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.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE MEETING

DELGATE TO CENTRAL FARMERS' INSTITUTE AT VICTORIA, PRESENTS REPORT

A meeting of the Farmers' Institute was held in the Auditorium on Monday, February 14th. There was a large attendance of members and a number of people joined. The secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, which were adopted. The president, Mr. Rose, then called upon Mr. Cook, the delegate to the Central Farmers' Institute, to read his report. Mr. Cook then read the following:

"I herewith beg leave to submit my report as delegate to the Central Farmers' Institute, held at Victoria, February 1st and 2nd, 1910.

"There was a large attendance of delegates from all over the province, practically every Institute in the province being represented. The first thing done after the convention was opened, was a resolution of condolence to R. M. Palmer and family in the sad bereavement they had sustained by the death of their son, Walter R. Palmer.

A very large amount of business was transacted, the Government on their part doing everything possible to facilitate the work and help the Farmers' Institutes, the dairymen, the poultrymen, the stock breeder, fall fairs and fruit exhibitions; and it is arranged that hereafter that conventions covering the above mentioned branches of agriculture be held in Victoria at about the same time, so that a delegate to one of the above conventions can take in the whole, and thus become better acquainted with the work going on under the department of agriculture, and carry away to the various districts some idea of what is going on in the interests of the agriculturists in the province.

"I am pleased to say that the department have decided to devote three days to the Central Farmers' meetings hereafter, as the volume of work done at these conventions is increasing so rapidly that it is found impossible to go through the business in two days.

"Among other changes in the department for the coming year, it is proposed that the Superintendent of Institutes will send to each institute a copy of the resolutions passed at the previous annual meeting and a report of what action, if any, that the Government have taken on them, so that the delegates will have a better idea of how to act and save a lot of time in asking questions.

"The department are also sending out forms to the different institutes to be filled up, stating lectures, speakers, dates and subjects desired, and will arrange tours. They are also arranging apple packing schools at several points in the province at the larger shipping places. I made inquiries as to whether we could take it up or not; but found that the arrangements had all been completed for this year. However the department have promised to send packing demonstrators during the season, if applied for.

"Great disappointment was felt by the department at Creston not sending fruit for the British exhibitions, as we were recommended by Mr. Winslow, the Government horticulturist, as having the fruit; but on explaining that last season was an off season for apples and that we did not feel competent to grade and pack for such an important exhibition as that, I was informed that at any time we could call on Mr. Middleton, if he is free to come and assist us in this class of work.

"Considerable discussion took place over nursery stock not being true to name. Some growers who had purchased trees from a catalogue house across the line find now that their trees are in bearing that they are not true to name, and it was pointed out that the Government is powerless to take action, unless the nursery, selling the stock, have a licensed agent in the province, and advised against buying stock from catalogue houses.

"The department are commencing a series of literature, especially gotten up for the fruit grower, written by experienced men in the province, instead of articles written by men in other parts of the dominion. The Fruit Magazine, of Vancouver, is also to have correspondents in the various fruit growing districts, who will write special articles, which will be of value to us.

"A unanimous vote was passed by the Agriculture Board of Fall Fairs and the Central Farmers' Institute to hold a Canadian National Apple Show on the old lines of the Spokane Apple Show, to be held in Vancouver next November, and a resolution was passed, asking the Government to assist this proposition, and it is expected it will be put through.

"Among the more important motions affecting us, was one carried for the Government to further cheapen stumping powder to the rancher by paying freight on same from the factory to the rancher.

"The Nelson delegates brought in a motion to do away with Central Farmers' Institute and to hold four district conventions. This did not appeal to the rest of the Kootenay delegates or to the Department of Agriculture, and was lost.

"There was also a motion put to the convention to form a B.C. Poultryman's Association on the lines of the Farmers' Institute, which met with the hearty approval of the Department of Agriculture and was carried. A motion was also carried to put Women's Institutes on the same footing as our Institute.

"The motion that the Government purchase clover seed and sell the same to the farmers at cost price was carried.

"The motion for the Government to assist rural telephone companies was also carried. A motion was put and carried, that the Government assist the farmer in getting proper and efficient cattle guards on all railroads operating in the Province of B.C.

"Considerable discussion arose over the resolution dealing with the C. P. R. freight rates between B.C. points and the prairie provinces. The resolution asked that the railway should reduce the freight charges between B.C. points and the prairie points and vice versa. It developed in course of discussion that the present freight rates charged compared favorably with those in effect between Washington points and the Northwest. It was decided to change the resolution and ask the Government to appoint a commission on freight and express rates to discuss the matter with the C. P. R. Nothing definite was done.

"The Government are also considering the advisability of operating small demonstration plots on the farms of reliable ranchers in each of the fruit growing districts.

"Regarding our motion of a year ago for a Government well boring outfit, I learned that this was thrown out, owing to the fact that there were so many irrigation projects granted covering this class of work, ann this would interfere with their privileges. Regarding the lime sulphur spray, I find that both Pendray's and the Victoria Chemical Co.'s stand the Government test, and it is recommended to add ten pounds of lime to each barrel of diluted spray. Regarding a thoroughbred bull, Mr. Hodson would not recommend a Shorthorn, but strongly recommended a Holstein."

After reading his report, a number of questions were asked him and he explained at some length the following items in the report: Nursery stock not being true to name from catalogue houses across the line The merits of the Fruit Magazine, of Vancouver, and why we should support it; Canadian Apple Show and why it should be held; Institute stumping powder and the abuse of its privileges; Women's Institutes and how they can be obtained; Government operation of small demonstration plots in fruit growing districts and Government apple packing schools; after which the report was adopted and a hearty vote of thanks tendered Mr. Cook.

The next order of business was the arranging by the Institute for the purchase of a car of stumping powder, and orders were taken for the same. Orders were also taken for a supply of lime and spraying fluid. Considerable discussion took place over spring pruning, and it was decided to invite Mr. Middleton, of Nelson, Government Orchard Inspector, over to give demonstrations on this class of work.

It was decided to make application to the Government for demonstrators during the coming season on the subjects of Bee Keeping Summer Pruning, Fall Pruning, Apple Thinning, Apple Grading and Packing. A subscription list was also drawn up for subscribers to the Fruit Magazine, of Vancouver, and a large number of members took up this valuable paper, after which the meeting adjourned.

A. B. Fenwick, of Fort Steele, was a visitor to Creston on Wednesday. Mr. Fenwick, who is a resident of the Kootenays for the past thirty years, says that he has great faith in the Creston district as a fruit growing centre, and predicts a great future ahead of it. He says that at Fort Steele things are very prosperous, the many logging camps employing hundreds of men, make things lively. The Crows' Nest Lumber Co. has this season got some thirty-five million feet of logs out, and the whole Fort Steele section is just now experiencing an unprecedented tate of prosperity.

The Golden Scales Store.

As extreme tightness is the prevailing feature of the money market. We still continue to give the very closest prices for cash.

Have your Groceries weighed on our New Scales, where you get the Correct Weight, even to the turning of a hair, and not to trust to antiquated appliances that our grandfathers used.

We are always pleased to see new customers, and can assure them of the Best Goods at the Fairest Prices.

T. J. Crawford

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

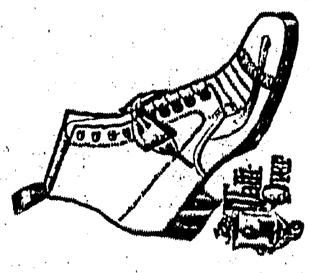
These are only a few of the Bargains you can get at

The Creston Clothing Co.

