All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

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

...rry Growing in Creston

(By R. S. Bevan)

...ng strawberry growing, more ...women are engaged in straw...ving than are to be found in any ... line of horticulture, yet there has be... up to the present time no line of horticulture that pays more than strawberry growing, if looked after.

To solve the perplexing problems that face the strawberry culturist, being joy to the amateur and financial success to the commercial grower, to make light the burdens of all, increase their pleasures and profits and point the way to success. These are lines of work laid down, which, one's starting in as an amateur does, must be strictly adhered to.

Rule 1. Have your ground plowed deep in the fall, prior to spring planting, and in the spring get your ground worked up as fine and level as possible and see that you have an even, smooth surface. Mark your ground both ways the desired distance apart you want your plants.

Rule 2. Always prune your plants, both root and top, leaving only one good strong leaf on plant and cutting your roots about four inches long.

Rule 3. Cultivate every week and after every shower, to keep a dust mulch and to retain the moisture.

Rule 4. Keep all runners cut off but what you want to make plants for single or double hedge row.

Rule 5. Following the course of nature throughout the year with the seasons and marking time with the months, each issue will bring seasonable instructions and suggestions, making failure all but impossible and insuring one against costly mistakes. Now, after you have grown and have your field of berries, you must market them profitably; so you must take care to put your goods up as neat and as fancy as possible, as the present market demands fancy goods.

We have here in this district sold as much as $1200 off one acre, with profits of $800 net, so one can readily see it pays to be careful in one's work; and again, we grow them between our fruit trees and make money while our orchards grow.

Queen of the Popularity Contest

As will be seen by the official figures given below, Miss Vera Huscroft, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Huscroft, has won the young ladies' popularity contest and has been proclaimed the Queen of the contest. Her photo will likely appear in the Review in the near future.

Creston, B. C., Feb. 14, 1910

The Editor of the Review:

Sir,—This is to certify that we have counted the stubs of tickets purchased in the popularity contest and find the score at 6 o'clock on Monday at the close of the poll to stand as follows:

Miss V. Huscroft	243
Miss J. Smith	232
Miss C. Hood	25
Miss G. Quaife	23

Hugh McCreath
Fred. Malone

Creston, B.C., Feb. 15, 1910

Received from J. K. Johnson, manager of the Creston Review, the sum of $20 in gold, being the prize awarded me in the Creston Review young ladies' popularity contest. (Signed) Vera Huscroft.

SALE SALE SALE

The Creston Clothing Co.'s Stock of Men's Furnishings are offered to the public at : : Almost Cost Prices. Compare these prices with ANY in B.C.

Men's All Wool Sweaters,	Regular Price	$2.50	Sale Price		1.40
Men's All Wool Sweaters	"	3.00	"		1.50
Rubbers	"	1.25	"		1.10
Overalls	"	1.25	"		1.00
Working Shirts	"	1.50	"		.95
All Wool Sox	"	.50	"		.30
All Wool Sox	"	.35	"		.25
Braces	"	.60	"		.35
Towels	"	.35	"		.20
Excelda Handkerchiefs	"	.20	"	2 for	.25
Horsehide Gloves	"	1.75	"		1.00
Reindeer Gloves	"	1.50	"		1.00
Cashmere Sox	"	.50	"	3 pr.	.95
Wool Underwear	"	3.00	"	2.40	Suit
Any Tie in the Store					.30

These are only a few of the Bargains you can get at

The Creston Clothing Co.

Stores on VICTORIA AVENUE, Opposite Methodist Church

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

PERFORMANCE A GREAT SUCCESS—TO BE REPEATED NEXT TUESDAY

The "Private Secretary," as presented by the Creston Dramatic Club in the Opera House last Saturday evening, was simply a veritable scream from the time the curtain rose to the finish.

While it has been generally known that Creston possessed good dramatic talent, still the presentation of the "Private Secretary" on this occasion has shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that every one of the performers would rank very high among the amateur players of any country.

The following is the strong caste of the play:

Mr. Marsland, M.F.H. ..... A. S. FitzGerald
Harry Marsland (his nephew) .... Geo. Young
Mr. Cattermole ..... Jno. J. Atherton
Douglas Cattermole (his nephew) Jas. Clark Skinner
Rev. Robert Spalding ..... R. O'B. FitzGerald
Mr. Sydney Gibson (tailor of Bond Street) Jack Atherton
John (a servant) ..... Fred Watson
Knox (a writ server) ..... Nels. Brown
Edith Marsland (Mr. Marsland's daughter) Miss M. Moore
Eva Webster (her friend and companion) Miss Cartwright
Mrs. Stead (Douglas' Landlady) Mrs. J. Darbyshire
Miss Ashford ..... Mrs. FitzGerald

R. O'B. FitzGerald as the Rev. Robert Spalding, acted the part to life, and he had only to appear to secure a hearty laugh. The honors of the performance are certainly coming to him. Mr. FitzGerald is a born actor, and his conception of the difficult character, as intended by the author of "The Private Secretary," was well assimilated and cleverly represented. As the "milk and water" curate of the purely English style, it would be hard to find a substitute for him. Let us pray that "Bob" FitzGerald and his estimable wife may long remain with us to lead the amateur actors and actresses to the glorious successes that will inevitably follow with them at the lead. Mr. Cattermole, a podgy old crank, was performed by that versatile amateur, J. J. Atherton, and his was a splendid portrayal from start to finish. His make-up, considering his natural lean proportions, was excellent. G. A. M. Young, as Harry Marsland, and J. C. Skinner, as Douglas Cattermole, gave a realistic rendering of these lively young scamps. Their difficult parts were capitally sustained. Jack Atherton, as Sydney Gibson, the tailor of Bond Street, London, was a strong figure in the caste and well deserved the appreciation that the audience showed him. His representation of the "would-be" gentleman who had cultivated a "jag" at a critical moment, will long be remembered by Creston audiences. Mr. A. S. FitzGerald, as Mr. Marsland, senior, acted the part of the sporting squire with gentlemanly restraint. His get-up as the Master of the Featherstone Foxhounds was good, and he brought out his points with clearness. Fred. Watson, as John, the servant, and Nels. Brown, as Knox, the writ server, were equally satisfactory in their small parts; and as for the ladies, it was a complete revelation to the audience to find out how naturally they acted. Mrs. J. Darbyshire, as Mrs. Stead, the old landlady in the first act, gained great applause for her excellent work.

In the subsequent acts, Mrs. R. O'B. FitzGerald, as Miss Ashford, the spiritualistically crazed spinster, is deserving of particular mention. This lady played her part with spirit and delicacy, and the audience were not slow to discover the excellence of her histrionic abilities. She gained round upon round of applause. Miss Margaret Moore, who played the part of Edith Marsland, and Miss Cartwright, who played the part of Eva Webster, were distinctly clever in their respective roles. Indeed it would be hard to duplicate these artistes. Their costumes were charming and their acting splendid, and this, combined with the vivacity they displayed, made them warm favorites.

The play was well mounted; all the costumes were good, more especially those of the ladies, which were singularly handsome; and the delineation of the different characters gave ample evidence of many rehearsals and much study. The whole performance went with a swing and a dash. There were no hitches and no delays.

Mr. R. O'B. FitzGerald took nearly all the management on his own shoulders, and the greatest credit is due to him for the smoothness with which everything went, his tact and discretion proving admirable.

The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. J. Darbyshire, was composed of Mrs. Cobbe at the piano, Mr. J. Darbyshire and Mr. C. Moore first and second violin respectively, and Mr. J. Blinco, with clarionet, and their efforts were greatly appreciated and much applauded.

The performance attracted a record crowd, the attendance being the largest that has ever gathered together in Creston before.

We understand that it is the wish of the citizens generally that the performance be repeated at early date and it goes without saying that a large crowd will again turn out to witness the efforts of the talented ladies and gentlemen whom our little town of Creston are fortunate enough to call neighbours. There is also talk of the Dramatic Club taking "The Private Secretary" to Moyie and Cranbrook in the very near future, and in this regard we confidently anticipate a renewal of the unprecedented success of Saturday night last.

At a meeting of the Dramatic Club on Wednesday evening it was decided to present "The Private Secretary" in the Opera House again on Tuesday evening next, and to charge a flat rate of 50 cents for all seats. J. J. Atherton was appointed a delegate to visit Moyie and Cranbrook to arrange for the production of "The Private Secretary" in those towns.

K. of Ps. Entertain

The At Home given by the local order of Knights of Pythias on Tuesday evening in Speers' hall, was another social victory for Creston. There were about 60 guests present. The forepart of the evening was occupied in playing whist refreshments of a dainty nature were partaken of when dancing was indulged in. This entertainment reflects great credit on the committee having this very enjoyable affair in hand.

Another performance of "The Private Secretary" on Tuesday, February 22nd.

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

ART SATEENS English Goods in Greens, Browns, etc., for House Furnishings

GINGHAMS We have just received a nice line in Plain, Striped and Checked Scotch Ginghams

OXFORD SHIRTING In Dark and Light Grounds

Galateas and Nurses' Uniform Cloth

In narrow and medium, Navy and White Striped

The above are all priced at—

PER 15c. YARD

These were bought before the advance in Cotton and we are giving our customers the advantage

Creston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

This season's evening wraps are big, enveloping, capelike affairs that are truly regal in their magnificence. From sumptuous furs to unlined nets and chiffons the evening wrap runs the entire gamut of materials. Broadcloth, velvet, broche, silk, ottoman and moire, crepe, all are given some place in the showing of beautiful evening garments for holiday affairs.

Some of the evening wraps have sleeves, and these are generally cut in one with the garment, a seam extending across the shoulders and down the outside of the sleeve in the most barefaced manner. A number are shown in the low draped effects, seemingly tied in at the bottom in sash effect.

The more simple cuts are of the military order, circular and hanging straight with occasionally a slight drapery in the front and at the sides. The tendency is, however, to keep all wraps along the military lines, simple in style. The reversible idea holds strongly in favor—that is, the broadcloth cape with a complete reverse side of satin in contrasting color.

A clever wrap that I saw the other day was a long, loose, reversible coat. It was of a striking chrysoprase shade lined throughout with black, and had huge soft pointed revers weighted by big black tassels. Whe nthe color side is worn outside the big revers and front facings show the black, but when a darker coat is desired one simply turns this gay coat inside out and there is a black soft coat of smart cut, with facings, linings and collar of a becoming color.

Chiffon coat, in which lovely color ed over the softest of taupe crepe de veilings of chiffon in different colors, is not a new idea, but there are any number of fascinating models shown along this line. One good looking one was in brown taupe, the smoky gray brown which has been a favorite for some seasons, and which is taupe brown or taupe gray according as the gray or the brown predominates in the mixture.

This taupe chiffon is laid over a soft dull blue chiffon, which harmonizes exquisitely with it, and the whole is draped over the softest of taupe crepe de charmeuse. Embroideries of self tones and a little dull gold form the trimming. There is a neck finish and big embroidered buttons in taupe velvet.

A smart imported cape shown was in soft black satin, long and ample, and was lined throughout with the popular if hardly beautiful lime green. The cape fastened on the left shoulder with superb ornaments of cut jet, and when fastened showed only an inch band of green around the collarless neck and down the overlapping front, but when unbuttoned the fronts fell back, showing soft, pointed lapels faced with green and embroidered in green and gold.

Another attractive cape was in rose liberty embroiderd in jet, a fine design of the palm branch running over the upper part of the cape, back, shoulders and chest. From the waist line down the satin fell in plain, rippling folds. Big jet buttons fastened the fronts.

Just at the moment women seem to be accepting the various forms of rich brocade with enthusiasm. To be sure, they eye the rich evening gowns in these materials with a little hesitancy and are not quite sure that they like the models made up in brocades combined with plain materials, but when it comes to evening wraps, the approval is more sure and the brocade evening coats are meeting with unqualified approval.

These coats are the natural outcome of the new note in fashionable materials, a note of richness or subdued gorgeousness which does not yet detract from the cult of the soft and the supple. Both manufacturers and dressmakers are doing their best to push forward these rich brocaded cloths, and while all the gauzy, shimmery fabrics are retained, side by side with them one finds wonderful brocades in satin, crepe, velvet, rich moire, failles and gros grains.

All these are light and supple to a degree that would amaze the old time beauties who knew these fabrics in their earlier incarnation. There was a day when the fact that a brocade or a gros grain could stand alone was counted as a surpassing virtue. Now the brocade or gros grain or velvet that does not collapse into the limpest of heaps on the slightest provocation is quite outside ahe pale of fashion.

Among the extreme evening wraps which I saw recently was one of the Arabian burnous type. This was made of beautiful white silk warp henrietta, which fell in soft, full folds in the most admirable manner. It was a transformation garment, for one of the seemingly plain folds could be drawn over the head in the shape of a hood, and yet when it was not so worn there was no visible evidence of the hood.

Any amount of glittering jet coats are shown, too. They are usually a glittering mass of beads from the throat to the floor. Another clever model among these wraps was of tilleul green velvet trimmed with wide bands of embroidery and skunk. And so one might go on indefinitely with the lovely creations shown this season, for their variety is certainly infinite.

The scarfs shown for evening wear grow in number, richness and beauty as the season advances. A particularly beautiful scarf shown was of pale blue silk striped gauze. It was large and finished at the ends with huge pompoms of eiderdown. It was shown on a debutante's costume of white net and was worn loosely about the neck and shoulders.

NECK BOWS MATCH FELT HATS.

(By Mary Bowman).

Many of the new felt hats for every day use have drapings or folds of colored chiffon velvet or silk. The up-to-date girl is matching this color with tulle bows for her neck.

The tulle is cut in straight strips and folded lengthwise four times to give sufficient thickness to stand out in two square folded tabs. A half yard of tulle cut in two lengthwise will make two bows. Narrow, not too tight folds are brought over centre.

These are held in the centre by a large brooch, or better yet, by one of the pins with prongs to simulate a buckle. Old cameo gold that have for years been thought too large for the neck, can be turned to account to hold one of the new tulle bows.

While these bows are used with the stiff collar, they are particularly liked to pin to the front of a lingerie blouse that opens up the back.

Do not make the mistake of having the loops too long, as they get "slinky." Their smartness consists in being stiff and tailor made, combined with a pleasing softness given by the material. Five and one-half inches from end to end is a good length.

PHOTOGRAPHIC 'DON'TS' OF EXPERT.

Do you know any task much harder than to sit for a photograph? Here are some "don'ts" which were given by an expert artist in this line.

Don't wear bluish white cmf shrd shr and it was said it was said that the m shade except cream color.

Don't wear gray, yellow or tan; black, dark green, blue or red are decidedly the best.

Don't wear stripes, plaids, or checks.

Don't wear silk, satin, or any glossy material. Lace trimmings usually come out clearly.

Don't wear a hat, as they look strange when the style changes.

