All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

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No 25. 2ND YEAR. CRESTON, B.C., FRIDAY, FEB. 11, 1910 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

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General Merchant

S. A. SPEERS

Creston, B.C.....

Masquerade Ball Grand Success

The masquerade ball given on Thurs. day evening by the Creston Dancing Club was the most complete success of anything of the kind ever given in Creston. There were over 150 people present including spectators, on this occasion.

F. B. Hawthorne, of the Kootenay Cigar Co., Nelson, who happened to be in town yesterday, kindly consented to act with J. K. Johnson as judge of the costumes. The first lady's prize, a set of silver fruit knives, was given to Miss E. Leamy, who represented a cow girl. The second lady's prize, a cut glass cruet stand, was given to Mrs. G. Mead, who represented stars and stripes. The first gentleman's prize, a set of military hair brushes, was awarded to P. R. Godfrey, who represented Mars. The second gentleman's prize, a fountain pen, was given to J. C. Skinner, who represented a Zulu. Among the ladies' costumes were: Mrs. Barton, a fortune teller; Miss Maxwell, a tsharifs; Mrs. G. Young, 1780; Mrs. John Huscroft, winter; Miss Howarth, snow queen; Mrs. Huscroft, night; Miss E. Huscroft, flower girl; Miss Beam, Easter; Mrs. Benney, Spanish girl; Mrs Young, magpie; Mrs. Young, gypsy princess; Miss F. B. Johnson, summer; Mrs. Briggs, of Cranbrook, a cow girl.

Lack of space prevents us giving a description of the costumes of the men, which were from the sublime to the ridiculous. It was 4 a.m. before this grand ball broke up.

Grand High Council of Alamazons

(Contributed)

The 20th day of December shall long be a memorable date in the history of Creston, for on that day, in the year of our Lord 1909, there was organized in this town a society of gentlemen, under the historical though mystic name of "The Alamazon Club."

The ambition of this club is a high and noble one; among the lesser objects for which it has devoted its talents being in general the promotion of any and every idea which shall tend to make Creston the standard city of British Columbia, if not indeed in the Dominion of Canada, in regard to society, morality and intellectuality.

Some idea of the mystic and awful significance of the inner workings of the society may be gleaned from the title of the chief officer, His Most Worshipful the Grand Lord High Executioner. But, although devoting the greater part of its energy towards the high and noble ideals above mentioned, Prospective candidates must not imagine that our watchword is "All work and no play." We do not believe in a dry world, and therefore a part of every evening of meeting is set apart for the enjoyment of social functions.

Perhaps the most enjoyable meeting of the club yet held was that of February 2nd, when, after the initiation of members into the mysteries of the club, a banquet was tendered the newly initiated members in the Mercantile Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Healths were drunk in clear cold water, and the accompanying speeches, to the observer, were wholly characterized by the most cheerful optimism for the future success and triumph of the club.

The musical talent of the club then displayed itself and gradually the soul-inspiring notes of Mendelsohn and Beethoven gave way to the light fantastic music of the dance. At a late hour the members repaired to the rooms, after having spent the most pleasant evening of social intercourse since the organization of the club.

Officers: Grand Lord High Executioner, Hon. P. R. Godfrey; Grand High Chancellor, Hon. Chas. Fans; Grand High Sec.-Treas., Hon. E. Cibbs; Grand High Organizer, Hon. N. A. Brown; Grand High Guard, Hon. C. C. McLeod; Grand High Press Reporter, Hon. J. E. King.

Creston Gets a Court

VICTORIA, Feb 8—Petitions from Creston for establishment of both county and small debts courts there, have reached the attorney general. It is understood that the request has been granted, J. K. Johnson, proprietor of the Creston Review being named judge.

I. W. Williamson, B.C. Secretary of the International Sunday School work, preached to a crowded house in the Methodist Church last Sunday evening and on Monday evening Mr. Williamson addressed a large gathering on Sunday School matters.

The votes cast for the respective candidates in the Ladies' Popularity Contest, up to the time of going to press, are as follows:

Miss J. Smith	153
Miss V. Huscroft	30
Miss C. Hood	25
Miss G. Quaife	23

As will be seen by the above the contest is reaching an acute stage. The voting will end at 6 p.m. prompt next Monday, and parties selling tickets about town are hereby notified to make returns of tickets sold at the Review office before that hour next Monday, without fail. The young ladies who are in the contest are requested to come to the Review office on Monday afternoon next at 2 o'clock or send a representative for the purpose of selecting two business men who along with the manager of the Review will count the votes at 7 o'clock the some evening, when the Queen of the contest will be officially notified of her victory. On Tuesday next at 2 p.m. the prize of $20 in gold will be personally paid to the Queen of the contest at the Review office. In the event of young ladies failing to come to the Review office at 2 p.m. on Monday, the manager of the Review will himself select parties to count the votes.

Cattle Maiming Outrage

One of the greatest outrages ever perpetrated in this district was committed last Saturday evening, when some unknown person or persons, about 9.30 that evening, cut off Walter Elliott's colt's tail, close to the end of the tail bone.

The first notification that young Elliott had of this outrage was when he found the tail hanging to the stable door where he kept his colt, on Victoria Avenue, about 10 o'clock the same evening.

Suspicion at once pointed to young Joseph Quaife, as young Elliott and Quaife, a few days before this, had had a bet on the weight of this same colt. Elliott bet that the animal would weigh over 500lbs. The animal was consequently weighed and brought down the scale at 529lbs., and as they had each bet a dollar on the weight of the colt, young Quaife lost his money. Now young Elliott says that Quaife came to him the day after this betting was done and asked to have his dollar back, and when Elliott refused to pay it over to him, young Quaife stated that he would make the colt weigh less.

In view of these facts, when Elliott found that his colt was minus his tail, he at once notified Prov. Constable E. Jonson, who obtained a warrant for young Quaife's arrest from J. K. Johnson, last Sunday morning. It was then found that young Quaife had left town, and Constable Jensen left on Monday for Bonners Ferry in search of his man.

In the meantime Stuart Graham, the special constable, acting in the absence of Constable Jenson, managed to locate young Quaife at the Yale-Columbia saw mill, near Creston, and drove out on Monday evening and brought the lad back to Creston and placed him in safe keeping. On Monday afternoon the accused appeared before Magistrate Johnson and was remanded for two days, in order to give both the prosecution and the defence time to collect their witnesses.

On Thursday when this case was called Magistrate Johnson with J. W. Dow sitting as associate Justice, dismissed the charge against young Quaife as the evidence was not sufficient to warrant committal. Young Joe Quaife was however given some good advice by the court after the formal dismissal of the case.

John Marshall, of Kitchener, and A. Okell went to Nelson on Wednesday.

High School Practically Assured

MATTER NOW BEING DISCUSSED BY THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE

From the following letter, received from Mr. Schofield, it will be seen that as soon as Bill No. 8 passes the legislature at this session, Creston will be entitled to a high school class, as by this new law only ten pupils, available for a high school, are necessary. The letter is as follows:-

Legislative Assembly,
Victoria, Jan. 31, 1910

J. K. Johnson, Esq.,
Creston, B.C.

Dear Sir.—With further reference to the resolution lately received from you regarding High School, I enclose copy of amendment introduced this session by the Minister of Education.

You will note that section 3 in this will cover where the required number, viz., 20, for the establishment of a High School, do not reside.

Yours truly,
J. H. SCHOFIELD

The new section that will aid Creston's application for a high school class is as follows:

3. Section 6 of said Act is hereby further amended by adding thereto the following sub-section:

"(p.) To establish Superior Schools in Rural Municipality School Districts and regularly organized Rural School Districts where it may be expedient to do so wherein may be taught the subjects peculiar to the Senior Grade of the Public School Course and to the Junior Grade of the High School Course; provided that no Superior School shall be established in any School District where there are less than ten persons duly qualified and available as High School pupils; and provided, further, that not more than two Superior Schools shall be established in any School District."

Some Prices To Consider

7 large 20 oz. St. Charles' Cream	for	$1.00
7 Tins Tomatoes	"	1.00
3 " Java Coffee	"	1.00
3 " First crop Congon Tea	"	1.00
Best Grade Package Teas		.45
Chase & Sanbom's Seal Brand Coffee		.45
Redland Golden Flower Oranges, dozen		.35
4lbs Japan Rice		.25
5 Pairs good Woollen Sox		1.00
3 " Cashmere Sox		1.00
6 All Wool Blankets		4.50
Boys' Sweaters		1.00
Men's Sweaters		1.75

T. J. CRAWFORD

In the "Nelson Miner," published in Nelson on April 8th, 1895, the following article appears:

"Your correspondent took a trip over to Goat River the other day and halted for a short while at Willow Grove, the ranch and residence of Fred. G. Little, late superintendent of the dyking company. After luncheon he showed me over his place and I must own that what I saw surprised me—was convincing evidence of what a man can do who goes ahead as if he meant it. Mr. Little has been on his ranch for about two years, and in that short time has transformed the wilderness into a rose garden, metaphorically speaking. He has erected a comfortable and commodious dwelling house, the interior of which, more especially his own 'den,' is fitted up in most gorgeous style. The walls are studded with trophies of the chase, weapons and nick-nacks, while the carpet is strewn with the skins of animals (more or less rare) indegenous to Kootenay. He has a large stable and granary, a root-house of large dimensions, hennery, hog pens, duck pens, and everything necessary and handy. A creek flows through the ranch, which he has utilized by having it run so that all the animals in the different houses and enclosures can take advantage of it. He has had set out for some time apple trees by the score and as many varieties, pear trees from the Eastern States as well as from the Pacific slope, plums in endless variety and walnuts. Currant and gooseberry bushes he has now ready to set out, besides other kinds of berry bushes coming in. Besides all these he cultivates the usual standby crops to perfection, potatoes, turnips, beets, parsnips, oats, wheat, etc. We walked back to his place where a splendid view was obtained of Goat River, coming rushing along at eight miles an hour. What a great amount of power is here, which will be utilized some time—perhaps very soon, for if the Crows' Nest railroad ever comes this way, it will go through Mr. Little's ranch. With the surrounding country teeming with mineral—copper, silver and gold ore, with thousands of acres, I might say hundreds of thousands of acres, of land surrounding it, the quality of which is not surpassed under the sun, with timber lands all round and in close proximity and last but by no means least, with the power that could be obtained from the swift rushing Goat River, this would be an ideal place.

"Mr. Little's neighbour is Mr. Dow on the one side and Mr. John Arrowsmith on the other, both of whom have very good ranches. Besides these there are numerous others and it is reported that some Swedes have staked off farms close by. That class of settlers as a rule are thrifty and get along well even amid hardships, but where they have located there is nothing to deter them from making a good showing in a very short time."

Last Friday evening Mrs. Chas. Moore entertained a number of friends at her pretty home. At this most enjoyable evening, there were various amusing games played and songs were interspersed during the evening by Mrs. R. O'B. FitzGerald and Messrs. Skinner, FitzGerald and Moore, after which refreshments were served and the spacious drawing room was cleared and dancing was indulged in. Those present on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. FitzGerald, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Long, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Birt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Darbyshire, Miss Opie, Miss Wilkes, Miss Cartwright, Miss Moore, Messers. A. S. FitzGerald, Crostwaite, Heathcote, N. Brown, J. K. Johnson, J. C. Skinner, O. Arrowsmith, and the Misses Johnson.

A most peculiar feature about Mrs. Moore's evenings is the fact that there is not a dull moment. It is one vortex of good entertainment throughout the evening. These pleasant evenings given by Mrs. Moore will long remain green in the memory of her many guests.

The Review has been requested to publish the names of the subscribers who recently helped, in a practical manner, Mrs. J. M. Reed. This list, which is a lengthy one, will appear in next issue.

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Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

Prompt Attention Satisfaction Guaranteed

Let us Figure with you on that Building

P.O. BOX 21 CRESTON, B.C.

BRIGHTEN UP

WALL PAPERS

We have just received a Fine Line and the prices are so low that anyone can Brighten Up their home at Small Cost.

Call and get your pick while the pickings last.

PAINTS : :

We have also a Full Line of Sherwin Williams' Paints and Floor Varnishes

It Will Pay You to Call and See Us.

Creston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

Recipes

COTTAGE SALAD.

Put one quart of thick sour milk in a clean bag to drain over night; do not cook the milk; it is much better without and does not all go to whey. In the morning take the curds and put in cold bowl and add one saltspoon of salt and a dash of pepper and one-half cupful of sweet cream. Toss all lightly with a silver fork, put on crisp lettuce leaves, and set on ice until ready to serve.

SOUFFLE OF RICE.

Cook four tablespoonfuls of rice in a quart of milk with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. When done remove from the fire, and when cooled, but still warm, add to it four yokes of eggs, six whites beaten to a stiff froth, and a ablespoonful of vanilla. Mix well, and pour into a deep, buttered fireproof dish. Sprinkle powdered sugar on the top and set it in a good oven. Leave it until it has risen, then serve immediately.

SALMON.

Buy fresh whole salmon, clean and bone, tie up in cheese cloth, and put in steamer. Let steam for one hour sufficient to cook tenderly, but not for meat to separate. Let cool. Make a mayonnaise dressing, cover fish with it on platter, lay sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon on for garnishment. This dish, though simple, has been relished by many who were fish tired.

SPICED BEEF.

Prepare a spiced vinegar as for fruit pickles, only less highly seasoned. Cut thin slices of dried beef in ornamental shapes—narrow strips diamonds, etc., are easily cut with scissors. Steam the beef in the vinegar for one hour. Serve hot with toasted wafers. A trial will prove this recipe good despite its unusualness. Don't reject it.

MEAT BALLS.

Take one slice salt pork about an inch and a half thick, cut it up in squares and fry until crisp. One pound of round steak, the fried squares of pork, half of a medium size onion, put through meat chopper first, then the meat twice through. Salt and pepper to taste, grate a half cupful of dry bread, or toast is still better, one egg well beaten, a good half cup rich milk or cream, work these ingredients well together like you would a cake, form into either round or oblong shapes, and fry in the grease from the pork. A little piece of butter may be added.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.

A delicious dinner dish may be made at small cost of labor in this way: Cut up a medium sized chicken, sprinkle each piece with a little flour, and put them into a covered bean pot. Cover with water and season with a little salt and pepper. Bake slowly four or five hours. Then add five medium potatoes, two or three onions cut in pieces, and one-half cupful of peas previously cooked until nearly done, one-half cupful of chopped celery, and, if needed, a cupful of water. Cook until vegetables are done. If done as directed, the gravy will be thick and brown and delicious to taste. Serve hot.

CHOWDER.

Cut in dice form, to try out, half a pound of salt pork. Put in the bottom of a two-gallon granite kettle. Cut up two pounds of fresh fish—cod, perch or pickerel, cod preferred. Place a layer over the pork, then a layer of sliced potatoes. Eight medium sized potatoes to two pounds of fish. Slice four good sized onions and place a layer of them on the potatoes, season with salt and pepper, cover with hot water. Cook one hour and then add one quart of milk, and before serving add half a pound of Boston crackers that have been soaked two minutes in cold water.

PANCAKES.

Three cupfuls of buttermilk, one scant teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of flour, one of corn meal.

GRAHAM GRIDDLE CAKES.