Stores on VICTORIA AVENUE, Opposite Methodist Church

WALK-OVER SHOES

New Spring and Summer Stock :



Of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes in Latest Styles and Lasts. Quality and Prices are RIGHT.

Creston Mercantile Co, Ltd.

The reception gown is an all important item to be reckoned with in dealing with the question of this winter's outfit, and is in many respects materially different from those that have for several years been considered correct. There are two quite distinct reception gowns; one is the reception costume with skirt, waist and coat to match, or the one piece gown with outside wrap, and the other is the afternoon gown designed for indoor wear. It is the latter that is receiving so much attention at the present moment and which is so extremely smart and attractive. Until the fashion of wearing a gown cut open at the throat became popular the present model for the afternoon gown had been considered suitable as a theatre gown, but in this age of extravagance there must be a gown for each and every occasion, and the slight difference of the open waist marks the gown satisfactorily. All the same, there are many practical and incidentally many exceptionally well gowned women who are intelligent enough to arrange to have the one gown do duty for both purposes.

Chiffon velvet, and in fact all velvets, are extremely popular this winter, and for the afternoon gown there are many most charming models made up in the light pastel shades of chiffon velvet. These are for indoor wear, but often there is an outside wrap which makes the costume complete. The lines are simple, although it must be admitted there are many of the ugly, unbecoming skirts caught in around the foot with a large rosette, recalling to mind old-fashioned window drapery. The double skirts are far prettier than these stiff draped ones, while the long unbroken lines are still chosen by the women who desires to be becomingly gowned. The waists, while the folds of material are draped, nevertheless fit close to the figure, and all the flat embroideries and trimmings are selected in preference to any other style. Be it understood that every possible attention is paid to the corset and to the fit of the gown, so that if nature has not provided a perfect figure every aid must be given to producing the effect of one. The size of the waist is diminishing, but the exaggeratedly small waist attained at the expense of big hips and bust is not fashionable either, and how the desired results are obtained in many instances is a secret known only to the corset maker, who is an artist, if ever there was one, and who has also a thorough and practical knowledge of anatomy.

EMBROIDERY AND APPLIQUE.

Exquisite in coloring are the newest gowns of this order and embellished with fine embroidery and lace applique, the different models affording opportunity for the display of either much or little fine work, as desired. With the plain double or single skirt the embroidery on the waist is the most important feature of the model. A favorite model has the tunic or overdress of some transparent or lighter material, the embroidery is on the lower part of the upper skirt and comparatively a small amount is used on the waist; a band of satin or velvet below the embroidery is an effective finish and this band can either match in color the material of the gown or be of a darker shade or black, the strong contrast being a favorite fad of the day.

There are such absolutely contradictory designs fashionable this season that it is really puzzling to choose. With the plain skirts, the draped skirts, the pleated skirts and the gathered skirts it is not an easy question to decide. The gathered and pleated effects are in marked contrast to the too tight fitting ones of last season, but exaggerated slenderness of figure must be possessed to make the gathered or pleated skirt look at all smart and becoming. "Sloppy" is a most inelegant expression, but it applies marvelously to the effect given by a badly hung full skirted gown. The well dressed woman to-day must look trim and well turned out. The small head that fashion now commands makes this more than ever imperative, and, in fact, the woman who receives the most compliments on her appearance does so from the indefinable air of completeness that marks her as being attired after fashion's latest dictates.

Theatre gowns are sadly troubling the average dressmaker who has formerly had to struggle (there is no other word to use) with only street gowns and evening gowns, the formerly being generally turned over to the tailor. The theatre gown of the moment is of such importance that it requires special care and attention. As has often been said, it is on the model of what was formerly call- gown to be worn at informal dinners and quite distinct from the dinner or ball gown. The tendency at present would seem to be toward making it more and more elaborate, cut lower in the neck and with shorter sleeves, but the smartest are as unlike as possible to the ball gown. The height of art, as exemplified by long unbroken lines and draped folds, is to be found in the newest models for this style, and although at first glance the price demanded for an absolutely plain draped gown seems preposterous, it is easy to discern after an attempt is made to carry out the idea by aid of unskilled hands why these apparently simple styles are so costly. An extremely popular model is in black and yellow or black and rose, or nattier blue voile de soie. There is the surplice effect in the folds of the waist, while the manner in which the folds on the skirt are crossed one over the other is almost impossible of description. A belt of satin or velvet, which can, if so desired, be ornamented by a large manufactured buckle, is the only trimming, the jewels of the wearer being supposed to furnish the necessary lightening of any too sombre appearance. The contrast of the black with hte light color is certainly startling, but everything depends upon how the fabric is disposed, for it can be draped or adjusted without either the black or the color predominating, as desired, while the same scheme can be worked out in two shades of one color. Worked out in all black it is too dark and sombre, except if worn in mourning.

SLEEVE DESIGNS IMPORTANT.

The sleeves of the reception and theatre gowns are an important consideration in the fashions now in vogue. There are several different styles. The kimono sleeve is more than suggested by the drapery on the waist, which forms the upper part of the sleeves or falls over the transparent cap. Just above or just below the elbow is the favorite length ed an informal dinner gown, meaning a for the sleeve of the open neck waist. One model, of pink chiffon or net, is close fittting, but is covered with black chiffon or net that is slashed to show the lining and is then gathered or drawn into fine pleats finished with a jewelled button. Then the sleeve is finished with a broad band of openwork jet or jeweled passementerie. There are close fitting sleeves of pink chiffon, finished with a band of the jet or passementerie that from a distance gives the effect of the arm being bare, with a broad jewelled bracelet. There are half sleeves of the material to match the gown, short and close fitting, and there will be worn a scarf so draped as to form the sleeve. This might have been expected, for the tunic overdress has always the short, loose sleeve, and then there must be the tight and longer undersleeve of lace or chiffon. Details are tiresome, but again must it be most emphatically stated that a ceaseless attention to detail is the price of the finished appearance required of the well-gowned woman of the day.

A. T. Ashmore.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS OF PARIS.

Heavy mousquetaire sleeves are in vogue.

Dark sepia is the most stylish shade of suede footwear.

Among the new purses, the square ones are popular.

In silks, brocade is the ultra petticoat material at present.

Seal plush coats, made up after real seal models, are in demand.

Cerise, a shade so popular a few years ago, is again to the fore.

A novelty is a coat sleeve laced the entire length with a silk cord.

Newest hairpins are square topped instead of having tops with curves.

Veils of new design for motorists include some made of Shetland wool.

Ribbon sashes may now be used for the most elaborate daytime occasions.

Handsome combs and other hair ornaments are shell, richly inlaid.

Challis and albatross are among the fabrics used for attractive negligees.

Heels continue high, but they are thicker and more substantial than last year.

Coats distinctively separate and for dressy wear are long and rather full.

Quills studded with jet are among the smart trimmings for the tailored turbans.

Mercury wings of fancy gilt are seen on some of the smart turbans and tricornes.

Long fur coats were never in such high favor. Most of them are quite closely fitted.

Some of the handsomest fur turbans are shaped almost exactly like a helmet.

Suede boots are made highly decorative by their close set, glittering buttons of gunmetal hue.

Buttons continue large and elaborate for decorative effects, but they do not appear in numbers.

Felt Juliets in the softest colors and edged with rabbit skins come for the little people.

The broad bow of velvet is much worn with the turnover collars or embroidered batiste or linen.

A few narrow fur stoles appear, but the wide neck piece of this style is more the favorite.

Jet is being used on almost every article of jewelry. Jet watch cases are among the novelties.

The old popular blues hold their own in suits, but fabrics are rough instead of hard and smooth.

Black waists are popular, and are shown in net, crepe, voile, messaline, taffeta, moire, and satin.

