, to the good old man and his simple, honest-hearted wife.

When she spoke, which was but seldom, Clare noticed a ring of music entirely at variance with the old man's cheery notes. Her hands were as small and white as an aristocrat's, while her features were distinguished by that clear, clean moulding usually confined to the nobly born.

All this Clare noted in a dreamy sort of way, and when he arose to say good night, which he did with a strange reluctance, and held her tiny hand in his, he was struck by the sudden fancy that he had met her years and years ago, and the fancy remained with him as he walked home, mingling in his sleep with his dreams of her beautiful face and gentle voice.

* * * * *

Had Clare not been so entirely in love's dreamland he would have seen, as he emerged from Mr. Nickelboy's shop door, the ragged figure of a beggar, who, shivering in the cold, stood watching him, and after he moved quickly away, followed —r with stealthy feet and threatening eyes.

* * * * *

Next day Clare returned to his work again punctually, and sitting down to his desk, worked with the same unremitting diligence.

He worked hard, not only because he considered it his duty, but because he wished to kill the time, which seemed terribly long.

At last the hour of seven struck and he was free.

With a heart throbbing with excitement he hurried toward Oxford street, and ten minutes before Daisy's time, stood waiting for her at a little distance from the huge, gayly lit emporium, trying to tempt the dragging minutes into speed by choosing the expensive silk dresses, in fancy, for his gentle love.

Presently he saw the door open and she tripped forth. At the corner he came forward, and held out his hand for the little work basket with a smile.

"I am here, you see," he said; "you have not repented of your kindness and intend sending me away?"

"No," she said in a low voice. "But the kindness is on your part, I think."

"No," he said, fervently, then added: "Have you been working hard to-day?"

"Yes," she replied, with a smile. "I have a great deal to learn."

"What do you do all day?" asked Clare, with an eager interest.

"Work," she replied, with a low ripple of laughter.

"Sewing?" he said, with the puzzled look of male ignorance in such matters.

"Yes," she said, "making bonnets and dresses and all kinds of needlework. I am very slow at any," she added, with a sigh.

"Your impatience makes you think so," he said.

"Do you think so?" turning her eager eyes to his. "I am so anxious to learn," she continued.

"Why?" he asked.

"To help father," she replied, with a look of surprise at his question. "Poor father works hard all day long; he is old, and should rest. To-day, as I came to work, I saw an old lady and gentleman seated in a beautiful easy carriage. I would like my father and my mother to rest and be happy, to have a carriage and plenty of servants to wait upon them."

"And for yourself?" Clare asked, gazing admiringly at her eager eyes and listening reverently to her tender voice.

"Oh, I am young and strong," replied Daisy, with another smile; "I do not want a carriage and a great house with a number of servants. It is for father—for father, who is old and wants rest."

"You do not look strong," said Clare, a sudden pang of anxiety shooting across his heart as he looked down at her face, shining, pale and beautiful, in the garish light of a street lamp. "You work too hard. I have read of crowded workrooms, stifling and poisonous——"

He stopped, his voice low and tremulous.

The girl laughed gently.

(To be continued.)

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PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

Short Stories By Good Tellers.

The sea crooned mournfully in the starlight.

"And then," continued the maiden, "I covered my face with my hands and wept."

"No, no," he murmured passionately, "you could never cover your face with those small hands!"

That night they plighted their troth, and the engagement actually lasted till the end of his vacation, a matter of four days or more.

A repertoire company was walking into Paducah, where they were billed to play "Romeo and Juliet." The leading man approached the manager, who strode moodishly ahead on the ties.

'Boss," he said, "I've got to have fifteen cents."

"Fifteen cents?" growled the manager. "You're always yelling for money. What do you want fifteen cents for?"

"What do I want fifteen cents for?" repeated the leading man bitterly. "I want it for a shave, that's what I want it for. I can't play Romeo with five days' black beard on my face."

"Oh, well," said the manager, "you won't get no fifteen cents. We'll change the bill to Othello."— Saturday Evening Post.

An unfeeling monster of a man—although a writer in the Atchison Globe does not so describe him —was asked at a little evening gathering to tell what book had helped him most.

"My wife's cook book," he replied, after some thought.

All the ladies present bridled, and one asked him in what way his wife's cook book had helped him—would he not tell them in a few words?

He would.

"About as soon as I married," he said, "I made up my mind I'd rather work than eat."

An iron hoop bounced through the area railings of a suburban woman's house recently and played havoc with the kitchen window. The woman waited, anger in her eye, the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

And, sure enough, he was followed by a stolid-looking workman, who at once started to work, while the small boy took his hoop and ran off.

"That'll be a dollar, ma'am," announced the glazier when the window was whole once more.

"A dollar," gasped the woman. "But your little boy broke it! The little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head.

"Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came around to my place and told me his mother wanted her winder fixed. You're his mother, aren't you?"

And the woman shook her head also.—Judge.

At a recent dinner in New York Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador from the United States to Great Britain, was speaking of the necessity for proper ambassadorial residences in foreign countries.

"When I first went to England," said Mr. Choate, "I spent weeks and weeks looking for a house. It was most arduous service in my country's interest. I trailed all over the available sections of London, and while I was at it a London bobby arrested a man who was pursuing a most erratic and forlorn course out Hyde park way.

" 'Here, my man,' said the bobby. 'What are you doing? Why don't you go home?'

" 'Home?' replied the man bitterly. I have no home. I am the American ambassador.' "—Saturday Evening Post.

"Do you keep chicken feed?" inquired the customer. The grocer grinned brightly.

"No," he said, "we sell it." The customer received the shock well.

"Do you want some?" the grocer asked.

"No," said the customer. "I don't. But I guess I'll have to have it."

"What kind do you use?" asked the grocer. The customer scowled.

"I don't use it," he remarked. "I feed it to the chickens."

"Oh, rats!" said the grocer. "Quit your kidding. Get down to facts. I'm busy to-day. You came here for chicken feed, didn't you?"

"Not much I didn't," said the customer. "I came here for a plug of tobacco. I want the chicken feed sent to the house."

"Where do your chickens live?" the grocer inquired. "I've forgotten the number." He grinned brightly again.

"They live in a chicken house," said the customer, with great precision. "It's a whitewashed chicken house at the rear of 223 Johnson street. Don't trouble to knock. Just ask for Mr. Plymouth Rock." The grocer scowled in turn.

"Say," he said, "quit this foolishness, will you? There's people waiting on me."

"Wish there was somebody waiting on me," said the customer. "Hurry up. Put that order down. What time will you have it there?"

"I won't have it there," explained the grocer, "I'll have it here and you'll have it there." Then the customer took a handful of crackers from a barrel and departed.

WHAT BOTHERED HIM.

A peculiar instance of connubial affection occured some time ago in Vermont, according to the Boston Globe. An aged couple, who through half a century of married life had wrangled with each other were in all probability soon to be separated. The husband was taken sick, and was believed to be near his end. The old wife came to his bedside, and, after carefully examining and taking stock of his condition, exclaimed: "Why, daddy, your feet are cold, your hands are cold, and your nose is cold!"

"Wa'al, let 'em be cold."

"Why, daddy, you're goin' to die."

"Wa'al, I guess I know w'at I'm 'bout."

"Daddy, w'at's to becum of me if you die?"

"I dunno, and I don't care. W'at I want to know is, w'ats' to becum of ....'"

Distress in the Stomach

Hundreds of Thousands of Bottles of Nerviline Used Every Year for Curing Cramps, Diarrhoea & Stomach Disorders.

Deadly cramps—the symptoms are not to be mistaken. Suddenly and without warning the patient experiences such agony in the stomach as to contort the countenance and cause him to cry aloud for help.

LETTER NO. 4877

Then it is that the wonderful power of Nerviline can make itself felt—it cures so quickly, you would think it was made to cure cramps, and cramps only.

"Last summer I was stricken with a frightful attack of cramps. I feared the pain in my stomach would kill me.

"My eyes bulged out and the veins in my forehead stood out like whipcords.

"My cries attracted a neighbor, who came to my assistance, and in a moment or two handed me half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in some sweetened water.

"It seemed as if an angel had charmed away the pain. In ten seconds I was well. Nerviline has a wonderful name in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, stomach and bowel disorders. I urge all my friends to use Nerviline.

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE,
Williamsburg."

No home is safe or can afford to miss the manifold advantages of having Nerviline on hand in case of accident or emergent sickness. 25c. per bottle, five for $1. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

AMONG THE JEWS

News Notes About Them From All Over the World.

Victor D. Brenner, is certainly in the public eye, but in all the accounts printed in the daily papers about the new Lincoln pennies and the artist who designed them, there is no mention of the fact that Brenner is a Jew and a Russian Jew at that, who came to New York as a boy, sold matches in the street and studied art at night in Cooper Union.

Dr. Henry Lesser, a New York Jewish surgeon, recently performed a wonderful operation by which he grafted the corner from the eye of a rabbit to the eye of a man, thus successfully restoring sight to the latter, who had been blind for fifteen years. The patient is now able to distinguish colors and go about unattended.

Free scholarships for the sons and daughters of Jewish farmers in the United States have been established. These enable the holders to take courses of instrutcion which will be of vast benefit to the children of farmers, and the subjects taught are of special importance to them.

The oldest inhabitant of Warsaw, Russia, is dead. He was a Jew named Jacob Baumstick, and 104 years old. Up to two years ago he was actively engaged as a tailor. His oldest child is a daughter, 85 years of age.

Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, former lord mayor of London, is dead at the age of 79 years. Sir Henry was a descendant of an old Portuguese family. His father was active in the stock exchange and Henry pursued the same avocation. He was charitable and took part in all movements tending toward the civic improvement of London. In 1887 he was made a sheriff of the city of London, and two years later he was elected the first Jewish lord mayor of London. He was knighted the same year by Queen Victoria. The celebrated attorney, Rufus Isaacs, probably the greatest lawyer of England, is his nephew.