Warm one pint of milk and one pint of water, put half of the mixture in stone jar, add five teacupfuls of graham flour and two cupfuls of wheat flour, one sugarspoonful of brown sugar, beat until smooth, add rest of milk and water, lastly one cup of yeast. In the morning take out one cupful of batter before adding one-half teaspoonful of salt and one spoonful of soda dissolved in a little water. Every night mix two-thirds graham and one-third flour, according to the amount desired; add milk once in a while when it can be spared—it helps to brown them nicely. Cheaper and healthier than buckwheat.

BEST PANCAKES.

While doing up the evening work put the required amount of sour (thick) milk into a mixing bowl. Beat in flour enough to make a thick batter. Beat in salt, cover, and set aside. In the morning dissolve soda in cold water. Beat into batter thoroughly. Beat the required number of eggs for amount of batter light. Fold lightly into batter. This will hasten the breakfast getting and you will have pancakes fit for a king.

CORNMEAL CAKES.

Sift together one and one-half large cups cornmeal, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, teaspoon salt, tablespoon sugar. Rub in one teaspoon lard and add enough water to make this batter. Then add one or two eggs. Beat well and fry on hot griddle. This makes enough for two, and they are certainly fine.

COFFEE.

During ten years' experience as teacher of cookery, and since I have been putting my theories into practice in my own home, no question has been asked more often than "How do you make good coffee?"

I think many of the inquirers have been surprised that I have not given them a hard and fast rule at once, but instead I have said: "I will tell you how you can't have poor coffee." These are the maxims:

Buy good coffee. Grind just before using. Use a clean scalded coffee pot, not tin. Use freshly boiled water. Do not allow the aroma to escape. Do not extract the tannin.

The proportions are one rounding tablespoon of coffee to each cupful of water.

Pour two cupfuls of either cold or boiling water on the coffee in coffee pot. Let this boil two minutes, add remainder of water, remove to back of stove, and steep not more than ten minutes. Add tablespoon of cold water and serve at once.

The question of using egg for settling coffee is one over which there is much discussion. Every one admits that using egg in coffee makes a clear, sparkling beverage. When egg is used, the white should be mixed with the coffee in the coffee pot; add cold water, boil two minutes, and proceed as in plain coffee.

A little more coffee is required when egg is used, as the albumen coats over the particles of coffee, and some of the strength as well as the flavor of the coffee is kept in.

When one enters a house where coffee is being made he remarks: "How good the coffee smells!" We all like the aroma of good coffee, but when this delightful odor is allowed to be expelled, the coffee lacks just that much in flavor.

If the coffee pot spout has not a cover stuff it with paper to keep the aroma in. Tannin is the principal in both tea and coffee which is harmful. This is extracted by long boiling or by allowing it to stand too long on the grounds.

When the thrifty housekeeper wishes to save the leftover coffee should be turned off the grounds into an earthen bowl and kept covered. It is much better to learn about how much coffee will be required, and to make just the amount than to have coffee left to warm over.

The old fashioned method was to set away the tea and coffee pot without being emptied or washed. Too often to be warmed over for the next meal, adding more tea or coffee with additional water. We cannot be too thankful that cooking schools and scientific research have relegated such notions to the dark ages. The harmfulness of coffee depends largely upon the method of making coffee a wholesome beverage is to keep the tannin from being extracted.

COUGHS & COLDS

LEAD TO CONSUMPTION

Colds are the most dangerous of all forms of disease. A neglected cold leads to Bronchitis, Consumption, Pneumonia. "Coughs" are the result of irritated bronchial tubes. "PSYCHINE" cures coughs by removing the irritating particles and healing the inflamed membrane. It is a germicide and destroys the tubercle germ. It is a tonic that strengthens the lungs, the liver, and tones up the system. It makes for better health in all conditions of humanity. Get strong and the cough will disappear. "PSYCHINE" makes weak people strong. It cures coughs of the most obdurate kind and breaks up a cold in a few hours.

Write for Free Sample.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers 50c. & $1 per bottle.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM LIMITED, TORONTO

PSYCHINE

PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN

"MARY JANE" DRESS FOR THE YOUNG GIRL.

This is one of the most charming frocks of the summer for young girls, and it will be seen as the season wanes in heavier materials. Nothing could be more becoming to graceful, slender figures than this style, and it is a safe prediction that it will be popular for a long time to come.

The dress illustrated is made in soft cream Henrietta cloth, with black satin ribbon garnitures. The broad sash is an innovation. Otherwise the dress is quite simple. The skirt is a scant plaited one, very short, and requiring perfectly shod feet.

Mothers will see in this model many possibilities for the serious question of school dresses. With the aid of a good plain pattern and an inventive mind, two or three dresses can be made after this style, but still be quite different.

Nell—He says if I refuse him he'll commit suicide with a razor. Belle—I'll wager he uses a safety razor.

A BIG PRICE.

Explorer Peary Receives $50,000 For His Own Story.

Hampton's Magazine Breaks All Records For Payments.

It seems probable that many years will pass before an author receives a higher price for his literary product than Commander Robert E. Peary receives from Hampton's Magazine for his own story of the discovery of the North Pole.

This feature cost Hampton's a clean, cool $50,000. No rate per word is specified in the contract, but it is generally estimated that Commander Peary is receiving $1.18 cash for each word that he writes for Hampton's Magazine. Benj. B. Hampton, editor of the magazine, makes this statement:

"If you have a desire to estimate the rate per word that will be earned by Peary with his North Pole story, you would be safer in placing it at $2.50 per word than $1.20. We have bought only American and Canadian magazine rights, and Stokes' book rights cover only those countries. That leaves all the foreign rights to sell. When they are figured up, the totals should amount to $100,000 or even $150,000.

Just why Commander Peary received such an exceptional rate for his story is explained by the eager competition for it on the part of nearly all the important publishing houses in the world. Realizing the supreme importance of this, the most wonderful and last of the earth's hero-stories, they engaged in a bidding which made figures rise mercurially. They knew, of course, that this story had not—like most of the world romances—been told before. It was the most extraordinary and interesting story of fact to be told for the first, and last, time.

It is interesting to compare the price paid Commander Peary with the rates enjoyed by the top-notch writers of the world.

Ex-President Roosevelt received for his African hunting stories a dollar a word. Rudyard Kipling is supposed to receive the highest prices paid any author of fiction. For the English and American serial rights of "Kim" he received $25,000. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle hit one of the highest marks when he received sixty cents a word for the American serial rights of his later "Sherlock Holmes" stories. This compares amusingly with the rate of $2 per thousand words—or one-fifth of a cent a word—received for his first and generally considered best stories.

High prices for literary work began practically with the great success of Sir Walter Scott. The compensation for his "Life of Bonaparte" averaged $165 for each day of work spent upon it.

Thackeray was offered $1,000 for "Henry Esmond," and he jumped at the proposition. Both Dickens and Hugo made good money, but when Eugene Sue drew $20,000 for his "Wandering Jew"—a novel of probably upward of 500,000 words—the literary world gasped. Prices have risen steadily, with the increasing success of publishers and the growth of magazines. No author, however, in all the history of literature has ever made so much money for each actual word in a literary product as will Commander Peary.

The eagerness of publishers for Commander Peary's forthcoming story, and the exceptional price paid, mark one thing signally. This is a full appreciation of this man's work in his own age. One cannot help comparing the great price paid for this story with the small sums for which many of the world's masterpieces were sold.

Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, wrote his immortal "Rasselas" to pay the funeral expenses of his grandmother. Milton sold his "Paradise Lost" to a bookseller for $25. Poe's "Raven" brought him the grateful sum of $15. If these books were written to-day would they bring as high a price as Commander Peary's story? Although they would unquestionably net their authors more than they did during their lifetime, they would hardly bring this record price. For they were works of imagination. The work of Commander Peary, pure literature as it will be, is the rarest and most exceptional of things written—the romance of actual adventure written by a world-hero himself.

Few of the world's heroes, discoverers, explorers and fighters were able to tell their own tales.

Imagine what the world would give to-day for the story of the long voyage and discovery of Columbus as told by himself. What an account it would be!

From a financial standpoint Columbus' own story would be invaluable were a manuscript found to-day. Yet this last and greatest of stories, more teeming with adventure and hardship than that of Columbus could have been—high as is the price—is cheap. It is beyond a merely financial valuation.

It is no longer the custom for great explorers, scientists and heroes to let their stories go unwritten—for others afterwards to write and mistell.

Heroes nowadays write their own stories and they benefit profitably by them.

Admiral Robley D. Evans, since his retirement from the United States navy a year ago, has become a very successful author and lecturer. His writings for Hampton's Magazine and his books and his lecture engagements bring him an annual income four or five times as great as that paid him by Uncle Sam when he took the battleships around the Horn. Admiral Evans is now writing a series of articles on the Panama Canal which, it is said, will bring him fame even greater than that which he has won as a sailor.

THOSE KITTENISH GIRLS.

(Cleveland Leader.)

Katie—What a lovely ring!

Mattie—Isn't it. This ring was given me on my twenty-first birthday.

Katie—Really? Why how well preserved it is—it's hardly a bit worn!

"I wish some one would endow a home for poor actors." "Why? Some of the poorest actors draw the largest salaries."—Lippincott's.

Old Folks Coughs

Because Resisting Power is Weak Pneumonia Often Follows.

Tells of a Sure Cure and a Never-failing Comfort for Colds, Coughs, Catarrh.

One of the worst terrors of old age is that distressing chronic cough. Colds settle on the chest, are wrongly treated with drug-laden and chest-weakening cough syrups, and from year to year the condition has grown worse. Formerly the cough went away when fine weather came, but now bad weather makes it worse and fits of racking, tearing, coughing make life a burden.

BREATHE CATARRHOZONE

Because you are old is no reason for suffering with everlasting coughing—those terrible chest troubles and difficult breathing can be thoroughly cured with Catarrhozone. You simply breathe the healing vapor of Catarrhozone and instantly its rich balsamic fumes are carried by your breath into the tiniest recesses of the nose, throat, chest, bronchial tubes and lungs.

Just think of it—a direct breathable medicine, full of soothing antiseptic pine essences that reaches every sore congested membrane in in two seconds. No drugs to take—nothing to harm the aged or the infant, because Catarrhozone is the purest, safest cough, catarrh and cold remedy ever devised.

Mrs. M. E. Walford, the wife of a well known grocer in East Sheffield, writes: "For three years I suffered with a hard racking cough and bronchial irritation which annoyed me so much at night I couldn't sleep. I tried many remedies, catarrh tablets, sprays, syrups, etc., but they only helped for a short time. Catarrhozone brought me wonderful comfort from the first. I inhaled its balsamic fumes every hour or two and am now free from any trace of cold, bronchitis and catarrh. I can go out in all kinds of weather and don't take cold."

There is no remedy so certain and safe as Catarrhozone, but being a good remedy it is imitated. Beware of the substitutor. Large Catarrhozone lasts two months, price $1.00; smaller sizes 25c and 50c. All reliable dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

DAINTY HAND-MADE WAIST.

Shirt waists and separate blouses are quite as popular as ever and are very pretty when developed in the soft new crepes or flannels.

A touch of hand embroidery seems quite necessary to the waist of to-day, and a soft lingerie jabot worn at the left side from shoulder to waist is a pleasing finish.

Yellow Paint in Panama.

By reason of the superiority of yellow paint under the climatic conditions existing in Panama, the Isthmian Canal Commission has decided to paint the cars of the Panama Canal Railway yellow. In coming to this decision the commission has followed the example set by some of the leading trunk lines in the United States, which have made yellow the standard color for passenger equipment. Canary yellow has been adopted as the standard color for the coaches, refrigerator and box cars and all cars used in passenger service on the Panama Railway. Tests to ascertain the color best suited to withstand the local climatic conditions, which are unusually hard on exterior paints, were made, with the result that yellow demonstrated a superior lasting quality over the other colors that were tried.

A Confirmed Observation.

A one-armed man entered a restaurant at noon and seated himself next to a little other-people's-business man. The latter at once noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose, and kept eyeing it in a how-did-it-happen sort of a way.

The one-armed man paid no attention to him, but kept on eating with his one hand. Finally the inquisitive one could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat.

"I beg pardon, sir, but I see you have lost an arm."

The one-armed man picked up his sleeve with his right hand, and peered anxiously into it.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise, "I do believe you're right."

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

On the Decline of the Burglary Business, Due to Modern Conditions.

"Though I have long been out of business," said the retired burglar, "it is natural, I suppose, that I should still be interested in the profession or art that I followed so long; but really, quite apart from the motive that prompted me when I did quet, I'm glad I got out of it when I did; burglary isn't what it was.

"What with better safes and vaults and the present day electrical protective devices, and above all the constant watchfulness and care now set up against him, the burglar on a big scale now has a mighty slim chance; and even the little burglar in big cities finds poor picking, conditions have so changed.

"What chance would there be now to hide under a bed or in a closet? I remember when I was active the last thing that Mrs. Burg always said to me before I started out nights would be:

"'Look under the bed, will you, before you go?' and I'd look and say:

"'Nobody there,' and then she'd laugh and I'd laugh, and then I'd start out to hide under somebody else's bed; but you can't do that now, at least in cities, because there ain't no beds for the poor burglar to hide under.

"You can't hide under a folding bed, can you? Not very well, and in these days when you do strike a single or a double bed of the regular sort, you can't hide under them because the space under it is already occupied. You find under the bed, as likely as not, a great box on casters specially made to roll under beds, a big chest to keep things in, to save space in the flat; or maybe you find under the bed so many boxes and bundles and things that there's no room there for you.

"Then, take the flat closets. Do you know of many flat closets into which a man could get and shut the door? Another old time hiding place once familiar, now completely cut off, and with these two chances for hiding gone the burglar's chances are cut down by at least half; I should say more, for more than half the people live in flats.

"So in cities have changed conditions curtailed the operations of burglars, big and little, and the business is no longer what it once was. You know why I quit it, but I am glad I quit it anyway when I did."

THE STORY OF A HAM.

(Salina (Ga.) Journal.)

A negro man complained to the storekeeper that a ham which he had purchased there was not good.

"The ham is all right, Sept," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss, insisted the negro, "dat ham sure is bad."

"How can that be?" continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week."

The colored man scratched his head reflectively and finally suggested:

"Well, sah, then it must have had a relapse."

ONE CENT POWER.

Much May be Accomplished by a Pinch of Electricity.

Probably few people have ever stopped to think what a power electricity is. If you have never thought the matter over it will be surprising, as well as interesting, to know what can be done with one cent's worth of this marvelous power.

On the average rate and discounts of the ordinary consumer, says Harper's Weekly, a cent's worth of electricity will operate a 12-inch fan for 90 minutes.

Will operate a sewing-machine motor for three hours.

Will keep a six-pound electric flat-iron hot for 15 minutes.

Will make four cups of coffee in an electric coffee percolator.

Will keep an eight-inch disk stove hot for seven minutes, or long enough to cook a steak.

Will operate a luminous radiator for eight minutes.

Will bring to a boil two parts of water or operate the baby milk warmer twice.

Will make a Welsh rabbit in an electric chafing-dish.

Will operate a seven-inch frying-pan for 12 minutes.

Will keep a heating pad hot for two hours.

Will operate an electric griddle for eight minutes.

Will run the electric broiler for six minutes.

Will run a massage machine for nearly four hours.

Will keep the dentist's electric hammer and drill going for 90 minutes.

Will keep the foot-warmer hot for a quarter of an hour.

Will run an electric pianola for one hour.

Will vulcanize a patch on an automobile tire.

Will heat an electric curling iron once a day for two weeks.