Some of the velvet gowns for street wear are so trimmed with fur that wraps are considered unnecessary.

Bows on shoes are more in evidence than ever before. In fact, there are bows and bows and bows this season.

Mourning muffs are made of crepe, the shirrings being held in place by narrow bands of taffeta or nun's veiling.

Most of the girdle of the season are high in front, though they actually encircle the waist line once more.

A band of blue velvet and a huge rhinestone button constitute the sole trimming of a soft blue beaver turban.

White jet plays a leading part in decorating young girls' dance frocks, and it also decorates white and black gowns.

Among the new umbrellas are those with palmetto handles. The handles are handsomely carved and highly polished.

Hatpins were never so extravagant in size and decoration. Some of the latest and richest are adorned with hand-painted miniatures.

Peking messaline is the name given to a particularly alluring silk striped chiffon cloth that is quite a favorite for blouses.

Sumptuous wraps for the afternoon as well as for the evening are made with wide, loose sleeves, and many have the burnous drapery.

Beads and braid combine to make some of the new and unusual cabochons on hats and gowns. They are to be had in a variety of colors.

Scarfs of white pongee are novel and attractive. They are finished with a button-holed edge and have more or less elaborate handwork as well.

Pillow covers of canvas, embroidered in conventional designs, are again seen. They are suggestive of the cross stitch work of a bygone day.

Some of the new sleeves are capped and gathered or shirred under the cap and at the elbows and wrists. In fact, the bishop tendency is marked.

The monotonous lack veil is having a rest, and those of deep violet, powder blue, bottle green, prune, and seal are chosen by the smartest dressers.

For evening war, satins of more or less lustre are holding on tenaciously and may go through the winter for that pu-r pose as a favorite material.

The new coiffure is all a-bristle with shell pins and combs, and those for evening wear are richly decorated with inlaid metal and sunken jewels.

Sleeves that are cut in one with the body of the garment, but which are neither of the old dolman shape nor of the bodly used kimono style, figure in the richest coats.

A pretty ornament for the hair is a filet of black velvet about half an inch wide, finished with a tiny bow either directly in front or a little to one side.

Panniers, whenever they are employed now, are made of the most supple matrials, which droop in long graceful folds instead of producing even a suggestion of bouffantry.

Evening gowns are agleam with gold and silver, usually the old fine tarnish shades. The metals are used as borders and embroideries, veiled with transparencies, more or less filmy.

Old rich gowns and silver brocades, copied from old world patterns and colorings are being made up by some of the leading dressmakers on both sides of the water for entire gowns.

The paletot is a great favorite with matrons, especially those who boast of height. The paletots are plain, with occasional draping, and the most effective are those trimmed with fur.

Soft kid opera bags, lined with shimmering satin, are exceptionally pretty. These frequently have a change purse on the outside fastened with a flap. A small mirror is set in the bottom of the bag.

The all around slight blousing over a narrow belt, which is now located at the natural waist line, is the latest development in waists. Aside from this, the general effect is more or less flat and smooth.

Nets of all kinds are popular in dressy waists and are made over white. Plain net waists are fully tucked. Venice and Irish nets are made up plain, naturally, but are most effective over their white linings.

Under jackets of quilted satin, whether with or without sleeves, are finding favor. Such a jacket is worn under the street coat when the thermometer drops a few degrees. This enables a lightweight suit to do duty in cold weather.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Rompers stand high in favor with careful mothers and are usually made of gay-colored ginghams.

Little dresses are often trimmed with buttons nowadays, and some of them are cut quite elaborately, as this sketch shows.

Cloth coats are simply cut and trimmed only with velvet or silk cuffs and revers.

AGE OF MARRIAGE.

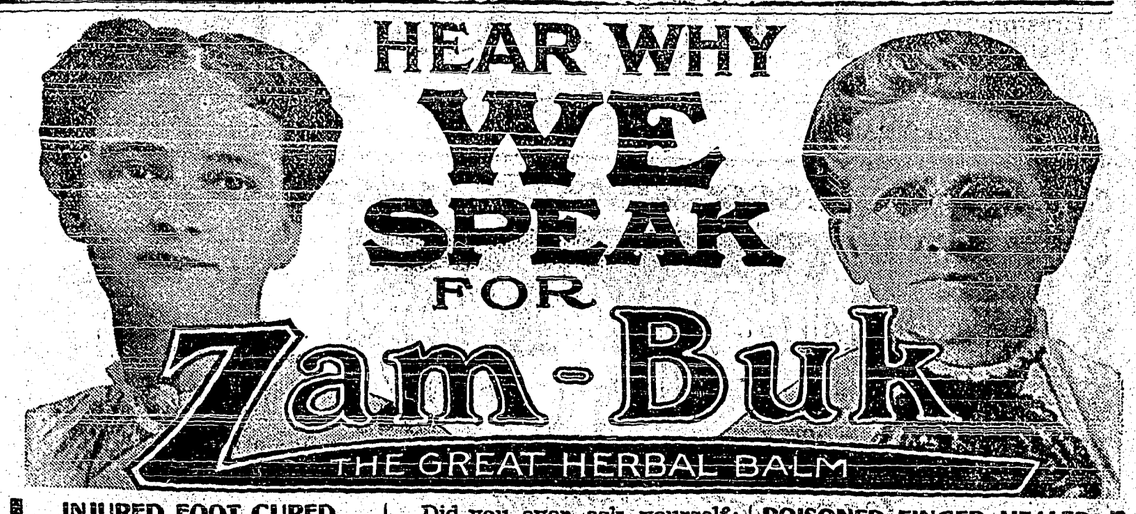
Comparison of Present Conditions in England and a Few Years Ago.

The average age of the community is becoming older, it was pointed out by the president of the Royal Statistical Society recently. It is interesting to note that the age of marriage has also the same tendency. According to the available returns as many as 40,000 girls marry in England in a year under the age of 21, that is in less than one-seventh of the marriages registered. Thirty years, a generation, ago more than one-fifth of the women marrying in a year were minors.

Another interesting fact that seems to prove this tendency to later marriages is provided by the figures for the last decade. In 1907 the number of marriages of women between the ages of 21 and 25 were just over 6,000 more than in 1898, while the marriages of women between the ages of 25 and 30 increased by just over 12,000.

The average or mean age of all spinsters who married in 1896 was 25 years and one month. This has advanced to 25 years and 6½ months in the last available returns. Widows at their second and third marriages are also older, having advanced from an average of 40 years 7 months to 40 years 11 months.

Thus spinster brides are nearly six months and widow brides four months older than those of a few years ago.—London Daily Mail.



INJURED FOOT CURED.

"I speak for Zam-Buk because it cured me of a terribly bad foot," says Mrs. Alice Berryman of 190 John St. North, Hamilton. She adds: "The injury was caused by a wagon wheel, and the sore was on my right foot. It became very inflamed and swollen and so painful that I fainted away. In spite of treatment, the wound got no better and the foot became more and more swollen until it was several times its usual size. The flesh was terribly bruised and blackened and it was quite impossible for me to walk. My husband's mother at last brought me a box of Zam-Buk. This was applied to the foot and it was surprising how soon I found relief from the severe pain. A further supply of Zam-Buk was obtained and I persevered in using this balm alone. In a couple of days the swelling had gone down considerably, the discoloration was less distinct and the pain was banished. In four days I could go about as usual: the bruised and injured foot had been thoroughly cured by the timely use of Zam-Buk."

Did you ever ask yourself: "How is it that Zam-Buk is so popular?" It is because it is superior and different to other salves. Contrast them! Most salves are nine-tenths animal oil or fat. Zam-Buk hasn't a trace of animal fat in it. Most salves contain mineral coloring matter. Zam-Buk is absolutely without! Many salves contain poisonous astringents. Zam-Buk doesn't.