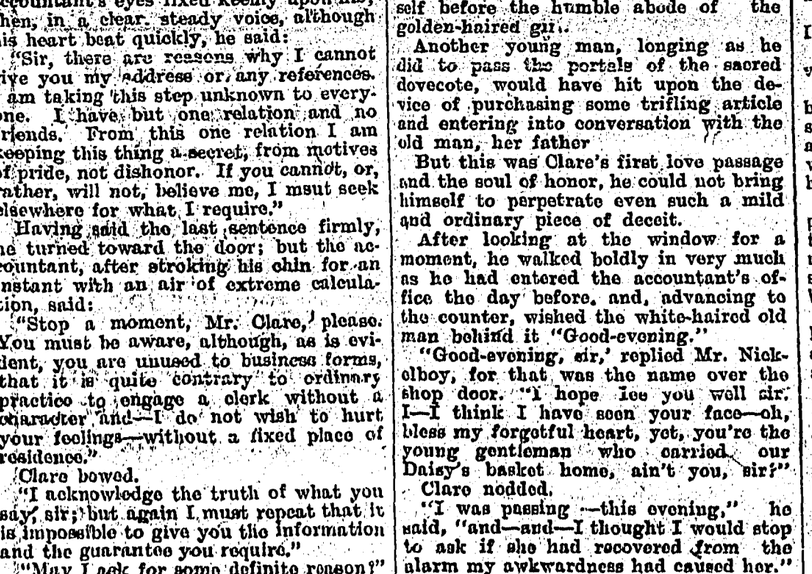
According to the best estimates given for 1908-9, which are compiled from various sources, the total Jewish population in 1908 was 11,577,473. Of these the largest number, 5,215,805, was in Russia. In Austria-Hungard there were 2,076,378; in the United States, 1,777,185; in Germany, 586,048. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that all these less than 12,000,000 Jews were gathered together in the United States, they would make about one-seventh of the population, less than 15 per cent. So those who entertain the fear that the Jews are going to capture America may set their minds at rest. They may capture New York —but that is another story.

Dr. Jacob Vandor, a Jewish physician, who died recently at Budapest, made the following charitable bequests: 30,000 kronen for the purpose of founding a scholarship for a Jewish pupil of a public school in Budapest; 40,000 kronen to the Adele Brody Children's Hospital; 5,000 kronen to the Chevra Badisha; 4,500 kronen to the Jewish Hospital; and a number of smaller bequests.

The agricultural school Kiriah Sefer, near Lydda, which was founded by Herr Belkind, has been closed. It is stated, however, that this is only a temporary measure, and that the school will be reopened under the auspices of public Jewish bodies in Palestine and Germany.

Dr. Philip Fruchtmann, Burgomaster of Stryj and member of the Galician Diet, died recently at an advanced age. The number of Jews in the Diet has now been reduced to five.

Italy is to build four Dreadnoughts, and several swift scout cruisers, at a total cost of $52,800,000.



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

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed at current rates. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons and withdrawals made by any one of them or by the survivor. 124

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

WILD ROSE LODGE No. 39
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Creston, B. C.

Meets every other Monday from June 2 to October 4 at 8 o'clock in Speers' Hall

[illegible] Reid, C. C.
A. E. French, K. of R. & S.
[illegible] Bevan, M. of F.

Visiting brethren cordially invited.

CRESTON L. O. L.

Meets at 8 p.m. every 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month.

Andrew Miller, W M.,
A. E Mutton, R.S.

Visiting brethren cordially invited.

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

SHARPLES' TUBULAR SEPARATOR

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

Carver's Harness Store

Moyie Brewery

MOYIE, B.C.

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

MUELLER & HESSE, Props., Moyie, B.C.

Creston Wine and Spirit Co.

WHOLESALE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Mercantile Block, Creston, B.C.

A Nice Lot of . .

Odd Pitchers
AND
Hand Painted Plates

CRESTON DRUG & BOOK STORE

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

Moran & Mead - - Props.

We are Agents for McLaughlin

Democrats, Buggies, Wagons, etc.

You Save Money by consulting us before Buying Elsewhere. Easy Terms

McCREATH BROS.
CRESTON

The 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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30-Day Notices, $5; 60, $7.50; 90, $10

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

As forecasted in these columns some weeks ago, Premier McBride, having completed satisfactory arrangements with the C. N. Rly., is now decided to appeal to the country for a continuance of their support, polling day to be November 25th, 1909. The appeal being based on the grounds of the success of the Government with its general and financial policy, and also a request to endorse his proposed deal with Mackenzie and Mann, as outlined below, and which will lead to a further great extension of railway communications in this province.

Put in a nutshell, the arrangement is as follows: Subject to the approval of the electors, a contract has been entered into with the Canadian Northern Railway for the construction of a road from the Yellow Head Pass to Kamloops, by way of the North Thompson River, from Kamloops to Westminster and Vancouver, and from a point near Vancouver to English Bluff, to make a first-class connection with Victoria, both for passenger and freight, and to build a railway from Victoria to Barkly Sound, a distance in all of about six hundred miles.

The estimated cost of this line is not less than $50,000 per mile. The Government wish to guarantee interest on $35,000 per mile of 4 per cent., holding for security a first mortgage on the line in British Columbia.

We are unable at the present time to give any outline of the policy of the Liberal party. They seem to confine themselves wholly to criticism of details and personalities, and are quite unable to bring out a platform bold and complete enough to call for the support of the electorate. The needs of British Columbia are for a forward developing policy. The mere negative issues raised by Liberal politicians are not at all attractive to the people of this young and virile province, and we think that the electors will recognise this truth by giving their support to the forward program outlined by Premier McBride. It is a little early yet for the issues to become clear cut enough for the average elector, but as polling day draws nearer and nearer, the development schemes of the present Government will shine out more and more against the mere negative criticism of a discredited Opposition, and we venture to predict the return of the McBride candidates by an overwhelming majority.

Victoria, B.C., Oct. 28.—"Speaking generally," said Premier McBride in a recent interview, "I may say that one of the matters which the government intends to give its immediate consideration is the incidence of provincial taxation, which we are led to believe can be adjusted on a more equitable basis than it is today. We will adopt a strong policy of highway construction, and I may mention the proposed trans-provincial road through the southern part of the province in illustration of what I mean. Our policy will be to construct necessary trunk roads and to erect steel bridges in all suitable places, for experience shows that while these are more costly at the outset than wooden bridges, they are more economical in the end. In respect to the crown timber lands of the province, I have already said that the government will provide for a permanency of tenure, but necessarily the details of any measure dealing with the timber lands will depend in large degree upon the report of the forestry commission. I may add that in our crown land surveys we are reserving a part for the university, a part for sale and a part for pre-emption. I have no hesitation in asking a verdict for the electors upon the general policy of the administration I had the honor to lead, not only so far as that policy relates to matters coming wholly within the jurisdiction of the provincial parliament, but also as to its course upon the question of 'Better Terms,' in respect to which I do not think justice has been done the province; and as to Asiatic immigration, upon which we take the same stand that we have always taken, namely, that British Columbia shall remain a white man's country."

This week, a Mr. Swanson, a resident of Alberta, purchased from the Canyon City Lumber Co., 20 acres of orchard land at Canyon City. Mr. Swanson's brother will come at once and reside on the property. The Canyon City Lumber Co. are large advertisers. They can deliver the goods and are consequently always doing business.

The Harvest Home Dinner, given by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church, last Friday evening, was a huge success. An abundance of all the requirements for the inward man were provided in a tasty manner, and something like $55 was realized not to the Ladies Aid Society. The success of this dinner was due to the untiring efforts of the ladies of the church, notably, Mesdames Mallandaine, Dow, W. K. Brown, H. McCreath, R. M. Reid and others.

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

Would you like to be a Millionaire?

Then follow the Astor Plan

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

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

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

Buy Now and Profit by the Fall Rush

List your Property with us. We can sell it.

CRESTON LAND CO.

Box 38. *Messrs. JOHNSON & SCRUTON*

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

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

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

Alberta Government Creamery Butter
35c. per lb.

Fresh Eggs, 35c. doz.

Fresh Meat of all kinds and Poultry Always on hand.

E. Ryckman
Tinsmith and Plumber

Tinware
Stoves
Piping

Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

WHEN BUYING FRUIT LANDS

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

Creston District is the Place

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

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

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

Our Price is $100 an acre

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

The Railway Runs through this Land.

These Orchard Lands are also connected by Telephone with Creston.

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

Our Land is specially adapted For Fruit Growing.

CANYON CITY LUMBER CO. LTD.

Creston, B.C.

LUMBER

SAWMILL AT CRESTON, B.C.

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

CHAS. O. RODGERS

Furniture Repairing — **We can Save you Money** — **And Upholstering**

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

CONTRACTORS

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

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

The Leading Creston Contractors

McPeak's Creston Store of Plenty

GREAT SALE

Of Surplus Stock at Bed-Rock Prices

500 Pairs Men's Ladies' and Children's Boots & Shoes
1,000 yds. of Velvet Finish Henrietta Cloth
Ladies' Dress Goods.
These must be cleared to make room for incoming Goods
Gents' Furnishings, Boys' and Youths' Clothing
Men's Mackinaws, Sweaters and Gloves

EVERYTHING AT COST

Call and see our Goods and Prices.

Notices of Application for Renewal of Liquor Licenses

Take Notice that I, A. North, of Sirdar, B.C. intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by me for the premises known as the Sirdar Hotel, situated at Sirdar, B.C.
Dated at Sirdar, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
A. NORTH

Take Notice that I, F. Walker, of Erickson, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by me for the premises known as the Erickson Hotel, situated at Erickson, B.C.
Dated at Erickson, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
J. WALKER.