Don't arrange the hair elaborately; it will give a fixed look. Velvet, or soft woollen goods, take particularly well.

Don't have a profile picture unless you know you possess an extremely good one, and not many can boast of that.

Don't argue about the position. Go to a good photographer and allow him to do the posing, and if you wear glasses don't remove them for the sitting. If you do, the result will be strained and unnatural looking eyes.

After all, try to forget that the photograph is being taken. After all, it only takes a few seconds, and it is the "thought" that is so unpleasant, not the act. Just try to be and look natural as possible under such trying circumstances.

STRIKING SHIRRED HAT.

One of the decided features in the new hats is the large headpiece, which causes them to set down very low over the eyes. In a stiff hat this is most trying, but in the popular shirred hats it is quite becoming. The necessary height is obtained by means of high standing feather trimming.

RUSSIAN STYLES THE THING.

The madness for everything Russian is growing daily with the designers. It began with the advent of the Czar's dancers in Paris, and it is now accepted as the leading note in every part of fashion.

The fact that we shall see Anna Pawlowa, the ballet leader, over here this winter intensifies American interest in these marvellous Russian styles.

The military turban is the most heralded and the least important. It is swamped on a sea of other turbans, called by half a dozen different names, and leading themselves to a dozen separate shapes.

Of these the Uhlan and the Oriental are possibly the preferred ones.

The Cossack hat has its place among them, and it will be chosen by the woman who will have her new tailor suit made with a long Russian blouse instead of a coat.

This garment promises to be in the lead, and it looks especially well in the rough, shaggy fabrics that the shops offer to-day, instead of the once prevalent broadcloth. These have a zibeline finish that, in itself, is suggestive of the bitter Moscow winters.

This blouse panders to the demand for extra length in all top garments; it fastens at the left side from shoulder to hem with flat buttons, and is belted in with a broad band of soft patent leather. Sometimes velvet or ribbed silk is preferred.

The belt is loose and drops a line or tow below the usual waistline, back and front, showing that the Moyen Age styles remain with us. The collar is high, if one wishes, but the correct thing is to have a round, rolling one that fits the neckband and does not meet in front. Young girls have the band finished off a trifle low in the neck, and wear a wide Dutch collar of fur as an accessory.

The features that were borrowed directly from the Russian dancers, and that will rule the season, are furs and metal fabrics. The former will trim gowns in every way the designer can invent.

It will go on street suits, house gowns and ball gowns of the most gauze-like weaves. Whether it is precious or semi-precious, matters not. It must be there, that is all.

Just how women will walk or dance in the massive metal fabrics designed for house wear will be solved when the social season opens.

Last winter it was silver and gold; this season are added bronze, copper, steel, jet, crystal, and every hue of colored beads. Vestments, bodice shields, girdles, and sleeves are those ponderous and massive embroideries.

A LONDON WEDDING.

Miss Muriel Stewart's Bridal and Bridesmaids' Toilettes.

(St. James Gazette.)

"Gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls" provide very pleasant subjects for contemplation on these dark November days. The pretty light gowns of bride and bridesmaids help materially to brighten the gloom of London during the most depressing of months, when everything seems to be painted in greys and drabs, and the evening sets in almost before we have realized the daylight.

A very charming scheme of wedding attire is that chosen for the bride, Miss Muriel Stewart. The softest satin mousseline is the material selected, and this is supplemented with a panuier which falls away in front like curtains blown apart, and is fastened to the train on either side with two mammoth buttons composed of massed Roman and baroque pearls. The corsage is fashioned of soft folds of creamy blonde lace, which disappear under a deep corselet of massed Roman and seed pearls and crystals, with bretelles of the same passing over the shoulders, and two large buttons in front. A stretched guimpe of mousseline de soie is cut round the column of the throat, and edged with a row of pearls, while the sleeves consist of a melange of tucked blonde lace and tulle hooped with bands of pearls.

The long, sweeping train of pearl white satin meteore springs from the high waist line, and a filmy tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, worn low down over the brow, completes the scheme.

Behind the bride came a charming array of bridesmaids gowned in pink. Pink is, as a matter of fact, one of the most popular colors for bridesmaids this season, the shade chosen in this instance being a soft apple blossom tint. The gowns are of soft satin with deep hems, and covered with over-dresses of fine crepe, gathered closely round the hips, and brought in pannier form over the jupe, each side being caught ina handful of folds, held at the top with a plait of padded satin and fringed with a serried row of pink boules.

The waist is marked with an oblong buckle describing a lattice work of silver thread outlined with a spray of blossoms designed in pink topazes, the same being carried all round the waist to form the similitude of a ceinture.

The corsage is gathered on the shoulders and boasts a species of yoke composed of large lattice work silver motifs encrusted with pink topazes, while a medallion of the same hangs over the bust suspended by a silver cord. The sleeves of the gown give place to undersleeves of the blonde lace, while they carry sleaves of pink and white lilies tied with silver cord, and wear hats of black miroir melvet, trimmed with feathery white plumes and birds' heads.

A fascinating gown made for the bride's trousseau is of pale amethyst sofe satin, covered with an overdress of dewdrop tulle. This is folded over the bust and caught on the right with a huge sunflower motif, the petals of which are fashioned of satin and tulle, while the sleeves are of white tulle worked in crystal dewdrops and silver bugles, and hemmed with a fold of amethyst satin. The same lively mroderie composes the bib, while long tasselled ends of satin fall from the jupe at the side, and the tunics are slit up on one side and sewn with bands of silver and a fringe of sliver rain.

For her going away gown Miss Muriel Stewart has chosen a toilette of soft Capri blue cashmere de soie, the pannier of which is caught up with two cut jet buttons, while the corsage of dyed net over silk is worked in scrolls of soutache and scooped out at the neck to show a lace vest outlined with jet beads. The sleeves of net are worked in self-colored soutache, and edged with jet, while they are finished with cuffs of ivory lace, the whole being accompanied by a black velvet hat and a velvet coat lined with blue, and supplemented with soft chinchilla furs.

The dresses and coat described above have all been designed and made by Mme. Pavot, 15, Beauchamp place, S. W.

AN EVENING HEADDRESS.

Those who have attended the theatres in New York recently have been struck with the new headdresses worn by young girls. Some of them are freaks, and indicate originality in design.

This photograph shows an adaptation of the Salome headdress, which really seems to be a combination of the old Dutch headdress and that worn by the popular dancer.

CORRECT INCORRECT

MAKE YOUR HAIR AND YOUR HAT HARMONIZE.

The effect of a becoming hat is oftentimes spoiled by the arrangement of the hair. The hat and the hair seem estranged from each other and their failure to meet in a reasonable degree of intimacy produces a jarring result that destroys the entire appearance of the headgear. Neither the hat nor the hair seem in place, and the woman beneath them is weighed down by a glaring discord.

A woman, in selecting a hat, should assure herself in advance that her hair can be arranged in accordance with the hat. The hair should softly follow the outline of the hat where the hat comes in contact with the head, leaving no startling gaps with parts of the hat apparently suspended in midair.

This softening effect of the hair should also eliminate the sharp lines of the brim, giving the hat the effect of nestling in the hair, rather than resting on top of the head.

Careful attention should be given to the effect of the hat at the back and both sides. A hat quite becoming in front may be quite unbecoming from a different view. For the same reason care should be given to the arrangement of the hair on all sides.

The hair forms the connecting link between the hat and the face, and its misarrangement may spoil the appearance of both.

Therefore the taste that a woman displays in the selection of her hats will decide whether or not she will look well. See the attached diagram sketch. Here you see the effect of poor judgment in selection and also good judgment. Which will you have? Which will you be?

FURS! FURS! FURS!

As the season advances furs become even more popular—and this season is certainly one of furs of all kinds. Broadcloth, silk crepo and even chiffon, silk lined, are used for broad scarfs and muffs, which are trimmed with one or more bands of fur running lengthwise. Hats are often trimmed to match.

A FACTOR OF DECENCY.

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police Force of Canada.

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police force of Canada is a combination of all sorts and conditions of men blown together by the round-up of the winds of heaven. In the ranks we find western broncho-buster, eastern log-birler, lumberjacks, unaspired Cockneys, Cree-Scot half-breeds, time-expired men from every branch of the imperial service, side by side with the French-Canadian born "t'ree days below Kebec." Two years the roll-call of one troop included in its rank and file a son of a colonial governor, a grandson of a major-general, a medical student from Dublin, an Oxford M. A., two troopers of the imperial forces and half a dozen ubiquitous Scots. For many years a son of Charles Dickens did honorable service with this force, and there served beside him a runaway circus clown and the brother of a Yorkshire baronet. Several of the full privates have tucked away in the bottom of their mess-kits medals won in South Africa, Egypt and Afghanistan, but the lost legion of gentlemen-rankers predominates, and it is Rugby and Cambridge out here on the unbroken prairies that set the fashion in mufti and manners.

A compelling factor making for dignity and decency in a border country red-coated riders, scarcely a thousand as big as Europe is this little band of in number, spurring singly across the plains with sealed orders and turning up just when most wanted.

The beat of the mounted policeman is from Hudson Bay to the Pacific and from the forty-ninth parallel to the frozen Arctic, and he does not take tips or sleep on duty; you cannot bluff him, you cannot bulldoze him, and if is not exactly safe to try to "square" him. Of this man, as of Lord Bobs, we may say, "'E don't advertise"; it is the boast of the service in Canada that they seldom "get into print." Yet it is strikingly true that on the margin of every page of the unwritten history of this great, lone land, the figure of this solitary horseman is vignetted.—From Agnes Deans Cameron's "Sentinels of the Silence' in the Christmas Century.

SMARTEST HATS.

Bicornes Are the Latest Chic and Share Favor With the Tricornes.

At the smartest places one sees Napoleon bicornes and Louis Quinze tricornes, mostly in velvet—melusine (the soft, beaverlike felt), or short-haired plush (pane) that appears to be trying once again for Fashion's favor. Some of the bicornes, turned up smartly in front, are trimmed with a rosette, from which a couple of couteaux feathers rediate to right and left.

A novelty is a very brad-leaved Rembrandt hat of soft velvet plush. The shape reminds one of the headgear seen in pictures by Van Dyck, Franz Hals and other old Flemish and Dutch painters, but its blackness is relieved nowadays by a marvelous white aigrette, somewhat low-lying, stuck bodily through the raised brim just above the left eyebrow, or is affixed by a knot of velvet, a jet ornament or a twist of metallic net. Sometimes the brim is narrowly bordered all round, but more often the velvet felt is left just as the manufacturer fashioned it.

A great many hats built entirely of fur are seen about, and many others simply braceleted around the crown with a band or ermine, chinchilla, sable or skunk, the sole ornamentation consisting of a pair of large jeweled or artistice pins, with which the hat is fixed on.

Old-fashioned shield brooches, for instance, mounted as hatpins, made capital ornaments for these hats, while antique rhinestone or enamel and strass buttons may be similarly employed with excellent effect. Any old Russian or Hungarian jewelry may also be utilized at present with the now fashionable fur toques that suggest the handsome caps worn by the Hungarian potentates or Makyars.

The headgear of the East is largely called upon by leading milliners to inspire toque models nowadays, and Rajah turbans of silver or gold material, with a dashing fusee aigrette on the side or in front affixed by a quaintly cobochoned or jeweled ornament, are amongst the latest coiffures for the theatre, for boxholders of couso, because, from the orchestra and balcony seats, hats of all and every kind are completely banished.

A Railway in Southern Arabia.

The British political resident at Aden has finally completed arrangements for the building of a twelve mile steam railroad from Tawahi, off Steamer Point, Aden, through the old town or camp and thence to Shaikh Othoman, the outpost of British territory in Arabia. The surveys and plans of construction have all been worked out, and the concessionaries are now only waiting the approval of Earl Morley before beginning to lay the track. The concession for building the road has been divided between a wealthy native firm and an English company. The entire cost of construction will be about $400,000.

The proposed railroad will be the only one in southern Arabia, and will naturally be of the greatest service to Aden, whose only present means of communication with the interior is by donkey and camel service. It is expected, however, that the road to Shaikh Othoman may be extended within on great time through the neighboring tribe of the Abdalli to and beyond Lahej, their capital.—Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

Showing Mercy.

"Young gentlemen," announced the professor in English literature, "to-morrow I wish you to come prepared to discuss this sentence from the works of Henry James."

"The entire sentence, professor?" groaned the class.

"Well, take it as far as the first semicolon."—Pittsburg Post.

New York city's great army of commuters that marches from the suburbs each morning and makes an orderly retreat each night is estimated by the railroad statisticians to number 87,000.

Ireland's Oldest Inhabited Stronghold.

Malahide Castle, on the sea coast, about ten miles north of Dublin, it is claimed, is the oldest inhabited stronghold in Ireland. A most picturesque old place, it has extensive encircling woods, which makes it an ideal residence in either winter or summer, while the little town of Malahide is similar to an English village adjoining a nobleman's well cared for estate. Malahide furnishes the unusually rare instance of a baronial estate having continues for nearly seven centuries and a half in the heirs male of the ancestor on whom it had been originally conferred. Henry II. gave the manor to Richard de Talbott in 1174, and his male descendants have resided at Malahide ever since, except for a brief period during Cromwell's time, when they were driven out for seven years.

In the great hall at Malahide is a suit of armor with a gash in the side about which a romantic story is told. The wearer of this armor had just been married in Malahide Church when there came a sudden call to arms, and though the birdegroom's side was successful he himself fell in the fray. His bride—"maid, wife and widow" in one day—soon, however, consoled herself, for she was married twice after that tragic day, the first time six months after that tragic day, the first time six months afterward. By her second husband she had a son, Thomas Talbot, whom Edward IV. appointed Lord Admiral of Malahide and the seas adjoining, an hereditary honor borne by successive heads of the family down to the present Lord Talbot de Malahide. This lady's third husband was John Cornwalshe, chief baron to Henry VI., and, dying when over eighty, she was buried at Malahide, where her tomb may yet be seen.—Court Journal.

Siberian Notes.

Consul Lester Maynard, of Vladivostok, has gathered from published sources the following items of interest relating to Siberia:

The oil fields which were recently discovered near Lake Baikal, are to be sold to French capitalists.

Exceptionally rich coal deposits have been discovered near Kemerovo, Verhotonish district, Tomsk. The vein is in places five miles wide and many feet thick.

According to information received from Nicolaevsk, the catch of fish in the Amur estuary has been most satisfactory as far as keta (salmon) is concerned. The catch of fish in Eastern Kamchatka and in the Anadir River is reported to be good, and there are at present two refrigerating steamers freezing fish for the European market.

The Russian Department of Domains has decided to appoint an agent in the United States for the purpose of studying American methods of agriculture, in order to introduce them when practical into Russia. The agent is to make a particular study of field work and machinery. Mr. Kristifovich, who has been working along these lines in California for the past twelve years, is spoken of as the possible agent.

Curious Infection.