Will pump 250 gallons of water 100 feet high.

Will drive the electric clipper while shearing one horse.

Will raise 10 tons 12 feet high with an electric crane in less than one minute.

Will raise a large passenger elevator five stories a minute.

Will brand electrically 150 hams.

President Diaz a Carpenter.

President Diaz received at Chapultepec Castle a committee of workmen, who invited him to attend the velada to be given by the laboring element in the Teatro Arbeu, in honor of Jesus Garcia, the engineer hero of Nacozari, who saved the town but lost his own life by pulling a burning train of dynamite out of the village.

"I was a carpenter," said President Diaz. "As a young man I was friendly with a Frenchman, who taught me how to work with tools, and with my own hands I made a chair which is still in the Chamber of Deputies of Oaxaca, and in which I sat many times when I was Governor of that State."—Mexican Herald.

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A RISE BY 'PHONE.

With an inborn joy in the theatre, Slezak had at first longed to be a comedian—and the spirit of the comedian is still quick in him. What memories it has helped leave behind him. If all other sources of humor failed, the Viennese were safe in asking: "What has Slezak been doing to Schmedes?" For Schmedes, the Vienna tenor who sang here last season, like some other very large, good-hearted people, rises to practical jokes with a trusting serenity that is fatal. Even in the still hours he knew no safety.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning, when, unable to rest with a clear conscience, Slezak arose to enjoy himself without one.

"Are you Herr Schmedes?" he called through the telephone, in broken German, fitting the character.

"Yes," came in sleepy impatience, "Herr Schmedes, the tenor."

Yes, of course, "the tenor." What other would at that hour have stickled for complete identification?

"How fortunate," was the ambiguous rejoinder. "I am Lord Morley, at Hotel Bristol."

"Delighted, I am sure." The voice sounded now quite awake. A distinguished foreigner, of a nation not noted for its impulsiveness, could not sleep without a word from him!

"Who is singing in 'Lohengrin' Monday night?" sped to him over the wire.

"I Schmedes," the answer rang, with an inference of pleasing news.

"Ah!" Deep, startling disappointment freighted the word. "I had hoped it was Slezak, they say he sings so beautifully."—William Armstrong in December Ainslee's.

Nursing the Convalescent.

Do not try to prop the patient up in bed with the aid of a number of pillows. If a regular back rest is not obtainable a good one may be improvised by inverting a chair on the bed. When the patient sits up, if an invalid chair is not to be had, choose a deep, broad armchair with a high back, if possible. If no other arm chair is available except a rocking chair, this can be made to serve by placing a book or two beneath the front rockers. Unless the rocking chair is used by the patient it is well to take it from the sick room altogether. Visitors are often thoughtless enough to choose such a chair and keep up a perpetual motion, which is enough to drive the patient distracted.

Thoughtless visitors are one of the serious problems in nursing the convalescent, just on a short visit, from a cheery friend is one of the best medicines. The health of the patient must not be risked through fear of giving offence. Visitors who are likely to spend time with the invalid telling her how bad she is feeling and talking over her illness, or in dilating on their own worries or the illness of mutual friends, should not be admitted to the sick room, or should be warned to refrain from depressing topics. Arrange the visitor's chair in such a way that the patient can converse with her without turning her head, and if she does not leave after a visit of considerable length do not hesitate to ask her to do so.

A SCHOOL FOR CATS.

One of the oddest signs in New York is in the window of an old house in Moore street. It reads: "Cats taught tricks if they are brought in while they are kittens."

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Sweet Norine

CHAPTER VI.

Daniel Gordon, the old blacksmith, was just beginning to wonder what detained Norine, when the girl put in an appearance.

For the first time in her life she did not enter with a gay laugh or a burst of song on her lips, though he noticed that she looked very happy in a thoughtful way.

She came up to him and kissed him on the weather-beaten cheek, as she had been wont to do ever since she had been a little child, but the red, laughing, girlish lips somewhat lacked their usual warmth and fervency.

"Norine is trying her best to look happy," he thought, "but she is secretly worrying over the heavy cold poor Joe contracted on the night he brought her home, risking his own life to save hers. He kept up until he heard my voice, and knew assistance was at hand; then he knew no more until he opened his eyes and found himself safe in the warm little sitting-room of our cottage. His first thought on returning to consciousness was of Norine. 'Is she safe?' he whispered, in awful terror. I shall never forget the joy that overepread his white, anxious face when I answered, 'Yes, my lad, and she owes her life to you.'"

Norine's usually voluble tongue was silent for the first time as they walked along the snowy road homeward together.

There was nothing to warn him that the girl by his side, whom he loved better by far than the apple of his eye, was keeping her first secret from him.

Clifford Carlisle had exacted a promise from her that she would not mention to her grandfather, or indeed any one else, that they had met that afternoon, or intended seeing each other the following day. Norine was so much of a child, so unsophisticated in the ways of the world, that she quite believed it the jolly lark that he represented it to be—to become well acquainted, and then spring that fact upon her old grandparents, who always declared most emphatically that she should never know any young man but Joe.

"It would be the richest kind of a joke," Carlisle declared, gayly, and, looking at the matter in the light in which he pictured it so laughingly to her, it was no wonder artless little Norine fell into the trap set so cunningly for her thoughtless, unwary feet.

Even the old grandmother noticed how preoccupied Norine was during the frugal evening meal.

"Grandpa, what can be the matter with Norine?" she exclaimed, thoughtfully, as the old people sat by the kitchen fire long after the girl had picked up her candle and gone to her little room under the eaves. "She talked so womanly that I had to lay down my spectacles and look at her in wonder."

The old blacksmith looked at his wife with a smile of amusement. "Norine is only a child," he murmured, softly, then after looking meditatively into the glowing coals for a spell, he asked suddenly: "What was the little gal talkin' about that gave you that notion, Betsey?"

"She wanted the tucks let out of her red dress, that it might come down to the floor, instead of to her shoe tops, as it does now; and I've been wonderin' and wonderin' what could have put such a thought into Norine's head."

After knitting a few moments silently and energetically, she went on: "Norine reminded me that she was quite seventeen, so you see, grandpa, she is not so much of a child as you think. I was just Norine's age when I saw and fell in love with you, Daniel."

"Why, bless my soul, I believe you are right, Betsey. It was so very long ago I o'enamost forgot about it—we've been growin' old together so long. Little Norine seventeen! I cannot comprehend it; she seems no more than a little tot of seven to her old grandad. Aye, it seems only yesterday that our only son put her into my arms as he lay dyin', askin' me to allus look after the child, and—and——" The rest of the sentence was drowned in a heavy sob.

"Don't recall that scene, Daniel—don't," whispered Betsy, huskily. "Let us talk of something else. Is there any news in the village? I don't hear any since Joe has been laid up at home with that heavy cold," she exclaimed, anxious to divert his mind quickly into another channel.

"Yes," he answered, "there's a good bit of travel over the new stage line that runs from the Black Bear Mine through here to Spokane; it's crowded every night. There's some pretty rich capitalists going up to look at the new mine. Oh, yes, and there's another bit of information. I saw the stranger who gave Norine the fifty-dollar bill for shoeing his horse, and I made him take it back and give an honest worker's price. The stranger that Norine has been speakin' so much about in her sleep."

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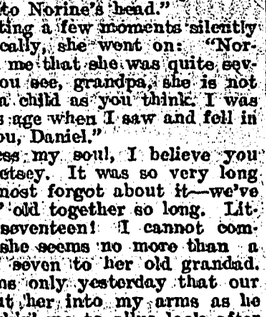

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"He asked about Norine, and I gave him to understand that I wasn't pleased at his inquirin' fer her. I don't like his face, nor his ways, nor his sneerin' tongue, fer that matter."

"What is he like?" asked the good wife, carelessly. She was not in the least interested in the stranger, but it was better to lead him on to talk of, think of, anything else than their dead only boy.

"Look like?" repeated Daniel, thoughtfully; "that is just what I have been trying to settle in my own mind ever since I laid eyes on him to-day, and, by gracious, it just comes to me now. He is dark and handsome, like—well, do you remember that handsome villain that held up the stagecoaches hereabouts and robbed 'em so audaciously some twenty odd years ago? They afterward caught the chap and hung him up to the limb of a tree; that ended his career. We heard the report afterward that he had left a little boy, and that the lad had been adopted by some well-to-do people, or something of that kind. Well, this chap has just those features. I'll never forget him as I saw him a-hangin' to the old hickory tree."

"But who is the young man, and where is he stoppin'?" asked Betsey.

"I don't know, an' I don't care. More'n likely he's some wealthy man goin' along with the rest to invest in the mine. All the interest I take in him is to keep him away from Norine."

"What nonsense, Daniel, to imagine that he has given one thought to our Norine. Great gentlemen fall in love with their own kind."

"Not allus, Betsy," he muttered, thoughtfully. "Not allus."

Then their conversation drifted around to Joe (as it always did after Norine had left them for the night) and the future—advising with each other as to when they should tell their darling of the young man's devoted, patient love for her, and the hope he had long since confided to them, that one day he hoped to make little Norine his bride, if he could win the treasure of her love, and they were willing that it should be so.

Each had taken one of the young man's hands and kissed it reverently, whispering to him that his desire was theirs as well, and that they could go down to the grave, which could not wait much longer for them, ah! so happy, if they could but see Norine his wife.

They talked of Joe's prospects, and how hard he was striving to win a name and a position to offer their darling.

"It is so hard that he has been taken with this heavy cold, keeping him to his bed at this particular time," remarked the old blacksmith, anxiously. "This is the week the great sum of money comes to his express office to pay off the miners, and there is no one whom he could trust to take it over to the mines—no one he would dare tell about it save you and me, and Norine."

"I did not know Norine knew about it," said Betsey.

"Yes, don't you remember him sitting here the night before the storm a-tellin' us about it? Norine was listening, too, for she remarked: 'Aren't you afraid to have so much money about you, Joe?' and he answered, 'I would be, if people knew I was to carry so much money over on the stage to the mines a week from to-night, and, to tell the truth, I have such a strange presentiment about it, that I haven't been able to sleep well nights since I was informed that it was to be shipped here and placed in my charge. It is such a great sum—a great many thousand dollars.'

"Joe is far from feeling well to-night, but, Heaven bless the plucky lad, he is going to get up from his sick-bed and take the stage over to the Great Bear mine to-morrow night to deliver that money in safety to the miners. Ah, Betsey, if I wasn't so old and infirm a man, I'd volunteer to go in Joe's stead, poor fellow."

The fire was growing low in the kitchen grate, and, finishing up his mug of home-made cider, while the old wife took her cup of tea, they chatted a few moments on the one subject so dear to them—their beloved Norine—then took up their tallow dip and sought their rest, pausing a moment at the girl's door as they passed it.

There was not even the faintest sound from within, and the good old woman murmured: "Bless the child, she is deep in her beauty sleep, Daniel."

But Norine was not asleep, though her eyes were closed tightly, carefully feigning slumber in case they should enter, as they often did, and bend over her with their candle and kiss her.

Sleep would not come to the girl's eyes; her conscience was troubled. She had never kept the slightest thought up to this time from the dear old grandfather and grandmother who she knew loved her with such a devoted love.

Mr. Carlisle, the handsome stranger, had won from her the promise that she would not tell of their meeting, and that she was to see him on the morrow; otherwise, how glad she would have been to tell her grandmother all the delightful things he had whispered into her ear, and how he had asked her if she had ever had a lover, and if she would like one.

Even as she recalled his words, and the thrilling glance that accompanied them, her cheeks burned and her heart beat tumultuously in her bosom.

How different he was from Joe—awkward, plain Joe Brainard—and she wondered how she could ever have thought Joe nice, and pleasant to talk to—even missing him if he did not come to the cottage to talk to the old folks of a winter evening.

How she wished Mr. Carlisle would soon come to the house. She was more than anxious to hear what her grandmother would say of him.

Norine had not dared question her grandfather as to his opinion regarding the handsome stranger. He always had something unpleasant to say of every young man except Joe, his favorite.

Then her girlish thoughts drifted into a more pleasing channel—the longing for the golden morrow, and the delight that awaited her in meeting handsome Mr. Carlisle again.

His last words had been:

"I shall dream of your sweet face again, Norine. Will you try to so fix your thoughts upon me as you drift off into dreamland, that you will dream of me?"

Norine did not know what the smile on his face meant when she answered "Yes." That night was the happiest that beautiful, hapless Norine was ever to know.

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CHAPTER VII.

It was long after midnight ere Norine fell asleep that night, and when she did drift off into the mystic land of dreams, she dreamed of the handsome stranger, whose dark eyes had so thrilled her heart, and whose dazzled smile had so bewildered her senses.

All the next morning Norine was so absent-minded that Grandma Gordon looked at her more than once, wondering what had come over the girl, and what she could be thinking about.

Ah! how troubled she would have been had she but known.

To Norine, the hours never seemed to drag so slowly along as they did on this particular day.

They crept along leaden-footed. Noon came at last; then slowly the red sunshine drifted athwart the western window.

"Norine," exclaimed her grandmother, starting up from her knitting, "I had no idea it was so late. It is time for you to go to fetch your grandpa, my dear."

The girl turned away quickly, that the dear old eyes might not discern the sudden flush that arose to her face.

Very quietly Norine donned her red hood and jacket, and fairly flew from the house. For the first time in her young life she had forgotten to kiss her dear old grandma good-by.

With palpitating heart and winged feet Norine flew swiftly to the trysting place. As she turned the bend in the road she saw him pacing restlessly up and down under the leafless branches of the old sycamore tree. How handsome he looked in his great seal overcoat and the seal cap resting so jauntily on his crisp, dark curling hair. No wonder little Norine's heart beat tumultuously as she beheld him. There were few girlish hearts that handsome Clifford Carlisle could not win if he chose to take the trouble to do so.

He caught sight of Norine quite as soon as she saw him, and hastened forward to meet her, holding out both of his hands to her.

"How am I to ever thank you for coming to keep the appointment, Norine?" he said, "I had been fearing that you regretted promising to come, and, ah! I was so down-hearted over it, for I could not bear the thought of never seeing you again."

He pretended not to notice the girl's confusion or the blush that mantled her pretty cheek, talking on, and so gayly, that by degrees she gained her usual composure, and the power of voluble speech.

He did not ask about her history, believing there was nothing to tell, and indeed there was not, for Norine knew nothing of her own strange story. It had not as yet been told to her, to darken her youthful spirits and happiness.

It had been known only to a few people in Hadley, and, stronge to say, those few had left the village years before, or had died; thus there was no one save her grand parents and Joe who knew pended almost solely upon these influens that Norine was in any way related to the old recluse who lived in the great stone house at the end of the village.

The truth had been unfolded to Joe when he had asked for Norine's hand, but he was bound by a solemn promise not to divulge it to Norine.

"I don't want the child's head turned with hopes that she will inherit the Barrison wealth," her grandfather had told her, "for I know she will be cut off without a cent; she will not be disappointed if she is not expecting it, bless her poor little heart, and she will live her life through without knowing what she missed, and be the better and happier for having the truth withheld from her."

Joe concurred in this view of the matter.

Perhaps there was a fate in this, otherwise Norine might have confided the story to Clifford Carlisle as they talked together on this eventful afternoon, when she told him all that she believed there was to tell concerning her uneventful life.

"Are you happy here, little Norine?" he asked, taking the girl's little hand in his and looking down into the depths of her blue eyes. "Do you never yearn for a brighter, gayer life?"