Take Notice that I, J. Marshall, of Kitchener, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by me for the premises known as the Marshall Hotel, situated at Kitchener, B.C.
Dated at Kitchener, B.C., Octobel 14th, 1909.
J. MARSHALL.

Take Notice that I, Geo. Munro, of Creston, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by me for the premises known as the Munro Hotel, situated at Creston, B.C.
Dated at Creston, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
GEO. MUNRO

Take Notice that we, J. B. Moran and Geo Mead, of Creston, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by us for the premises known as the Creston Hotel, situated at Creston, B.C.
Dated at Creston, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
J. B. MORAN
GEO. MEAD

Take Notice that I, Percival R. Godfrey, of Creston, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the wholesale liquor license held be me for the premises known as the Creston Wine & Spirit Co., situated at Creston, B.C.
Dated at Creston, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
PERCIVAL R. GODFREY

The Parish Guild of Christ church, Creston, will spare no pains to make the whist tournament a most enjoyable evening. Remember the date—November 9th (the King's birthday), in the Mercantile Hall, commencing at 8 o'clock.

I MAKE IT STICK

PARTICULARLY IF IT IS PLASTER.

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

Ed. Fulljames
PLASTERER

EPAMINATIONS FOR INSPECTORS OF STEAM BOILERS AND MACHINERY

Examinations for the position of Inspector of Steam Boilers and Machinery, under the "Steam Boilers Inspection Act 1901," will be held at the Parliament Buildings, Victoria, commencing November 8th, 1909. Applications and instruction forms can be had on application to the undersigned, to whom the former must be returned, correctly filled in, not later than November 1st, 1909. Salary, $110.00 per month.

JOHN PECK,
Chief Inspector of Machinery,
New Westminster, B.C.

Wild Man Near Summit Creek

Frank Aiken, a reliable mining man of the Bayonne camp, is authority for the statement that Tom Randall, foreman of the Nuggett mill on Sheep Creek, and Alex. Stewart, a miner, informed him about ten days ago, that they actually saw a wild or crazy man near the mouth of Summit Creek. The demented man was bareheaded when seen by these two men and was creeping on all fours towards the camp. When he saw that he was discovered by Messrs. Randall and Stewart he crouched down in the rushes and ran on his hands and knees into Summit Creek and swam the creek, then jumped up and fell down; then picked himself up and ran into the timber in a stooping position. Messrs. Randall and Stewart tried to get a saddle horse to follow the demented man, but in the meantime the horses had got frightened of the strange visitor and had stampeded, and they were thus prevented from following the crazy man.

The truth of this story is vouched for, and it is the general belief that a demented foreigner, possibly a Hindoo, is subsisting in the timber at the mouth of Summit Creek, and that he will undoubtedly perish this winter, unless he has been rounded up and captured, is a foregone conclusion.

Any person wishing to know more about the demented man can correspond with Mr. Frank Aiken, Sirdar, B.C.

The Kelley Swift Company, playing in the Mercantile Hall on Monday evening, includes in their repertoire "The Kerry Gow," "The Shaun Rhue," "The American Girl," "Edmund Burke" and "The Little Minister."

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.

Wedding Bells

McNARLAND-ISNER

At the Methodist parsonage, in the presence of a few friends, John McNarland, of Creston, and Miss Florence Isner of Nova Scotia, were united in marriage by the Rev. Hughes. Mr. and Mrs. McNarland will take up their residence at Creston.—Cranbrook Herald.

RYCKMAN-JOHNSTON

On Monday, October 25th, Beatrice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Johnston, of Canyon City, and Ernest Wilfred, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Ryckman, of Creston, by the Rev. Philip C. Hayman.

The Review extends hearty good wishes for the future health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom. May all their sorrows be little ones.

You know it is a musical family when you see a Gourlay piano in the house. Musicians prefer it to all makes. The Creston Realty and Timber Co., agents.

It is stated that word has been received from the government agent that a ferry will at once be put in at the Lowis ranch, six miles from Kootenay Landing. This ferry will connect with the mainland by a narrow strip of water, about four hundred feet wide. The putting in of this ferry means much for Creston, as it will create an outlet from Creston to Kootenay Landing for shipment to Nelson, and thus save the shipment of stock from Creston to the Landing as at present.

Church of England

Services in the Mercantile Hall on Sunday next, October 31st (21st Sunday after Trinity): Morning Service, at 11 a.m.; Mr. Pochin's house, Canyon City, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.

Harvest Thanksgiving Services will be held on Sunday, November 7th. Morning and Evening Services at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.; Alice Siding Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN,
Vicar.

The violin recital, presented by Wilfrid L. Small, the Canadian Boy Kubelik, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist church, was a rare treat. This young artiste is in a class by himself, as is also Percy S. Hook, the pianist. As a result of the entertainment the exchequer of the Ladies' Aid was enhanced not a little.

Creston has been visited of late by some very good shows, but the best for some time was that of Tuesday evening, when the Musical Eckhardts, the Swiss hand bell ringers, gave an entertainment under the auspices of the local order of the Knights of Pythias, before a crowded house. This show was unquestionably good from start to finish.

The Kelley Swift Company will open the new Lyceum theatre in Lethbridge with a winter's engagement.

Ladies, Attention! Cortecili stamped linens, also silks for needlework can be purchased at S. A. Speers'. In order to have dainty Xmas presents completed by the festive season, work on these articles should be commenced at once. Don't fail to drop into Speers' store and inspect these stamped linens.

NOT THE SAME.

How the World Looks to Short-Sighted Persons.

The common opinion regards short-sight as an ailment which merely prevents due recognition of distant objects. It is not realized that much more is involved than this. Our limited range of vision gives us not only a circumscribed but also a different view of our surroundings. Thus, in admiring Nature, I, the myopic, behold a landscape other than that which spreads before you. Vegetation, for instance, is blurred and soft like an impressionist picture, the color spreading occasionally as if a child had handled the brush. You see spaces between the clearly-defined leaves of the tree and the light shining through the spaces. I see merely a soft mass with no spaces, the leaves all blotting into one another. The same holds good with other respects of Nature—it is a world without detail or outline, thus giving even solid buildings a cloudy and unsubstantial look.

Not only the inanimate, but the animate world presents itself in strange forms of the myopic. Humanity, for instance, is often revealed in somewhat inhuman guise. Thus, so far as ocular demonstration goes, the world to the short-sighted is peopled by men and women as faceless, sometimes even as headless, as the horsemen of legendary fame. Indoors myopic persons get quite accustomed to talking with persons who have neither eyes nor nose; out of doors the phenomenon is more striking, because oftener repeated. At quite a short distance the face melts into the atmosphere and becomes either a cloud or, like H. G. Wells' invisible man, a nothingness. I see the hat and the figure, sometimes the beard; I see the walking stick—if the hand is ungloved this stick is waving miraculously a little way from the sleeve edge for the hand, like the face, has vanished.—Constance Clyde, in the September Strand Magazine.

THE ONLY WAY TO GOOD HEALTH

Is to Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure by Using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The only way for every girl and woman to be well and at her best is to keep her blood rich and red and pure. Impure, weak blood is the cause of the wretched feeling of languor and faintness, pains in the back and sides, headaches and all those other indescribable sufferings which makes the lives of so many growing girls and women a daily torture. There is only one sure way to be well, and that is through the tonic treatment supplied by Dr. Williams' ink Pills for Pale People. These Pills actually make the new, rich blood which growing girls and women need to make them well and keep them well. Thousands of mothers and their daughters have found an effectual cure for anaemia, general weakness, indigestion, palpitation, nervous disorders, skin troubles and other ailments in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. J. C. Moses, Brenton, N. S., says: "Last spring and summer my daughter's health gave out. She had no energy, was very pale and nervous, and had no appetite. As the usual remedies given in such cases did not help her, we became much alarmed, and on the advice of a neighbor began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We could soon see an improvement, and as she continued to take the Pills she gained in weight and vigor; her color returned and her whole system seemed to be built up again. She is now the picture of health and joins in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Fly on Mr. Gladstone's Nose.

I remember once, says Harry Furniss, in the Strand Magazine, when I was giving a lecture on "Portraiture, Past and Present," and illustrating the portraits on medals with the aid of a lantern, I came to some near the bottom of the screen. "Here," said I, "we have the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, 1300 A. D." At that moment, the Mayor and Mayoress of the town, who, for effect, I suppose, had come in a quarter of an hour late to the seats reserved for them in the centre of the hall, walked past the rays of the lantern, and were, of course, shown on the screen, and, as can be supposed, caused an effect that had not been anticipated.

On another occasion a fly was an offender whilst I was giving a lecture, with the aid of a lantern. I was showing some portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment, "The Humors of Parliament." I was telling my audience, as I pointed to the pictures on the screen, that one moment he looks like this, and at another he looks like that, when there was a great burst of laughter. I proceeded to speak about Gladstone's flashing eye and noble brow, and by the time I mentioned something about his aquiline nose my audience seemed in hysterics. Thinking that by some mischance the wrong picture was being thrown on the screen, I turned round, and was at first horrified to see a gigantic fly apparently walking about on the nose of the Grand Old Man. It appears that the fly had got into the lantern, had been caught between and was being magnified a hundredfold on the screen.

UNPREJUDICED.

(Success.)

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

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

"No, sir," replied Mike.

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

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

A coming-out party —the convict whose sentence has expired.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

meets you half-way—does all your work in half the time and at half the cost of other soaps.

Sunlight Soap—absolutely pure—saves clothes from injury—hands from roughness—life from drudgery.

see

"THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER."

1.

In days of yore, from Briton's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf forever!

Chorus.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

2.

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword ever more shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever!

3.

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

4.

On merry England's far-famed land
May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song both loud and lond,
Till rocks and forests quiver,
God bless our King and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

Walk Tells Man's Character.

(By Searles Patterson.)

The way a man or woman walks means more to a close observer than the walker would admit. A good reader of character will pick the man of purpose from the crowd on the street eevry time. Some may move slowly and others with a rapid stride, but the way they do it is what counts. The swing and bearing give an impression of just what a man does when at work.