Zam-Buk is actually more powerfully antiseptic than crude carbolic acid. Yet it stops instead of causing pain and smarting when put on a wound.

It heals more quickly than any known substance, abscesses, ulcers, eczema, blood-poisoning, cuts, scalp sores, chaps and all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Send 1c stamp for trial box.

POISONED FINGER HEALED.

Mrs. Frank St. Denis of 305 Thompson St., Winnipeg, speaks for Zam-Buk because it cured her of a poisoned finger, which had caused her days of agony. Hear her experience. She says:

"One morning, while washing, I felt a slight pain in the end of my finger. This gradually got more acute until by the evening of the next day the end of the finger had become swollen and hard and so blue I became alarmed.

"The pain from it was almost too much to bear. It made me turn quite sick! Poultices of first one kind and then another were applied, but seemed to give me no relief. My daughter-in-law, who had had some previous experience with Zam-Buk obtained a box for me. I anointed the sore place liberally with this balm, and in a few hours the throbbing aching pains were subdued.

Further applications of Zam-Buk gave me more ease, so that I could get a little sleep. In a few days the nail came off, but after that Zam-Buk seemed to reduce the inflammation quickly. I continued its use until in the end it had brought about a complete cure.

WALKING PARTIES.

The New York Girl Found a New Form of Entertainment in Canada.

"Did you ever hear of a walking party?" asked a New York young woman who had just returned from a long stay in Canada. "No, I do not mean little walking trips across country in which a group of persons engage, but a form of evening's entertainment. Those Canadian girls seem to be taking exercise continually, and any social affair is all the more enjoyable across the border if it includes what seems to some of us a lot of hard work.

"Invitations to a walking party are sent out with just as much ceremony as if the affair was to be a dance or a theatre party. It is essential for a perfect walking party that there shall be an equal number of young men and young women. Those invited meet at the home of the hostess at the usual time for an evening affair. The guests are paired off and the route of the walk is announced.

"It isn't any walk around the block by any means. Five miles at the least. One man acts as a master of ceremonies, and he and his partner lead the procession from the house. When the parade has moved a certain specified distance the leader calls a halt and turns his partner over to the man of the next leading couple. Then each man moves up one, the leader taking the girl at the foot of the line.

"The march is resumed until the next stage is reached and then another change of partners goes into effect. By the time the party returns to the house there has been usually a complete change of partners all round.

"This isn't any summer amusement. In fact, a tramp through the snow with the thermometer somewhere down near zero is considered awfully good sport. But be it summer or winter, the participants in a walking party return ready to enjoy the supper which winds up the evening.

"One thing against these walking parties, to my mind, is the continual changing of partners. You no sooner get interested in your companion than you have to turn him over to another girl. Maybe you draw a good partner at the start and a few minutes later get a stick. Of course it is eminently fair to every girl and to every man, but some girls, you know, delight in being unfair when there is a man in the case. As an aid to flirtation these walking parties aren't worth one of those big Canadian cents you see sometimes, but as an exerciser they are all to the good. And after all, the exercise is what these Canadians are looking for.

"I'm not sure that I won't try one of these walking parties here in New York. How would such a procession look coming down Broadway some fine evening when the theatres are going in? A change of partners at Broadway and Forty-Second street would sure surprise the usual hangers on at that corner. It might be an agreeable change from some of the things we get so tired of in this town."—New York Sun.

GRANNIE'S AULD BONNET.

Oh! for the bonnet, the old farren bonnet,
That tied wi' a ribbon 'neath gran'mother's chin;
There wasn't a frill nor a feather upon it,
Just a pickle red gum floors before an' behin'.

It wasna like bonnets that are worn nowadays,
My Grannie's auld bonnet of yore,
She wore it to market, to kirk and to plays,
For fifteen lang years—yes, a score.

Noo! Grannie, they change them four times a year,
Some are remodelled but maist feck are new.
It would scunner Society badly I fear
Should they wear the same hat the year through.

Feathers and floors and ribbons and such,
On a bonnet, you never did see,
The maist elaborate thing you wore was a mutch,
When you went to an aternoon tea.

Your shouthers wee happed wi' a Paisley plaid,
And a gravet weel tied roon your haffets,
That's hoo you dressed when oot on parade,
Or to call on your neebors, the Moffats.

But Grannie! O Grannie! if you saw them noo,
They are built on a new-fangled plan,
The rims are four feet, and set on a skew,
And the croons, weel—describe them who can.

Yours covered your haffets, half doon or mair,
The maist we could see was yer een,
But noo, they are set on the point o' a hair,
And tacked on wi' a spike ca'd a preen.

When I gang to the kirk on a Sunday night,
I sit at the back, that's my choice,
O' the minister's face, I ne'er get a sight;
Just whiles, a wee soon o' his voice.

Sae I fidge and I shift and stretch my neck,
Till I get a wee glint roon the first ane,
But there's anither ahead, like a big bee skep,
Further up there's ane like a dish pan.

Some are a' rim and some are a' croon,
And some have weel nae shape ava,
They look like a porridge pot upside doon,
Or a frying pan hung on the wa'.

Sae gie me the bonnet, the auld farren bonnet,
The kind that my Grannie aye wore,
Wi' neither a feather nor a ribbon upon it,
And wi' ease it wad gang through a door.

—Stewart Scott, in Scottish Canadian, Morden, Man.

DAINTY BLOUSE.

A very pretty blouse is made of light weight cloth in elephant gray. The edges are outlined with satin soutache in the same color. The collar and jabot are of yellow lace, and the embroidery is in gray, brown and gold threads.

There is hardly a farmer's daughter in Canada who does not know Windsor Salt.

It has been the universal standby for years.

Practically all the prize winners at the fairs have used Windsor Salt—last year, 95% of those winning cash, medals and premiums, made their prize butter with Windsor Salt.

If you have not been using Windsor Salt for butter making, get a sack and try it. You will then see why the prize butter makers use it.

7

Underground Moving Sidewalk.

(Chicago Tribune.)

There is a prospect that New York will try to solve a part of the street congestion problem by putting into operation an underground moving sidewalk. The board of estimate has recommended to the public service commission that the plan be tried in Thirty-fourth street between Ninth and Second avenues. An obstacle in the way is the matter of grade to be used, that of the new subway running north and south not yet having been determined upon.

The idea of underground sidewalks, stationary or movable, with arcade shops below the surface of the street, has often been discussed, but no city has yet dared to experiment with it. For one thing, the mechanism and the arrangements for ingress and egress have not been deemed satisfactory, but it is not declared that these difficulties have been overcome and that a system has been discovered to which no objection can be made.

In the problem of actual street traffic the congestion of the footways has been lost sight of, but it is of great importance. To-day in Chicago the pedestrian has almost as much difficulty in making his way as does the driver of a vehicle. We have yet to cope with the subway proposition and the engineers who have the matter in hand might do well to watch the experiment in New York, for the problem of footways is likely to grow more complicated with each year.

Many a man now uses crutches who once depended upon another kind of bracer.—Manchester Union.

Sweet Norine

"It has been long years since I crossed this threshold, going over the village, but I could not lose my way. I, Frances Barrison, the proud, unyielding old grandmother, will present myself at the humble old blacksmith's cottage, and sue to see my only daughter's child, Norine. And after I have looked upon her face I —I will go away. I will find the old lawyer's house, and then—yes, then—the wrong of years shall be righted, and Frances Barrison's conscience will be at rest at last!"