"Some times," she answered, looking thoughtfully away over the white, snow clad hills, adding, "but what's the use? I shall never leave Hadley. I suppose I shall live and die here."

"What a dreadful future for one as young and joyous as yourself to look forward to," he murmured, compassionately. "I — I cannot bear the thought. If I were you, I should be tempted to fly away. What do you say to marrying me, Norine, and going when I go."

She looked at him with great, startled eyes.

"I don't ask you to decide all at once, Norine," he said. "Take plenty of time to think it over; but mind, as you value my love and wishes, do not mention one word of what I have just said to any human being."

"Would I have to decide —soon?" faltered Norine, tremulously.

"You shall have a whole fortnight," he answered. "By that time you will have seen me so often that you will know whether you care that much for me or not.

"As for me," he went on eagerly, "I know how much I think of you now. I loved you passionately, desperately, from the first moment my eyes rested upon your sweet fact. I felt in my heart then that I had met my fate, the one girl on earth for me—that I must win you if I could, and if I failed, that there was one thing, and one only, for me to do."

"And what was that?" murmured Norine, anxiously, timorously.

"Shoot myself," he answered, dramatically, with a wave of his white hand and a very well simulated deep-drawn sigh.

Norine uttered a scream of fright.

"Oh, would you do anything so horrible as that?" she gasped.

"Why not?" he replied, in a voice that sounded as though it was half a sob. "What has a man to live for if he fails to win the girl he loves?"

"Do you care for me so very much?" cried Norine, wringing her little hands in anguish. "You have seen me only three times."

"Love is born in an instant; it is not a palnt of slow growth," he answered. "You ought to know at this moment if you love me."

He waited a moment for the words to take effect; then he went on softly:

"If your heart has gone out to me, you have thought of me constantly since last we met; you have dreamed of me by night; you have counted the hours—ay, the moments, until we should meet again. Have you done that, Norine?"

"Yes," faltered the girl, trembling like one of the dying leaves above her head.

He went on in words as eloquent as they were beautiful to her untutored ears:

"Then it is as it should be, Norine; our love is mutual. It is cruel to ask you to linger so long in the bitter cold talink to me, but no other opportunity is offered me. I fear if I should go to the cottage and ask to see you, that boon would be denied me. They might even go so far as to keep you at home, a prisoner, as it were, until I left the vicinity, that I might not spoil Joe's chance of winning you, my peerless Norine."

"Indeed you are mistaken," she declared, earnestly. "Joe has no such thought. We are only friends—friends from childhood up."

He laughed a little sinister laugh.

"I wonder that you can really believe that," he said, slowly, adding: "I am sure he would have been searching for you by this time, if he had not been confined to his bed by the severe cold you told me about."

"Joe is sick in bed, but I have been expecting to see him pass every moment, for he is obliged to go on a long journey to-night, ill as he is." z z zz

"It must be a very important matter that would cause him to get out of a sick bed on such a night as this is destined, by all appearances, to be," he declared.

"It is important," replied Norine, and, scarcely knowing just how it had happened, she found herself unfolding to the handsome stranger the confidential mission that was to be kept such a vital secret—that he was to have a large sum of money about him to take to the officers of the Great Bear Mine, to pay off the miners.

"Are they not afraid to trust this fellow with so great a sum?" he queried, adding in the next breath: "How much did you say he was to take?"

"No one would fear to trust even life itself to Joe Brainard; he is as honest as the sun. You must know how he is trusted, when he is the only one whom they will permit to take the thirty thousand in cash to the mine."

Clifford Carlisle bit his lip deeply to keep back the expression of surprise as the amount fell from her thoughtless lips.

"Of course he takes the 8 o'clock stage over?" he remarked, with ill-concealed eagerness.

(To be continued.)

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When there are impurities in the water supply of any of our cities, the public immediately demand that the authorities do everything at any cost to prevent contamination, and to stay disease; it seems quite as important that our bread supply should be as carefully guarded.

A Thirty-Pound Mushroom.

An interesting thing in the mushroom line came to light recently when a giant specimen, weighing more than thirty pounds, was found near Pittsburg by one of the professors of the Carnegie School. The mushroom was edible, it was found, and though it may not have been the growth of a night, it certainly grew in less than 48 hours, since a search of its locality made the day previous to that on which it was found disclosed no evidence of it. If mushroom growers could arrange to cultivate this particular species, more than one mushroom fortune might be the result. —The Epicure.

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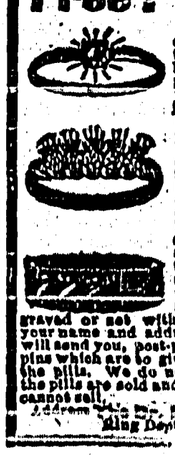

We will give you your choice of one of those beautiful rings, guaranteed 14 karats solid gold shell, plain, engraved, or set with elegant simulated jewels, for the sale of 4 boxes only, at 25c. a box, of Dr. Maisrie's Famous Vegetable Pills. They are the greatest remedy for indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, weak or impure blood, catarrh, diseases of the liver and kidneys. When you have sold these 4 boxes of pills, send us the money $1 and the size of the ring desired and we will send you, your choice of one of those handsome rings, plain engraved or set with precious stones. Send your name and address immediately and we will send you, post-paid, the Pills and fancy pins which are to give away to purchasers of the pills. We do not ask any money before the pills are sold and we take back what you cannot sell.

Address Medicine Co., Ring Dept. 409 Toronto, Ont.

I Was Nervous, Anæmic, Sleepless

LOOK AT ME NOW AND SEE WHAT A WONDERFUL CURE FERROZONE HAS MADE.

"So ill and miserable was I for nearly two years," writes Mrs. J. E. Nimmo, of St. Annes Bay, "I began to look upon my life and its future as a sort of living death. I tired so easily I could not go anywhere. Even the thought of slight exertion made my heart flutter and excited me to trembling. Then came the misery of the long nights, with their dreads and forebodings. Medicines and tonics seemed fruitless to help me. Nothing did me any good till I used Ferrozone. At first I think Ferrozone must have made my blood richer and redder. My ears began to lose their thin, waxy look which had been a sign to everybody that I was sick. My weight increased steadily—I got stronger, and at last began to sleep better and become less nervous. Look at me now—a stronger, heartier, more vigorous energetic woman you can't find."

The one tonic that will build up everyone in poor health ir Ferrozone—try it—just one or two tablets at meal time; 50c. per box, six for $2.50, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Canada.

The Shovel Side of Christmas

(By Molly Crewe, in The Kindergarten Review.)

I want to put in a plea for the little child, whose Christmas joy will soon warm the great world's heart anew to its deepest glow of love and tenderness. In the interests of this dear little child and the approaching Christmas, I have been making a bit of practical child-study, my own small daughter being the subject thereof.

Little Elizabeth is over two years old, and at the time of this writing she is at home alone with me in the morning.

Now, what plays does she choose, or choose oftenest without suggestion from anyone else, when playing alone at home? This is what interests me; and, sitting at my sewing, I like to observe my little one living out her impressions of life in her play.

In her baby mind her play is not play at all, but work; for many times she will look up seriously from it and remark, "I busy, Mamma," thus seeking recognition as a person of usefulness and importance.

Part of Elizabeth's morning play always centres around what she calls her "baby broom"—a popcorn stalk with a husk at one end. With this proceeds to "fweep" the floor and the rugs, industriously poking into the corners and diving under the bed, as she has seen me do.

When this amusement palls, she knows where another delightful plaything hangs on a low wall. It is nothing but an old damp cloth, yet my wee housemaid seizes it with joy, and with it scrubs the window sills or floor, back and forth, a half-hour at a time, until rag and little hands are grimy enough.

During the afternoon, little Elizabeth is kept out of doors as long as the sunshine lasts. I have been interested in noticing what most attracts the attention of this little girl, as her hand in mine, we travel down the city street. Is she drawn to the gay and beautiful costumes of the elegant ladies we meet? No she is utterly indifferent to these: The shop windows are very alluring as we pass on; yet the baby eyes never seem to see the rainbow show of dry goods, not even the beautiful baby wear. Little Elizabeth is pleased, to be sure, with the toy store window and its display of dolls and hobby horses. But what is that pleasure to the ecstasy with which she stops in front of a hardware store and utters the two words, "Shubbeuls, Mamma!"

Not even the groups of playing children have the same fascination for my dainty, white-gowned little maid as have a row of dirty laborers, shovel in hand, digging on the street. After regarding these sons of toil in silent rapture for some time, she spreads wide her arms with a most expressie gesture and exclaims in a tone of deepest self-commiseration, "Not any shubbul, Mamma!"

I have come to the conclusion that the artistic and poetic sense is decidedly embryonic in very little children; hence that beautiful toys, beautiful books, beautiful clothing can make but little impression upon their minds; that not even lovely nature herself appeals to the very little child as does hard, coarse, common human labor.

God said to man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and the little child comes into the world cheerfully ready to acquiesce in the God-given mandate. Alas, how studiously and systematically do we go to work to eliminate this likewise God-given instinct! It is always "Not any shubbul," from the baby times up, if we can possibly manage it.

So now, dear mother-reader, I want to ask you, as the busy holiday season comes on, not to spend all your money at the toy counter, nor in baby-wear department, nor among the children's books—beautiful as these may be; nay, do not even let the kindergarten supply companies get all your spare change! But with your purse still unemptied of quite all its contents, descend to the nether, gaslit depths of the mysterious wonder-hiding basement regions.

There your wandering eye may perchance light upon the nicest little brooms, designed for real uses but small enough for baby hands to wield. There, also you may find those delightful little washboards, meant for actual grown-up use, but oh, how perfect for baby's really-truly washing of bibs, handkerchiefs and dusters!

Then, too, off in another corner you must look for tins —charming little square tins, round tins, "kitty-cornered" tins, not make-believes at all, but things useful in any kitchen. With what satisfaction Miss Baby will pat down pieces of dough in these little pans and clap them into the oven with the family baking!

Also small baskets are in order—not the fancy, Indian, sweet-scented affairs upstairs, but market baskets of the basement type, small enough to hang comfortably on a baby arm, it is true, but also big enough to carry to the store and hold what the grocer boy forgot to bring for the dinner.

Look around further in the basement and you might find the wee-est, daintiest, darlingest scrubbing brushes, just right for window sills and doorsteps. But there! perhaps I am too radical! Get a mechanical calf instead, if you wish—but it will cost you more money and give the wee folk far less pleasure.

Last, but not least, before you leave my Christmas fairyland, the basement don't forget—the shovel! For mercy's sake don't try to find those "two-for-a-cent" trumpery affairs that accompany sand pails and are smashed in a twinkling. Get a good shovel; small, of course, but substantial enough to shovel snow and coal with this winter, and to garden with next summer.

Another thought: Are you old-fashioned enough to do a little sewing at this happy time of the year, or do you let the department store do all your Christmasing for you? If yu sew, go home, sit down, and hem with red tambour cotton a pair of cheesecloth dusters. Let them adorn a Christmas tree and they will make a pair of baby eyes shine.

I know a little girl whose Christmas gifts included jewelry, furs and dolls but who cast all these aside indifferently when her old grandmather produced the gift which she had provided—a little print work-apron with strings to tie around the waist just like the apron of a grown-up person. If a pretty sweeping-cap, Mamma's in miniature, were added, this gift would be complete.

The Froebel whom we all love, says: "Come, let us live with our children." I want to add humbly to that world-famed saying, "Come, let us work with our children." Thus only can we live with them, for all children are born laborers.

HIS PAINS AND ACHES ALL GONE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Chas. N. Cyr's Rheumatism.

Statement of a Man Who Suffered for a Year From Different Forms of Kidney Disease and Found a Speedy Cure.

New Richmond Station, Que., Dec. 20.—(Special.)—In these cold fall days when Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache and other Kidney Diseases are working havoc in every corner of Canada, thousands will be interested in the statement of Mr. Chas. N. Cyr, the well-known barber of this place.

"I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism and Backache for a year," Mr. Cyr states. "My head also troubled me and it was hard to collect my thoughts. I heard of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and made up my mind to try them. The marvellous effect of the first box on my system at once raised my hopes, and by continuing to use them I am now a sound and well man. All my pains and aches are gone, and I am able to do my work without pain."

Mr. Cyr is only one of thousands whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured of Rheumatism, Sciatica and Backache. For Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure sick or disordered Kidneys. And if your Kidneys are well you can't have Rheumatism, Sciatica or Backache.

THE VILLAGE THEORIST.

The thing we know as theory it allus 'pears t' me
Is 'bout as onreliable as onnything kin me.
For proof of which I offer sumthin' happened here in town
Concerning Hiram Billin's an' ol' Ebenezer Brown.

Now Hi was sort o' feller with a dozen different strings,
Hitched on perpetual motion an' a lot of other things;
But his pertikler hobby—like a Genius allus does—
Was tellin' jist from handwrit what sort o' man a feller was.

He'd sort o' sniff an' swaller an' he'd fix his horn-rim specs,
An' study how a feller wrote his "w" or "r";
"He's sort o' weak," he'd venture, or "He's powerful"; when I
Would ast him how he knew it "Well it's Theory," sez Hi.

When Brown come up from Bottoms an' he cleared his section there,
Right next to Hiram Billin's, Hiram's stock went on a tear,
An' over-run the planted land of Ebenezer Brown,
The which was mighty easy, Hiram's fences bein' down!

Next mornin' Hi was flustered, as results would indicate,
T' find a note of warnin' pinned upon his pasture gate;
'Twas porely writ an' dirty with the print of Eben's thumb,
An' figgered out said "Billins, keep yer dog-gone stock t' hum."

Hi put his horn rim glasses on an' then he sez—sez he,
"The writer, Brown, ain't nuthin' but a weakling, 'pears t' me;
There's nuthin' in his writin' that would indicate no strength,
Nor show that Brown's aggressive to a real courages length."

About a for'night after Hiram's stock got out agin,
An' made fer Eben's cornfield which the same they trampled in;
Astn the note of warnin' on Hi's gate come flutterin' down—
Astn Hi observated on the weaknesses of Brown!

An' subsequent, a week or so, Hi's steers got out once more,
The same ol' hole in Hiram's fence where they got out before!
Since patience wa'n't no virtue an' his notes was out of date,
Eb chuffled down t' Hiram's, meetin' Hiram at the gate.

There ain't no legal record of what happened then an' there—
There wa'n't no living witness to the antics of the pair—
Except Hi's own confession that the way he held Eb. down
Belied his observations on the strength of Eben Brown!

Now things are mighty different; there's a hullsome change in Hi
That's oft remarked by kinsman an' the neighbors passin' by;
He used t' study writin' jist for character, but seems
He spends less time on theory an' more at patchin' fences

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

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PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

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

As will be seen from a Victoria despatch on the front page, Creston is to have a small debts court. In the establishment of this court here a long felt want is being filled Heretofore debts of various kinds have actually been lost to the creditors as there has been no legal machinery to collect the same, without putting the claims through the county court at considerable expense and necessitating all parties going to Nelson to attend court. After this court is established it may be stated for the information of the public that debts can be collected through it in a summary manner and at a very nominal expense; in no case should the costs exceed from $4 to $5. These claims can also be collected without any cost whatever to the creditor. The civil jurisdiction of this court is to cover all claims not exceeding $100. The stipendiary magistrate appointed will also have a criminal jurisdiction in summary matters, similar to that of a county judge; that is, he can practically try any case that can be tried by a county judge, with the exception of murder and treason.