Some day the young man who bears himself well will walk right into the position he desires. He often leaves his country town with an awkward, shuffling gait and returns like the soldier with the manly walk of enterprise. The walk and bearing of success have come with his rise in life. The town is proud of him and that quick, wide-awake alertness lends a bright example to the community.

There is the man who walks slowly, but with a sureness of step which tells that he locks every door behind him which ought to be locked.

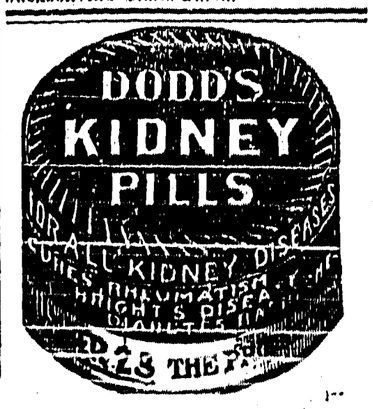
Here are two men who set a swift pace to their places of work. One is the business manager of a big magazine and the other a soda fountain dispenser, but they both excel in their line. And each appreciates the other for a good mazazine and a good drink.

County of a Thousand Keys.

Monroe county is the most unique county in the State, if not in the United States. The larger portion of the county is made up of a group of islands or, as they are called, keys, both on the east and west coasts. The only part of Monroe county on the mainland is the Cape Sable country, the extreme south end of the United States on the mainland.

The larger portion of this land is what is known as the Everglades, and but a limited number of acres are now under cultivation. What effect the proposed drainage of the Everglades will have in Monroe county is not known, but it is doubtful if any large areas will be drained because of the flatness of the country and being so near sea level. In the vicinity of Cape Sable there are large bodies of rich alluvial land and a considerable quantity has been under cultivation for several years past.

All kinds of tropical and semi-tropical fruit trees grow luxuriantly on the keys and bear full crops of fruit each year. Every key is surrounded with water and the great portion of them have clean white sand beaches with bluffs varying in height above high water mark. All of these building sites are in full view of either the ocean, gulf or bays.—From the Jacksonville Times-Union.



NO GOLDEN SPIKES IN THIS.

Yet It Was a Record Breaking Piece of Railroading All the Same.

Just forty years had elapsed on May 10 since the rails of the Union Pacific moving westward met the rails of the Central Pacific moving eastward at Promontory Point near Ogden, Utah, and the first transcontinental railway was completed.

When Thomas Durant of the Union Pacific, and Gov. Leland Stanford, of California, drove the last spikes in the first continent girdling line on May 10, 1869, the whole country, says Leslie's Weekly, was metaphorically looking on.

Things were very different forty years later when, without any golden spike, without the presence of any of the principal officers of the company, the last rail on the Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, now known as the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railway, was laid at a point two miles east of Missoula, Mont., just before the 5 o'clock whistle blew on March 31 last.

There was no celebration of any kind, and the only speech was the remark of the contractor to the foreman, "Bill, that's a good job." The length of the extension just completed from the Missouri River to Seattle and Tacoma is a trifle over 1,400 miles and brings the total mileage of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway up to 9,000 miles. The completion of the new line was turned April 15, 1906. No Pacific Coast line of any railway and no line of equal length crossing three mountain ranges has ever been constructed within the short period of three years.

During this period 60,000,000 cubic yards of material have been excavated, 260,000 yards of tunnel driven, twenty miles of bridges erected, and 200,000 tons of eighty-five pound rails laid at a total cost of $85,000,000. The ballasting of the new transcontinental line will be completed about June 1, 1909, and regular freight and local passenger service will be established thereafter. The new line as far west as the city of Butte, Mon., has been in regular operation since September, 1908.

WHY NOT SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE?

A cook informed her Boston mistress that she was apt to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, says Judge, as the woman was a good cook and steady. Time passed, however, without further word of leaving, though the happy-man-to-be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, an' it's niver at all, I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply.

"Really? What is the trouble?"

"'Tis thus, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' when he's sober he won't marry me!"

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

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Hoping for much in others is helping them to it.

Every shadow in life is evidence of a sun somewhere.

Lifting little loads helps a lot more than describing big ones.

The only powers that know enjoyment are those that find employment.

The only way to move a mountain tomorrow is to take a pickaxe to-day.

Your faith is not measured by your appreciation of the faults of others.

Good intentions in sowing tares will not make them come up as wheat.

Big words in the meeting do not make up for short weight in the market.

The home is never brightened by the roseate hues on the end of a nose.

The straightest road to heaven is that one on which you can do most good.

The more man you put into religion the more religion you will give men.

Too many think they are saints because it makes them sad to see a child happy.

He who does not preach with what he is will never prosecute with what he says.

The dead saints are the only good ones according to the canon of negative virtues.

No man who ever knows anything about heaven except as he tries to make some one happy.

Some have a hard time picking out a car to heaven because the lower berths seem all to be taken.

There is no such a possibility as finding righteousness for yourself while ignoring the rights of others.

You can usually tell where a man's scruples will break out when he carries his conscience in his pocket.

Henry F. Cope.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Swedish Peat Bogs.

According to the latest statistics, the total peat bogs of Sweden should be capable of producing 10,000 millions of tons of air-dried peat, suitable for fuel. This quantity, as compared with the present import of coal, would be sufficient for a period of 1,500 years. More exact examinations of the geological character of the peat bogs will soon be started by the Swedish Geological Society.

BAD NEWS FOR OUR DOCTORS.

"And now that you are through college what are you going to do"

"I shall study medicine."

"Rather crowded profession already, isn't it?"

"Can't help that. I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the professoin will have to take their chances, that's all."—Boston Transcript.

FALSE ALARM.

"Mamma, young Prof. McGoozle proposed last night——"

"Mercy, child! What on earth has he got to live on!"

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, mamma. He proposed that we start in and read President Eliot's five feet of books."

"Think of the glories of ancient Rome."

At the beginning of the present year the population of Australia was 4,875,000.

A Bowel Medicine

Prevents Constipation, Appendicitis, Keeps Complexion Clear, Assures Sound Health.

Two Remarkable Cases Described by Mr. Hugh Cameron of Folger Station, Ont., Proving the Merit of

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS.

"I am now quite on old man," writes Mr. Cameron, "it being sixty-six years since I left my native town in Scotland. In that time I have witnessed much sickness and suffering. One case I recall occurred with a neighbor who I heard was about ready to die with appendicitis. I went to see him and found he had been ordered to the hospital weeks ago for an operation. But he put it off and I found him in bed suffering agony —four days had elapsed since his bowels moved. Having used Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly for 25 years I knew they would help him and I gave him three pills. In two days he was around, and I know that ever since this man has enjoyed excellent health and simply because he used Dr. Hamilton's Pills three times a week. No case of constipation can positively go uncured if treated with Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

CURED 5 YEARS

"In my own family we use practically no other medicine but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. To keep the digestion good, to regulate the bowels and maintain healthy action of the liver and kidneys no remedy I ever heard of is so dependable and so certain to do good as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For the father who lives as I do, far from a doctor and drug store, the knowledge of the power and wide usefulness of Dr. Hamilton's Pills for all family ills is very valuable. I have administered them for nearly every complaint for which they are recommended, and in each case this honest medicine cured. Signed, Hugh Cameron,

Folger Station, P.O., Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills are an old and proven cure for all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels —good for children —good for old folks —just what everyone in poor health requires. 25c per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

The Greedy Post Office.

Some idea of the quantity of material used by the postal service may be gained, says the National Magazine, when it is stated that during last year the division furnished 925,000,000 yards of twine, 3,260,000 pens, 283,000 penholders, 650,000 pencils and 2,600,000 blank cards. To wrap the bundles 5,400,000 shoots of wrapping paper were used. Blank forms are furnished by the millions. Of the form "Application for Domestic Money Order," which is seen in the lobby of every post office, there were 161,770,000 used last year, and during the same period 69,034 rubber stamps were manufactured and supplied to post offices.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDEDSON.

Belleisle Station, King's Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

Everybody Lucky.

(Spare Moments.)

An old farmer of the county of Durham called at a roadside public house where he was well known. The landlady asked him to buy a ticket for a lottery they had on there.

"Well," he said, "I hae nought in ma pocket, or I might."

"Oh, that's a'reet, John," she says; "take the ticket, and pay for it any time."

Some time later John called again, and the landlady asked him if he knew who had won the lottery.

"No," he said. "Who won?"

"Well, I hardly durst tell you, but oor Sam won. Wasn't he lucky?"

"Aye, sha was lucky," said John. And who was second, then?"

"I durst hardly tell you. Who would you think now?" she said.

"I couldn't say," said John.

"Well, it was oor Sally. Wasn't she lucky?"

"Aye, sha was lucky," said John. "And who was third?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "you would never guess, and I might as well tell. I was third. Wasn't I lucky?"

"You were," he said. "Did I ever pay you for that ticket, Missus?"

"No, John, you didn't," she said, fawning upon him.

"Well," said John, "isn't I lucky."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A Napoleonic Library.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once told an amusing story of an illiterate millionaire who gave a wholesale dealer an order for a copy of every book in all languages treating of an aspect of Napoleon's career. He thought it would fill a case in his library.

He was somewhat taken aback, however, when in a few weeks he received a message from the dealer that he had got 40,000 volumes, and was awaiting instructions as to whether he should send them on as an installment or wait for a complete set.—M. A. P.

She Wasn't Sure.

A famous baseball player has a younger sister, who is intensely proud of him, although not very familiar with the national game. Mentioning his name one day to a visitor, the latter asked her what position her brother played.

"Why," she stammered. "I—I'm not sure, but I think he's a batter."—Lippincott's.

CHURCH FROM OLD BOAT.

Home for Sailors on the Pacific Coast —How It Was Fitted Up.