She was old and infirm, yet she did not shrink from the imposed task she had assigned herself; even when she crossed over to the window and drew aside the rich, heavy curtains, and looked out into the darkness of the bitter cold night.

"I can come and go," she muttered, "without any one being any the wiser."

It was a wonderful undertaking for this woman, who had not been beyond the confines of those walls for so many years, that she almost forgot what the outside world was like. And she, quite an invalid at that; but intense longing and excitement seemed to buoy her up.

She took from her wardrobe a long fur cloak, a bonnet and veil, and heavy, furlined shoes.

It did not occur to her how weird they looked and strangely at variance with the fashion of the present day as she donned them. Her mind was busy with other thoughts.

"Now that I come to think of it, I need not walk so very far," she ruminated. "The stage bound for the Great Bear Mines must pass the turn of the road here. I can board the stage and get out at the turn that leads over the mountain. Long as I have been a recluse within these walls, I have not forgotten that."

She could not have told what prompted her to place the old will in her bosom, and hold the new one tightly grasped in her hand. The key of the door was hanging on a nail in its accustomed place. With steadfast hand she inserted it in the lock, and the ponderous oaken door swung noiselessly back on its hinges. She stepped quickly over the threshold, and, for the first time in long, miserable years, the fresh air of heaven blew upon her face.

How strange it seemed to be out under the stars of heaven once again. She did not have time to think of this long, however, for at that moment the horn of the on-coming stage sounded clear and shrill on the night air.

With all haste the closely-veiled figure made its way down to the bend of the road, reaching there just in the nick of time to hail the passing coach.

The driver did look a little astounded at picking up a passenger in that secluded spot, and especially a woman, at that.

He did not have the trouble of climbing down off his box to open the door for her, for the service was performed by for her, for that service was performed by the passenger inside—Joe Brainard, who was going all the trip with him, as far as the Great Bear mines.

Joe was quite as much surprised as the driver had been to see this closely-veiled, apparently elderly woman board the stage, for he had been assured that he was the only passenger booked for the trip. Joe noticed that the stranger sank quickly down into the nearest seat, as though the effort of climbing into the high, lumbering old vehicle had taken considerable of her strength from her, and, moreover, she had no rugs with which to wrap about her to make herself comfortable on this bitter cold night.

The swinging old coach proceeded on its way, jolting the two occupants considerably as they struggled up the steep mountain path.

"Who and what is this woman?" Joe wondered, a strange sense of uneasiness that he could not shake off oppressing him. "It's always unlucky for a woman to board a stage after it has started."

CHAPTER X.

On and on rattled the old stage up the narrow, steep incline, pitching from side to side like a boat on an angry sea, threatening each moment to tip over and hurl itself down the yawning, icy abyss which seemed waiting to receive it and its human freight.

Suddenly there was a tremendous jolt forward, and the vehicle came to an abrupt, standstill, and over the wild howling of the winds the driver's voice could be heard cursing angrily against his ill luck.

A moment later he stuck his head in at the door, whispering a few hurried words to Joe Brainard, then closed the door with a bang.

Joe looked at his companion sitting opposite, who appeared to be in a deep sleep, induced by the motion of the swaying coach, hoping she might remain unconscious as to what was going on denly sat bolt upright, inquiring impatiently what was the matter, and why the stage had come to a standstill.

There was no other way out of it than to tell her the truth.

"We have had the misfortune to break down, madam, and the driver was obliged to ride one of the horses back to Hadley —quite two miles—to bring some one to repair the broken axle ere we can proceed."

The woman sat bolt upright, uttering a cry of consternation, exclaiming:

"Back to Hadley, did I understand you to say? Surely I could not have heard aright."

"This is the stage which goes over the mountain. It started from Hadley, surely you could not have made the mistake of supposing it went to the village?" he exclaimed in consternation.

"Yes, that is what I thought," replied his companion, excitedly. "Great heaven! what shall I do? I will be obliged to walk back the entire distance. How will I ever be able to do it? I—I will pay the driver any price he asks if he will only turn around and take me back to Hadley."

"That would be quite an impossibility, madam, as you will readily see when I explain the matter to you," said Joe, continuing: "This stage has its regular trip to make at a given time; other vehicles which must cross the mountain are obliged to wait for it, for, should two conveyances chance to meet in the roadway a mile higher up, a great calamity would ensue, for the road is too narrow to pass each other by."

"What shall I do?" exclaimed the woman, growing almost hysterical. "I wanted to go to Hadley. I have taken the whong stage. I—I shall have to get out and—and—try to make my way on foot."

"Allow me to suggest a much more practical way," returned Joe. "Remain in this stage until the Hadley coach passes, and then transfer into that. You may lose an hour or so of time, but that is nothing compared to the hardship of attempting to make your way back down the path on foot. Few men would attempt it in this Egyptian darkness, and surely no woman could afford to risk her life by doing so."

"I am forced to take your advice and accept the situation as calmly as possible, since there is no other way out of it," she answered, with a sigh of resignation, as she sank back into her seat.

Before Joe could reply to her remark, the door of the coach was hastily flung open, and the red, flaring light from a bull's-eye lantern was flashed upon the two occupants of the vehicle, and above it loomed a man's face, upon which was a black mask.

In each hand he carried a loaded revolver, and a brace of weapons gleamed from his belt.

"It's an ill wind which blows nobody good," exclaimed the stranger, adding, with a sardonic laugh: "The accident which caused the driver's return to the village was most fortunate for me. Otherwise I should have had two men to overpower instead of one. But to business. You are the express messenger from Hadley; you carry with you a very valuable package, which I must trouble you to hand over without delay, my good sir. In other words, your money or your life," he exclaimed.

As he spoke, the muzzle of one of the revolvers was pressed close to Joe's temple, the other over his heart.

That voice! The moment the sound of it, even though the tone was disguised, fell upon the strange woman's ear, the very heart in her bosom stood still, for she recognized at once. She tried to cry out, tried to utter a single word, but her tongue, her every limb seemed paarlyzed. She could not have uttered a single sound if her life had depended upon it, she could only sit there rigid and cold, like a statue carved in marble, watching the two luridly piercing eyes that looked out from the mask, and the white hands holding the revolvers.

It also took Joe a moment to recover from the awful shock of horror that swept over him like a wave of death.

"Be quick!" cried the man at the door, the cold steel of the revolver pressed still closer to Joe's throbbing brow. "Hand over that package of money you are taking to the Great Bear Mine or stand the consequences. I am a desperate man, I will stand no parleying."

"And I am no coward!" cried Joe, finding his voice at last. "I will fight to protect whatever I may be carrying until the last breath in my body be spent. You shall never take anything from me, unless it be from my dead body."

"Curse you!" cried the masked bandit, with a fierce volley of oaths. "Your stubbornness is the price of your life; take that, then, if yo uwill have it!"

There were two simultaneous reports, a blinding, glaring flash, a volley of smoke.

Perhaps it was because the weapons were at too close a range that they missed their mark, though both of them grazed Joe's body, inflicting stinging wounds.

The next instant both men were in the road, locked in each other's arms, in a deadly encounter for supremacy—Joe trying to knock the weapons from the bandit's grasp, the latter attempting to turn them once more against the breast of his antagonist.

It was a fearful struggle witnessed by the woman within the coach, by the dim, flaring light of the lantern lying by the roadside where the bandit had flung it.

Once again, with all her might, she tried to cry out; but her tongue seemed glued to the roof of her mouth.

Then she saw that the masked bandit had overpowered his victim. Poor Joe's valiant courage had given away at last, because the little strength which he had possessed when he arose from a sick bed to take this journey failed him, leaving him at his assailant's mercy.

A blow from the butt end of the revolver in the other's hand had knocked him senseless in the deep snow by the roadside.