A curious instance of infection is described in the Journal de Medjcine et de Chirurgie pratiques. The regiment of Eleventh Dragoons was stationed near the Savoureuse, a river fitly named, which waters a typhoid-infected valley. The river was so unsavory that the men never bathed in it; but the horses were daily watered on its banks. The horses after being walked in the pools of the river, which was nearly dry at that time of year, were groomed and taken back to camp. The implements of their toilet were usually kept in the nosebags, and a good many of the troopers who took a piece of bread with them to eat on the way back were in the habit of putting this also with the brushes. An epidemic of typhoid in the regiment was most clearly traced to this cause, and the epidemic ceased when the use of the river was stopped.

Light Airs.

The Mayor—Just think, Admiral, I've married twenty people in two hours.

Admiral—Well, that's only ten knots an hour.—Polo Mole.

Sweet Norine

"Yes," assented Norine, never dreaming what her unfortunate answer would lead to.

Her companion had learned all he cared to know. He had intended lingering by Norine's side until he was obliged by the lateness of the hour to tear himself away from her delightful presence; suddenly he changed his mind.

"It is too cold to permit you to remain longer with me, great as the joy of being near you is to me, little girl," he murmured. "Say that you will meet me here to-morrow at the same hour, Norine."

"I am very much afraid I shall not be able to come to-morrow," she answered, "for to-morrow is grandma's birthday, and all the neighbors will be coming to the cottage all day long to see her. For that reason it would be difficult to get away."

"Even for a few moments?" he asked, holding the little hands closer and drawing the slender, girlish form nearer to him.

Norine shook her golden curls.

"It is best not to make a promise, and then be obliged to break it," she said, thinking to herself he little knew what a hardship it would be to her to let a whole day pass without seeing him.

"Then I shall surely see you the day after, Norine?" he questioned.

"Yes," she replied, "I will be here."

Clifford Carlisle suddenly bent down and touched the lips that had never known a lover's kiss before; and that kiss burned Norine's lips long after she had left him.

"Cold," she murmured. "How could any one think it cold? Why, my heart and every nerve in my body are on fire, throbbing as though the blood in my veins were suddenly turned to hot, strong wine."

Meanwhile Clifford Carlisle had walked rapidly in the direction of the Barrison home.

"Thirty thousand in cash!" he muttered. "Now who will not say that the devil does not help his own?"

Miss Austin was passing through the corridor as he entered.

"Mrs. Barrison was just asking for you," she remarked. "I was about to send up to your room for you, thinking you were there.

He did not look any too pleased at the intelligence.

Clifford Carlisle had not been under that roof a week as yet, still he had told himself long since that the hardest work he had ever done was to dance attendance on this querulous old woman. He could not endure it much longer, even with the Barrison millions in sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Have you any what, Mrs. Barrison wants of me?" asked Carlisle, throwing off his sealskin coat, impatiently. "That is what I hear every hour in the day, it seems to me."

Miss Austin laughted a sweet little musical laugh.

"I should not wonder if it was to show you her new backgammon set that arrived an hour since. I—I may as well tell you a little tiny secret—the dear old lady is intensely fond of the game. In playing backgammon she never realizes the flight of time. She would play from now until midnight, ceaselessly, even forgetting that there is such a thing as meal time for herself or any one else."

Carlisle groaned.

"I see my finish if she were ever to find out that I understood the game, which, by the way, I have a great horror of," he declared, adding, eagerly: "Will you not come to my rescue in this affair, my dear Miss Austin? Say that I have gone to my room with a raging headache. Indeed, that would not be an untruth, you know, for the very thought of spending half an hour over that most stupid of games renders me in that condition. Induce her to look for a martyr elsewhere."

"If I play on the guitar for her that will cause her to drop to sleep at once, and that would deprive you of her society the entire evening," she murmured, artfully.

"Never mind me; do not consider me in the matter, I beg of you," he answered quickly. "To my mind, sleep is better than medicine for the indisposed. Play your guiter by all means, for this one evening, at least, and I shall appreciate it, I assure you."

Miss Austin blushed deeply.

He had not said it in so many words, but she understood from his remarks that he hoped old Mrs. Barrison would fall asleep that they might have a quiet evening to themselves in the parlor.

It is strange on what a light remark, falling from a man's lips, a woman who is desperately in love with him will build her hopes.

"I will try to have it as you desire," murmured Florice, and her heart beat with feverish triumph.

She told herself that the hour was not far distant when he would declare himself.

Already she could see herself in fancy the wife of this handsome, debonair young man, the heir of the vast Barrison wealth.

In Clifford Carlisle she had met her match—the one man on earth whom she could have loved madly, passionately, for himself, if he had not had a dollar on earth—and while he seemed to admire her as all other men whom she had met did, he seemed in no great hurry to make love to her; and this annoyed her visibly.

They dined together, alone in the big, bleak dining-room, as they had been accustomed to do.

But instead of Clifford Carlisle sauntering to Mrs. Barrison's boudoir, immolating himself upon the altar of duty by passing the evening there, he went instead quickly to his own apartment. Miss Austin lost no time in gathering her music together; not bright, tuneful, inspiriting music, but instead drowsy, dragging melodies, that would have the soporific effect of putting a person to sleep if anything could.

But for the first time since the young girl had been beneath that roof the old lady proved perverse.

"Put down your guitar and talk to me, Florice," she exclaimed, petulantly. "I am not in the mood for music tinight."

Miss Austin bit her lip, and a strange, angry gleam came into her sharp, green-blue eyes that the long yellow lashes had shaded so well.

"Shall I read the latest magazine to you, or—or would you prefer that I should ring for Mr. Carlisle?"

"Don't trouble yourself to do so just yet; he will come to me directly. You may read until he comes."

Miss Austin read until her throat ached. Mrs. Barrison was slightly deaf, and she had to pitch her voice in a very high key. "Read more distinctly, so that I can understand you. You mumble your words all together. I want particularly to hear that review on Dewey's work at Manila. Commence that page over again, and read slowly and very distinctly, please."

Another page with quite the same result. How could she read the tiresome old reviews calmly, with her thoughts elsewhere?

"You may as well stop right where you are," exclaimed Mrs. Barrisan angrily. "You murder the king's English in a most shocking manner to-night. Are you tired?"

"No, Mrs. Barrison," she murmured, "but to tell the truth, I have a very annoying headache I had hoped it would pass away, but I find I am doomed to disappointment."

"You had better lay down your book and rest a while," said Mrs. Barrison. "If Clifford does not come to me soon, you may ring for Esther to summon him here."

Again Miss Austin's heart beat with silent rage. That meant that the quiet evening she had promised herself with Clifford Carlisle would begin and end in her devastated hopes.

A sudden thought came to her. She would force this tantalizing old woman to go to sleep, whether she would or not.

She wondered that this way out of her difficulty had not occurred to her an hour before.

Of course Clifford Carlisle was waiting for her down in the parlor, wondering with all a man's impatience why she did not put in an appearance.

With the noiseless, gliding motion peculiar to her, Miss Austin crossed over to the cabinet at the other end of the room where the medicines and liquors were kept.

"Let me pour you out a glass of wine, my dear Mrs. Barrison," she murmured. "The night is so cold, it is even perceptible in this warm room; I think it will do you good."

"As you will, my dear Florice," replied the old lady; "I think myself something stimulating would not come amiss.

"Perhaps I had better give you a little brandy," suggested Miss Austin.

"No, the wine will do. The brandy might make me drowsy, and I do not wish to sleep; I have so much to talk with Clifford about."

"You shall sleep, and that speedily, too, if I can have my way about it," muttered Miss Austin, between her tightly shut teeth.

She poured out the wine and the woman at the other end of the room did not see her add a few drops of dark, greenish liquid to it; but she did notice as she raised it to her lips that it had a very bitter, brackish taste to it.

"That is only your fancy, my dear Mrs. Barrison," murmured Florice. "The taste is in your mouth after the bit of bird you have just eaten."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, sharply. "I say it is the wine. Please do not suggest that I could make a mistake about liquors."

"Certainly not. I hope you will pardon me for intimating such a possibility," she remarked, with apparent innocence; but old Esther, who happened to enter at that moment, detected underneath her words a covert sneer.

"I think I will take advantage of Esther's presence to retire to my room to rest a little while, as you advised a few moments ago, dear Mrs. Barrison," she said, gliding toward the door.

Esther did not tell her mistress that instead of going to her room, she had distinctly heard Miss Austin going down the stairs, for they creaked audibly even under her cat-like tread.

A moment later she heard her turn the knob of the parlor door.

"A liar is the last person on earth to be trusted," thought old Esther, who by this time had a most cordial dislike for the strange young woman, who seemed to do pretty much as she liked with her mistress.

"What brings you here at this hour, Esther,' asked Mrs. Barrion, wonderingly, for the methodical old servant's habits were like clockwork. She had never been known to finish her supper dishes thus early and repair to her room.

"I thought perhaps you saw the fire, and would like to know about it," she replied.

"There has been many a fire in Hadley during the last twenty years, and have I ever had enough interest in them to inquire about them?" she asked, curtly.

"No, ma'am—no," responded Esther, "but I happened to see this one as I was returning from the post-office with the mail."

Old Mrs. Barrison saw at once that Esther wished to talk with her of the conflagration. Perhaps it was the wine she had just drunk which prompted her to humor the old servant.

"Was it much of a fire?" she asked, "and what was it, a house, or a shop."

"It was the pretty little cottage that you always admire so much from your window. The house where the young mother lived who was teaching her little baby to walk."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Barrison, her curiosity getting the better of her deep resolve not to allow any of the village happenings to interest her, "the mother and infant escaped of course."

"Their lives were saved by almost a miracle, ma'am," said Esther, solemnly.

"It appears that the young mother was subject to fainting spells. One of these spell same on suddenly as she was putting logs on the kitchen fire and she fell unconscious, with the dear little baby in her arms. Her clothing caught fire and—and the place would have been burned to the ground, and she in it with the baby, if the dense smoke had not been noticed by a gi—person who chanced to be passing; and at the risk of this person's life, an entrance was made through the blinding smoke, and the poor young mother and little infant dragged out in the nick of time.

"I happened along just then and stood guard over the two while this person went into the burning building and extinguished the flames by numerous pails of water, though I called loudly upon the person to come out."

"That was indeed heroism!" exclaimed Mrs. Barrison, greatly excited over old Esther's graphic account of the occurrence. "You must find out who the man was. I have a notion to reward such bravery. If I was burning in this room, Esther, who on earth would risk his life to save me?"

"This same person would, if—if the person knew who you were."

"Who is this, of whom you speak so mysteriously as that person?"

"May I dare to tell you, ma'am?" cried the old servant, trembling with excitement.

"Certainly, Esther, speak right out; I am anxious to hear."

"This person was your discarded granddaughter, Norine, ma'am," whispered Esther.

CHAPTER IX.

For a moment Mrs. Barrison stood fairly petrified.

"Have I done wrong in telling you ma'am, when you expressly forbade me long years ago to never mention the girl's name in your presence?" asked Esther.

"I had forgotten her very existence until a few days ago, when her name was spoken in my presence. Since that hour, do what I would, I have not been able to banish her from my thoughts. The girl's face—as I imagine it must look—haunts me, Esther."

"God knows it should," thought Esther, but she dared not give vent to this though in words, but said instead:

"I know it is an impossibility, but oh! how I wish you could see the young girl, ma'am; it would do your heart good. The lass is so blithe and bonny; she looks the picture of you when you were a lass. I remember you well; your hair was as bright as gold then, and your cheeks red as my rose——"

"Hush!" cut in her mistress, sharply. "I cannot, I will not, listen to another word on this forbidden subject. How dare you make so bold as to pursue it."

"I had hoped time might have softened your heart, ma'am," replied old Esther, sadly, "when you come to remember in your lonely moments that the girl, Norine, is the only human tie you have on earth—I must have my say out, even though you turn me from your door this day for uttering it. You harbor strangers around you, who do not care a snap of their fingers for you, and are but too anxious for you to die to see what you have left them; and this young girl, your own flesh and blood, who should love you if anybody on earth would, has never been allowed to darken your door. I say it is a burning shame, ma'am, and you ought to realize it."

"Now I have said all that has been on my mind to say this many a year, and you can do with me as you like. A woman who would turn her own child and her helpless little baby out into the hardships of a bitter cold night to live or die as God saw fit, could have little compassion for an old servant like me."

"Stop, Esther—stop. I cannot hear it; not another word. Leave me. I would be alone. I—I am not angry with you for uttering the convictions of an honest heart. I will ring for you if I want you. But stay, pour me out another glass of wine ere you leave me; my head throbs strangely, as—as does my heart."

Esther did as she was bidden; poured out the wine, but the moment her mistress put it to her lips she set it down quickly again, muttering: "This does not taste bitter like the last. I knew there was something the matter with that last glass of wine, and I told Florice so, Esther," she added sharply, "I have taken something that does not agree with me. Give me an antidote, quickly."

Old Esther hastened to obey.

Her prompt action saved her mistress. She called no one to her aid, though Mrs. Barrison grew strangely ill during the next few minutes, but in half an hour's time she was so relieved that she was her old self again.

"Leave me now, Esther," she commanded again. "I—I want to think. As you pass Miss Austin's door, and that of my nephew, tell them that I have retired for the night and do not wish to be disturbed."

Esther never knew what prompted her to pause on the threshold and look back at her mistress; and as she saw her then, she remembered her all the after years of her life.

Mrs. Barrison had seated herself in an armchair by the fire, and was leaning her head dejectedly on her hands, gazing abstractedly into the glowing sea coal fire.

"Good-night, and may God bless you, ma'am," murmured Esther below her breath. "You have your faults, but beneath it all you have a tender heart, I am sure."

Long after the door had closed upon old Esther's bent, retreating form, Mrs. Barrison sat in the same position, gazing into the fire—gazing fixedly, without seeing.

"It is eighteen years ago to-night," she muttered. "I—I would give every drop of my heart's blood to turn time back to that never-to-be-forgotten night and live that one hour (which darkened all my after life) over again. I was mad. Yes mad!

"I have ever since hated even the memory of the man who took my treasure from me. It did not occur to me until old Esther spoke so plainly to-night that I should not have let my hatred descend to the child, who was not responsible for what occurred.

"I was the last, but for my child, of a proud old race, who valued blue blood above gold; and when she, my idol, forgot the pride of her forefathers so entirely as to wed the village blacksmith, no wonder I almost lost my reason.

"But years mellow all griefs, level all pride. What good are the ancestry to me now, of whom I was so proud. None whatever. If I sent for the girl whom I have neglected so long, they would not let her come to me. Indeed, she would not wish to come. What interest can she have in an aged grandmother who held herself aloof from her all these years, though in the same village?

"No, they would not let Norine cross my threshold. It is too late to make overtures of friendship now. But there is one way that I could retrieve the error of the past, and that is by changing my will—leaving half my fortune to Clifford, and the other half to the neglected Norine."