It would be difficult to find a greater oddity in church architecture than the Seaman's Bethel, on Rattlesnake Island, close to the port of San Pedro, off the coast of California. It is the decayed and weather beaten hulk of an old ship that used to ply the salt seas. Becoming unseaworthy, it was beached, made fast with cables and transformed into a church.

The Seamen's Bethel is a mission church maintained for the benefit of the sailors that come into San Pedro harbor and of the fishermen of Rattlesnake Island. All the machinery and seagoing fixtures have been removed from the old hulk and the rooms amidships that used to open into the engine room have been combined into the assembly hall.

The after deck has been boarded in and transformed into a reading room. Tables and chairs, with many books, magazines and newspapers, give the place a homelike appearance, and here the sailors of the Seven Seas, with human derelicts from many lands, congregate in the afternoons and evenings to find out what is going on in the great world.

Really the Seaman's Bethel is a sort of institutional church. The after part of the hold has been fitted up as a gymnasium. Here also is a bowling alley, and in another corner are bathtubs and a water heater. Another part of the hold is fitted up with bunks, where the sailor who finds himself "broke" between voyages is made welcome to spend the night—or as many nights as he pleases.—From the Kansas City Star.

How Sparrows Came to New Zealand.

The Register publishes the following paragraph quoted from its issue of June 23rd, 1859: "It appears from the New Zealand papers that the country at particular seasons is invaded by armies of caterpillars, which clean off the grain crops as completely as if mowed by a scythe. With a view of counteracting this plague a novel importation has been made. Mr. Brodie has shipped 300 sparrows on board the Swordfish, carefully selected from the best hedgerows in England. The food alone, he informs us, put on board for them cost £18. This sparrow question has been a long standing joke in Auckland, but the necessity to farmers of small birds to keep down the grubs is admitted on all sides. Mr. Brodie has already acclimatized the pheasant, which is abundant in the north."—Adelaide Register.

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.

The Cook's Fault.

One of the most annoying things about swans is that they live to an extremely great age, and that it is impossible for the ordinary observer to guess what their years may be. President Grover Cleveland once had an amusing experience with some swans, according to a writer in the American Magazine. He had been in the south, shooting, and brought home a number of wild swans, one of which he sent to each member of his Cabinet, and to some other associates.

"All the boys," said Mr. Cleveland, "thanked me politely for having remembered them, but none of them seemed to have much to say about how they enjoyed the birds.

"Carlisle, I found, had his cooked on a night when he was dining out. Another, when I asked him, said he hoped I wouldn't mind, but he had sent his home to his old mother. Thurber didn't mention his bird at all for two days. Finally I asked him about it.

"'Thurber, did you get that swan all right?"

"'Yes, sir, oh, yes, I got the swan all right, thank you,' and he bent over his desk and seemed very busy.

"'Fine bird,' I said.

"'Yes, sir, fine bird,' and he went on working.

"'Enjoy eating him, Thurber?'

"He waited a minute, and then he said, 'Well, sir, I guess they didn't cook him right at my house. They only cooked him two days,' and he went on working without cracking a smile."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

KEEP THEM AT HOME.

(Goldwin Smith.)

We are much obliged to the English journal which proposes to get rid of all the pauper infants by sending them here. The remark might sound rather malthusian; otherwise we might say that the best way of getting rid of pauper infants would be to abstain from bringing them into the world. A man surely has no right to bring into the world beings whom he cannot support and thrust them on the community. Malthus may have been rough in the expression of his views, though the blame for this rests, it is believed, mainly on his disciples, but it is difficult to deny that he is right.

GETTING BACK.

"Captain, what time does this boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever or did something. Thank you ever so much."

ISSUE NO. 37, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

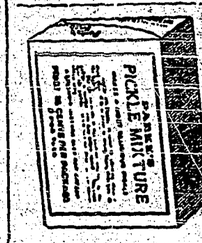
CANVASSERS WANTED—BEST SAMPLE case; best goods and best terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

Bridges in the Way.

The development of the traffic of the Allegheny River is said to be seriously interfered with by the character of the bridges spanning the stream. It appears that the several bridges between Pittsburg and Allegheny have different clearances above water and most of them are too low for the full development of navigation, now that the regulation of the Allegheny River has reached an advanced stage. An effort is now being made to have the Government take some action with the object of remedying the conditions, and the attention of the Secretary of War has been called to the matter with the hope of securing some relief. The situation is somewhat complicated by reason of the fact that all the structures are owned by private corporations.



A Most Delicious Pickle

can be made by dropping the contents of a package of

Parke's Pickle Mixture

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

PARKE & PARKE

HAMILTON Druggists CANADA

He Answered It.

A party of young men were camping, and to avert annoying questions they made it a rule that the one who asked a question that he could not answer himself had to do the cooking.

One evening, while sitting round the fire, one of the boys asked, "Why is it that a ground-squirrel never leaves any dirt at the mouth of its burrow?"

They all guessed and missed. So he was asked to answer himself.

"Why," he said, "because they always begin to dig at the other end of the hole."

"But," one asked, "how does he get to the other end of the hole?"

"Well," was the reply, "that's your question."

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

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

DEFINITION OF A DIOCESE.

When the Right Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, was in London not long ago his fame as the "cowboy bishop" brought thousands of young boys and girls to hear him speak wherever he went. In one of his talks to the youngsters, he held them spellbound by telling them of his diocese in Wyoming, which was more thickly populated in the old days with bears and Indians than with Christians.

When he was finished with his description, he asked the children if anyone knew what a diocese was. One boy promptly raised his hand.

"What is it, my lad?"

"A diocese, my lord, is a body of land with a bishop on top and the clergy underneath," was the answer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

A FRENCH CRITICISM.

Sir Charles Wyndham, at a dinner, discussed the leanness of actresses.

"It is odd," said he, "but the thinner an actress is the greater she is likely to become. To be thin, somehow, is to be artistic. Look at Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore and divine Sara."

Sir Charles laughed.

"Once, at a reception that Mme. Sara Bernhardt gave in Paris," he said, "she led us all up to admire a new portrait of herself. It was a beautiful work. Very thin—she hardly weighed five stone in those days—the actress in a gold-colored gown, posed sinuously, a huge white dog beside her.

"A French critic startled us all, as we were grouped about the picture by exclaiming with a loud, rude laugh:

"'Ah! A dog and a bone!'"

Doctor—It isn't wise to go to sleep on an empty stomach. Patient—I don't. I always sleep on my back.

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

UNCOMPLAINING MR. GNAGG.

A BREAKFAST TABLE TALK ON THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Mrs. Gnagg's Injudicious Choice of Topics—Yearnings of a Man Who is Drying Up Mentally—Little Suggestions for Making Home Brighter Volunteered.

Mrs. Gnagg, indulging in a little harmless, cheery Sunday morning breakfast table prattle, arouses in Mr. Gnagg a sort of mental unrest which he expresses as follows:

Hold on a minute. What are you talking about, anyhow? For the last fifteen minutes or so I've been conscious of a sort of buzzing noise, not unlike that of a motor boat that skips occasional explosions. Was it you talking? I can't remember that you've said anything during the quarter of an hour, but it is presumable of coure that you thought you were saying something. It isn't altogether likely, either, that you've been talking to yourself.

Am I to understand that you've been directing this rataplan of unmeaning chatter at me? Because, really, you know, I'm obliged to confess that I've only caught a phrase here and there, and I'm going to leave it to you to judge whether any of these observations you've been making were sufficiently intelligent to call for any kind of an answer from anybody.

Seems to me I remember you started off by exuding some kind of a bromidiom about what a hot morning it is. Now, d'ye honestly think it was imperative that you get that remark out of your system?

I know that it's hot. I knew it as soon as I opened my eyes this morning. You can't make it any cooler by harping on the heat, can you?

How's that? Your only idea was to *make* a little talk, you say? Why, cer'ly, cer'ly. I know that was your idea, of course! but before you open your face to say something why don't you make it a practice to have something to say?

That's what I'm mumbling about. You emit so many buzzing, humming sounds without ever saying anything. That's why I'm drying up mentally. I don't get anything around my home that by the wildest stretch of the imagination could be called conversation. How can you expect a grown up human being to respond to that kind of Gertie and Gladys gabble?

Then you said something, I believe, about your hair needing to be washed. Well, *did* you expect me to turn two or three somersaults and stand on my head and behave like a delirious orang outang when you said that? D'ye think that called for a large, bulgy parcel of comment from me?

If so be as how your hair sure enough does need washing, then why in heaven's name don't you wash it, or have it washed, and let it go at that? What have I got to do with your hair's need for washing? Is that the kind of chatter you think ought to be spilled on a man at the breakfast table, especially on a morning when the coffee's sloppy. Hey?

D'ye think the hair washing topic is calculated to start off a hot Sunday with a soaring uplift? When my hair needs washing I don't go around yammering about it. I go and buy a shampoo for myself and let it go at that.

Then, out of the buzz-buzz with which you began breakfast I think I vaguely caught something about autumn not being so far away. Well, what of it? I can read the calendar. I know, I think, that we're nudging along toward the end of August, and that September, as a matter of perfectly familiar sequence, follows August.

D'ye suppost that that kind of inane stuff is going to satisfy the mental craving for intelligent conversation of any man whose skypiece is not rigged out with a monkey mind? Huh? Oh, I'm not saying that your intentions were not good. I'm not maintaining that you've got some deep, dark purpose in uncoiling small talk that's meant for the mental feeding of white rabbits or prairie chickens.

Fact is I know that you've no purpose at all, and that's the nub of the whole business—complete and utter purposelessness of your conversation. I wouldn't care a hang how sinister your conversation was if it had any kind of a purpose at all.