In appointing Justice of the Peace Johnson to this office the Attorney General's department are by no means entrusting the conduct of this most important court to a novice in judicial matters as Mr. Johnson has before filled the office of stipendiary magistrate, police magistrate and Justice of the Peace, over two thousand cases of various kinds having been disposed of by him during the past twelve years.

Presbyterian Church First Annual Report

The first annual meeting of the members and adherents of Creston Presbyterian Church was held on January 31st, 1910. Rev. G. A. Wilson, Superintendent of Home Missions, presiding. Reports of various departments resulted in the following:

A—Sabbath School:

Collections	$23.45
Expenditure for Leaflets	19.80
Balance in hand, Dec. 31st, 1909	3.65

Jessie Cameron, Sec.-Treas.

B—Girls' Guild (organized Jan. 25th, 1909)

Proceeds from Work	$104.70
Expenses: Paid on Organ	82.00
Sundry Expenses in Work	16.50
	98.50
Balance in hand, Dec. 31st	6.20

Capitola Hickey, Sec.

E—Report of Building Committee

Receipts: By Subscriptions	$520.85
Ladies' Auxiliary	437.00
By Mortgage	500.00
Total	$1457.85
Cost of Building:	
Contract Estimate	$1035.00
Chimney	25.00
Painting	40.00
Lighting	57.56
Extra Lumber	29.20
Extra Labor	28.00
Sundry Expenses	11.00
	$1815.70
Expenditure:	
To Contractors	$1325.00
" Lights	39.50
" Painting	40.00
" Sundry Expenses	11.00
" Mr. Read, on Salary	32.35
	$1447.85
Balance in hand	10.00
Debt	$1815.70
Amount paid on church building	1415.50
	$400.20

C—Ladies Auxiliary:

Balance in hand Dec. 31st, 1908	$204 23
Receipts for 1909	346.60
Total	$550.83
Expenses:	
Building Fund	$397.00
Painting	66.00
Expenses in connection with work	22.04
Total	$485.04
Balance in hand Dec. 31st, 1909	65.79

Mrs. Mallandaine, Sec.-Treas.

D—Treasurer's Report:

Ordinary Revenue, Oct. 31 to Dec. 31, 1909	$70.70
Expensrs—Salary	30.30
Janitor	3.00
Sabbath School	16.35
Total	49.35
Balance on hand	$21.35
Amount of salary, Oct. 31 to Dec. 31	77.85
Amount paid	30.00
Balance due as Salary	$47.85

G. B. Henderson, Sec.-Treas.

The Building Committee show a very satisfactory report. Extras have increased the cost of building, but the debt has been greatly reduced. Besides the $400.20 due on contract and extras, there remains a mortgage of $500, which mortgage, the Ladies' Auxiliary have undertaken to cancel.

With so fine a structure completed and now being furnished by the combined assistance of the Ladies' Auxiliary and the Girls' Guild, it behooves each one of us to give of our time and possessions as much financial and personal assistance as we can afford. By our united support of the church we are doing not a little towards the the welfare of our town, apart from the condition of greater comfort to ourselves, of greater unity and pleasure in our religious worship.

The ecclesiastical year closes upon us with many changes in our work. The Sabbath School has been regularly organized under Rev. T. G. McLeod and is already doing good work. The Girls' Guild, organized on January 25th, 1909, has made a remarkable showing and rendered valuable assistance toward the church completian. We trust that their good work will continue. The board of managers offer a word of praise and thanks to the Ladies' Auxiliary, who came to their assistance so nobly and assisted in lowering the debt. We trust their labors for the coming year will be well rewarded.

The treasurer's statement, though meagre, shows that the contributors are keeping up to the standard. Those who have subscribed towards Pastor's Stipend and are in arrears are kindly asked to turn in their contributions to the treasurer, so that we shall not fall behind in the salary. It is the aim of the board of management to support the church work entirely by voluntary contributions.

T. G. McLEOD, Pastor.

COMMON MISTAKES MADE IN SETTING OUT ORCHARDS

(By one who has made them)

If you want to know what I think is the very first step to take in planting an orchard, it is this: get married, that is if you have not already done so.

Bachelors may be good enough to grow wheat on the prairies, though I doubt even that, but for a man to come here and plant an orchard without a wife to help and advise him, and some boys and girls to work for—why, the thing is an absurdity. This was the first mistake I made, and it was a very serious one, but I soon saw the error of my ways, and today there are four little Harris's grow-

(Continued on next page)

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

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

Every Man To His Trade

Harness Repairing Is a Speciality at the HARNESS STORE ONLY

DON'T BE FOOLED, Get your Harness Repaired at the place Where Your Needs are understood

CARVER'S HARNESS STORE

Opposite McCreath's Barn

Join the . . Circulating . . Library . .

Buy One 25c. : Novel and Exchange for 10c.

Creston Drug & Book Co.

Creston Wine and Spirit Co.

WHOLESALE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Sirdar Avenue, Creston, B.C.

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

Moran & Mead - - Props.

Hardware or Furniture

Up-to-date Goods Arriving Daily

If it is either, we can supply you at Right Prices.
A trial will convince you. Call and examine.
Any special orders through us,
You will be treated right.

The Creston Hardware and Furniture Co.

We are Agents for McLaughlin

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

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The Sirdar Hotel

A Home from Home.
Headquarters for mining men.
First class in every respect.
Adjoining C. P. R. Depot.

Morris & North, Proprietors,
Sirdar, B. C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

CRESTON BAKERY
On Sirdar Avenue
Fresh Bread and Pastry daily.
Boston Baked Beans and Chicken Pie Every Saturday.
Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Prop

E. Ryckman
Tinsmith and Plumber
Tinware
Soves
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.

Creston Clothing Co.

30 DAYS SALE

Of Gents' Furnishings, including Gloves, Socks, Mitts, Neckties and Underwear.

We make a speciality of Working Shirts, also Towels and Sweaters.

CALL AND INSPECT FOR YOURSELF.

P. R. GODFREY, Manage

SUPPORT LOCAL INDUSTRIES

Buy the Famous

"KOOTENAY" Brand Jams and Jellies

All made from the Finest of the KOOTENAY FRUIT

Also Delicious Orange and Lemon Marmalade

As specially put up for the C. P. R. Co. by

The Kootenay Jam Co. Ltd.

NELSON, B.C.

McPEAK'S Store of Plenty

Special 30 Days Sale

Boots and Shoes every style, Ladies' Walking Shoes

Ladies' Patent Leather Slippers, with diamonds on the toes.—These are going at rock bottom prices, a 6's pair for $4.75. Children's Shoes 50c. to $1.35.

Rubbers for Men, Women and Children

A good supply of Hewson Tweed Pants $2.50 to $5.00 per pair

Bedford Cord Norfolk Suits, $9 to $10 per suit

District News

Mr. and Mrs. B. Payne, of Creston, called on Mr. and Mrs. W. Hall, of Erickson, on Sunday last.

Miss Jeannie Cameron was a visitor to Erickson this week.

Mr. and Mrs Poolin, of Canyon City, visited Erickson last Sunday.

H. Bothwell has gone to Alberta on a short vacation. He will visit Calgary, Red Deer, and Lacombe.

D. McGovern, one of the C.P.R. officials, arrived in town on Wednesday.

Piper Heidsieck and Black Watch Chewing Tobacco.—Creston Wine and Spirit Co.

ing up to sample the apples.

The second mistake I made was that I had very few neighbours, and that I was so busy clearing land, etc., that I did not half use the ones I had. By using your neighbours, I mean consult them, watch them, use their experience. I have often worked when it would have paid me better to have been watching someone else.

A Farmers' Institute is mainly useful as it affords its members a chance to use each other's experiences and profit by the successes and failures of each. I was too isolated, and it is a very bad thing to be isolated. We want small, well tilled, highly cultivated farms, not big, half cultivated wildernesses.

The very large fruit grower may get along without co-operating with his neighbours; the small grower is bound to co-operate if he is to achieve any real, lasting success. Co-operation looks simple—so does skating or swimming—but but it is one of the fine arts of life, it cannot be practised by mean, greedy, unneighbourly people; the true co-operator is a gentleman with a just perception of his own rights and the rights of others. May I urge upon you to practise this noble art and learn to work together from the very start of your enterprise.

I am a crank on the telephone question. I want the Government to give us telephones to every farm house, because it is not fair or right to dump a woman down in the bush without near friends or neighbours, as the farmer's wife often is. It was one of the mistakes I made that for years I had no telephone, and I advise that you kick until the Government takes up the matter. Creston has provided their own telephone system at a very cheap rate, but I could show you many reasons, if time permitted, in favor of Government ownership

Now you have the advantage of this Institute and there will be frequent lectures from authorities on agriculture and horticulture. These lectures and demonstrations they give may be of the great service to you, but you must not follow the lead of any of these men blindly: they cannot definitely settle most of the problems for you, you must work them out for yourselves

(To be continued in next issue)

Apartments

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

FRANK BAST

P. BURNS & Co.

Limited

CRESTON - B.C.

Fish Fish Fish

We have a Fresh Supply of

Fresh Smelts
" Halibut
" Salmon
" Mackerel
Manitoba White Fish

Smoked Finnan Haddie and Kippered Herrings

Salt Herring, Mackerel and Cod

Fresh Meats of all kinds

NELSON LAND DISTRICT—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that S. M. Laurie, of Creston, married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted 40 chains east and 40 chains south of the south east corner of Lot 7717, thence south 80 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 40 chains to place of commencement containing 320 acres more or less.

SARAH MILLAN LAURIE,
Jan. 1, 1910 Per G. A. Laurie, agent

NELSON LAND DISTRICT—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that J. K. Johnson, publisher, of Creston, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post 40 chains east and 12 chains south of the south east corner of Lot 7717, thence south 80 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 320 acres more or less.

JOSEPH KIRKPATRICK JOHNSON
Jan. 1, 1910 per G. A. Laurie, Agent

NELSON LAND DISTRICT—District of West Kootenay.

Take Notice that I, Samuel Hatfield, barber, of Creston, B.C., intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Lot 7717, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Jan. 17, 1910. SAMUEL HATFIELD, per G. A. LAURIE, Agent.

Another social treat is promised the residents of Creston on the 15th instant, when Wild Rose Lodge K. of P., No. 30 will hold an At Home, for which invitations are now out,

Watch This Space Next Week

LUMBER

SAWMILL AT CRESTON, B.C.

Laths, Shingles, Brick, Lime Doors, Wi dows, Mouldings

Rough and Dressed Lumber.

CHAS. O. RODGERS

Lawyer Thompson and wife, of Cranbrook, came in on Wednesday and returned home on Thursday. It is several years since Mr. Thompson's last visit to Creston, and he was more than surprised to see the growth of the place.

A. Mirabelli wishes to state that he is now prepared to do all kinds of harness repairing and can furnish horse collars and a whole harness, or any part of one on short notice. He is a specialty in this [illegible]

Dr. Rose, coroner of Nelson, held an investigation on Friday last into the cause of death of Miss M. Williams, who was found dead at her home a few days ago. After hearing several witnesses, Coroner Rose came to the conclusion that a post mortem examination was not necessary, as the deceased had come to her death from natural causes.

Piper Heidsieck and Black Watch Chewing Tobacco.—Creston Wine and Spirit Co.

70 Years Old

GRATEFUL FOR MEDICAL AID

"Though I had passed my seventieth birthday," writes R. A. Silvera, from Duncan P. O., "I am painfully aware that one of the penalties of old age is the slowing down of the activities of the system. One of the most dangerous conditions of old age is constipation, an indirect cause of many sudden deaths. I have used many medicines, but none so suited to old age as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are wonderful regulators—keep the stomach and bowels in perfect condition, prevent indigestion, biliousness, liver complaint and constipation. I recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills because they never grip nor cause distress—just a mild tonic laxative."

By using Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly you have a guarantee of good health; 25c. per box, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

In 1920.

The aerial sergeant: "You saw the collision, did you?"

The aerial monoplane cop: "Yep. Other fellow was all to blame. Full of ozone, I fancy."

"Did you get his number?"

"Nope. He flew behind a cloud and hid in a bunch of mist."

"You'd know his flyer if you saw it again?"

"Sure. It's a high gear Action with six flippers and a Zephyr exhaust."

"Any passengers?"

"Three musical comedy blondes and a vaudeville brunette."

"Evidently a borrowed car?"

"Evidently."

"Well, find the owner. I'm going to break up this high speed carelessness if I have to fill the aerial police station so full of speeders that they drop out every time the door opens. Get busy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KING, THE GLOBE TROTTER.

Left Montreal Oct. 23 at 1 p. m. to walk to Vancouver, 2,896 miles, over the C. P. R. tracks, wearing CATSPAW RUBBER HEELS.

King passed Port Arthur, 991 miles, Dec. 14.

When will he reach Vancouver? 113 prizes offered nearest guessers. Contest is free to all.

Each guess given a number in order received and prize list mailed.

Prizes mailed free to winners.

Guess on a postal card.

Write plainly. Address, Dept. A, WALPOLE RUBBER CO., LTD., Montreal.

Henry Gladstone's Courtship.

Mrs. Gladstone is well known to be wrapped up in her husband and his career. He was 47 when he first met Miss Paget. He became Home Secretary soon after their marriage, and though he is in print perhaps the most abused man in the Government he has to those who know him personally both charm and humor, a "glad eye" and a delightful singing voice. He has an extreme reverence for his father's memory and gave to his wife for her engagement ring the same great emerald circle that the "G. O. M." gave to his wife when they became engaged.—From the Bystander.

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.

River Brought Him a Wheat Crop.

Although he is not a farmer and owns no farming land, Dr. George P. Pennington, of Missouri Point, Ill., will to-day thresh his wheat crop.

The threshing will take place in a strip of wooded land which Dr. Pennington owns. He expects to get about 250 bushels.

The wheat floated down to his grove recently during the high water. It came so fast and from so many different direction that Dr. Pennington could not notify the owners, so he decided to take advantage of the ill wind which blew him so much good. As soon as the stage of water permitted the hired man to untangle the shocks from the shrubbery and lay it out to dry. It proved to be excellent grain.—St. Louis Republic.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

Try This on Your Friend.

Ask a friend to put a quarter in one pocket and a dime in the opposite pocket. Tell him that the quarter represents 20 and the dime 5. Now ask him to triple the coin that is in his right pocket and double that which is in his left pocket, and then add these two products together, simply telling you whether the result is odd or even. If it be even then the quarter is in his right pocket and the dime in his left. You may give any values to the coins other than 20 and 5, provided that one number is odd and the other even, the even number being given to the quarter. And you can, of course, use any other coins, so long as you give them odd and even values.—From "The Best Puzzles With Coins," in the December Strand.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Provision of Providence.

Hubby—The old saying is true: "It is only fools who get maried."

Wife—That's how Providence takes care of them.

Hubby—How?

Wife—By giving them wives to look after them.—Roseleaf.

Sure of Himself.

"I'll give you a position as clerk to start with," said the merchant, "and pay you what you are worth. Is that satisfactory?"

"Oh! perfectly," replied the college graduate, "but—er—do you think the firm can offard it?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

The ordinary price of sand and gravel is said to range from eight cents to $1.50 a ton. Gravel for roofing or other special purposes may cost $3 a ton and special glass sands bring from $7 to $20 a ton.

Pointers on Gas

(W. Marshall in Dunnville Chronicle.)