Rising suddenly to her feet, Mrs. Barrison crossed quickly to her writing desk, and, drawing a long, thin key from her bosom, fitted it to the compartment that was scarcely discernible to even a scrutinizing, searching gaze, this time revealing, as it opened to her touch a small secret drawer, in which lay a folded paper, upon which was pripted, "The last will and testament of Frances Barrison."

"Here it has lain for nearly eighteen years," she muttered, "all duly signed and witnessed—made out to my child or her heir; that would mean this Norine. How strange it is that all these long years I have never had the courage to destroy this document, strong as my inclination was to do so?"

Taking it over by the fire, she sat down in her rocker and read it over slowly, carefully, twice—ay, and a third time—to fully refresh her memory as to its contents.

"The will I made yesterday, leaving everything to dear Clifford, would make this one null and void," she ruminated. "All that it needs is the signature of the lawyer and witnesses. It is not too late to give half of my fortune in the last one to the child my daughter left. Ah! if I could but see this brave little Norine. My heart cries out so yearningly to look upon her face that I cannot still its pleadings. I must, I will, gratify it. Ay, and this very night.

(To be continued.)

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

WORK IN NATIONAL FORESTS.

Roads, Trails and Telephones Opening Up These Wildernesses.

During the present fiscal year $600,000 will be spent for the construction of roads, trails, telephone lines and other permanent improvements on the national forests. Congress has appropriated the same amount for this purpose for the fiscal year of 1909-10.

Trails are being constructed along routes which give the best control of the areas to be patrolled by the forest rangers. In many districts telephone lines have been built between the supervisor's office and ranger headquarters and to prominent peaks which are used for lookout stations to observe fire. These telephone lines and trail systems are of vital importance, resulting in the remarkably small area burned over since forests have been under Government supervision.

Other necessary improvements provided for and taken up by the forest service, says the Square Deal, are the construction of drift fences for stock protection, the improving of springs and watering places, the fencing of bog or mire holes and the fencing of poisonous plant areas.

The forest service also co-operates with the States, counties and communities in the construction of wagon roads, trails and bridges, making accessible bodies of mature timber. The new Boise-Atlanta ninety-six mile wagon road is an example of this useful co-operation.

The former road follows over high mountains and is snowed in during six or seven months of the year. Atlanta, Idaho, is ninety miles from a railroad. The new road will be snowed in for only two or three months of the year. The scenery along this road rivals that of many of the scenic highways. It opens up a large area of national forest heretofore inaccessible.—New York Sun.

ADAM'S EXCUSE.

His Wife—This paper says that a man's hair turns gray five years earlier than a woman's does.

Her husband—If it does I'll bet a woman is the cause of it.

Hoe your own row, but don't forget your boundary lines.—Florida Times-Union.

It is better to talk in your sleep, no doubt than to talk to some one else till they go to sleep.

Influence of Thought Emotions

Important as Cause of Nervous Diseases.

The rush and bustle of life—its telephones, automobiles, social obligations, constant nerve strain—all imposes a tremendous drain upon the resources of the human body.

Compare to-day with thirty years ago. Life is a whole lot different.

The thoughts and emotions that crowd through your brain so fast are bound to exert an enormous influence on sleep—nerves—nutrition—stomach and brain.

The mad rush of our time makes such an influence upon the vital functions of the body as to wreck the health of thousands before they attain the age of thirty.

An important electric engineer of Buffalo, Mr. Karl Steiner, gives a clear view of the influence that shattered his once strong nerves. "It is one of the remarkable features of electrical construction, the frightful haste that is demanded. It involves mental reflection of great concentration, and the speed at which we work, wears the mind and body almost like fire. When I was only thirty I was useless—brain weary—anaemic—nervous and sleepless. Digestion was so poor, food did me little good. A short vacation at Toronto brought "FERROZONE" to my notice. I can say it is a marvellous remedy for such nerve waste and mental exhaustion as bothered me. The effect of Ferrozone upon my system was like sunshine to the flowers in spring. Ferrozone built me up, has given me real health."

You are sure to be lifted from ill-health and weariness, certain to be brought back to joyous health by Ferrozone; try one or two Ferrozone tablets with meals. All dealers or The Catarrhozone Coy., Kingston, Canada.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

Methods of Transforming Sheep's Milk Into an Expert Product.

The care necessary to secure a good product is astonishing to those who have never been to Roquefort to visit the various factories. This industry consumes annually about 92,450 gallons of sheep's milk, from which is produced about 3,797 metric tons of cheese (metric ton, 2,204.6 pounds). This amount of milk is handled in some 360 dairies in the Aveyron and adjoining departments and the herds of sheep from which the supply is obtained are estimated at 600,000.

The milk must be pure unskimmed sheep's milk, unadulterated with water or with any other milk. Inspectors are employed and instruments used to detect fraud. The green hills of the Aveyron, which furnish fine pastures for feeding the sheep, play no small part in the quality of the milk and the celebrity of Roquefort cheese.

An average of 100 liters (1 liter, 1.0567 quarts) of sheep's milk will produce about 24 kilos (kilo, 2.2 pounds) of fresh cheese, whereas in the departments of the Rhone, the Puy-de-Dome and the cantal it requires 100 liters of cow's milk to make 15 kilos of imitation Roquefort cheese. These imitations comprise the Forme de Cantal, Bleu d'Auvergne, Bleu de Gex, etc. Roquefort cheese has a more delicate taste and rich butter color, while the imitations have a bitter taste, soon become a deep yellow after cutting, and when exposed to heat turn nearly black. Roquefort cheese can be exported to torrid countries, while it is said that cheese manufactured partly with cow's milk could not withstand the transportation and the temperature.

The dairies are in dry and airy spots, and the whitewashed walls, cemented floors and screened windows all conduce to cleanliness. The dairy consists of three rooms, in the second of which a temperature of 63 degrees F. is recorded by the thermometer the year round. The milk is first heated to a temperature of 90 degrees F. and curdled by the addition of rennet. The curds pass through various processes of draining, salting, moulding, etc., but to state this generally gives only a slight idea of the time and care necessary. From start to shipment it requires fifty to sixty days to turn out a satisfactory product. The various operations might be briefly stated as follows: (1) Treatment of the milk—skimming, heating, curdling, dividing the curds, draining, putting into moulds and scattering with powder of stale bread crumbs, tasting, hardening; (2) treatment of cheese at factory—receiving and weighing, first and second salting, brushing, piercing and classifying, placing in caves, first turning, maturing in caves, second turning, second classifying, maturing continued, third and last turning before expedition.

The preparation of the bread is a long and interesting part of the process. A special kind of bread is moistened and left to mould in a cave for about two months. It is then cut into small pieces, dried, ground and boiled. The powder thus obtained is scattered over the layers of curds as they are placed in the moulds. This makes the bluish green streaks noticed in the cheese and helps to give Roquefort its aroma.

The caves perform an important part in the fabrication of this cheese. It is largely by maturing and mellowing in them that Roquefort cheese is celebrated throughout the world for its delicate flavor and peculiar aroma. These caves are excavations, some natural and some artificial, hollowed out in the side of the steep and rocky mountain which dominates the little village clinging to its side. They are cold and damp, but ventilated by the air which penetrates through the fissures in the stratified rocks. Some caves are very large, measuring 57 meters long by 9 meters wide and 14 meters high. There are several storeys in each cave containing shelves on which the cheese is placed.

These storeys communicate by means of stairways and elevators for carrying the merchandise. One is impressed by the strange and mournful silence with which the workers or cabanieres underground carry on their operations. They seem to miss the air and sunlight, the noises of the outside world, and even speak in low tones. They wear a peculiar costume, consisting of a blouse, a short skirt reaching to the knees, woollen stockings and usually the sabots or wooden shoes so common among the peasants of France.

After the cheese mellows or ripens for about forty-five days in the cave it is ready for shipment or to be placed in the refrigerating rooms, which are cooled by an ammonia process operated by electric machinery. All Roquefort cheese destined for export is selected with the greatest care. The countries importing the largest quantities of Roquefort cheese are the United States, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Canada, which purchase more than $2,000,000 worth annually. The United States is one of the best customers, the exportations thither in 1908 having reached $104,518.

No less than 1,500 persons are employed in the Roquefort factories.—Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

Ed. Butler's Legs.

Colonel Ed. Butler, the veteran St. Louis politician, has been in failing health the past few years. On his last visit to Kansas City he was talking to an old friend, a physician.

"Doc," said the colonel, "I wish you would tell me what is the matter with my right leg. The left one is in good shape, but that right one has been growing gradually weaker for two years, and at times it pains me a great deal."

Questioning developed that he had not had a fall or strain, or hurt the suffering members in any way. "It can be caused by only one thing," said the physician, "and that is old age. You must remember, colonel, that you are no longer a young man."

"Old age, ——!" exclaimed Butler, "isn't the other leg the same age?"—Kansas City Post.

DISFIGURING, TORTURING SKIN TROUBLE

Cannot be Cured by Salves and Ointments—The Blood Must be Purified.

A blemished skin, irritating sores, pimples, eczema, salt rheum and other skin disorders are all signals of distress, telling that your blood is impure or weak. You cannot cure eczema and other skin troubles with ointments and outward applications. These things may give temporary relief, but cannot cure, because the trouble is rooted in the blood and can only be removed by purifying and enriching the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily cure skin troubles because they enrich, purify and build up the impoverished blood that caused the trouble. As they feed and cleanse the blood the skins grows fair, the bloom of health returns and new strength is found. No other medicine has ever had such wonderful results in curing all diseases, due to bad blood. Miss Elizabeth Gillis, Kensington, P. E. I., says: "Words can hardly express how grateful I feel for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. For seven years before I began their use I was troubled with salt rheum. My hands and arms were nearly always a mass of torturing cracks and sores. I tried several doctors and spent a great deal of money without getting any benefit. Indeed, my hands seemed to be getting worse all the time. Finally, my brother persuaded me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am happy to say they have completely cured me. I used in all seven boxes, and I would not be without them in a case of this kind if they cost five dollars a box instead of fifty cents. I hope my experience will be of benefit to some other sufferer from skin trouble."

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

CAN'T BEAT A TRUSTEE.

August Belmont, at a dinner in New York, adverted to his recent words on the decadence of Uncle Sam.

"There are too many of us," Mr. Belmont said, "who desire to win, to come out on top, whether by fair or foul means. To win by fair means is splendid, but to win by foul means—well, it is better to fall.

"But too many of us are like the trustee who expected his great-uncle to leave him his fortune of $5,000. The great-uncle died, and a few days later the trustee appeared in his old haunts, dressed in deep mourning, with a huge and

"'Ah,' said a friend, 'your great-uncle is dead. Sincere sympathy. Left you that legacy, I suppose? But where did you get that beautiful stone?'

"The trustee smiled grimly.

"'My great-uncle,' he explained, 'did not include me among the beneficiaries of his will. He left, in fact, all his money for a stone to commemorate his memory. This is the stone.'"—Washington Star.

The Mysterious Time.

Boots (who has overslept)—Will ye plaze to get up, sorr? It's an hour later than it was this toime yesterday mornin', sorr.—Punch.

The man who said, "Talk is cheap," never had to pay his wife's telephone charges.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO — ESTABLISHED 1867

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

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

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

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

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

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

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.

We regret that an item which appeared in a recent issue of the Review, relating to a class of young men who made excuses for not buying tickets for the popularity contest should have been taken seriously by anyone. As a matter of fact, the article referred to was written as a joke and was not intended to be given a second thought by anyone. The Creston Review young ladies' popularity contest has come and gone. There were in all 523 votes sold, making $130.75. Of this sum 20 per cent. of the net proceeds will be turned over to the Board of Trade. The contest has been a success financially, and while there are some who did not approve of it, still, in this world, it is imperative that opinions should differ

In this issue there appears an article from W. J. Brandrith, the genial secretary of the Provincial Fruit Growers' Association of B.C. In this article Mr. Brandrith criticizes Mr. J. Compton's recent article on "The Profits of Fruit Growing." He also deals with an article recently written by C. C. Rodgers on the using of powder in planting trees. These criticisms cannot fail to do good, as it means the going into these matters more thoroughly.

Owing to the great volume of copy that reaches the Review Office each week, it is found necessary every week to leave over valuable articles to subsequent issues, owing to the fact that the paper now only has some six columns available for news matter, the balance of the paper being devoted to advertisements. The only remedy is to enlarge the paper, which will be done at an early date, when this difficulty will, in part at least, be overcome.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

The Editor,
Creston Review.

Dear Sir,—I have just read "Profits from Apple Growing," by Jas. Compton, and with your permission will make a few remarks thereon.

In the first place Brother Compton says nothing about the cost of that 40 acres, cost of clearing, cultivating, planting, fencing, cost of trees, which I figure out at $250 per acre. Then his estimate for cost of maintenance for the first four years is altogether too low. How many times can Brother Compton cultivate, harrow and spray an acre of orchard for $10? Then there is the pruning too—no inconsiderable item of expense. If his figures were to read $25 and $80 instead of $10 and $15, he would be nearer the mark.

Then I think he makes a mistake when he speaks of the crop the fifth year paying the expenses. As a matter of fact, if the eighth crop evens up for that year's expenses he will do well.

Then again, in practise, trees do not increase at the rate of a box per year until the twelfth or thirteenth year, when greater increases than that can be counted on. Then Brother Compton takes no account of the off years, which are as sure to come as Halley's Comet. These, with other accidents, which can not be escaped, will bring the production down to an average for the last fifteen years of the thirty to ten or twelve boxes per tree. It is extremely doubtful if $1.50 per box will be realized. I would prefer to figure it out at 75 cents per box.

Another very important point not touched upon is the expense of fertilization, of which very large quantities will be required, even on the richest soil in the Kootenay valley, especially if 200 trees to the acre are planted.

Estimating fifty trees to the acre and an average production of ten boxes per tree and figuring the price at 75 cents per box, we find the gross income to the acre to be $350, or $15,000 against Brother Compton's $60,000 Assuming that 35 per cent. of the gross income is required to put the fruit in the car, we still have a profit of $254 per acre, out of which we have to pay interest on cost up to the eighth year, taxes and insurance $45 per acre, leaving a net balance of $209 per acre.

Don't think for a moment, Mr. Editor, that I am trying to knock fruit growing. But it is so easy to get rich on paper and so hard when we try to put our theories into practise; for even at the conservative estimate—drawn from actual observation—which I give the right kind of a man, in the right place can do better than in any other occupation.

With Brother Compton's conclusions I most heartily concur. Creston as an apple growing center has a great future before it. It has the soil and the climate. It requires more Jas. Comptons; but say, ain't ten varieties too many? Would it not be better to cut out six of them. Think it over brother fruit growers.