Oh, yes, and then I remember you said that you'll be glad when we can have oatmeal for breakfast again, and that the oatmeal that they sell in the summer time is bound to be more or less wormy. Well, what of it? Talk about wormy oatmeal isn't much of a physical or mental tonic for me. Anyhow, I've known for something like thirty-five years now that oatmeal gets wormy in hot weather.

It's this thing of talking just for talking's sake that gives me the mutters. I'm not denying, understand, that there is some such a thing as agreeable, not to say delightful, small talk; but it's been so long since I heard any samples of that kind—around here I mean—that I wouldn't know it any more if you pulled it on me with the label attached.

I know a lot of fellows who without having to try very hard can hold and do hold quite enjoyable conversations with their wives. I envy them. I don't say this with the least idea in the world of putting anything over on you, but I sure do envy them.

I work and slave like a mahogany hauling mule during most of the daylight hours, and then when I come here I'm bombarded with a whole passel of frippertish talk about infinitesimal, insignificant matters that have no more interest for me than the annual sheep shear of the Falkland Islands; and even at that you obviously expect me to chirk up and titter and giggle and illuminate my face like a Hallowe'on pumpkin when you toss the stuff at me; and to not in general as if that kind of conversation inspired me with a joy all but idiotic.

As soon as I nudge through the door, for example, you tell me, more or less feverishly, that the janitor is expecting an addition to his family. You handed me that by way of a greeting one evening last week. Did you expect me to climb to the roof and chant an orison to the glowing orb of day over that bit of news?

On another evening, as soon as I trudged, dog tired, into the vestibule, you opened up on me with the news that the Scrappits, on the fourth floor, had had some kind of a rough house up in their flat and that Mrs. Scrappit had been seen, pretty red eyed, at the grocery store, and that Scrappitt had been coming home pickled for several evenings in a row, and a whole lot of other inconsequential junk of the same general sort about a family that I hardly know and don't want to know and wouldn't be particularly interested if I did.

I'll do you the justice to acknowledge that you probably thought you were amusing me and mitigating my tiredness shipper-chapper on me, and it is even by unwinding this apartment house probable that I pretended, as it seems to be necessary for a man to pretend, that I really was interested in your breathless recital about the Scrappits, but I wasn't interested a cent's worth. I was only trying to act agreeable by making you think I was interested. Well, this thing of acting agreeable all the time, especially on top of a hard day's work, isn't my idea of what those Chicago University professors call a perfect connubiality, and I consider it only the fair thing that you know this now as well as at any other time.

All I hear around here is gas bills, how frumpish the fat Mrs. Puttonlugs looks in a directoire dress; how you saw some shirt waists on sale for $1.38 to-day that cost $2.98 at the beginning of the season; how you saw a man abusing a horse on the street this morning, and you felt like 'phoning to the Humane Society, only you didn't know the Humane Society's number, and all such excelsior stuffing.

Does it ever enter your mind that we're put here to grow mentally as well as physically? And is it your idea that a woman fulfils the whole duty of a wife when she sees to it that the beds are made and the mantelpieces dusted and the pot roast put on the range at the proper time, and all that sort of thing? Did you ever endeavor to reason it out that it's sort of expected of a wife that she be, or at least try to be, something of an intellectual companion to her husband?

How's that? You've heard me say, time and again, that I wouldn't live with an intellectual woman for $8 a minute.

Right you are, and you'll probably go right on hearing me say the same thing as long as I've enough teeth left to permit of my articulating. When I say that, however, I deal more or less in hyperbole, if you gather that.

By intellectual woman, as I use the phrase in ordinary conversation, I mean one of these women that think they know about nine million times more than their husbands, with an overhang of knowledge sufficient to permit of their knowing more than anybody else on earth. That's what I mean by an intellectual woman. Well, a woman doesn't have to belong to that type in order to make things a little interesting around the house.

She doesn't have to hand out hunks of Browning over the cantaloupe and unwind coils of Stendhal and chatter about progmatism over the dinner coffee. All that any reasonable man asks of his wife is that she stop chronicling small beer, and gossiping, and——

How's that? I told yo uonly a little while ago that I depended upon you for the news of the little affairs of life, did I? Oh, well, if this sleep walking habit is growing on me that way then it's time for me to do something about it, for I could only have said a thing like that while in a state of somnambulism. Maybe you'll be good enough to——

What? You've often heard me say that a little gossip adds a certain spiciness to everyday existence? I've said that, hey? Well, I've changed my mind about that sleep walking thing. If any of that's been done around here you've done it.

Said that I approved of and liked gossip, did I? Great! Grand! Next thing I know you'll be passing around that I am in the habit of writing anonymous letters, and from that it'll be an easy step to whispering to your cronies that I operate at night as a porch climber.

Oh, well, that's a crafty scheme of yours anyhow to try to switch me from the thing I started to talk about; namely, the warping, shrivelling process that is taking place in me owing to the fact that I have no more intellectual stimulum in my home than a woodchuck in his burrow. There's no uplift around here, nothing to make a man think or sort o' put him on his mettle.

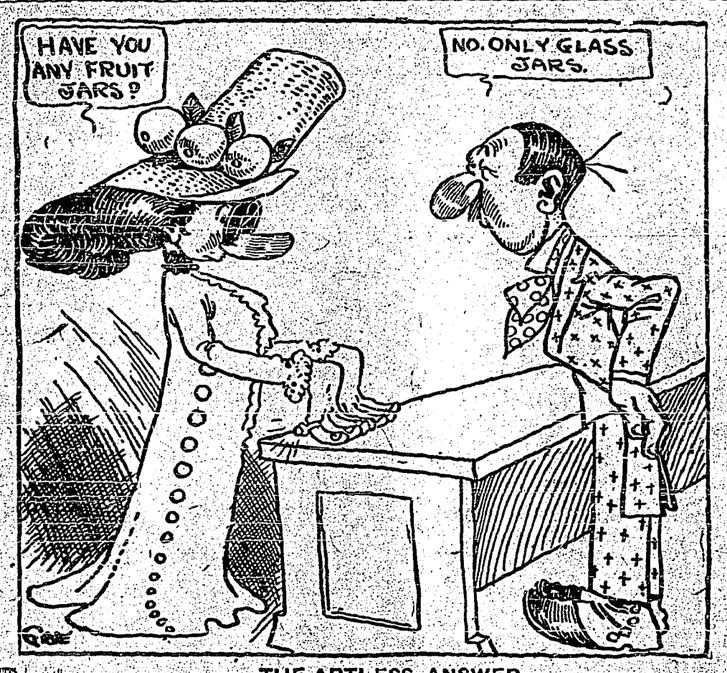
Result is, naturally enough, that my gray matter is atrophying or drying up, or whatever you care to call it. Nothing's ever said around here to make it necessary for a man to do a quarter of a minute's consecutive thinking. Same old drynadust, commonplace conversation all the time, with never a note struck that might give a fellow a little momentary inkling of an idea that he is living a life one notch above a starfish.

Oh, well, you can't help it, I s'pose, and I've got no right, I s'pose, too, to complain about it. When a man makes his bed—when, in short, he deliberately makes provision for a dull, dryrot life, then it's up to him to swallow his bolus without murmuring. I made up my mind to that a long while ago, and that's why you never hear me open my mouth about the dismal life I lead around here.

Honored the Southerner.

When General Hawkins was commandant at West Point a negro cadet was so grossly insulted by a white classmate that a third cadet, a Southerner of Southerners, denounced the offender in such blistering terms that he instantly challenged the Southerner to a fist fight. The two met and had it out on the famous battle ground back of old Fort Putnam. The Southerner nearly killed his opponent, who spent several weeks in the hospital and did not fully recover for months. The fight was so terrific and so generally known that the authorities could not ignore it. The victor was summoned before Commandant Hawkins, who looked sternly at him as he entered his office and asked for the particulars of the affray. They were given frankly and truthfully. "I suppose that ends my career at the Academy," added the cadet. The commandant rose from his chair and walked up to him. "On the contrary, I ask the honor of shaking hands with you; return to your quarters."—New York Sun.

Doubtless the grass will continue to grow at Rheims despite the clouds of aeroplans which have been obscuring the sun.—Chicago News.



THE ARTLESS ANSWER.

THE GERMAN DIAMOND FIELDS

RECENT DISCOVERIES ON WEST AFRICAN COAST.

Wealth in a Wilderness of Sand—Situation of Luderitzbucht and Its Distinctly German Population—Low Cost of Production—Winnowing the Sand.

The great interest that has been aroused by the varying reports that have reached London from the properties of the South African territories on which diamonds have been discovered calls for an account of the newly exploited diamond fields in German West Africa. These are at Luderitzbucht, the little town that has grafted itself on to the port of Angra Pequena in German West Africa which Capt. Semmes made his repairing shop after raiding Federal shipping. To quell native risings in her African possessions it has cost Germany well over twenty millions, writes a Luderitzbucht correspondent of the London Chronicle. Luderitzbucht will bring it all back, every phennig—and more.

Who could have foretold the wealth that lar in the belt of dry desert running the length of the coast line, extending some 150 kilometers inland, without egetation, arid and lifeless. A wilderness of sand, piling up and shifting in huge drifts with the terrific winds that blow for nine months out of the twelve. Yet the approach to Luderitzbucht is not without charm.

Hugging the coast so as not to miss the entrance the steamer glides gracefully into the vivid blue water imprisoned by the wide, circular harbor of Angra Pequena. As the anchor splashes overboard the full sweep of the bay is seen as it curves round to the left. To the right, Shark Island—and well named indeed—continues the circle as it sweeps along toward the town which forms a smooth, gray, rocky rim to the harbor basin. Not a vestige of vegetation is to be seen. But instead on the summit of Shark Island is reared a tripod from which swing the corses of rebel Hottentot and Herero who with primitive impulse have attempted to stay the march of civilization.