Consumers of natural gas often complain about large bills and other disagreeable things chargeable to the above product that a few words on the subject of its use might not be out of place. First we will take the

BURNER.

There has been much useless talk on this subject. The heat is in the gas, not in the burner, and if a burner secures the combustion of all the gas which passes through it without producing carbonic oxide gas and at the same time placing the heat where it will be most useful it has done all that can be done. Talk about burners that burn large quantities of air is all nonsense. A cubic foot of gas in complete combustion combines with a mixed quantity of air part of the gas will be unburned or if there is an excess of air combustion will be imperfect and part of the gas will be unburnt.

CHIMNEY.

The amount of draft in chimneys differs, so that there can be no set rule given here for adjusting the damper in the pipe. If you find water dripping from the pipes you will know that condensation is going on in the flue and that there is insufficient heat to carry the burnt gas to the outside atmosphere and you will have imperfect combustion. You must then open the damper in the pipe sufficiently to allow good circulation and the trouble will cease.

Great care should be taken in having burners properly set and adjusted to have as near as possible a perfect flame. In imperfect combustion you are not getting all the heat you should, and are also paying for and conducting through the flue to the atmosphere gas producing for you no results whatever and at the same time endangering your health, destroying plants and tarnishing silverware, etc., by producing carbonic acid gas, and in many cases sulphuric acid gas.

Too much care cannot be taken to have the inside of burners and air mixers clean and free from dust or other collections, as it hinders the flow of the proper proportions of air and gas to the flame, producing incomplete combustion, the production of which, from whatever cause, needlessly increases the cost of gas bills.

One of the worst hindrances to complete combustion is imperfect draft or circulation to the atmosphere. The chimney should be straight, clean and tight, admitting no cold air in the flue or pipe between the burner and the outside atmosphere. For every atom of cold air so admitted extra heat will be required from the burner to the flue to insure proper circulation of the poisonous products from the burner to the atmosphere, and as 1,000 cubic feet of natural gas when burned will produce from 80 to 100 lbs. of water, which is allowed to condense in chimney or the pipe will produce in very many cases sulphuric acid, and in condensation will eat the mortar out of the chimneys, causing them to leak, admitting cold air and requiring an extra amount of heat from the burner to insure proper circulation. The better way would be to line the chimney with tile or heavy iron pipe, painted with some acid resisting paint. The flue would then be practically tight, and a large amount of heat required to produce circulation in a leaky flue would not be needed in a chimney so lined, consequently less gas would be required to produce the needed results, which in many cases would mean a large saving in gas bills.

Much of importance might be said on the subject of pressure—high, low and uneven, which I may be able to refer to at some future date.

FURS Do you trap or buy Furs? I am Canada's largest dealer, I pay highest prices. Your shipments solicited. I pay mail and express charges; remit promptly. Also largest dealer in Beefhides, Sheepskins, etc. Quotations and shipping tags sent free. 9

JOHN HALLAM, TORONTO

Dirge.

You that were
So free-hearted and fair,
Made for life and air,
Now to lie where no man's lore
Can restore
You that were, and are no more!

Ne'er again
Death may bring such burning pain
As devoured my brain
When they told me you had died,
Ere a bride,
You so young and morning-eyed.

—Walter Headlam.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Following Orders.

Charlie—What have you been doing to your face, dear boy?

Percy—I tried to shave myself this morning.

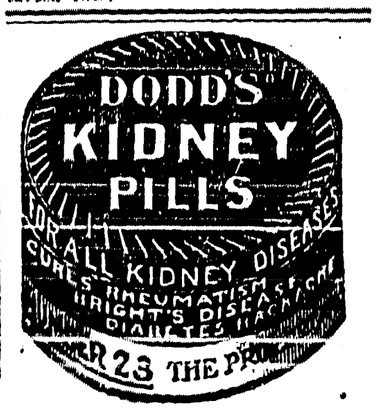
Charlie—What on earth for?

Percy—The doctor told me that I ought to take more exercise.—Illustrated Bits.

Serves Him Right.

Mrs. S.—What is the greatest punishment that a man can receive for bigamy?

Snarler—Two mothers-in-law. — Illustarted Bits.



Lame Back

Just the Sort of Case That Proves to the World That the Best Liniment Ever Made Is

NERVILINE

Whern it comes to determining the real merit of medicine, no weight of evidence is more convincing than the straightforward statement of some reliable and well known person that has been cured. For this reason we print the verbatim statement of Juan E. Powell, written from his home in Carleton. "I am a strong, powerful man, six feet tall, and weigh nearly two hundred. I have been accustomed all my life to lift great weight, but one day I overdid it, and wrenched my back badly. Every tendon and muscle was sore. To stoop or bend was agony. I had a whole bottle of Nerviline rubbed on in one day, and by night I was well again. I know of no liniment possessing one-half the penetration and pain-subduing properties of Nerviline. I urge its use strongly as an invaluable liniment and household cure for all minor ailments, such as strains, sprains, swellings, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism and muscular pain."

Letter No. 4769

No better medicine for curing pain was ever put in a bottle than Nerviline—over one million bottles used every year—better try it yourself. 25c or five for $1. At all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

The Pleasure of Bossing.

Mr. S—— offered a young colored man 15 cents to cut the grass about his home. Returning a few hours later Mr. S—— saw the darky whom he had hired lying in the shade of some trees watching another darky cut the grass.

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired Mr. S——.

"Nawthin'. sah," returned the negro, placidly. "Jim just happened along and done offered to take the job offen my hands, and I 'lowed he could do just as well as I could, sah."

"Oh, it's all right, Sam. I suppose you are making something off the deal, aren't you?" Mr. S—— queried, amused at the lordly air of Sam.

"No, sah," replied the negro. "I done tole that Jim I'd give him two bits (25 cents) to cut that thar grass."

"Two bits!" exclaimed Mr. S——. "Why, Sam, you are an awful fool. That is 10 cents more than I am going to pay you."

"Yes, sah," Sam rejoined. amiably. "I knows dat, sah; but I calc'late it's wurth 10 cents for me to be boss for a whole afternoon, sah."—Harper's Magazine.

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto house at a very low price, and have it labeled his own product.

This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce.

Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

Alliterative Aphorisms.

Marriage makes most men meek.

Happy hearts harbor highest hopes.

Weeping women are oft most winsome.

Man, maid and moonlight make matrimony.

Pessimists picture pleasures pernicious plagues.

Divers dark deeds drive directly to divorce decrees.

Love lights the lamps that illume the line of life.

Saints, unlike sinners, shun society to seek solitude.

Alimony alievates the ailments attendant upon altered attachments.—Life.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Hotel Labels on Trunks.

There is a secret code hidden in the hotel labels with which travellers' trunks on the Continent are so profusely decorated. Globe trotters are aware that in Switzerland and in other tourist countries porters or waiters stick bills or labels with the name of the hotel on the luggage when one leaves.

The trunks look very ugly at the end of a trip and require a sound washing. I have bden told that the place where these labels are stuck and the way of putting them—upright or upside down or crosswise—form an unwritten and suspected "character." Forewarned, forearmed, according to an English pro the next hotel if the traveller is generous or not, if good "tips" are to be expected—in short, what the prey is worth. —From Notes and Queries.

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

That's Different.

"May I offer you this little gift, Fraulein Kate?"

"Excuse me—I never take presents from men."

"But it is only a copy of my book of poems."

"In that case I will accept. I thought it was something valuable."—Fliegend Blaetter.

TROUBLES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Penelope was bewailing the protracted absence of Ulysses.

"I might as well be the wife of a commercial traveller," she said, "and be done with it!"

Scorning to avail herself of an easy divorce, she plunged deeper than ever into the pages of the Ladies' Home Journal for consolation.

Folly.

All men have follies. Those of the wise man are known only to himself; those of the fool to all men but himself. —Smart Set.

BRITISH FARMS.

Results of a Year's Operation of the Small Holdings Act.

It is officially declared that the small holdings act of 1908 has given a great stimulus to the provision of small holdings by private land owners direct. The result of the first year's work for the country at large since the act came into operation has been that 23,285 applications have been received by county councils for 373,601 acres; that 13,202 applications have been approved provisionally as suitable; that the estimated quantity of land required far the suitable applicants is 185,098 acres; that 21.417 acres have been purchased, and 10,071 acres leased; that the land acquired will provide for about 1,500 of the applications; and that of 504 of them were in actual possession of their holdings on December 31, 1908.

Out of the approved applicants about 34 per cent. were agricultural laborers. It is estimated that at the end of September of this year not less than 50,000 acres was obtained, but few of the applicants desire to purchase their holdings. Out of 23,295 applications received during the year only 629 or 2.7 per cent. expressed a desire to purchase. No doubt considerable land has been supplied by land owners direct, mainly through the intervention of county councils, stimulated by the provisions of the act.

During 1908 there were in Devon and Cornwall 722 applications for 12,271 acres. The councils purchased 440 acres and leased 120 acres. In the southwest of England there are large areas of crown lands once under cultivation but now neglected that will doubtless be brought back in the near future to suitable and profitable husbandry by the hands of the people.—From Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS A LITTLE LIFE SAVER

There is no other medicine for little ones as safe as Baby's Own Tablets, or so sure, in its beneficial effects. These Tablets speedily cure stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds, thus preventing deadly croup, allay simple fevers, and bring the little teeth through painlessly. Mrs. C. A. Weaver, Saskatchewan Landing, Sask., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little one in cases of colds, stomach and bowel troubles, and other minor ailments, and have never known them to fail in speedily restoring the child's health. I think there is no medicine for babies like the Tablets." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CARE OF RUBBER FOOTWEAR.

Oil, Sunlight and Heat All Harmful —Rubber Shoes Should Fit Well.

Some valuable suggestions are contained in a circular by a Western rubber footwear producing firm.

1. Importance of fitting rubbers properly. However good the quality or perfect the style rubber shoes will not give satisfactory service if they are not properly fitted to the leather shoes over which they are intended to be worn. Neither can rubber boots or lumbermen's shoes be expected to wear well if they are not properly fitted. Always fit boots as small as they can be worn with comfort. It is impossible to make a boot that will not break in the foot if it is worn too large. Fit them small and thus avoid wrinkles and insure good service.

2. Grease and oil are very injurious. Do not allow grease, oil or animal fat to come in contact with rubber goods, as it will speedily decompose the best rubber that can be produced. Even milk contains enough grease to injure rubber boots and shoes.

3. Strong sunlight is injurious. Rubber boot sand shoes when not being worn should always be kept away from the air as much as possible, and in a cool dark place, as strong sunlight and hot, dry air will soon cause even the best rubber to oxidize and crack, especially where it is wrinkled or the outside surface of the rubber is under a constant strain.

4. Heat is fatal. Remember that heat unbearable to the hand is more than enough to destroy the value and wearing qualities of good rubber boots and shoes. When you warm your feet before the fire or radiator with your rubbers on, by the time you feel the warmth the rubbers are usually cooked to death.

5. Rubbers tear easily. This is true of cloth, paper and various other things, but few goods besides rubber have such great tensile strength and yet will tear so easily after a rent is once made.

Jots of News.

London's underground tubes have a total length of 145 miles.

The life of an eight-inch gun is about 200 rounds.

Transatlantic communication will be greatly facilitated by a submarine line from Manhattan Beach to Newfoundland.

The method of raising sunken vessels by compressed air pumped into the hull has been found successful.

The electric railway up Mont Blanc is now open to the public as far ne the Col de Voza, 5,495 feet high.

The new municipal laboratory of St. Petersburg is to be named after the Russian biologist Metchnikoff.

The additional illumination provided by the city of New York for the Hudson-Fulton celebration amounts to 26,200,000 candle power.

English was spoken by 22,000,000 people at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Now more than 100,000,000 people speak it.

In Massachusetts tree planting is systematically conducted along the public highways. Fifteen thousand trees have been planted in a few years.

An eight-track swing bridge across the main channel of the Chicago drainage canal, near Thirty-first street, will be operated by electricity.

The Czar rules over 160,000,000 people.

The wings of a flying bee vibrate as high as 440 times a second.

Wages are higher in England than in Germany or France.

The British Patent Office business showed a decrease during the past year.

Conscience doth make cowards of us all for fear we'll get found out.—New York Press.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

HALF THE TOIL

of household work is taken away when Sunlight Soap is brought into the home. For thoroughly cleansing floors, metal-work, walls and woodwork, Sunlight is the most economical both in time and money.

Early Fuel Consumption.

When steamers first came into use very little attention was bestowed upon the consumption of fuel. It was not until the Cunard steamers were started crossing the Atlantic in 1840 that reliable records of fuel consumption began to be kept systematically. The Britannia, one of the early Cunarders, used to make the run from Liverpool to New York in about 14 days on a coal consumption of about 4.7 pounds per indicated horse-power an hour. The modern steamers do the work on about 1 1-2 pounds of coal a horse-power an hour.

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

Handling Chicago Rubbish.

A disposal service for the handling of material excavated at building foundations, building rubbish, ashes from power plants, etc., is being operated by the Chicago Subway Company, which owns a system of some 40 miles of small, deep level tunnels under the city of Chicago. Spurs are run to deep basements or to shafts where the materials are loaded into cars, which are hauled by electric locomotives to a disposal station on the west bank of the Chicago River near Madison street. Here there is a shaft, over which are the runways for two electric trolley hoists, each operated by a man riding on the machine. When a car is set at the bottom of the shaft, the body is hoisted up and run out over a hump scow moored alongside the station. The car body is lowered and the bottom released, discharging the contents into the scow. The empty body is then run back and lowered upon the car frame at the bottom of the shaft.

A Man to Their Taste.

"I can't quite grasp your idea that the alderman in our ward was elected by Italian votes; he's Irish, isn't he?"

"Yes, but his name is MacArony."—Boston Courier.

ISSUE NO. 51. 1909

REAL ESTATE.

HAMILTON ONTARIO IS GROWING FAST —buy suburban lots while they are low. Building lots 25 x 100 for $75 and upwards. Terms—$5 down and $1 per week. Write for booklet A—Burke & Co., 204 King street east.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SELLING AT 10 CENTS EACH, 12 packages containing 6 packages Needles, assorted sizes, will give FREE, A DOLLAR INK PENCIL. Send 50 cents with order and goods will be mailed at once. W. K. Mowat, 23 Scott St., Toronto.

SHEEP FOR SALE.

Dorset Horn Sheep AND **Polled Angus Cattle**

Breeding Ewes and Ewe Lambs for Sale
Also Two Young Bulls
Write for prices
Forster Farm, Oakville, Ont.

Highest Golf Course in Europe.

The highest golf course in Europe is that at Maloja, in the Upper Engadine. The course of nine holes, varying from 170 to 350 yards, is between Maloja and the pass which leads from the Engadine to the Lake of Como and cammands lovely views of the Silser Sea and the snowclad peaks; the hazards are chiefly depressions between the hills. The altitude of these links is about 6,200 feet above sea level.

The small course at St. Moritz is about the same altitude, while that at Samaden, one of the finest links on the continent, is about 5,500 feet, the next highest being that of Montana, above the Rhone valley, about 5,000 feet. Maloja is an ideal spot for those who wish to be quite off the tourist track, and in a country like Switzerland it is not easy nowadays to get away from the crowds of August. The nearest station is ten miles away, at St. Moritz. —The Queen.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL.

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 8, Windsor, Ont.

Bitter Cold.

A South Side man claims that the janitor of the flat building in which he lives is the meanest janitor on earth.