Yours for Better Fruit,
W. J. BRANDRITH

Dear Sir,—The article from the pen of Mr. J. Compton in your issue of February 4th, cannot otherwise than do good, knowing that he has had the experience of converting land covered with virgin forest into a paying commercial orchard

It is to be hoped that it will promote further discussion and experiences. I fully concur with Mr. Compton about close planting. For many years trees planted fifteen feet apart will not interfere with each other. The original cost of one-year old apple trees is from 15 cts. to 25 cts. each. At fifteen feet apart there are four trees for every one at 30 feet apart, and for ten years or so after coming into bearing there are $4 gross receipts per acre, for every $1 from trees planted 30 feet apart.

Mr. Cunningham, fruit inspector, in a lecture in the old schoolhouse, about November, 1905, advised planting one-year old trees in preference to older, stating that in five years a one-year old tree has caught up to a two-year old tree planted at the same time. My experience here corroborates this. One-year old trees I planted in 1907 are superior to two-year old trees I planted in 1908. The benefit of this is obvious, as the cost of two-year trees is almost double.

Eternal vigilance in spraying, pruning and cultivating is absolutely necessary; but by spraying with the lime-sulphur solution in the late fall, or during winter, or early in March, before the burst, will go a long way towards keeping the trees healthy.

About sixteen years ago I attended a lecture and demonstration of proper method of pruning by Mr. Earle, provincial fruit inspector, when he was asked when pruning should be done; he replied, "Whenever your knife is sharp enough." It is a common practise with a great many to go through the orchard once a year in the dormant season, and give the trees a radical pruning. The proper method is in going through the orchard at any time, summer or winter, to prune out any branches that are found crossing or growing down towards the ground, and not allow the center to become too dense. This sends the growth into the remaining branches, and summer pruning tends to throw out fruit spurs for next year's crop.

J. STAGE SMITH

Jas. E. King, principal of the public school, was laid up this week for a few days with la grippe. During his absence Mr. Stuart Graham filled his post at the school. We are glad to report that Mr. King is about recovered.

Don't forget "The Private Secretary" on Tuesday night. Admission 50 cents.

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.

F. W. Heathcote, of Dawson, brother of Mr. Heathcote, the genial paying teller in the Bank of Commerce here, gave his brother a pleasant surprise, arriving on today's noon train from the west. He will remain in Creston about a week.

See the big ad. of the Creston Clothing Co. on the front page. Note the great slaughter of prices.

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

Democrats, Buggies, Wagons, etc.

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

H. S. McCREATH
CRESTON.

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

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

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

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.

Adlard & Wisler
House and Sign Painters
Kalsomining and Paperhanging
VICTORIA STREET,
CRESTON - B.C.

Say, Johnnie, can you tell me where I can hire a Good Saddle Pony?

Sure! Try the
CRESTON LIVERY

It's the BEST IN TOWN. There's a Good Dray and Transfer in connection. Also Green and Dry Wood.

Cameron Bros.
PROPRIETORS

Creston Blacksmith Shop

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

C. Quaife, Prop.

SAM - - HATFIELD
The Cresion 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.

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.

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.

Another Enjoyable Evening

The Valentine party given on Monday evening last at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nunn, on Victoria Avenue, was an enjoyable affair. There were about 100 people, both great and small, present on this occasion. Various games were played and the game of hearts especially created no end of fun, Mrs. Hunter winning the first prize at this game, while Tom Crawford was awarded the booby prize. In the game of carrying the peanut shell across the room on a knife blade Mr. Heathcote captured the first prize, with Miss Opie coming second. Songs were interspersed during the evening by Mrs. Rose and Mr. Skinner and others, and the gathering was more than pleased when the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sherrington mounted a chair and gave a recitation in really fine style.

The whole evening was a record breaker for evenings of its kind, and Mrs. Nunn, assisted by Miss Cartwright, proved themselves most admirable hostesses-in looking after the wants of their many guests. Something like $28 was realized by the numerous cute little hearts deposited by each guest on their arrival.

District News

Bob Maxwell has taken his children to Everitt, Wash.

H. Brownrigge expects to go to Nelson in a few days to look around a little.

Mr Mitchell, of Erickson, is hauling ice for Mr. McLeod to the camps across Goat River

E. Bowles, of Erickson, went off the end of the track with a push car. He had a bad fall but received no injuries.

E. Harrison and wife returned last week from New Brunswick, where they went on their wedding trip.

G. Baker, who has been employed by the Creston Lumber Co., has gone to Wetaskin, Alta.

The men hauling logs from Arrowsmith's timber limits at Arrow Creek, for the Creston Lumber Co., finished hauling on Wednesday.

H. Bothwell, who went to Calgary some time ago, is expected to go through Creston on his way to Kocaucine, a town near Nelson, with a car of farm furnishings for H. Kitto, as Mr Kitto sold his home and candy store and gun shop, and is taking his wife on a farm for the benefit of her health.

"If you are discovered you are lost," but if you fail to see "The Private Secretary" you are missing the success of the year.

School Report for the Month

Following is the average number of marks for conduct, application to study, and general proficiency of junior pupils of Creston Public school for the month of January, 1910.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

SECOND READER.

Herbert Gobbett	90
Philip Hurry	85
Vida Gobbett	80
Cecil McCarthy	75
Francis Talaraco	75
Jennie Cole	60
Agnes Cole	50
Catharine Hamilton	50

SENIOR FIRST READER.

Arthur Hurry	85
Harold Gobbett	80
Percy Boffey	75
Kate Boffey	75
David Dow	65
Muriel Hobden	60
Nellie Wilson	50
Chas. McPeak	50

JUNIOR FIRST READER.

Richard Fowler	80
Mabel Huscroft	70
Erma Hayden	70
Lily Cherrington	65

SECOND PRIMER

Vivian Moore	85
Hazel Hobden	80
Helen Fowler	80
Reginald Atherton	75
Orin Hayden	70
Frances Barton	70
Agnes McPeak	70

FIRST PRIMER

Edgar Benney	85
Lionel Moore	80
Arthur Gobbett	75
Frank Romano	75
Rose Cherrington	70
Helen Barton	70
George Broderick	70
James Cole	60
Arnold Baines	50
Beatrice Derthick	50
Jesse Wilds	50
Mamie Derthick	70

Number of pupils enrolled—51
Number of pupils attending—40

MRS. DARBYSHIRE,
Assistant.

Do you know? No I don't know, but I'll show you if you come and see "The Private Secretary" on Tuesday night

How's your liver? The best liver tonic is a good laugh. See "The Private Secretary" on Tuesday next.

Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

Prompt Attention *Satisfaction Guaranteed*

Let us Figure with you on that Building

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

Apartments

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

FRANK BAST

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.

WHAT IS THE REASON You fail to enjoy that meal?
WHAT IS THE REMEDY?
"KOOTENAY" Brand Jams Jellies and Marmalade
INSIST upon getting NO OTHER.
Manufactured ONLY 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

Editor, Creston Review.

Dear Sir—In a recent number I see that C. O. Rodgers was going to blast holes for his fruit trees.

Let me say a word of warning. If there was a loose subsoil under the top soil, it would be feasible, but where the subsoil is clay, as it is mostly in that section, he will simply have a well, and the water will stand in it to the detriment of the trees Don't do it.

W. J. BRANDRITH

Editor, Creston Review.

Dear Sir,—I shall be much indebted to you for the insertion of this communication in reply to "Interested Parent," who in his hasty conclusion has placed both myself and the Allen String teacher awkwardly before public criticism.

The facts leading to his misapprehension, no doubt, is in a "joint closing" of the two schools, without reference to the Cantata, which was undertaken for the benefit of the Creston school.

Thanking you for the above,

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

JAMES HARDWICK

In the Police Court

Charge Not Proven

On Tuesday afternoon there arrived in Creston, James McGinnis from Cranbrook, in search of his wife. After making enquiries he ascertained that she and the baby were at Duck Creek. He then found Prov. Constable Jenson and applied to Magistrate Johnson for a warrant, charging Thomas McCreath with abducting his wife. After warning McGinnis that he should have some grounds for his action, the magistrate issued the warrant and Constable Jenson proceeded to Duck Creek and arrested McCreath, bringing him back to Creston. On Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock the case was heard, when the evidence showed that when McCreath was arrested, Mrs. McGinnis was living in a cabin with her child, and no evidence was produced to show that McCreath was living with the woman. On the other hand, Mrs. McGinnis swore that a month after she was married, her husband failed to support her and she was compelled to return to her mother for shelter.

Magistrate Johnson dismissed the charge against McCreath and ordered the complainant McGinnis to pay $12 80 costs of the prosecution, which included costs of double rig in going after accused as well as mileage and other costs.

In the police court on Thursday before Magistrate Johnson, Thomas McCreath appeared charged with obstructing Police Officer Jensen while in the lawful discharge of his duty. He pleaded guilty and was fined $50, or six months in Nelson jail. He paid the fine.

James McGinnis also appeared before Magistrate Johnson on Thursday morning charged with creating a disturbance in the Munro Hotel and also abusing his wife. The evidence showed that he had illtreated his wife and tried to make his baby drink beer in the bar room. He was sentenced to six months hard labor in the Nelson jail.

On Thursday, one John Russell was fined $8 for being drunk and misbehaving himself.

COMMON MISTAKES MADE IN SETTING OUT ORCHARDS

(By one who has made them)

Continued from last week

Not only is it found best that each grower should only grow one or two varieties, but you will be well advised if in this district you decide on two or three sorts and stick well by them. I have planted too many sorts, and I want to advise you to avoid this common mistake.

Remember, in deciding on the main varieties that you will grow, not to be too much influenced by personal likes or dislikes; you must study the question and the requirements of the markets and remember that the market will become more discriminating. The people of Kaslo devote themselves largely to growing Gravensteins, and it is a most beautiful but extremely delicate apple to handle.

Now, about an entirely different class of mistakes into which I have often fallen, and I hardly doubt but that some of you will do the same. These mistakes arise out of our being in too great a hurry to plant our trees and get things started to grow. The loss of a year seems a terrible thing; therefore, we order more trees than we are really ready for. It does not pay. The trees may live and even turn out well, but you may be sure that they would have done better if the ground had been thoroughly worked beforehand. Don't plant among stumps if you can possibly avoid it and don't plant on steep hillsides; you can grow fine fruit both amongst stumps and on very steep banks, but it is going to take a whole lot of work to do it, as I have proved to my sorrow. Don't plant near evil things, except cherry trees to use as shade trees. Plant a good distance apart. It is hard to work with horses in an orchard where the trees are under 30 feet apart; 30 feet is better; trees need light and ventilation to flourish. Get clover growing on your land as quickly as possible; it will do more good for your land to get it mellow and productive than anything else. Build good fences before planting trees.—Farmers' Institute Report, 1909.

J. C. HARRIS

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.

Creston Auditorium
Tuesday, March 8, 1910
ROBERT MEIKLE
Eminent Scotch Baritone And His Concert Company
Popular Prices

LUMBER
SAWMILL AT CRESTON, B.C.
Laths, Shingles, Brick, Lime
Doors, Windows, Mouldings.
Rough and Dressed Lumber.
CHAS. O. RODGERS

Dear Mr. Editor,—For the satisfaction of all who subscribed, and myself, I beg to publish the appended list, and on behalf of Mrs. Reed, wishes to tender her sincere thanks to all those who contributed to same and otherwise helped her and in conclusion she wishes all "Good bye."—E. C. G.

Friend, $5; F. Bast, $4; G. Mead, $5; T. B. H., $2; C. P. Riel, $2; Mrs. Geo. Mead, $2; M. J. McPeak, $2; Ed. Fulljames, $2; Poole and Smith, $2; J. W. Carver, $2; G. Nunn, $2; P. R. Godfrey, $2; F. and Crawford, $10; S. M. Hatfield, $5; Friend, $2; M. Cartwright $2; P. B. Fowler, $2; R. Lamont, $2; F. K. Harry, $2; Friend, $1; J. Compton, $5; G. Bonney, $5; F. G. Little, $1; J. R. Scott, $1; Friend, $2; G. Huscroft $5; Mrs. W. K. Brown, $2; J. Adlard, $1; O. J. Wigen, $1; M. McLeod, $1; Mrs. W. W. Hall, $2; A. D. Pochin, $1; S. C. Coulter, $1; A. B. Attwood, $.

How's your liver? The best liver tonic is a good laugh. See "The Private Secretary" on Tuesday next.

FARMER TELLS INTERESTING STORY

Whether Sick or Well, in Good Weather or in Stormy, He is Obliged to Work Always.

Market people complain about prices they have to pay for farm produce. They forget that rain or shine, warm or cold, the farmer must keep at it or else the narrow profit, his bare living, will be lost for him.

A well-known Haldimand farmer, Mr. J. P. Pelletier, writes: "For nearly three years I was in poor health. A drenching storm caught me in the fields and wet me to the skin. I got home only to find I was threatened with inflammation of the bowels. I never got over it and felt weak and heavy and by system never worked quite right. But a farmer has to work—and I found myself going down hill with stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Failure seemed to follow everything. I remained wretched and sick until advised to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. It is not easy to describe the sort of feeling a sick man gets when he strikes a medicine that he can see is doing him a lot of good. I was overjoyed—Hamilton's Pills put new life into me and everything worked right. Since cured with Dr. Hamilton's Pills I haven't had a single symptom of stomach, liver or kidney trouble. I am free from headaches, languor and weakness, as strong, robust as a man could be." No better medicine for general family use than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are mild, healthful and certain to cure. Sold at allow 25c boxes, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

SPURIOUS QUOTATION.

In concluding a disquisition on plagiarism an English writer mentions as something worse the fabrication of spurious quotations. He quotes in illustration a story of Samuel Warren, who once took part in a debate during which Roebuck boasted that he was not a party man. "Warren rose and said that 'my learned friend's boast reminds me painfully of the words of Cicero. "He who belongs to no party is presumably too vile for any.'" At the conclusion of the debate Rbebuck came over to compliment his adversary on having made a successful his, adding: 'I am fairly well up in Cicero, but I have no idea where I can find the passage you quoted.' 'Neither have I,' said Warren. 'Good-night.'"

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

OVERSTOCKED.

Madge, as the eldest of a family of girls, has evidently heard and taken to chart the disappointment of her parents over the excessive femininity allotted by the fates of the family quiver.

When recently the fifth little daughter was born, Madge was playing in the garden with one of her sisters, and as a neighbor considered was decidedly rough with the child.

Madge, don't treat your little sister so," remonstrated the neighbor. "You might kill her."

"Well, if I did," was the cool response, "there's plenty more in the house."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

"The Power of Beauty."