It has been said that Britain colonizes with a Bible in one hand a bottle of gin in the other. Germany colonizes with a stroke of the sword, impelled forward by ambition alone. At right angles to the mouth of the harbor and at the eastern base of the bay, flanked and backed by rugged rocks and sand hills, sprawls Luderitzbucht, the German Kimberley. A few stone houses are perched on the rock, blasted to find them a foundation, but for the most part the town consists of wood and iron houses, built without any idea as to streets and squares, springing up here and there with the formless irregular growth of mushooms.

Life in Luderitzbucht differs little from that in any other mining town save that it is probably less cosmopolitan and more distinctly German. Germany colonizes for the Germans, and for no one else. Immigration laws are strict in the extreme and entry into German Southwest Africa is not easy. Had the newly discovered diamond fields been on English territory the population would by this time have been four or five times the present number. This is in strict accordance with the German protective policy, and while it may be good for the few Germans who are there, it is manifestly bad for the country.

The diamond laws are not less stringent. The local taxation levied on the gross diamond output amounts to no less than 53 1-3 per cent. ad valorem, but this in itself is little compared with the absurdly low cost of production, which pans out at about 1s 6d per carat.

The Kolmans Kop Company, which is the only company working with English capital subscribed in Cape Colony, have as yet produced few diamonds, comparatively speaking, and have placed fewer still on the market, but they have been able to declare 10 per cent. dividend for the first three months working and it is anticipated that at the expiration of the next three months the directors will declare a further dividend of 20 per cent.

A few weeks ago I rode one Sunday morning with the manager of this mine, and saw a parcel of diamonds weighed, representing three and a half days' work with a mere handful of Ovambo "boys." The parcel scaled 1,528 karats.

This is the modus operandi. Sand is shovelled on to an oblong sieve with a large mesh, which is kept working backward and forward. This sieve keeps out the debris and large stuff, while the sand and small crystals fall on to a sieve with a smaller mesh and a man inclined plane. The fine sand falls through to the bottom, and the pebbly stuff runs down into a through. Each "boy" has a circular sieve, which he fills from this through. He then takes it to a bath of salt water and moves it gently with a rotary motion whilue it is immersed. After a few minutes the water is allowed to drain off, and the sieve is turned smartly over on to a table at which stands the white man in charge. He picks out the diamonds with the blade of a small knife in a moment. They the quite easy to see, for by reason of their specific gravity they are always found in the centre, surrounded by a little circle of rubylike crystals. The average of diamonds found to each sieve works out at about 1.30 so that the cheap cost of production may well be imagined with the marketable value at somethinr like 30s per karat.

So far, the stones found have all been small, running from three to six per carat, but further south, diamonds of five karats and over have lately been discovered in the direction of the supposed parent mine.

Luderitzbucht provides a fine study in contrasts. It has the most modern telephone system and no sanitation. Water is dearer in proportion than bread. With nothing that makes life worth living, save money making, there is litle else to do but gamble and drink. And the beer! Mountains of empty beer bottles raise themselves to the skies as fitting monuments to the national drink. In Luderitzbucht the blacks do not jostle the whites as in the British Colonies, but though segregated there is a cosompolitan crowd. Ovambos, Hereos, Hottentots, Cape Boys (in varying shades), Kaffirs, Zulus, all with their distinctive traits. And the cattle are nearly as varied as the natives, from the Egyptian camel to the Argentine mule.

Out from Luderitzbusht the railway ribbons to Keetmanshoop. From Swakopmund, nigher up the coast, the railway runs inland to Windhuk, and it is hoped that the near future will see the two inland termini linked together and the best and most mertile parts of the country opened up thereby.

But the cost of maintaining the line between Luderitzbucht and Keetmanshoop has proved enormous. Water has to be carried in trucks. Native men and women are employed continually in keeping the sand off the line, which but for their incessant shovelling would disappear as effectually as if dropped in mid ocean. This awful desert waste is twin sister to the sea in its hunger for human life. Restless, changing, wild, weirdly seductive, it has tortured and played with human life, conquering always. It is an eerie and ghastly sight to see the oxen lying dead in their thousands, whole in skin and bone, untouched by wolf or vulture. Horses mules, oxen and men too the desert claims. With some the wind deals mercifully, wreathing them in her winding sheet of sand.

A striking feature of the railway construction in German Southwest Africa is that while the railways of the north have a gauge for toylike trains, those of the south are of the same guage as the Cape Government railways. And already the Germans are talking openly of linking up with the Cape Colony in the near future. It is to be hoped that colonial and imperial policy combined will prevent such a possibility, but it is an indication of the long headed policy which actuates the German Colonial Office.

Boat Hauled Through Surf by Horses.

Two men in a 35-foot power boat were rescued in the worst northeaster of the season last night off the metropolitan parkway at Nantasket by officers of the metropolitan police, assisted by cottagers. Their boat was pulled ashore by a team.

J. L. Ecker, of Dorchester, the owner of the boat, and William A. Krauth, who was visiting him, undertook to bring the boat into Boston harbor. Everything seemed propitious until they were opposite Sagamore Hill, when the power gave out. The boat was unmanageable and drifted rapidly to the beach.

The men could do nothing but try to keep the boat righted and Patrolmen Mullen and Dwyer went to their aid in a small boat. By this time a crowd of cottagers had gathered and when the boat came into the breakers, about 25 of these waded into the surf and lent a hand in pulling the boat ashore. The policemen got hold of a team and dragged the boat on to the beach beyond the breakers.

Outside of a drenching of the men and a straining of the boat no damage was suffered—Boston Herald.

The Educated Man.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one, who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will; the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.—Thomas H. Huxley.

New Mexico produced 2,407,937 short tons of coal last year, a decrease of a trifle more than 6 per cent. from the output of 1907.

AN OPTICAL AFFLICTION.

Guinea Hen—What you got your tail wrapped up for?
Peacock—Inflammation of the eyes.

THE PELLAGRA.

AN INQUIRY STARTED BY DOCTORS IN THE SOUTH.

Suspicion That There May be Hidden Cases of the Malady—Indications That It Has Its Origin in Corn—Deductions From Known Cases Up to Date.

New Orleans.—The physicians of Meridian, Miss., have started a movement to bring before the medical profession in every county of the state the fact that pellagra, the fatal disease supposed to be due to eating musty or mouldy corn, prevails in Mississippi and seems to be increasing. Their purpose is to discover the supposed hidden cases of pellagra, probably under treatment as eczema or other maladies, to collect as many facts about it—and particularly its origin—as possible, and by concerted action to get from the State Legislature a law in regard to the inspection of all grain shipped into the State if investigation shows the correctness of the Italian theory that pellagra is rue to corn fungus.

The United States Marine Hospital service has already taken up the matter, and has sent out a great deal of information about pellagra. This has coused no little alarm, and it is probable that many cases of false pellagra will be reported. It is feared, too, that the general statement that eating mouldy or musty corn s the cause of the disease will work harm.

In the form of cornmeal or grits or hominy corn is much more used in the South than in any other part of the country, and is the staple article of diet for the great majority of the population. Moreover, because of the boll weevil the Southwestern States are planting more corn this year than ever. Louisiana will double its crops as compared with last year and produce forty instead of twenty million bushels, and Mississippi will nearly double its crop. Any pellagra scare that aroused a prejudice against corn as food would be a serious blow to the farmers, who have been congratulating themselves on their success in substituting this food crop for cotton, and in thus raising their own supplies.

Meridian is one of the best points from which to start the movement, for it was there that the first definite case of pellagra was traced to the South. Then, too, Meridian has treated more cases of pellagra than any other city. Twenty-one cases have been brought to its hospital from the neighboring country. Of the patients nine have died and one has been discharged as cured, while eleven still remain in the hospital.

The disease was accidentally stumbled on less than a year ago. The first case was reported and treated as eczema. In the second case, reported in September of last year, the patient was a young woman of distinguished family, a daughter of ex-Justice Thomas H. Woods, of the Mississippi Supreme Court. She was treated by several physicians, and it was from that circumstance that the disease was finally diagnosed as pellagra. The existence of the malady was so little suspected in the country that few physicians had thought it worth while to inform themselves as to its characteristics, but when the case came to light investigation disclosed nearly twenty other victims in the same region. Here arises a puzzle:

If the disease is due to musty corn why has it waited 300 years to disclose itself? Why has it not appeared previously in the South and especially in Mexico, where the people have been living manly on corn for a thousand or more years and on corn very carelessly prepared, ground and stored?

It is noted as a coincidence that pellagra appeared in Mississippi with the coming into the agricultural districts of the State of the Italian, in whose land the disease originated and among whom it is most prevalent, and there is a suggestion that pellagrous Italians may have emigrated into this country. The disease was first reported in America in 1883, when a newly arrived Italian was found in a New York hospital suffering from it. There is no suggestion by the physicians that pellagra is contagious, although it was called of old "Lombardy leprosy," but the concidence is arousing attention in Mississippi, where the Italian laborer is very unpopular in certain circles.

It is possible to make a porcelain inlay that will match the surrounding tooth so perfectly that except upon the closest inspection it is impossible to tell where the tooth leaves off and the inlay begins. Porcelain inlays, which are moulded into shape from the plastic material and then baked, may be set in grinding teeth, but this is not commonly done. A porcelain inlay that might not break if stepped on might break in a grinding tooth in use.

It is scarcely possible that the disease could have prevailed in this country any length of time and not have attracted attention. Its margings, its dark blotches, insanity and the certain death following it would unquestionably have caused investigation.

Again it is argued if there are twenty cases of pellagra in a little town like Meridian, there must either be some special cause for its prevalence there or, what is more probable, the disease prevails elsewhere but under some different name. Meridian did not know the name of pellagra a little over a year ago. The patients were all whites, and the natural suspicion arises that the negroes, who eat more corn and corn meal than the whites, take less care of it, know little about sanitation and seldom call in a doctor, may be concealing cases of the disease.

It is these points of uncertainty that the Meridian doctors want to clear up if possible. When did the disease originate in this country and under what circumstances? How many cases are there? What is the cause of the malady, and what precautions are necessary to assure protection against it?