"He never gives us half enough steam during the day," said the complainant, "and at night the conditions are simply awful. Why, I frequently wake up and hear my wife's teeth chattering on the bureau."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FREE

TO BOYS

This FINE AIR RIFLE, nickeled steel barrel, peep sights, polished walnut stock, shooting BB shot or darts with sufficient force to kill birds, squirrels, etc. Boys, this is the best Air Rifle made, and we give it to you FREE for selling 8 boxes, only, of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills, at 25c. a box. These Pills are the best remedy known in all cases of weak and impure blood, indigestion, stomach troubles, constipation, nervous diseases, rheumatism, etc.

Just send your name and address plainly written, and we will send you 8 boxes of our Pills and 8 Fancy Pins to give away, as a premium, with each box sold. When you have sold the 8 boxes, send us the money $2.00 and we will, immediately, send you this handsome Air Rifle. We do not ask any money before the Pills are sold and we take back what you cannot sell.

Address—THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 57. Toronto, Ont.

Everybody Who Eats Bread

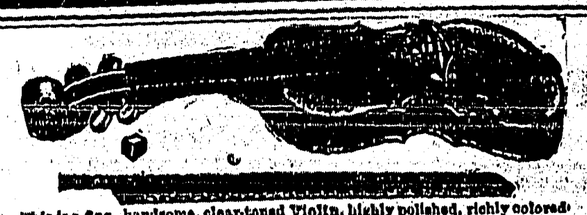
Should avoid danger of impurities in delivery from the oven to the home. Insist on your baker wrapping his bread in

EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS

We are the original manufacturers of bread wrappers now used by leading bakers of Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and other cities.

The E. B. EDDY COMPANY, Limited, Hull, Canada

FREE



Violin This is a fine, handsome, clear-toned Violin, highly polished, richly colored; complete with string bridge, three gut strings, ebony finishpegs, long bow of white horse hair, and box of resin. Everything complete sent securely packed in a box. Just send us your name and address, and agree to sell only 8 boxes of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills, at 25c. a box. A grand remedy and cure for weak and impure conditions of the blood, indigestion, stomach troubles, constipation, nervous disorders, diseases of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, and Female troubles. A mild laxative, Grand Tonic and Life Builder. They are easy to sell as each customer buying a box of pills, from you, receives, at the same time, a nice fancy Pin, which we send you with the Pills. Do not miss the chance of your life. Don't send any money—Only your name and address, at once, and we will promptly send you by mail, postpaid, the 8 boxes of Pills and the Pins. When sold, remit to us the $2.00 and we will send you this handsome Violin, etc., just as represented. Write to-day.

Address: THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 156. TORONTO, ONT.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE.

A Genuine Ladies Solid Gold Watch costs from $25 to $50. Do not throw your money away. If you desire to secure a Watch which to keep time and look well will be equal to any Solid Gold Watch, send us your name and address immediately and agree to sell 10 boxes only, of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills, at 25c. a box. They are the greatest remedy on earth for the cure of poor and impure blood, indigestion, headache, constipation, nervous troubles, liver, bladder and kidney diseases, and all female weaknesses; they are the Great Blood Purifier and Invigorator, a Grand Tonic and Life Builder. With the Pills we send 10 articles jewelry to give away with the pills—this makes them easy to sell. This is the chance of a lifetime. Do not miss it. Send us your order and we will send you the 10 boxes, post paid. When you have sold them, send us the money $2.50 and we will send you

A GENTS, or LADIES WATCH the same day the money is received. We are giving these beautiful Watches to advertise our Remedies. This is a grand opportunity to secure a valuable Watch without having to spend a cent. And our Watch is a stem wind and stem set and not the cheap kind wind article generally sold at this price. Send for our pills without delay. Address THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Watch Dept. 20 Toronto, Ont.

There are seasons when black and white are immensely fashionable, and, again, other seasons when the all black and the all white gowns are not nearly so smart as the colored ones. This season, while gowns of the pastel shades as well as the vivid colors are in style, there are many more white and black being made than has been the case for the last few winters. And the thin black gowns are especially smart, so varied in design and texture as to make it easily possible for the woman who prefers always to wear black to be able to have an endless variety.

Voile de soie is a most popular material in the order of chiffon and mousseline de soie, which it closely resembles in its light transparency, but, as its name indicates, it is silky and more lustrous. It is a most exquisite fabric, and whether plan or embroidered, works out well in any of the present models in afternoon or evening gowns, although it is a material that seems far better suited to summer than to winter wear. There are many new fashions in regard to the manner of trimming the voile de soie gowns. Velvet is a charming contrast, and a broad fold or band of velvet or black velvet ribbon is effective against the transparency of the voile de soie, or silk veiling, as it is sometimes termed. The tunic overskirt finished with a band of velvet is far more effective than when finished with merely a hem of band of satin or silk. Embroidery is also smart, while for the evening gown the embroidery on the material is worked out in a design that of itself forms the border, and not only for the afternoon gown but for the more elaborate model for the threatre the velvet finish for the moment is in the highest favor.

Theatre Gowns Essential.

Theatre gowns are now so essential in every fashionable outfit that they receive more attention than almost any other style of gown. The decollete, evidently made over ball gown, is not nearly so smart as the simpler model designed expressly for the occasion and which also does duty for a restaurant dinner gown. The perhaps too simple style of the plainer black voile de soie gown is quite changed by the lining and trimmings that are used. Made up over black or even white (although black with white lining is very fashionable), the same model does not appear half so elaborate as when over a color and with trimming that corresponds to the lining. A coral pink satin gown with double tunic of black voile de soie is charmingly dainty and smart because of the color of the lining and a wide jeweled belt thickly set with coral beads and rhinestones. The same model carried out with turquoise blue satin lining and a turquoise belt is no handsomer than when all black with jet and rhinestone girdle, but the other color makes it seem much more so. With the all black more trimming can be employed, and without considerable jet and embroidery the gown is all too simple.

Black satin gowns are smart this season, but they are veiled with tuics of embroidered net or chiffon covered with a jerseylike bodice of heavy embroidery—net and jet combined or silk with jet. There are straight garnitures of embroidered net that cover the front of the waist and then fall straight in panel or stole effect down the front of the gown. In description this does not sound very new, and is on the same lines as last season, but there is a very marked difference apparent to any one who examines it closely—difference enough to make a last year's gown look up to date if freshened by the new trimming. The new garnitures, as they are called, are bewilderingly beautiful, and both in tulle and net are embroidered in an endless variety of designs. Jet and steel, jet and silver, jet and gold, jet and diamante effects—one and all are fashionable; while in all jet numberless different and most effective designs are worked out by combining different kinds ow jet—the cut beads, the spangles, the nail heads and the paillettes. The finest are extremely costly, as well they may be, for both materials and workmanship are of the highest order, but for the benefit of womankind in the majority there are many, quite as many, different matterns in machine as in handwork, and at a tenth part at least of the cost. The woman who buys what she knows is the best without troubling as to price instinctively chooses the hand work and the cut beads, but, while the best is the best, never was there a season when a limited amount of money could be invested to better advantage than at the present moment.

Excessively—it might be said aggressively—plain and simple in effect are many of the most expensive gowns this season, their cost, so it is said, being due to the originality of design and the models designed by an artist. The whole is so harmonious that even an amateur in such affairs recoguizes instinctively the beauty of the gown. But it is not a fashion to be copied rashly. A machine worked garniture over a good fitting last year's gown will turn out far more satisfactorily than a copy of the severely plain and simple gown the cost of which counts easily three figures. To the lover of clothes, the woman whose taste has been educated, and, incidentally, satisfied by an unlimited allowance for gowns, the gowns this season are more attractive than she has ever known. She recognizes at a glance the fine quality of the material, the exquisite coloring and the wonderful beauty of line that exists under the apparently clumsy drapery, and she selects quickly what is becoming; for the woman who is not becomingly gowned this winter has either poor taste, no vanity, or no money; and, while these wonderful specimens of dress may be only for the wealthy, the woman of limited means can by sperding time and thought select becoming things for herself even in these extravagant days.

Gowns for Home Wear.

Gowns for wear at home in the afternoon or for informal luncheon and card parties are made of the black voile de soie in many instances. Open at the throat in a short V shape or with the V filled in with transparent yoke, the waist made in soft surplice folds of the material over softer folds of tulle and edged with velvet, the model is a most attractive one. But there is another model that is in great demand—the full blouse waist and the tunic skirt, slightly gathered with velvet belt, fastened with two fancy buckles. The sleeves are elbow length over longer sleeves of tulle or net and are also finished with a band of velvet ribbon. The description does not give the impression of how charming is this simple but extremely smart model, which has some of the lines of the long Russian blouse, so extremely becoming to a slight figure.

Embroidered tulle is one of the most fashionable of all materials for evening wear this winter. White of finest quality it has much more "body" to it than had the old fashioned tulle, and the finest silk nets are wonderfully strong. They have to be to bear the weight of the spangles and embroidery with which they are adorned, but neither do they look heavy and thick, no matter how elaborate the work, on account of the quality of the net. There are many fancy nets as well as the plain silk net, and the tulle, and some of the openwork nets are all embroidered with fine cut jet beads that make an even lighter effect, while the diamante effect, the rhinestones embroidered or set in the net, makes the whole gown look as if made entirely of jewels.

The introduction of color into the thin black gown is most cleverly worked out this season, not only in the linings and bodice, as previously described, but in the trimmings on the waist. An openwork embroidery of jet on an all black satin brocade gown will be laid over pink satin, of which just the edge of the satin will show. This can be intensified by the introduction of coral beads through the jet embroidery or in a large ornament on the front of the waist, but it is not necessary to even work in the color in such fashion, for the touch of pink satin under the jet will be quite sufficient to relieve the all black.

A. T. ASHMORE.

A young girl's theatre dress is little different from any party frock. Crepe de chine is the favorite material, and, indeed, there is no texture so serviceable. It can be cleaned times without number, and can frequently be dyed after a season of hard usage, and with the addition of a fresh yoke and perhaps a net or chiffon tunic will be disguised to look brand new.

In spite of the fact that so many styles of dress are worn at the moment there are some few rules that can be definitely laid down. For a young girl's evening dress short sleeves—that is elbow or three-quarter length—are smarter, but long, collarless yokes are worn unless unbecoming, when a boned collar of transparent lace or net is permissible. The waist line is once more in normal or nearly normal place, and fulness is noticeable in all skirts, long or short. Light shades are worn altogether, white being decidedly the favorite for a party frock, colored ribbon or ribbon work trimming being often introduced as relief.

While the nets and chiffons are most fashionable for evening wear, still soft silks are also widely popular, and where economy must be considered and only a small number of frocks can be had the more serviceable textures should be selected. In length the evening dress should be no longer than the day frock, save for the girl of seventeen or over, who may be permitted a short train—that is, provided her hair is now up and ribbons discarded. A low cut gown is frequently worn nowadays the winter before a girl makes her formal debut, but the more conservative mothers still insist that a Dutch neck is alone correct until the debutante year.

PSYCHE BOWS.

They're lovely.
They are dainty.
The bow is of tulle.
It is worn at the throat.
It is caught with a jeweled clasp.
This clasp usually is more or less in butterfly form.

Hence the name which indicates Psyche or the soul.

An exquisite little affair is but a string of tiny pearls bent into butterfly form. It costs $63.

Christmas is almost here again, and soon from all parts of the country the young people will be trooping home from school and college for their two weeks of holidays. The rest of the winter may be devoted to the amusements of the debutante and the young married set, but during holiday time the school girl reigns supreme. For her are given the informal cotillions, the theatre parties and the gay luncheons, so that during two weeks of unalloyed bliss she may forget all the homesickness of the first term and cease to worry about the hard work that is in store for her during the coming session.

There will not be much time for dressmaking appointments when the school girl finally arrives, but she will in all probability require a new evening gown for the coming gayety, so that it will be necessary for her seamstress to be interviewed, a model selected and a lining, at any rate, ready to be fitted the moment she arrives; and there should be a distinct understanding that this frock shall be finished within a few days' time.

The most attractive evening dresses for young girls this year are of soft, filmy textures made up with an effect of utmost simplicity, slightly open at the throat and with sleeves of elbow or three-quarter length. Nets of all kinds are much in favor, while a sheer all over lace of not too costly quality may be worn by a girl who is to make her debut in a few months' time.

Chiffon, silk mousseline and crystalline are also seen to a large extent. All light, soft colors are popular, and often pecially the different rose hues, are pecially the diffeernt rose hues, are worn by quite young girls. Yellow and apple green are both attractive for simple evening dresses, but mauve and all darker colors are not smart.

A TRIO OF TIPS FROM SHOPLAND

More and more wonderful do the skirts grow, and they are being caught up and draped around the figure in folds that would shame a Roman toga. At present there is nearly always a complete underskirt of the material, but there is little doubt that skirt linings will return to favor, as a foundation will soon be necessary for the arrangement of the voluminous folds. It is, indeed, refreshing to write this phrase after the rhetoric which was expended on the very unbecoming Directoire modes.

The vicissitudes of the tunic are remarkable. Any new mode of drapery arrangement is welcomed, and, as all are elegant, they are, therefore, to be praised. A frock of bronze green satin has a scarf tunic of bleu de nuit gauze, cut low at the back and high in front, suggestive of a scarf, and edged with green and blue beads. The mingling of the two colors is very happy, and is as nearly like that elusive shade called peacock as any dyes can be. Again, the rose corsage bouquet is indicated, this time made of bronze satin, an unnatural shade for the queen of flowers to assume, but of striking effect.

The new pendants have a distinct character of their own, and make the subject of jewelry most interesting, particularly as it is now modish to match the hat and the gew-gaws in color. The pendants are either completely round, heart-shaped, or of a long and narrow form, much like the fashionable earring in shape. The hearts are set pave or latticed with gems, and the round models are treated in a like manner; it is, therefore, the long-shaped, lightly-set pendants that lend themselves best to the jeweler's art when he is intrusted with old-fashioned-looking ornaments, set probably with numbers of differently-colored stones, that have to be modernized.

BLOUSES.

Note the change.
Where's the white blouse?
Where are the satins and laces?
Gone, to make room for blouses to match.

Ordinary blouses are of silk and moire.

Moire is one of the most favored of silks.

For dressy extra blouses metal nets now stand first.

Metal nets also trim and serve as foundations under transparencies.

Chiffons to match the suit are made over paler-toned or cream nets and laces.

Of these chiffon blouses may be over a colored lace in a gayly harmonious contrast.

HAT FOR SMALL GIRLS.

A very becoming as well as practical hat for little girls is the one shown in the sketch, and it is called "The Man-o'-War."

It is made of brown velvet and faced with softly shirred pink satin. The crown is banded with a roll of brown fur and a large gilt ornament is set at the right side.

Jets and Pearls.

Never were these two widely contrasting articles more in evidence. The girl who has a necklet of pearls is quite in fashion, while the woman who owns anything from a row to a rope is envied.

A late and exquisitely beautiful idea is to have bags and colliers made of platinum mesh work with tiny pearls almost solid through the design. These are more than beautiful. Network bands are very effective for the evening coiffure.

Paris novelties show much fine jet. Earrings and necklaces in the best jet are smart and dainty affairs. So are the various other accessories.

Petroleum as a Disinfectant.