A beautiful woman, a beautiful rose, and a beautiful sunset are the mysteries of life for which one would gladly live life again." So wrote Heine; and we who recognize that these mysteries are ever about us — of daily occurrence in our lives — feel, too, that it is only the superlative of which the poet spoke and which we admire. Beauty in woman is often only a phrase—a mere courtesy quality as it were—and in this the comparative sense beautiful women are as plentiful as good women or clever women. But real beauty—perfection of form and feature and coloring, and "every wondrous attribute in woman that ever snared Apollo"—is only seen in one among a million. Such beauty is power. The world cannot resist it; such beauty, though the possessor be of lowly birth, can move onward and upward, without other influence, without brains, even without breeding, to fame and wealth and high estate.—December Strand Magazine.

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

THE REAL LURE.

(The Wasp.)

English Girl—You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have. I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces.

American Girl—It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear; it's our greenbacks.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The Proper Place to Feel.

Bishop Taylor-Smith, of London, is gifted with a strong sense of humor. Preaching once on charity, he told a good story of a gentleman who was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded by saying: "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—in thy pocket?"

In Her Own Way.

"Would you like to marry a widower, Elsa?"

"Rather not. When I marry I mean to train my husband myself." Fliegende Blaetter.

He Would Get Away.

Wife—Dearest, if you and I were thrown on a desert island, what would you do?

Husband—Thank heaven, I can swim. —Fliegende Blatter.

PRIVATE HYGIENE.

What It Means to the Individual and to the Race.

Private hygiene is even more important, and means a revolution in our habits of living. It means fresh air perpetually flowing through our houses and more of our lives spent outdoors. It means common sense in diet—the avoidance of bolting food, from which dyspepsia springs, and the re-education of normal food instincts, the avoidance of gluttony on the one side, and body starvation on the other, the avoidance of alcohol, the most potent of the predisposing causes of tuberculosis, and the avoidance of dirty, infected milk and meat. It means the "simple life," free from over-exertion on the one hand, and indolence on the other; the habit of normal sleep, and the emancipation from worry.

In giving this prescription Dr. Trudeau once said to me: "It is as simple as bathing in the waters of Jordan, and that is why people are so slow to follow it."

But to-day people are following, and following rapidly. When they see a man, who only a few years ago was so ill of tuberculosis that he could scarcely drag himself out upon a porch, now run twenty-five miles for pure love of exercise, or when they see nine college men inside of half a year double their endurance through rational diet alone, or when they learn that ex-President Roosevelt developed from a weak and timid boy into the personification of strength and courage, and that Cornaro, about to die at thirty-seven, abjured all unhygienic habits and prolonged his life to one hundred and three, they begin to realize the practical value of personal hygiene.—From Professor Irving Fisher's "The War Upon the Great White Plague" in the September Century.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best:
Mathias Foley, Oil City, Ont.
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.
Charles Whooten, Mulgrave, N.S.
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.
Pierre Landers, sen., Pokemouche, N. B.
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N.B.

WHAT A YACHT IS.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a dinner at Bar Harbor, in honor of his sloop Aurora's victory in the squadron run from Portland to Rockland, said aptly:

"Yachts like these, then, don't come under the cynical definition I once heard a Camden lobsterman give.

"'What, exactly, is a yacht?' a lady said to this old lobsterman.

"He plugged a lobster's claws and answeerd mockingly:

"'What's a yacht? Oh, ye just take an' old tub or craft, an' fill her up with whiskey an' chicken an' cigars, an' git yer friends all on board, an' hev a high old time—an' that's a yacht.'"

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c

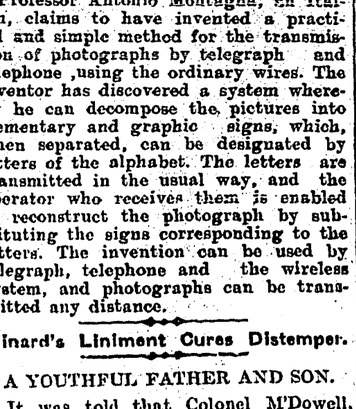
Photographs by 'Phone.

Professor Antonio Montagna, an Italian, claims to have invented a practical and simple method for the transmission of photographs by telegraph and telephone ,using the ordinary wires. The inventor has discovered a system whereby he can decompose the pictures into elementary and graphic signs, which, when separated, can be designated by letters of the alphabet. The letters are transmitted in the usual way, and the operator who receives them is enabled to reconstruct the photograph by substituting the signs corresponding to the letters. The invention can be used by telegraph, telephone and the wireless system, and photographs can be transmitted any distance.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A YOUTHFUL FATHER AND SON.

It was told that Colonel M'Dowell, when he returned from war, was one day walking along by the Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting greetin' on a muckle stane at the roadside. When he came up the old man rose and took off his bonnet, and said "Ye're welcome hame again, laird." "Thank you," said the colonel, adding after a pause, "I should surely know your face. Aren't you Nathan M'Culloch?" "Ye're richt, deed," said Nathan; "it's just me, laird." "You must be a good age now," Nathan," saya the colonel. "I'm no verra aul' yet, laird; I'm just turnt a hunner." "A hundred," said the colonel. "But the idea of a man like you sitting crying that way!" "It was my father lashed me, sir," said Nathan, "an' he put me oot, so he did." "Your father," said the colonel; "is your father alive yet?" "Leevin', ay," replied Nathan; "I ken that the day tae my sorrow." "Where is he?" says the colonel. "What an age he must be?" "Oh, he's up in the barn there," said Nathan. They went up to the barn together, and found the father father busy threshing the oats with a big flail. Seeing the laird coming in he stopped and saluted him, who, after asking how he was, inquired what he had struck his son Nathan for. "The young rascal, he's never oot o' mischief. I had to lick him this mornin' for throwin' stanes at his grandfather."



TOO HOARSE TO SPEAK

An American Doctor Tells of the Grand Results Achieved With "Nerviline."

"I had a patient with Quinsy that I found great difficulty in curing," states Dr. Wilson. "Every time he caught cold or got chilled he suffered intensely from sore throat, huskiness, throat and chest soreness. After every attack his throat and chest seemed more sensitive. This patient lived in the country, and couldn't come to the city for treatment. I concluded that the best remedy would be an honest liniment, and because of its enormous sale and well-known merit, I advised 'Nerviline.' Morning, noon, and night Nerviline was rubbed over the neck and chest, and once a day diluted with water it was used as a gargle. In a day or two my patient reported an improvement, and by continuing the treatment with Nerviline he was cured. I can recommend Nerviline—for breaking up colds, for chest tightness, throat inflammation, quinsy, tonsilitis and similar conditions."

NERVILINE CURES QUINSEY

Not a druggist or doctor who has examined the formula of Nerviline who won't tell you how good it is—why it contains the best medicaments known to science and for general family use has no equal.

Tantalum.

Tantalum is a "rare metal" of slight improtance, the only practical use to which it is now known to be put being in making filaments for incandescent electric lamps. The efficiency of the tantalum lamp is greater than that of the carbon lamp, but somewhat less than that of the lamp with tungsten filaments. As more than 20,000 filaments of twenty candle power can be made from a pound of tantalum, the market is not large. It is at present probably supplied by rich manganotantalates from Western Australia. Nn tantalum minerals are known to have been produced in the United States in 1908, according to F. L. Hess, whose report on various rare metals forms an advance chapter of "Mineral Resources of the United States, Calendar Year 1908," published by the Geological Survey. The tantalum used in the manufacture of lamps in this country is made in Germany and ported at a cost of $300 a pound.—Scientific American.

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.
JOHN HALLAM, TORONTO

Scarcity of Clever Animals.

Experience proves that the men competent to plan and execute crimes of a special character are limited in number, and they are definitely known. When such crimes occur, therefore, the list of men who are in that line of business is examined. Some of them are found to be in seclusion—"doing time"; some of them are known to be out of London in the course of their business, others are proven to have been at their registered addresses on the night of the crime. So by elimination the list becomes reduced to working dimensions, and it is not difficult to go on eliminating one name after another till the delinquent is found. But to find the criminal is often easier than to obtain evidence on which to charge him.—December Strand.

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

Growth of Towns.

The Grand Trunk Railroad Company has recently inaugurated a scheme of keeping photographic records of the growth of towns along the line. It is the intention of the management to have their official photographer to make a trip along the entire line once every year and to make such pictures as may be regarded as of value as a record of the development of the place. For the purpose of comparison he will, as far as possible, take pictures each year from the same standpoint, as well as from other points. Thus a continuous record of the growth of the town will be kept in the shape of views, and it is hoped that they will be of great value in after years.

THE BLUE AND THE WHITE.

At an important state function in London, blue tickets were issued to persons of high rank, admitting them to that part of the hall reserved for members of the royal family. Less distinguished guests were given white tickets. Through some mistake, an important public man received a blue card while his wife received a white one.

When the couple reached the audience chamber there began to be trouble, inasmuch as the lady firmly declined to be separated from her husband. An aide endeavored to reason with her, pointing out the dreadful consequences that would follow a mingling of blue and white.

"How absurd!" exclaimed the lady. "What do you take us for—a Seidlitz powder?"

She was permitted to enter with her husband.—Everybody's Magazine.

A. H. McCoy, the whist champion of Baltimore, discussed at a dinner, says the Washington Star, those over-confident and foolish persons who think they can learn whist in a year or two.

"A young greenhorn stood behind my partner during a game one night. At the end of the hand the greenhorn said:

"Why didn't you lead hearts? That's what I'd have done."

"My partner smiled and answered:

"'Ah, but you, my young friend, have the world before you and none but yourself to consider. You have no wife and family dependent on you for bread, nad if you lose heavily no one suffers but yourself. With me it is different. Hence I led spades.'"

"Women as a rule," remarked the moralizer, "have por heads for mathematics." "True," replied the demoralizer; "but they try awfully hard to make their own figures count!"—Chicago Tribune.

DRAGON TREES OF TENERIFFE.

Giant Asparagus Said to be Thousands of Years Old.

The dragon trees of Teneriffe are really a species of gigantic asparagus. One tree, situated at Laguina, the ecclesiastical capital of the island, is said to be several thousand years old.

The growth of these dragon trees is very slow and they throw out no branches until they have blossomed, which seldom takes place before their fifteenth year and sometimes not until their thirtieth.

The oldest dragon tree known in the island was that at Orotava, which was at least 6,000 years old—some botanists say 10,000. It was about sixty feet high, with a trunk forty-eight feet in circumference at the base. The ancient inhabitants of the island, the Guanchos, performed their religious rites in its hollow trunk.

In 1867 the upper part of the tree was broken off during a storm, and though every effort was made to preserve the remainder it gradually decayed and there is now no trace of it left.

The sap of the tree, a resinous substance like dark treacle, is called dragon's blood. It becomes brittle and crumbling when dry and is an article of commerce used in medicine. There are other kinds of dragon trees in different parts of the world, but this particular species is peculiar to the Canary and Cape Verde Islands.—From the Wide World Magazine.

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

Worth Knowing.

People who suffer from heat in the hands and feet can obtain speedy and easy relief from the same by putting inside their stockings and gloves a small portion of very fine oatmeal.

After a long walk or ride in the hot sun rub your face with a little almond oil instead of washing it. Almond oil is excellent for the skin, and used in this way will prevent that burned, uncomfortable feeling that so often follows exposure to the sun. Leave on the oil for ten minutes, and then wipe off with a soft rag. The oil will remove any dirt there may be as well as washing would do.

When the collar of linen or batiste blouses becomes silghtly soiled, it may be cleaned with a little naphtha or benzine in the same manner as those of silk or satin. With this process the collar does not need pressing. Such waists never look as handsome after they are laundered.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

MUSHROOM POISONING.

Symptoms and Treatment—Rule to Observe in Gathering Edible Fungi.

Considering the frightful consequences of gathering and eating poisonous mushrooms in mistake for the edible variety it is little short of marvellous that a person without knowledge should dare to go into the fields and woods and pick and eat any of the fungi growing there.

If you are thoroughly familiar with som eparticular variety of edible mushroom and can distinguish it at sight from all others, however similar in color and form, it is safe to eat that particular variety; but you must beware of other kinds that resemble it, for however slight the difference in appearance one may be edible and the other poisonous.

There is no absolute rule for distinguishing the edible from the poisonous kinds, and it is better therefore to give no general rules, but to follow only one. Suspect every mushroom which you do not know positively to be edible. To this rule perhaps may be added a second: Learn to distinguish the white spored agaries and avoid them all, for although there is an edible species it requires an expert to tell it, and the poison of another species is deadly and there is no known antidote for it.

The chief poison in mushroms are two in number—muscarin and phallin. The first of these produces symptoms resembling those of alcoholic intoxication, followed by convulsions or paralysis, collapse and death from heart failure. These symptoms come on soon after the mushrooms have been eaten.

In poisoning by phallin the symptoms do not appear until several hours after the meal. They resemble cholera, beginning with severe abdominal pain, soon followed by vomiting, purging and collapse.

In all cases of mushroom poisoning vomiting should be induced as soon as possible, and a large dose of castor oil may be given to hasten the elimination of any as yet unabsorbed portions of the mushroom.

Stimulants are needed to support the heart, and milk containing an abundance of magnesia or bicarbonate of sodium may be given.

Injections of a salt solution into the veins and—in case of muscarin poisoning—hypodermic injections of atropin are often employed by physicians, with benefit.—Youth's Companion.

Straining Her Eyes.

The maiden dropped her lovely eyes. Later she cast her eyes far down the rocky slope of the mountainside. After she had rested them upon the topmost branches of a near-by tree she let them fall upon the waters of a placid lake. Then a visit to an oculist was imperative.—Judge.

The Young Idea.

Papa—Don't be afraid of that dog, Eddie. Haven't you heard that a barking dog seldom bites?

Little Eddie—Yes, papa; but perhaps the dog hasn't heard it.—Chicago News.

The record price of $75 has been paid for a butterfly at an auction in London.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

HOUSE CLEANING
instead of being a monotonous drudgery becomes a labour of love when Sunlight helps you. Remember—Sunlight does all the work, at half the cost and in half the time of other Soaps.

THE WICKED CADDIE.

Among Mr. Carnegie's innumerable Scotch stories is one about a caddie of St. Andrew's.

This caddie's wife—so Mr. Carnegie's story runs—was much troubled by her husband's loose way of life. He could never have a good day on the links but he must end it with a wet night at the tavern. So, to cure him, the woman lay in wait on the road one evening dressed in a white sheet.

When her husband appeared she rose from behind a hedge, an awful white figure, with outspread arms.

"Who the de'il are you?" asked the intemperate caddie.

"I'm Auld Nickie," said the figure, in a hollow voice.

"Gie's a shake o' yer hand, then," said the tipsy caddie. "I'm married tae a sister o' yours. She'll be waitin' for us up at the hoose, an' nae doot she'll mak' ye welcome."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Pig Iron by Electricity.

The author of an article in the Frankfurst Vulkan deals with the industrial prospects opened up by the possibility of producing pig iron electrically in considerable quantities, as demonstrated by recent successes in Sweden, where, it is stated, various works are putting the Grouwall-Lindblad-Stalham process to practical use. According to the authority named, the cost of producing pig iron by electricity is 16 per cent. less than that entailed by ordinary smelting methods.