There is very little information on the subject. The first pellagrous person to enter the hospital at Meridian was a Mr. Freeman, of Macon, Miss., in October, 1907. It was a symptomatic case of pellagra, but the disease was not recognized, being mistaken for eczema. When the eruption on the patient's face and hands dried up, it left that sunburn appearance which has given pellagra its name in Spain of the sun disease.

As the cold weather came on Freeman improved—another marked characteristic of pellagra, which gets better in cold weather and cannot exist in a northern climate. He went home. Last fall, in September, he came to Meridian again. The disease had returned in a more violent form and attacked his brain. He suffered from insomnia; his mind became disordered, and he died in much suffering. It was about the same time that the second case, that of Miss Sue Woods, was discovered, and the malady was identified.

There was much in Freeman's story which shed light on the subject and may cause some modifications in the opinions as to the origin of the pellagra. Freeman was 56 and had run a grist or cornmeal mill until five years before his deoth. He had lived almost exclusively on corn instead of wheat brad. It was his practice to eat uncooked cornmeal almost daily at the mill and he carried around a pocketful of corn kernels, which he nibbled on from time to time, as he thought it helped the heartburn from which he suffered. His case throws a great deal of responsibility on corn as the cause af pellagra, but suggests at the same time the possibility that it may be due to raw or uncooked corn or meal as well as musty meal, or to too exclusive a corn diet in hot weather.

Freeman died about a year after the eruption appeared on him. In the case of the Harper children, living seven miles east of Meridian, one child, aged 4, died before the doctor could get there, while the other lived a few days. On the other hand, a Mrs. Pace, who died in January, 1909, aged 36, had been suffering for twenty-two years with what are now known as the symptoms of pellagra, including the eruption on the hands and face, erythema, etc.—and why this difference in the duration of the disease no one can explain.

In most of the cases the patients were brought to the hospital and to the attention of the physician too late to give any accurate account of their habits or the origin or first stages of the malady, several of them indeed being lunatics, a condition which frequently comes in pellagra. In those cases of which anything is known the corn theory of its origin is supported to this extent, that the victims were eaters largely or almost exclusively of corn or cornmeal.

But a striking difference is shown between Louisiana and Mississippi in the fact that in the former State most of the sufferers from pellagra found in the hospitals or asylums are negroes, while in Mississippi they are white. In the light of these differences and contradictions and of the doubts that have arisen as to the diseases the necessity for an investigation will be recognized by all.

In Warm Weather.

The business woman must take extraordinary care of her health, or the long summer of work will tell on her.

The one form of precaution that pays better, perhaps, than any other is to take plenty of sleep.

The time to take a good part of it is before midnight. Two hours before midnight, they say, are worth double the time after.

So, take your recreation in the evening, if you must, but take it early.

It is just as easy to start out on a trolley ride, or a trip to the park a little earlier, coming home earlier, and vastly better, where such trips are frequent, for one's health and one's looks.

If every business woman could have an average of nine hours' sleep for the next two months, there would be fewer breakdowns at the end of the summer than ever before.

Nine hours seems like a good deal perhaps, but it is merely going to bed at 10, or rather being in bed by 10, and getting up at seven.

Even the eight-hour regime, rigidly adhered to, will do wonders in keeping one in good health.

If it is the habit of your family to go to bed late, make an effort to break through the habit, for one summer. It will more than reppay you.

Length of Life Among Animals.

The maximum length of life of some of the best known animals is as follows: The horse lives to a maximum of thirty-five years and the donkey a like period; the dog does not exceed twenty-five years, the rabbit from eight to ten, the goose thirty, the duck, the hen and the turkey a dozen years.

Among the animals having the best established reputation for longevity are: The crow, which lives a hundred years; the parrot and the elephant, which attain an age of 150 years. Carp, on the other hand, appear to have usurped their reputation, which was based on ill understood facts from Chantilly and Fontainebleau. They rarely become centenarians. The tortoise appears to be the animal that lives the longest, and the record of longevity is surely held by one weighing 250 kilogrammes, which was presented in 1904 to the London Zoological Gardens by Walter de Rotelschild and which is said to have been born in 1750.—La Vulgarisation Scientifique.

RULES FOR LIVING.

Some good rules for housekeepers are given below, and are worth remembering and observing:

Drink less—breathe more.
Eat less—chew more.
Ride less—walk more.
Clothe less—bathe more.
Worry less—sleep more.
Talk less—think more.
Waste less—give more.
Scold less—read more.
Preach less—practice more.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

(Lippincott's Magazine.)

Little Lola was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and, after looking at him for some time, she said: "Gwanpa, was 'oo in ze ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," replied the astonished old gentleman.

"Zen," continued the small inquisitor, "why wasn't 'oo drownded?"

That "it takes a thief to catch a thief," is proven anew by the discovery of a shortage of $50,000 in the accounts of the Riverside Penitentiary, Pittsburg, Pa., unearthed by two bank officers who are serving terms there, and who are overhauling the books of the institution.—New York Evening Post.

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With a Local Flavor

It is stated that "Silver King Mike," of Nelson, has sent over over one ton of supplies for early spring work on the Old Mike group in Bayonne camp.

Bill Wilson, of the Creston Lumber Co., has resigned his position and will cruise timber for Geo. A. Laurie, in the Lardeau district.

A. S. Goodeve, M.P., and James H. Schofield, M.P.P., passed through Creston on Tuesday from Cranbrook. They were on their way to their homes at Rossland and Trail respectively.

W. A. Miller and wife left last week for Portsmouth, Ohio. They intended to spend at least two days in Spokane on their way.

Fred. Hurry appears to have carried off the palm for growing big potatoes, as his record of a potato last week of 3¼lbs. has been capped this week by a 5lb. potato.

We are sorry to report that Geo. Huscroft has a very sore hand, the result of a peculiar injury inflicted a short time ago with a wire. We hope, however, that no serious results will follow.

Ed. McClure, who has been engaged in the barber business at Carmengoy, Alta., has decided to open up business at Creston, and in consequence he has established the Creston Tonsorial Parlors in the Munro block on Fourth street. Mr. McClure bespeaks a fair share of the public patronage.

The Alberta press speaks in the highest terms of the Kelley Swift Company, which will play here on Monday evening, presenting "The Remittance Man." At this play there are over two hours of a most enjoyable entertainment. Don't forget the place—Mercantile Hall, on Monday evening.

S. Pool is erecting a good sized store building on Sirdar avenue, next to Joe Carver's harness shop.

D. S. Timmons, the local fruit grower, left on Thursday for a six months visit to Shownee Oklahama, his old home. Mr. Timmons is noted at Creston for growing good apples and other fruits, and he is taking samples of his own production of apples, grapes, gooseberries and currants back with him, to show the residents of his old home just what kind of fruit can be grown at Creston.

The Creston Moving Picture Co. has made arrangements to give dances fortnightly during the winter months. The first dance will be held on Friday evening next, the 5th of November, in Baast's hall. Tickets can be obtained at the Drug Store as well as at the Post Office, on and after Tuesday morning next.

Percy S. Hook, the pianist with Wilfrid L. Small, the boy violinist, who was here last Monday, speaks in the highest terms of the Gourlay piano that he used the night of the entertainment, and prefers the Gourlay to any other make of piano.

The card and basket social, held by the Ladies' Altar Society of the Catholic Church on Thursday evening was a most enjoyable function. A sum of about $35 was raised by the sale of the baskets.

Constable E. Jensen made a very smart capture of two "wanted men" on Tuesday, at Rodgers' camp. Two sneak thieves—Pete Grenier and Tony Hickey—are suspected of committing many burglaries around Moyie, and after they had pulled out of town the complaints began to pour in to Prov. Constable Kempster at Moyie. A search of the shack they occupied led to the conclusion that suspicion was justly placed and a warrant was immediately issued for their apprehension. Both men pass as lumberjacks, and a description of them was sent to all the members of the provincial police along the Crow. Acting upon the advice of the Moyie police, constable Jensen scoured the lumber camps in the Creston district, and so closely did the recent arrivals at C. O. Rodgers' camp resemble the make-up of the men wanted, that he arrested them. He made no mistake, and the men were brought to Creston by rail from Erickson and placed in the lock-up. On Thursday constable Jensen left for Moyie with the two prisoners, who will face several charges of petty larceny and burglary.

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

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

PROVINCIAL ELECTION ACT, 1903
Amended 1909.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OF INTEREST TO FRUIT GROWERS

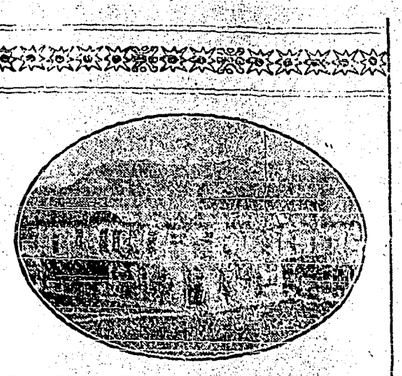
THIS IS TO CERTIFY that I have inspected the Nursery Stock grown by the Riverside Nursery, Grand Forks, B.C., and found no infectious diseases.

The stock is well grown and of excellent quality.

30th September, 1909.

M. S. MIDDLETON,
Assistant Provincial Horticulturist.

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



THE MUNRO HOTEL
CRESTON -:- B.C.

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

SURE!
Kalsomming 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

Bring your Orders for Job Printing
To the REVIEW : OFFICE

FIRE!
DON'T DELAY
Insure your Buildings, Household Goods, Supplies and Live Stock at Once. We are agents for the BEST BOARD COMPANIES

Fruit Lands
Town Lots
Watch the great advance in building and improvements in our new Townsite Addition.
Investigate and be convinced. We want Agents to help us handle the Fruit Land Trade, which is advancing rapidly.
Creston Realty & Timber Co.