In an instant the masked bandit seized the lantern and bent over his fallen adversary, losing no time in rifling his pockets of their valuable contents, transferring the package he was looking for to his own.

"Dead men tell no tales," he muttered, and seizing the rigid form of Joe in his arms, he carried him to the edge of the precipice and dropped him over; down—down into the horrible, yawning abyss below.

Then once again he turned his attention to the stage coach and its occupant.

"I bid you a very good evening and a safe journey, madam," he exclaimed, with an obsequious bow, "Yo uned have no fear about my disturbing you. I never rob a lady, unless forced by the direst of necessities to do so. Again I bid you au revoir, driver returns, without the least fear of molestation from your truly, Claude Duval, jun., alias Jack Shepard, or Dick Turpin, whichever pseudonys you fancy most."

With those words, and another most graceful bow, he was gone, and the woman within the broken down stage sat like a marble image still, watching the red glow of the lantern until the dark night swallowed it and she was left alone in the horrible darkness, and the awful stillness, broken only by the wild fury of the wind tearing down the mountain gorge, and the piteous whinnying of the remaining horse hitched to the old stage.

Suddenly the cord which seemed to bind Mrs. Barrison's every sense snapped asunder, and with a desperate leap, for one in her condition, she sprang headforemost from the vehicle—her one thought being to get away, anywhere—anywhere from the spot where she had witnessed the horrible tragedy of the murder of her fellow traveller.

Again, as the cold air struck her face, she tried to cry out; but it was useless; her throat only gave forth a gurgling sound, and she realized with horror more fearful than death that her tongue was paralyzed.

CHAPTER XI.

So terrified was the hapless woman over the horrible discovery, that the power of speech had suddenly left her; that, all forgetful of her weakness and the great amount of strength she was exerting, she fairly flew down the slippery, snow-covered mountain road.

It was only by the mercy of heaven that she did not make a misstep and go over the ledge into the yawning abyss below, the darkness was so impenetrable.

How far she traversed she never knew; in her dazed imagination she quite fancied she saw the twinkling lights of Hadley just before her; but as she strove with might and main to reach them, she realized dimly that they were night stars set in the black, arched dome above her, and a strange shudder passed over her.

As she stumbled on and on through the terrible night, the very breath froze on her white lips as in drifts the night grew colder—intensely cold.

She was old and ill, she had lived a harsh, unhappy life, but she was not yet ready to die.

Die! The very thought filled her trembling heart with horror. And to die out in the cold, with the white drifts of snow for a winding sheet.

In that hour she thought of the hapless daughter whom she had turned from her dor to meet just such a cruel fate on just such a night.

Was this God's vengeance upon her, after all these years?

She tried to cry out to heaven if she could but be saved she would atone, as far as was in her power, to the child that hapless daughter had left behind her. But the angry God who rules and reigns above seemed deaf to her prayer. Had her sin been so great that atonement was denied her?

On and on she toiled, each step through the drifts becoming more difficult.

At last, looking up, she saw with joy which no words could describe, the gates of her own home looming up before her, but a few feet distant.

She redoubled her efforts to reach it, but her feet seemed leaden-weighted, and she realized dimly that the blood in her veins was slowly turning to ice.

She held out her arms to the great closed gate, then, with a gasping, gurgling sound, born of her mighty effort to cry out, she sank in the roadside, unable to take the few more steps that would bring her to the shelter of her own home and safety.

The wild winds roared with demoniac glee about her, the great snowflakes were hurled about her and over her in high drifts.

She knew what it meant, she was to die out there in the snowdrifts, within sight of the peace, warmth and comfort of her own home.

The wind rose higher, fiercer and more cruelly cutting, whirling the snow about her in its own mad fashion.

The old, gray head bent lower—lower, until it rested on the frozen drifts; but she did not feel the bitter cold. The old hands that clutched the folded paper relaxed, and their burden fell from them. She raised the other hand to the bosom of her dress and tore it open frantically with her last expiring strength—of air. She was stifling—dying.

The other paper, yellow with age, fell from its hiding place, but she did not heed it.

She did not know that the frolicsome winds caught up the two papers, hurled them high over the great stone fence, and higher still over the treetops, landing them through a window left open by mistake, directly into the room of Clifford Carlisle, as though by preconceived design.

But at that moment, while life and death struggled for supremacy in the chilled body of Frances Barrison, the light of a lantern came flitting like a huge earth-star up the path.

It was swung to and fro in the hands of a young girl, and that young girl—Norine.

Was it strange and inexplicable fate that caused the short cut through the village to be blocked with snow, thus obliging those who must from necessity venture out to take the long, roundabout journey, seldom used of late years, which led past the stone house of Frances Barrison, the old recluse.

Norine had been to the bedside of one of the sick village children who, she was told that day, was calling for her incessantly.

The girl was young, strong of limb, warm of blood, and fearless of heart. The wildness of the storm was nothing to her, nor was the depth of the drifting snow.

She had pleaded so hard with the aged blacksmith and his wife, to go upon this errand of mercy, that they could not refuse her.

"I feel, somehow, as though I may save a life, grandma, by going," she said, gravely, as she kissed them good-by. "Don't be the least uneasy about me, even though I should remain after dark; for I am not destined to die in the snowdrifts, you know."

Grandpa Gordon would have watched Norine out of sight, if his dear, cautious old wife had not drawn him away from the window, remarking that it was never lucky to watch any one departing.

Norine had made her "duty visit," as she called it, and had set out on her way homeward.

It was by the merest chance she observed the prostrate figure lying in the roadside, half covered by the drifting snow. She had been within a hair's breadth of passing it by, supposing the dark object to be a part of a tree blown down, when suddenly she beheld the object move distinctly. The wind had caught up the folds of the long cloak, and was blowing it to and fro.

Norine stopped short in the road, and held down her lantern close to the object.

"A—a woman!" she cried, in the greatest consternation. "Either dead or dying on the roadside. What shall I do?"

She raised her head and cast a quick glance about her, quickly espying the old stone house. No other habitation was about.

"I will go in these and summon help!" she cried, excitedly. "It is the home of the old woman miser, or recluse, or whatever they call her. No matter how hard and cold and cruel she is, she cannot refuse succor to this poor creature, dying out ere in the cold of this awful night."

Norine's lungs were strong and vigorous, she helloed loud and long—her shrill cries for help piercing the thick walls and almost deaf ears of old Esther and her husband, who were taking their toast and tea by the kitchen fire.

"What is that?" exclaimed old Esther, setting down her cup and listening intently.

"Nothing— nothing whatever," declared her husband. "You are nervous and fanciful to-night, Esther——"

"It's just eighteen years ago to-night that——"

"Yes, yes. I know it. You've done nothing but remind me of it since early morning. You shouldn't let your mind dwell on the occurrences of that night. You unnerve yourself, and me as well. Talk about something else."

"There, don't you hear that?" cried his wife, starting up in terror. "It's no imagination. I say I hear a human voice in distress crying out for help."

"The Lord bless and preserve us, my old woman has gone clean daft, at last," muttered the old man, with a groan. "I've allus feared it."

"Stop your mumbling and light your lantern quickly, and go out and see what is the matter," Esther commanded, her teeth fairly chattering as the shrill cry, which her deaf old husband could not hear, was repeated louder and clearer than before.

(To be Continued.)

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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

Sure Enough.

Pat got a job moving some kegs of powder, and, to the alarm of the foreman, was discovered smoking at his work.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the foreman. "Do you know what happened years ago? There was an explosion, which blew up a dozen men."

"That couldn't happen here," returned Pat, calmly.

"Why not?"