REVISION IN ROME.

(New York Sun.)

Caesar was revising the calendar.

"So the janitor will know when to begin being polite," he explained.

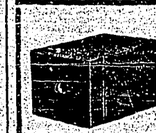
Thus he filled a long felt want.

He cannot be a saint who makes the world sour.

ISSUE NO. 52. 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.



BOYS and GIRLS
This Snap Shot Camera, complete, for taking photos 2½x2½, free for selling 30 of our 10c packages of beautiful post cards. Send us your name and address and we will mail you the cards to sell.
Bijou Specialty Co., Dept. 6, Hamilton, Ont.

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.

JOIN SHOES.

Soles and Heels Slipped In Place Like Shoe Laces.

Revolution in footwear seems to be promised by an ingenious invention which shortly will be placed on the market. The idea, says the London Graphic, is no less than a removable sole—the old wears through, the new is slipped in, for all the world like a new pair of laces!

The heel resembles the ordinary variety, but is made in two parts, the wearing portion of which can be removed, interchanged or renewed in a second or so without the use of tools or implements.

Roughly, eighty thousand pounds a year will be saved by the War Office in boot repairs if, as is expected, this invention is adopted for the army. Apart from this, there is the immense importance from the military point of view of the fact that the adoption of the system would dispose of the difficulties of transit during a campaign. Instead of heavy wagon-loads of new boots would be the incomparably lighter load of soles and heels.

Shifting the Loss.

Dittersdorf—Here come two evil-looking rascals. I shouldn't wonder if we were held up.

Heinz—I'm afraid so. By the bye, here's that dollar you lent me this morning.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

DEMORALIZATION.

(Exchange.)

"What makes that parrot so profane?"

"Well, mum," answered the sailor man, "I s'pose it's part my fault. Every time I hear him speak a bad owrd, it makes me so mad that he gets a chance to learn a lot of new ones."

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, 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 $35. Do not throw your money away. If you desire to secure a Watch which to keep time and last 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, headaches, 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. When the Pills are sold we send 10 articles of 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 procure a valuable watch without having to spend a cent. And our Watch is a stem wind and stem set and not the cheap back wind article generally given as premiums. Send for our pills Write today. Address THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Watch Dept. 20 Toronto, Ont.

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Sir William Henry Perkins, the inventor of many coal-tar dyes, was talking in New York, says The World, before he sailed for England, about the Psychical Research Society.

"Crookes and some other scientists go in for psychical research," he said, "though I confess that to me the subject makes no great appeal.

"Personally I have come in contact, during a fairly long career, with but one ghost story. Its hero was a man whom I'll call Snooks.

"Snooks, visiting at a country house, was put in the haunted chamber for the night. He said he felt no uneasiness; nevertheless he took to bed with him a revolver of the latest American pattern.

"He fell asleep without difficulty, but as the clock was striking two he awoke with a strange feeling of oppression.

"Lifting his head, he peered about him. The room was wanly illuminated by the full moon, and in that weird, bluish light he saw a small hand clasping the rail at the foot of the bed.

"'Who's there?' he demanded, tremulously.

"There was no reply. The hand did not move.

"'Who's there?' said Snooks, again. 'Answer or I'll shoot.'

"Again there was no reply, and Snooks sat up cautiously, took careful aim and fired.

"He limped from that night on, for he shot off two of his own toes."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Colonel Peterby met his colored gardener, Jim Webster, a short time ago, according to the Baltimore News. Jim had been recently married.

"How do you like matrimony, Jim?" asked Colonel Peterby.

Jim shook his head dubiously.

"What's the matter?"

"Yer see, boss, before we were married, when I knocked at de dore she used ter say: Am dat you, honeysuckle?'

"Now, when I come home she bawls out: 'Clean off dem boote before you comes in dat dore, you black moke!"

DOUBTLESS TRUE.

A teacher in a Birmingham school was endeavoring to explain the term "booking," as applied to our railway system, says London Tit-Bits.

"Now," he was saying, "can any of you tell me the name of the office at which railway tickets are sold?"

"The booking office," replied one of the lads.

"Right," responded the teacher.

At this moment his eye fell on a small boy at the end of the class who was evidently paying very little attention to what was said.

BRONCHITIS

If Neglected, it soon reaches the Lungs and may Prove Fatal.

Mr. G. L. Garrow of 116 Millicent St., Toronto, writes under date of September 12, 1908, "One year ago this spring I contracted a severe cold in the chest, which developed into Bronchitis. I took three kinds of medicine and found no improvement. A friend of mine advised me to try PSYCHINE and in three days I felt like a new man again. I desire to let others know what a valuable cure you have in PSYCHINE for it cured me when all other medicines had failed. I am more than thankful to be well again, and for the sake of others who may be ill, you may publish this testimonial."

Stop that cold or the results will be serious. You can do this by toning up the system with PSYCHINE.

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

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM LIMITED, TORONTO

PSYCHINE

PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN

"Did you hear that, Spry?" he demanded.

"Wot sir?" asked that youth, innocently.

"As I thought, you were not listening. We will suppose your father decided to have a day's holiday and visit the seaside. What would he have to do before he could take his seat in the train?"

Without a moment's though the

Without a moment's thought the plying:

"Pawn his tools!"

ALWAYS READY.

Of the culprits haled before a Police Magistrate there was one—an Irishman—who had caused no end of trouble to the police. The Magistrate regarded the prisoner with mingled curiosity and indignation.

"So you're the man that gave the officers so much trouble?" his Honor asked. "I understand that it took seven policemen to lock you up."

"Yes, yer Honor," responded the Celt, with a broad grin, "but it would take only one to let me out."

HER RETRACTION.

Toward the close of a recent lawsuit in Massachusetts, the wife of an eminent Harvard professor arose and with a flaming face timidly addressed the court.

"Your honor," said she, "if I had told you I had made an error in my testimony, would it vitiate all I have said?"

Instantly the lawyers for each side stirred themselves in excitement, while his honor gravely regarded her.

"Well, madam," said the court, after a pause, "that depends entirely on the nature of your error. What was it, please?"

"Why, you see," answered the lady, more and more red and embarrassed, "I told the clerk I was 38. I was so flustered, you know, that when he asked my age I inadvertently gave him my bust measurement."—Everybody's Magazine.

TOUCHES HIS HEART.

Judge David P. Dyer was holding court not long ago in Cape Girardeau, Mo., when he was called upon to sentence a postmaster from a small town who had stolen a few dollars from his office. When the prisoner was arraigned, said the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Judge demanded:

"Well, what have you got to say about this case?"

The prisoner said the postmastership paid only a few dollars a year—not sufficient to meet the expenses of his family. His wife and child needed food, and he took a little money from the postoffice thinking he would return it when he harvested his crops.

The appeal touched the heart of Judge Dyer and he let the postmaster off with six months in jail. The prisoner was profoundly grateful, and the judge dismissed the case from his mind.

A few minutes later, as the judge was leaving the court room, he felt a tug at his sleeve. It was the postmaster-prisoner of a few moments before.

"What is it now?" asked the judge.

"If your honor please," the prisoner replied, "could you postpone my sentence a little while? If I can begin serving it next fall that will give me time to get in my crops and my family will have enough to live on while I am in jail."

THE SOILED BANKER.

Leslie M. Shaw, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, was discussing with a correspondent a financial muddle.

"They lied," said the famous financier, "but, as with Hugh Ralston, of Castana, their lying was absurd.

"When I was in the banking business in Charter Oak there was a young coal heaver of Castana who courted a Charter Oak girl. His name was Hugh Ralston, and he pretended to be a banker.

"But one afternoon the girl happened to visit Castana, and she saw Hugh hurrying home for supper, as black as the ace of spades. He would have dodged past without speaking, but the girl held him up.

"'Why, Hugh,' she said, reproachfully, 'I thought you were a banker.'

"He heaved a kind of sigh.

"'Ah,' he said, 'we've had a terrible day of it to-day, cleaning all the inkwells.'"

UNAPPRECIATIVE.

A Washington woman has in her employ as butler a darky of a pompous and satisfied mien, says Harper's Magazine, who not long ago permitted a chocolate-colored damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse.

On one occasion, when the mistress of the house had occasion temporarily to avail herself of the services of the butler's wife, it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brough them in conjuction the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion.

"Your wife seems wonderfully attached to you, Thomas," casually observed the mistress of the house.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas, complacently. "Ain't it jest sickenin'?"

Over Fifty Years of Remarkable Growth

The Romantic Story of a Canadian Enterprise Which Now Encircles the Globe.

Long before the Canadian Pacific Railway stretched its line of steel across the continent—while the Indian and the buffalo disputed the possession of the Prairie Provinces—while steamboats were still a novelty, and electricity almost unknown—there was established in a very modest way, in a little town on the St. Lawrence, an enterprise which has since girdled the earth.

It was not heralded in the public press or cried from the housetops, for it was not the manner of those times to take full pages in the newspapers or stretch great signs across the landscape. Yet the product of this enterprise was known and appreciated by almost everybody in the Canada of fifty years ago. Our grandfathers looked upon the founder of this enterprise as a public benefactor, and always gave a place in their homes to the fruits of his judgment and perspicacity.

The story of this discovery is the story of a most unusual search for knowledge, and its equally unusual reward.

Nearly one hundred years ago Joslah Morse graduated from one of the best medical colleges in the United States. He had heard a great deal about a remedy devised by some wandering Indian tribes, which they were said to be using with remarkable success in curing most of their common ailments. Though somewhat skeptical about it, he decided, before taking up a regular practice, to visit the Indians and investigate, probably in the hope of adventure as well as of getting some valuable information.

He found a race of Indians very different from their degenerate descendants, who now hang around white settlements. Lithe and active, with keen and intelligent, if uneducated, minds, they lived close to Nature, and drew from her strength and wisdom.

Dr. Morse soon discovered that the reports of their remedy had not been exaggerated—but he did not so quickly discover the secret of its ingredients or of the method of compounding them. It took him many moons to gain the complete confidence of the Indians and to overcome their inbred reticence and love of secrecy. But finally, after he had lived among them for two or three years as an Indian, they revealed the whole secret to him.

Returning to civilization, Dr. Morse took up regular practice, using wherever it applied this Indian specific, which he prepared himself from roots and herbs. At first he used it in liquid form, but afterward, for convenience, he reduced it to pills, which soon became known well and favorably throughout that part of the country as "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills."

When he retired from practice Dr. Morse sold the secret to Comstock Brothers, of New York city, and in 1857 W. H. Comstock, the present proprietor, became sole owner of the formula.

He established laboratories in Brockville, Ont., and in Morristown, N. Y., to supply Canada and the United States. He prepared the pills himself and then, with a horse and wagon, he covered the Canada of that time, from Montreal to Sarnia, and the Maritime Provinces as well, placing the pills in practically every cross-roads store.

The half century that has elapsed since has witnessed an enormous growth in the enterprise thus modestly launched. To-day Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are on sale not only throughout Canada and the United States, but the world over. From the laboratories at Brockville, Canada; Morristown, U. S. A.; Sydney, Australia; Wellington, New Zealand, and from the branch in England, they go to seaports throughout the world. From seaport and railway station, the burros in Mexico and South America, the llamas in Peru, Ecuador, Thibet, and Northern China, the camels in Asia, Egypt and Western Australia, the bullock wagons in South Africa, and the sampans on the rivers of China, carry them to the uttermost parts of the earth.

To guard the absolute purity of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills every ingredient is prepared in the Comstock laboratories. The different roots and herbs are brought there in the crude state, ground, prepared and compounded under the personal supervision of the Comstock chemists. Nothing is prepared outside by the wrappers and boxes, so that there can be no question of the purity of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. This cannot be said of half a dozen proprietary remedies in America.

The Pure Food Laws of Canada, Australia and the United States, wisely adopted for the protection of the public, did not necessitate a single change in any ingredient or in the formula of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. As a matter of fact, though thorough tests have been made every few years by chemists and physicians, to see if the formula could be improved, it stands to-day exactly the same as when Dr. Morse brought it from the Indian encampments nearly a century ago. The price, originally two York shillings (25c.), is still the same, for though the cost of the crude drugs has advanced a great deal, improvements in laboratory methods have cut down the expense of making sufficiently to compensate for this.

To-day W. H. Comstock, the man who introduced Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills in young Canada fifty years ago, alert and active, though well past the allotted "three score and ten," sits at his desk at the head office at Brockville, keeps his fingers on the pulse of his world-wide organization, and has as keen a personal interest in the testimonials received from the ends of the earth as when, in the old days, he got an occasional letter from some one who had been helped by Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

LYING HURTS THE LIAR.

"All boys," an old philosopher says, "are born liars."

Perhaps it is because lying is the diplomatic refuge of helplessness. The instant we learn to know punishment, desire to escape it becomes a prime instinct.

Morality, like knowledge, is not hereditary, but attained. The child must learn that lying is a sin and a self-injury, just as it must learn by being burnt to avoid the fire.

Until this lesson is learned, the child, youth, man, will continue to lie. Many never learn it. Perhaps none ever learn it very thoroughly.

Lying comes not of aggressive shrewdness, but of cowardice and a shallow cunning that is often treacherous and tricks the lie into transparency.

But it is not the danger of being found out by others that is most to be dreaded; far more dreadful is it that the liar must know himself to be a liar.

His self-respect suffers; the leaven in him loses strength and leaves him dead dough.

The cunning that leads to lying is a rot that must permeate the whole character and make a man ever uncertain of himself.

It distorts his perspective, obscures his vision and warps his comprehension.

The habit of misrepresentation leads to misconception; The judgment becomes as erratic as the tongue, and there results the man who actually "couldn't tell the truth if he wanted to."

Nothing else so shakes the confidence of one's friends as known lying does; nothing so shatters one's own self-confidence as does lying, whether known to others or not.

The cowardice that fathers lying increases with the lie. Fear of detection joins with self-contempt in making the liar a greater coward that before. One lie calls for another in its defence, and, as the poet said, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive!"

The tangled web makes it all the harder for the liar to succeed in even an honest undertaking. His lies are a ball-and-chain upon his foot. He flounders along, most of his energies being required to overcome the impediment, while the truthful man easily outstrips him.

The lying cheat in the "Vicar of Wakefield," who was always swindling everybody, went to jail for debt, while his honest neighbor, whom he swindled many times, steadily prospered and died rich and respected.

Fiction—eh?

Well, it is immortal as fiction simply because it is true to life, the world over, all the time.— Memphis News Scimitar.

To strain at a gnat and swallow a camel may merely prove that we don't like gnats.

DOCTORS ALL USE IT!

Wonderful Cure for Catarrh, Colds, Bronchitis, Throat Weakness.