Petroleum as a disinfectant, for checking the spread of plague, is advocated by some medical officers in India. It is pointed out that during the pestilence that swept Europe long ago the oil regions of Baku were untouched, although in the surrounding country 50 per cent. of the population perished. Loroche, who visited Baku in 1735, wrote: "It is quite likely that the fact that the Black Death did not touch Baku was due to petroleum."

NEW FASHIONS IN HATS.

Here are three of the most graceful models of the day. The first one is a plain turban of silk beaver trimmed at the left with two small ostrich feathers and tiny silk roses.

The large hat is of black velvet trimmed with colored plumes to match the gown, which is a late French innovation.

Medium sized feather trimmed hats with turned-up brims faced with shirred silk are very popular with young matrons.

NATTY COSTUME FOR YOUNG GIRL.

A charming fur-trimmed suit is pictured here. It is made of dull green cloth with edges trimed with bands of brown fur. The coat is a cutaway, which is the latest French style, and the skirt is a plain circular model.

The muff is made of fur to match, and the hat is a shaggy green beaver encircled with large velvet and silk roses.

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Best Stories of a Week.

"A reporter once asked William Dean Howells why it was that his novels did not sell nearly as well as those of ——, and here the reporter mentioned a half dozen well known names," said Samuel Neely, of St. Louis, at the National last night, in telling this story:

"Mr. Howells replied: 'A certain quack stod one afternoon before the door of his rich mansion, when a physician of great learning and talent passed. The two men fell into talk, and the physician, a plain spoken person, said, rather bitterly, to the quack: "How comes it that you, without education, skill or the least knowledge of medicine, are able to live in the style you do? You keep your town house, your carriage, your motor and your country house, while I, allowed to possess some knowledge, have none of these things, and, indeed, can little more than pick up a bare subsistence."

"The quack laughed good naturedly.

"'"Look here," said he, "how many people do you think have passed us since you asked me that question?"

"'"Well," said the other, "about 100."

"'"And out of that 100 how many do you think possess good, common sense?"

"'"Possibly one," was the reply.

"'"Well," said the quack, "that one comes to you, and I take care of the other ninety-nine."'"—Washington Herald.

Little Alice, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in a small town, was making her first visit away from home, and when Sunday came she set out for church with her hostess' family.

When they passed the corner where the Presbyterian Church stood she began to be alarmed.

"Where we goin' to?" she said.

The grandmother of the house, a severe and very pious old lady, answered her sternly:

"We are going to worship in the house of God, my child."

Presently they turned into a churchyard, and little Alice looked up at the cross on the steeple.

"This ain't a Presbyterian Church."

"No, it's an Episcopal Church."

"Oh!" the little girl returned solemnly, "but everybody knows that God's a Presbyterian!"

This story is told by Riccardo Martin, the great operatic singer.

It appears that his tailor was very anxious to hear him sing, so the other day Martin sent him a couple of tickets for "Carmen."

A few days later, when he saw the tailor he naturally asked him:

"How did you like it?" To which the tailor replied:

"It was simply awful! Your trousers didn't fit you at all!"—Musical America.

The young man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into a London restaurant, and, like some other young men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "I want you to bring me a grilled crocodile."

"Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it with butter."

"Yessir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

"Well," said the young man, "aren't you going to bring it?"

"Yessir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Orders is, sir, that we get pay in advance for crocodiles, sir. Crocodiles, with butter, sir, are fifteen hundred pounds and twopence. If you take it without butter, sir, it is only fifteen hundred pounds, sir."

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the young man climbed down.

In "Human Nature Under Fire" in Success Magazine. Will Irwin tells the following story:

The fire, not the earthquake, destroyed San Francisco. Few buildings really went down, and those were old, brick structures of flimsy workmanship, or wooden houses half rotted by age. In the second story of such a building slept a middle-aged couple. The house settled gently forward and out went the bed, all standing, onto the sidewalk. The wife sprang out of bed on one side and regarded her husband on the other.

"'Well,' she said, 'this will teach you to wear a nightshirt in the future!"

In the grey light of early morning the traveler in Scotland faced the night clerk resolutely. "You gave me the worst bed in the inn!" he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before to-night I shall look up other belongings."

"There is no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied, respectfully.

The traveler smiled ironically.

"If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine."

"It is occupied, sir."

"I know it is. By a man who snored all night, and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch."

"The beds are all alike, sir. That man has been here before and he always sleeps on the floor, sir."

An old colored man, who could neither read nor write, and who had been found by his master to be deficient in his market-book accounts, blamed the butcher for tampering with his book. The gentleman of the house remonstrated by saying:

"But, Tom, figures don't lie."

"No," answered the old man, "but liars do figger."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the talented head of New York's anti-noise movement, was describing the nuisance of the London cab whistle.

"Every householder, you know," she said, "has a shrill whistle wherewith he stands on his doorstep and toots and toots until a cab appears.

"This, during the season, is an intolerable nuisance. Butlers whistle for cabs till 4 or 5 in the morning. In the west end, with dinners and balls at every house, a continuous whistle makes sleep impossible till long after daylight.

"At a party in the west end a lady talked to me about city noises. She was inclined to praise the quietude of London nights.

"'Here,' she said, 'it's not half bad, is it?'

"'No,' I said, 'it's all bad.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A German baron—he said—blew into New York and got acquainted with some club men. He was put up at a club by one of them for the customary two weeks, and paid his bills promptly.

There was great surprise when the man who put him up refused to make an application for a renewal of the courtesies of the club for the baron. Club members were indignant about it and one of them had a new card issued.

The baron appreciated the compliment, and entertained lavishly. He left without paying his bills, and the member who volunteered the second time had to settle.

"Did you lose anything?" he asked the man who had stood sponsor first time.

"No," he said. "I didn't wine and dine him, like you. I took him out one day and wheatcaked him."—Saturday Evening Post.

A school inspector, noted for his idiosyncrasies, happened to notice that a terrestrial globe in one of the class rooms was very dusty. This annoyed him, and putting his finger on the globe he cried out: "There's dust here an inch thick!" "It's thicker than that, sir," calmly replied the new teacher. "What do you mean?" asked the inspector, sharply. "Why," came the answer, "you've got your finger on the desert of Sahara."—London Daily News.

In a home where the mother is somewhat aggressive and the father good-natured and peace-loving, a child's estimate of home conditions were tersely expressed the other day. While dressing, the mother paused in the act of putting on her shoes and said, "I certainly am easy on shoes. I have worn these for four months. I don't know what you would do, John, if I were not. I am easy on eveerything." The little girl looked up from her dolls and remarked, "Except father."—Success.

The dean of a western university was told by the students that the cook was turning out food not "fit to eat."

Thee dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him and his shortcomings and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the cook, "you oughtn't to place so much importance on what young men tell you about my meals! They come to me in just the same way about your lectures."—The Argonaut.

Small Charlotte, not yet four years old, was gifted with so vivid an imagination that her mother began to be troubled by her fairy tales and felt it time to talk seriously to her upon the beauty of truthfulness. Not sure of the impression she had made, she closed with the warning that God could not love a child who spoke untruthfully and would not want her in heaven.

Charlotte considered a moment and then said:

"Well, I've been to Chicago once, and to the theatre twice, and I don't s'pose I can expect to go everywhere."—Harper's Magazine.

SEGREGATING CRIME NEWS.

(The Saratogian.)

Among several other things recommended by the Federation of Women's Clubs at its recent meeting in Rochester was the segregation by newspapers of all their news of crimes, divorces and such happenings on one page of their issues. The purpose expressed by the good women was to have such matter so concentrated that it might be removed when the paper was placed before the young readers of the household and others on whom it might have a demoralizing effect.

It may be recalled here that the plan has been tried in the past by some of the newspapers of the country and discontinued because it proved objectionable to the general readers. The Buffalo Express acknowledges that it made the attempt and had to give it up because of such objection.

The remedy would seem to lie more in the method of handling and editing such news. The conservative and reputable newspapers of the country do not play up such stories. They are constantly editing them and removing such matter and references as may appear objectionable or demoralizing. But it must be remembered that the newspaper is a record of events—the happenings of the world—and the doings of that world will not be all good and elevating until humanity is made over. The judgment with which news is handled and the good taste used in its presentation to the readers mark the real difference between the reputable newspaper and the publication that comes under the demoralizing class.

NOTICED THIS?

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"Every cheap crook who gets arrested nowadays threatens to make disclosures that will shake civilization to its base.

"Well?"

"I've been listening patiently for some time now, but I haven't heard anything yet."

THE BATTERY.

(Puck.)

There had again been trouble in the O'Hagan household, and O'Hagan had the word of sympathy when he next met his neighbor.

"'Tis not much of a team ye make, ye and yer wolfe," said Murphy.

"An' that's where ye're wrong," said O'Hagan. "'Tis the finest team we make entirely. Me wolfe pitches an' Oi catches."

Blobbs—She's a widow, isn't she?

Slobbs—But, being young, rich and pretty, she'll soon get over that.

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With a Local Flavor

C. O. Rodgers went to Nelson on Tuesday last.

C. P. Riel made a flying trip to Proctor this week.

Geo. and Mrs. Munro went to Nelson on Wednesday.

Miss Grace Quaife, who has been visiting her home at Sirdar, returned to town on Monday.

E. Mallandaine and wife are expected back from the old country about the 20th instant.

Piper Heidsieck and Black Watch Chewing Tobacco.—Creston Wine and Spirit Co.

Section foreman Quaife, of Sirdar was in town on Wednesday and Thursday and Thursday.

E. Lamont, agent for the sale of J. D. Anderson's lands, has sold to W. W. Hall, an acre at the southeast corner of Block 24, Lot 312, at Erickson.

Messrs. Adlard and Wisler will embark in the painting business here and can now fill any order for sign or house painting.

A valuable communication from J. S. Smith, also a letter from Mrs. Darbyshire, are unavoidably held over until our next issue.

Andy Miller leaves for Kamloops tomorrow to attend an Orange Lodge Convention. He will be back in about a week's time.

Miss L. M. Scott, Trained Nurse, Rathwell Hospital, is open for engagements of any kind. Maternity a specialty.—Apply to her, care of A. E. Mutton, Creston, B.C.

Farmers wishing to get stumping powder or dynamite are requested to call on us as we are now giving special prices on these. Creston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

Mrs. Rosa Riel wishes to thank the public generally, on behalf of the ladies of the Catholic Church, for the liberal manner in which the recent whist tournament was patronized.

J. Cook returned on Monday from Victoria, where he went as a delegate to the Farmers' Institute convention, which was held in the Queen City on the 2nd inst.

Geo. Hendren has completed the work of moving Sam Hatfield's building to its new premises, opposite the Creston Hotel, and Sam is now doing business at his new location.

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WANTED—A live hustling agent to handle Incandescent Coal Oil Burner. We supply outfit. Goods sell at sight Agents coining money. Thomson and Gorle, Box 44, Fernie, B.C.

Rev. M. D. McKee, of Grand Forks, will preach in the Presbyterian Church next Sabbath, February 13th, at both morning and evening services.

Services Next Sunday.

Presbyterian Church

Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next. Morning service, 11 a.m.; Evening service, 7.30 p.m. Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.

T. G. McLEOD, Pastor.

Methodist Church

Services on Sunday next: Morning at 11 a.m.; Sunday School, at 2.30 p.m.; Evening Service, 7.30 p.m.
Adult Bible Class, 3.30 to 4.30 p.m.
J. J. RUTHERFORD, pastor

Church of England

Divine Service in the NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE:—Services Sunday, February 13 (First Sunday in Lent):
Matins and Sermon at 11 a.m. Alice Siding Schoolhouse, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7 p.m.; Sunday School at Vicar's house, 2 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar

J. Compton returned on Tuesday from Victoria, where he, as a delegate, was attending the fruit growers' convention. Mr. Compton says that much valuable business was done at this convention, and that there were twenty-five delegates present. The next meetings will be at Kamloops in April.

Five years ago Geo. Huscroft, of Creston, staked five timber limits on Sullivan Creek. These claims, which are owned by Mr. Huscroft, G. M. Benney and I. J. Schermerhorn have this week been sold to W. H. Crawford for a considerable cash sum. It is stated that these claims are exceedingly valuable, as practically all of the timber on them is marketable.

A deal of orchard land of some importance was closed here this week when Sub-lot 132, of 212 acres at Wynndel, was sold to J. Laurie at Cranbrook and others. The new owners will start clearing the land at once and plant it in fruit fruit trees. The land was formerly owned by Mr. Carsall.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS

I have propagated for sale, under favorable conditions, for the first time, R. M. Kellogg Co.'s 1909 strain of thoroughbred pedigree strawberry plants. Senator Dunlops, $10.00 per thousand, f.o.b., Wynndel, B.C.

Can also supply from 25 to 100 plants to each customer at 25c per plant, post or express prepaid, of the following varieties:

Clyde, Warefield, Pearson's Beauty, Beidler, Bederwood, Clark Seedling, Pride of Michigan, Thompson No. 2, Lady Thompson, Steven's Late Champion, Cardinal, Virginia, and Longfellow.

I advise experimenting with a few of these plants in your garden.

O. J. WIGEN, Creston, B.C.

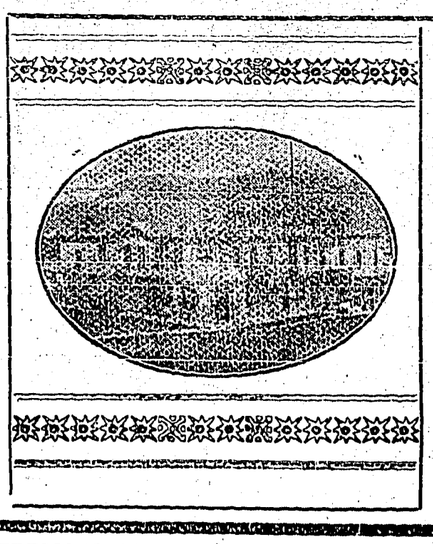
FOR SALE.—Thoroughbred Brown Leghorn Hens and Cockerels.—R. M. Reid.

FOR SALE—Block 8, 9.66 acres. Cost at auction sale $100 per acre. This land is 10 minutes walk south of depot, Creston. Block 75, 9.7 acres, cost at auction sale $91 per acre; 5 miles from Creston. Will take any reasonable offer. Terms: Carry on Government contract, which has 8 years to run at 6 per cent. Apply to Wm. A. Powne, Fruitvale, B.C.

FOR SALE—New Magoon and Given's Late Strawberry Plants. Apply to Boswell Ranch, Boswell B.C.

FOR SALE—Two developed fruit ranches at Creston, 10 acres and 13 acres respectively, with modern house and outhouses; also about 100 acres of bench land on Sub-Lot 4, Lot 8615, at Wynndel.—Apply to Moore and Darbyshire, Owners, Creston, B.C.

FOR SALE—A good bay horse, about 1700 lbs.—Apply by letter to W. H. Reed, Creston, B.C.



THE MUNRO HOTEL

CRESTON -:- B.C.

How Gold Dredges Get the Gold

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

While personally present on our property at Stewart River, Yukon Territory, Klondike, September 1st, I saw with my own eyes a clean-up from our first and smaller dredge, netting $517.50, and this was preceded only a few days by another clean-up from the same dredge amounting to $1283.86 in Gold. I saw this Gold, gathered from the gold-saving tables of our Dredge, moulded into bullion—a solid bar of Gold.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gold Dredges are making millions.

Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Co., Ltd.

G. W. Clawson, Treas.

649 Somerset Building

Winnipeg,

Canada

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

Name .....

Address .....

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