"'Cos there's only me and you," was the reply.—Harper's Magazine.

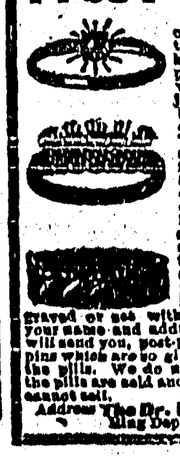
The New Island.

A new island, whose existence had been unsuspected, has just been discovered north of the Russian portion of Saghalin by the Japanese explorer, Madsushima. The island is regarded as an important acuqisition to Japanese fisheries.

Col. Von Kotten, chief of the secret police of Moscow, has been appointed to succeed Col. Karpoff, chief of the secret police in St. Petersburg, who was assassinted on Dec. 22.

Mr. Sillicus—Every time I read a newspaper I get some new thoughts. Miss Caustique—Indeed! I don't suppose you find time to read very much.

Free! 14 Karats Solid Gold Shell Rings



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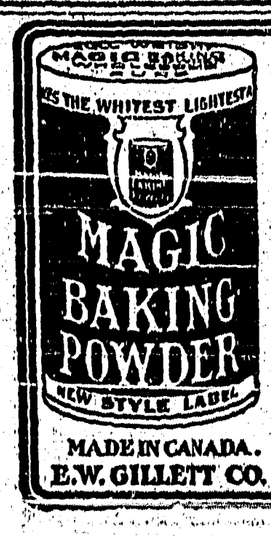

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Muscular and Mental Fatigue

Broken Sleep and Bad Dreams Cured by a Simple Remedy.

"My sickness had so many curious symptoms that I think I shall try and describe them," writes Mrs. A. Maury. "Muscular fatigue seemed to follow even slight exertion. I would soon feel the weakness of the muscles of the back, limbs and arms. Even the fixed position of light sewing would be sufficient to bring on tiredness. In a little while if I picked up a book, the letters would look blurred, and if I didn't drop it, headache would result. My thoughts would not flow freely—I was irritable, irrational, and insomnia seemed at last to be settling down upon me. Finally I saw I had to give up trying to do things, and began taking raw eggs and milk, whether I had appetite or not. I also took Ferrozone. I am glad now I did this. Ferrozone gave me an appetite and aided digestion of my food. I could soon see how my blood was being renewed, and its color reddened. When my blood improved my nerves also improved, and by persistence with Ferrozone, lots of food and rest, I recovered perfectly from the load of worries and sickness that made my life so miserable. I urge every ailing, weak or worried woman to use Ferrozone, one or two tablets with meals."

It's a vitalizing, nourishing tonic—full of the properties needed for rebuilding the body—that's what Ferrozone is—try it—50c. per box, six for $2.50, all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

FOUR MILES AN HOUR.

Not So Easy to Walk at That Rate as Many Persons Imagine.

There is nothing that the average person believes more implicitly than that he can walk four miles in an hour easily. Almost any one will say: "We were out walking for an hour and a half to-day. Let me see, four miles an hour; that makes six mines we went," and he is convinced that is the ground his party covered.

That same average person has only to try to walk four miles in sixty minutes to discover that it is good stiff going. There are many more folks who cover three miles in the time when they think they are going at the rate of a mile better than there are who actually know the pace they are making.

It is an easy thing to determine. For instance, one man started at 110th street on Central Park West and walked down alongside the park. He noted the time on his watch when he started and swung along at a gait that he fondly believed was a mile in ten minutes. That, for instance, would be about one-half the speed that the average mile runned would make when he was fairly new to the game, but he would have to have trained for a time to do that.

The walker didn't take out his watch until he had reached Ninetieth street, the end of his first mile. Then he looked. It was fifteen minutes almost to the second when he ended that mile.

This was a little of a shock, especially as there were only a couple of crosswalks in the way and there was a nice stretch of gravel path alongside the pavements on which to walk. But he started off again for the second mile. This time he walked steadily, using his hips, and eventually got striding at a clip that convinced him he was going at least four minutes better than the other time. At Seventieth street he inexorable watch showed fourteen minutes for the second mile.

"And then I was all out," said the walker, "and I made up my mind I wouldn't try to make time for the rest of my walk down town. Those two miles in twenty-nine minutes were about my best. Perhaps I could have done the two in a little better, but to go on for two more would have pulled the average down. It taught me something about that four miles an hour idea."—N. Y. Sun.

WHEN STANLEY QUAILED.

Dinner Flatteries Too Much for the Man of Iron.

"Before I met Henry M. Stanley," says William H. Rideing in McClure's, "I had talked with men who had been under him in his African expeditions, and all they told me about him was more or less appalling.

"He was not inhuman, but in desperate straits he spared neither man nor beast, nor would he defer to the counsel or the pleas of others or have any patience with less than instant and unquestioning obedience to his orders under all circumstances. He would not forbear under arguments or excuses or relax his severity by any familiarity or pleasantries, even when his object had been gained. He was both despot and martinet; stern, exacting, uncompromising, silent, humorless, inscrutable, Cromwellian.

"'I cannot say we loved him,' one of his lieutenants said to me; 'we were all afraid of him, but we all believed in him. When he hadn't his rifle in hand he had his Bible, and no matter where our camp was or how long and distressing our march had been he never missed his bath and shave in the morning.'"

This aspect of the explorer was very different from that which he showed to the guests at a dinner which the Pabyrus Club of Boston gave in his honor.

"Whether he sat or stood," said Mr. Ridsing, "he fidgeted and answered in monosyllables, not because he was unamiable or unappreciative but because he —this man of iron, whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and braved the heart of darkness—was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen.

"His embarrassment grew when after dinner the chairman eulogized him to the audience; he squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical ebullience of praise. 'Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who,' etc.

"The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and with a gesture of deprecation fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought. It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay.

"His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not paper, but a rag of a cap, and with that on he faced the company as one who by that act had done all that could be expected of him, and made further acknowledgment of the honors he had received superfluous. It was a cap that Livingstone had worn and that Livingstone had given him."

WITCHCRAFT IN INDIA.

Belief So Strong That Human Sacrifice Is Still Practiced.

The finder of the note told others about it and they in turn spread the news until nearly every one at the plant heard it. One hundred and fifty men wrote to the fair correspondent last night, some sending letters and others picture postcards.—From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The belief in witchcraft is still fast rooted in parts of India, and the unfortunate persons suspected of the black art are not uncommonly done to death.

In Bengal last year several cases of the kind came before the courts. In the Sonthal Parganahs a woman was murdered by her mother and brother, who believed her to be a witch.

In Palamau a man was killed, as the villagers held that he was a wizard. In another case two women were murdered on the bare suspicion that they had caused the death of three children by cholera. Human sacrifice also is still practiced among the uncivilized tribes of Bengal.

In Angul some Khonds sacrificed a girl as a propitiatory offering against cholera, and in Palamau a boy was enticed into the jungle and killed as a sacrifice. There can be little doubt that any relaxation of vigilance would result in a serious increase of witch killing and human sacrifices. — From the Allabadad Pioneer.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Give Regularity and Good Health.

Every woman at some time needs a tonic. At special times unusual demands are made upon her strength. Where these are added to the worry and hard work which falls to her lot, weakness will result unless the blood is fortified to meet the strain.