To cure an ailment in the throat or chest, to rout out Catarrh or Asthma, it is essential that the medicine be conveyed direct to the affected parts. This is why no other remedy has achieved such world-wide success as Catarrhozone, which alone can be breathed in one second to every air cell in the breathing organs. The healing vapors of Catarrhozone mix with the breath and descend through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, to the deepest air cells in the lungs all parts are saturated with the rich piney essences that cure, heal and cure.

BREATHE CATARRHOZONE

Catarrhozone has entirely displaced the old-fashioned remedies, such as cough syrups, sprays, tablets and sedative powders. It contains none of the opium, chloral and drowsy narcotics so commonly found in liquid cough and catarrh remedies.

The extraordinary curative power of Catarrhozone is well explained in a letter from A. B. Cowan, the well-known restauranter of Carleton, who writes: "Some time ago I suffered severely from a frightful cold in the head and chest. It was nothing but one continual cough, hawk, headache from morning till night. My nose and throat were so completely stuffed up that I could scarcely breathe. Catarrhozone eased the cough instantly, that would not yield even to the doctor's medicines. Hour by hour Catarrhozone relieved and by pursuing its treatment I have been permanently cured of all trace of Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchial Irritation."

Once you try Catarrhozone you'll realize how indispensable it is—the large dollar size contains an indestructible hard rubber inhaler and sufficient medication to last two months. Smaller trial sizes 25c. and 50c. Beware of the substitutor and imitators of Catarrhozone—use the genuine and you'll get cured. By mail from the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Sentence Sermons.

The virtues never vaunt themselves.

Faith should give meaning to the forms of religion.

He cannot keep his friends who fears to have foes.

Good manners are the clothes worn by good morals.

It is a good thing for the oak to look often at the acorn.

When a sermon gets thin it is sure to spread itself out long.

Your size in heaven will not depend on your sighs here.

Ignorance is the weakest protection possible to innocence.

When a man's faith is dead he is always zealous for its bones.

Progress seldom comes on a track; she makes her own way.

Moral blindness is often due to pressure in the money nerve.

The power to comfort others does not come from consoling yourself.

You never get any higher than the things you put on top in your life.

He who dare not be misunderstood never says anything worth understanding.

As we paint the pictures of imagination we make permanent those of memory.

No man is worth anything to his age who does not sometimes get angry with it.

The difficulty of representing religion would be halved if its misrepresenting friends would all die.

Adversity often works prosperity, but that does not acquit the man who brings it on another.

The dollar will never be worth much to any man until every man is worth more than the dollar.

It is always easier to sing of golden boulevards than it is to make streets of that crookedness cannot hid in them.

Proboscis of the Blowfly.

The hairs on the proboscis of the blowfly can be conveniently observed with moderately high-power lenses, and have long been in use as test objects by microscopists. In a recent microscopical publication Mr. Nelson describes these interesting objects. There are, it appears, four different kinds of hairs on the proboscis of this fly. One set consists of minute curved and spinous hairs, which protect the very delicate upper surface of the sucker while the insect is feeding. Another set of hairs, soft and pliable, is found on the rostrum. Other larger hairs are to be seen both on the rostrum and maxillary palps. Round the edge of the suctorial disc, again, are a set of tubular hairs with sides flattened. To detect and distinguish these four kinds of hairs should form an interesting study for microscopists. The proboscis of the blowfly, it may be noted, is an erectile organ. When in repose it is folded and flaccid, but when about to be used it is stiffened by the injection of air into its cavities. The tubular hairs round the suctorial disc are erected by the same supply of air, and thus serve to protect the organ.

Prudent With His Money.

There is an Oregon statesman who is very prudent with his money. He rarely spends anything if he can get some one else to do the spending for him.

One morning he was walking down the street with a friend and they met a beggar who had a tale of woe that was amazing. The statesman listened and asked some questions.

Then he turned to his friend and said: "John, this man's story affects me greatly. Give him a quarter."

Granted.

Weerius—Say, old man, can I have just a word with you?

Bizzyman—Yes. Good-by.

FARM AND GARDEN

CARE OF MILK AND CREAM ON THE FARM.

(By Edgar L. Vincent.)

It is a real art to take care of milk as it should be done. In the first place, think for a moment that milk is not a liquid like water. Water is slow to take odors from things that are around it. Milk quickly reaches out and brings in from far and near all that may be there in the way of bad smells and rarely lets go of them. Often we think that by running milk through an aerator we can rid it of any such offensive odor. But if we ever get rid of bad tastes and smells it must be before they evre get into our milk.

Bearing this in mind, we see how necessary it is to feed only such things as shall give to the milk cow's produce the very sweetest of flavor. We all know what an effect it has upon milk to have our cows eat leeks in the spring of the year, or by any means to get hold of an onion. Everything that would in any such way give an unpleasant odor to milk must be avoided.

DON'T LEAVE MILK IN THE STABLE.

And then, how few of us realize the danger of leaving milk in the stable after it has been drawn! Most farmers are quite careless in this respect. "My stable is cleaned out every day before I milk," they say. "I brush my cows before I begin milking. Surely I do not need to be lectured on this point." All true, and yet, who ever saw a stable in which the air was perfectly pure? There will always be some particles of dust floating about in the air. These will surely make their way into the milk pail or can if it be standing in the barn. For that son, it is best to get up the moment a cow is finished and take the milk out of the stable for straining. Every possible source of infection must be guarded against, and this is one of them.

Again, how is it with the pails, cans and other things we use around our dairies? Are they kept as clean as they might be? Most farmers would feel indignant if they were to be told that they are careless about washing milk things. They think they are as neat as can be, and are not patient with the one who tries to tell them how they might improve their ways. At the risk of incurring displeasure may we not say after all that we all might be more careful than we are? First, then, no rusty pail, pan or can should ever be used for milk. We cannot get such a utensil really clean. The rusty places are dangerous places, do the best we can. So let's get new, whole cans the moment our old ones show signs of breaking away. The same with pails and pans.

WASHING THE CANS AND PAILS.

And then, think of this. The moment hot water touches milk it curdles it and makes it hard to get off the side of the can or pails. But by taking cool water all particles may be rinsed off, and if this be followed by scalding hot water we may be sure of getting clean things, particularly if we turn the scalding water out and rinse with cold. Sunshine will finish the good job we have done; and for that reason, we will do well to turn our tin things all up out of doors where the light and fresh air may get in and around them every day. What a sweet, indescribable smell there is about a can thus cleansed! It is a joy to the good butter-maker, for then she knows her work has not been in vain.

Again, if milk be set at home for the home dairy, in open pans as some do even to-day, the room should be as far removed as possible from the smells of the household. A building on purpose for this is a splendid thing.

Cream, taken from milk either with a separator or by the old-fashioned way of setting, never can safely be exposed to the air. If it is, no one may know what odors it may not have absorbed. It is fine to have a vessel of some kind so closely covered that it will be practically air tight. Only when more cream is added ought this vessel to be opened before churning time. Then the new cream should be quickly stirred in with the other, and the cover tightly replaced.

HANDLING WITH THE HANDS.

One thing more. Do we think how careless we are about touching butter, cream or milk with bare hands? "Why, I always wash my hands before I do anything about this work. I don't need any advice on that point." And yet, because milk, cream and butter are so much like a sponge, it is exceedingly difficult to wash the hands so clean that they will not by contact carry something we do not want to the finished product. For that reason, be chary how you take your finger to run around the edge of the can or pan or any other vessel upon which cream has risen when you wish to separate the cream from the milk. Look out how you take your hand to get the last particles of cream from the pail when you empty it into the churn. When working butter do it with a good wooden ladle, which has been washed as clean as the mountain dew.

But how shall we do these things? Take a knife when you run round the edge of the risen cream. After you have poured all the cream you can get out of the pail, take a little cold water in the pail, carefully rinse it around and pour the whole out. Usually very little cream will remain after that.

PURE WATER.

May I not add one caution more? That is in regard to the water used around the dairy things. We cannot be too careful here. On few farms is the water really above reproach for the important work of making butter. Water out of dug wells is almost universally liable to criticism. Is that from your well perfectly pure? When you smell of it, is there no unpleasant odor? Does it taste perfectly sweet and clean? If so, you are wonderfully blessed. I hope there will come a day when every farmer will have a well drilled right down to the heart of the rock. That is the only way to be really sure that we have pure water. Dug wells are almost universally unclean. They are little more than reservoirs for water that comes in from doubtful sources. Work hard, then, to have pure water for all dairy work. It is absolutely necessary to the making of strictly first-class butter.

ATTENDED BY FIVE DOCTORS

But Got No Relief Until He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Wonderful Cure of A. F. Richard, Who Was Tortured by Rheumatism and Kindred Pains, Sets Kent County Talking.

St. Ignace, Kent Co., N. B., Dec. 27.—(Special).—After being tortured for four years with Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Paine in the Loins, and getting no relief from five doctors whom he called in, Mr. Antoine F. Richard, a well-known farmer living near here, is spreading the good news that he is once more a well man, and that he owes his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Speaking of his wonderful cure, Mr. Richard says:

"I was a helpless man in July, 1907. For four years I had endured the greatest torture from Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins. I had dark circles under my eyes, my head ached and I was often dizzy. I was attended by five doctors, but not one of them could help me.

"Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and after the first few doses I began to improve. I used four boxes in all and and now I am working every day on the farm a well man. I owe my wonderful cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else."

There is no case or kind of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

CULINARY.

(Life.)

Cannibals have taken prisoners two strolling actors—the tragedian and a supernumerary. They are brought to the king.

The King—I will have the supe served first, then you may bring on the ham.

The value of brick and tile products for 1908 in this country, according to the United States Geological Survey, was $108,062,207, a decrease of 16 per cent. from the value for 1907.

SHIP TO US YOUR

FURS, SKINS, PELTRIES

GOOD NEWS

Our advice is to ship at once because we have many orders to fill, and are ready for your shipments, for which we can pay you the highest prices. We do not know how long the demand will keep up.

We remit same day shipment is received, in any form you request. If you so desire we will hold shipment separate until we hear whether our price is satisfactory. If not, we will return goods, express charges paid both ways.

Write for price list and shipping tags, which will be cheerfully furnished.

References, Dominion Bank, Montreal

A. & E. PIERCE & CO.

500 & 507 St. Paul Street, Montreal

THE RIGHT WAY

In all cases of DISTEMPER, PINKEYE, INFLUENZA, COLDS, ETC.

of all horses, broodmares, colts, stallions, is to

"SPOHN THEM"

on their tongues or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routs the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. 50c and $1.00; $3.50 and $11.00 the dozen. Sold by druggists and harness dealers.

Distributors:

All Wholesale Druggists

SPOHN MEDICAL CO.,

Chemists and Bacteriologists

GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

Creston Realty & Timber Co

FIRE · DEATH

DON'T DELAY, Have your Life, Buildings, Furniture, Stock, Merchandise, Pianos Clothing, Provisions, etc.

FULLY INSURED AT ONCE

In any of the following Old Reliable Board Insurance Cos., viz.:

Phoenix Assurance Co.
Liverpool, London & Globe Assurance Co.
Norwich Union Assurance Co.
British America Insurance Co.

German American Insurance Co.
Mutual Life of Canada
North American Life Assurance Co.
Canadian Fire Assurance Co.

Creston Realty & Timber Co. AUTHORIZED AGENTS

With a Local Flavor

J.J. Atherton left for Moyie and Cranbrook on Thursday, to do advance agency work for "The Private Secretary."

Stuart Graham, special constable, left yesterday for Nelson with J. McGinnis, who was sentenced to six months imprisonment for vagrancy.

Come and see "The Private Secretary" with all his goods and chattels.

Word has reached here that Rev. T. G. McLeod will preach in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next.

We are glad to see Billy Taylor among us again He came in from Cranbrook on Wednesday and will be here several weeks.

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

Birt Ross has sold his two lots at Sirdar to E. McCabe on the eve of his removal to Lethbridge.

"The Private Secretary" on Tuesday next. No reserved seats; 50 cents all round; children half-price; pay at door.

Last Sunday in the Methodist Church J. C. Skinner sang the favorite solo, "It is well with my Soul." Next Sunday he will sing "Better Land" in the same church.

See the ad. of the Kootenay Jam Co., Nelson, in this issue. This is a district industry and deserves the patronage of the district generally.

Mrs McPeak has decided to leave town and for the next 30 days will hold a big slaughtering of prices sale of her whole stock of dry goods, boots shoes, ladies' and children's clothes. Everything below cost. Call and see for yourself.

M. Northam, of Medicine Hat, came to town on Tuesday, on a visit to his old friend, Jim Richards.

Those who haven't seen "The Private Secretry" should not fail to come on Tuesday night.

We are informed by wire from J. J. Atherton, that arrangements have been completed for the playing of "The Private Secretary" at Moyie, under the auspices of the Moyie fire brigade, at an early date. Mr. Atherton is now in Cranbrook making arrangements for the same play to be given there.

Last Saturday evening, John Burns, a sawyer for the Creston Lumber Co., met with a bad accident in the lumber yard at Erickson, by a pile of lumber falling on him. His ankle was badly twisted and he received several severe scalp wounds. He was treated by Dr. Henderson and later on was sent to the Cranbrook Hospital.

I love, I love my wife; but Oh, you "Private Secretary."

PROFESSIONAL

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

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

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

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

Those who did see "The Private Secretary" will enjoy another good laugh if they see it again.

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.

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 3,30 p.m.; Evening Service, 7.30 p.m.
Adult Bible Class, 3.30 to 4 30 p.m.

F J RUTHERFORD, pastor

Church of England

Divine Service in the NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE:—Services Sunday, February 20 (Second Sunday in Lent):
Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m.
Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.; Sunday School at Vicar's house, 3 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar

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 particular line.

For Hardy Eastern Grown

Nursery Stock

FOR SPRING PLANTING
See TONY MODIGH
CRESTON HOTEL

STRAWBERRY PLANTS

I have propagated for sale, under favorable conditions, for the first time, R M. Kellogg Co.'s 1909 strain of thorough bred 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 2c 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, Stewen'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.

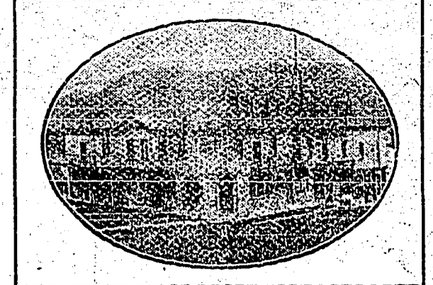
FOR SALE.—Thoroughbred Brown Leghorn Hens and Cockerels.—R. M. Reid.

FOR SALE—Block 8, 9.68 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 $31 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 1035, at Wynndel.—Apply to Moore and Derbyshire, Owners, Creston, B.C.

FOR SALE—A good bay horse, about 1500 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, reach down, down—through sixty feet of water, sand and gravel, if need be—until the Gold redimed, 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 $1293.86 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 1093, 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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