Weak women find in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the tonic exactly suited to their needs. Most of the ills with which they suffer are due to bloodlessness—a condition which the Pills readily cure. These Pills save the girl who enters into womanhood in a bloodless condition from years of misery, and afford prompt and permanent relief to the woman who is bloodless, and therefore weak. Mrs. R. Fisher, Coates Mills, N. B., says: "Some time ago my condition was in a very anaemic condition as the result of an internal hemorrhage caused by an accident. Though I had the services of a skilled doctor for a time, I did not recover my strength, and gradually I grew so weak that I could not do any housework. As I seemed to grow steadily weaker I became much discouraged, for previous to my accident I had always been a healthy woman. About this time I received a pamphlet telling me of the strengthening powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured a box at once and began using them, when they were gone I got three boxes more, and by the time I had used these I found myself somewhat stronger and my appetite much better. Before I began the Pills I could scarcely walk upstairs, and could do no work at all. Now after taking three boxes I was able to walk out in the open air. I kept on with the Pills, and after using six boxes was delighted to find that I could again attend to my household affairs. I took two more boxes of the Pills, and I felt that I was as well as ever I had been, and equal to any kind of exertion. I have since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to friends with beneficial results."

Dr. Williams' Pink 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.

Worth Knowing.

For a cream whip which is easily made, fill sherbet glasses half full of any preserved fruit, heap them with whipped cream that has been flavored with vanilla or wine, and sprinkle the tops lightly with cocoa, cocoanut or minced nuts.

A small paint brush is the most convenient duster for rattan furniture or anything else where there are small openings to be reached. One woman has a wide painter's brush which she uses in dusting doors where there is a good deal of paneling.

If the curtain or portiere pole is rubbed with hard soap before the draperies are put over it, the draperies will slip easily.

Stale macaroons, which can be bought cheaply at the baker's, make the tastiest addition to custards and puddings if pulverized and sprinkled over the top.

Lamb's liver, which is very delicate and not so much used as it deserves, is delicious minced and served on toast. It may also be broiled or fried. A tasty omelet is made by boiling the liver tender, cutting it in dice, cooking it for two or three minutes in a tablespoonful of butter, adding a little water, or stock, a few capers, a little minced green pepper, a minced olive or two, seasoning of paprika, and turning it over the plain omelet after it is put on the platter, but before it is folded.

THE TIGHT PLACES.

Bones—I suppose Colonel Bluegrass has been in many a tight place.

Guzzler—Yes, it is his proud boast that he has been in every bar from Louisville to Boston.

TIME FOR INTERVENTION.

Kicker—Before he was married he called her his queen.

Booker—Now he says she is a ruler of a South American republic.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO — ESTABLISHED 1867

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

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

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

BANK MONEY ORDERS

ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

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

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

They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost, and may be obtained without delay. 121

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston UNION LABEL *Review*

Published every Friday at Creston, British Columbia, by the Creston Publishing Co., at their office, Fl et 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.

It is important and most desirable that more of the local fruit growers should join the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade is composed of business men and a few fruit growers, and we would like to see more fruit growers as members of this important body. It is, as a matter of fact, the fruit growing industry that the Board of Trade is trying to aid, by a systematic course of advertising. Why then should not the actual fruit grower come in and aid in the good work? The fruit growers at present in the Board of Trade are exceedingly useful members, for their opinions on fruit questions are valuable, but there should be more of these men in the Board of Trade. This means you, Mr. Fruit Grower, if you are not already a member of this organization.

From present appearances the year 1910 will be a banner year for the Creston district. Up to the present time this district has had practically no advertising whatever, and the advertising that has lately been done and which is now about to be done by the Board of Trade will bring good results this summer. It is a safe prediction that this coming summer will be a most progressive season for Creston, and it behooves both the fruit growers and the business men to secure from P. B. Fowler, Hon. Sec. of the Board of Trade, a good supply of the special letterheads and envelopes that have recently been printed and which will so effectively advertise the Creston district.

AFTER THE ELECTIONS

The following article on the election in Great Britain, has been received from Ralph G. Scruton, editor of the Review, who is at present in London, Eng.:

It is all over; no more do the cheering crowds assemble in Trafalgar Square; no longer do the decorated motors rush with loads of voters from side streets to the polling booths. Down from the great hoardings come picture sheets, cartoons and printed appeals. Out of the windows overlooking the streets are torn the photos of rival candidates and the rosettes and ribbons.

One remembers that the fellow next door is a decent fellow after all, even though he be a Radical or Free Trader, and he on his part nods pleasantly and says "Good Morning" when he passes on his way to work or theater, and never even mentions food taxes or Germany

The elections are over and we are all claiming a victory and trying to look as cheerful as we can over it and settling down into the usual routine of life from which we have been so violently disturbed; and what has it all amounted to? The House of Commons is made up of a total of 670 members. These were divided in the old parliament as follows:

Liberals	373
Unionist	168
Labor	46
Nationalist	83

As a result of the elections last week these figures now read roughly:

Liberal	275
Unionist	272
Labor	46
Nationalist	83

Thus, while the Liberal-Labor combination has a majority of 40 votes over the Unionist party, this is more than counterbalanced by the Irish vote. Really speaking therefore, the Nationalists hold the balance of power and are in a position to turn the Liberal-Labor Government out at any time they choose, by uniting with the Unionist party on a division on any vote under consideration in the House of Commons.

The Unionist party have made enormous gains as compared with the last election of 1906. It was to be expected that they would make some gains, and you will see how closely my prophecy of a few weeks ago has been borne out. As a fact, the Unionists have done a little better than I expected, at the expense of the Liberal-Labor confederation.

The new parliament, so curiously and badly balanced and so unstable in its component Government parts, meets in a few weeks and will have to proceed at once to the discussion of pressing and important business.

Even supposing the question of Tariff Reform is allowed to slip for a short time, there are the Budget, the Lords Veto, and the Navy, three questions of great import and around which a strong controversy must at once be centred.

If the promises of both sides to extend Old Age Pensions, commence Labor Exchanges (these latter are beginning this month on a large scale) and other social reform policies are to be continued, the necessity for at once raising a large additional revenue is at once apparent

The Tariff Reformers say, with truth, that these revenues can only be obtained by extending the taxes to include foreign manufactured goods and that the Liberal Government, by incurring these vast expenses, have themselves killed Free Trade.

Then there will be a substantial sum to raise for the navy. The Unionist party have made the present state of the navy one of the chief planks, and with their augmented and solid party insisting on increases, headed by men like Charley Beresford and other naval and military members, who have gone in on the Unionist ticket at this election. They are bound to have a big say on this point.

The opposition to the land and licensing clauses in the Budget will be renewed by a strengthened opposition and also by a large section of the Nationalist members, who object to the whisky taxes, as they will damage Irish interests. A deflection of just a few Liberal-Labor or Nationalist votes in any of these divisions will suffice to put out the Liberal-Labor Government at any time, whilst a section of moderate Liberals, alarmed at the bribes in the way of Labor and Irish legislation, which will have to be given by the Liberal Government to hold their votes, may at any time seal the fate of Mr. Asquith's Government.

Looked at from all sides, the result of the election is unsatisfactory, and especially so to the Liberal party. Experience has shown that Governments which have to rely on Irish support do not last very long. In this instance the position is further complicated by Labor and Socialist faction; therefore prophets are already predicting for the Asquith Government a storming and very short existence. In the meantime the situation is uneasy. Business is more or less hampered by the uncertainties of the present and the disturbed prospects of the future The armed truce in Europe continues; the question of Tariff Reform or Free Trade becomes more acute than ever, with the ultimate victory of Tariff Reform distant but certain.

Mr. Asquith has before him a thankless task. He is one of the men no one envies. We can only wait and see what the end will be. He is a great man, but if he attempts to continue on an extreme course with the very weak forces at his command, he will, I fancy, find that he has undertaken the impossible.

A couple of important real estate deals were closed here this week when R. M. Reid purchased the four-roomed house, owned by J. Richards, on Fourth Street. Mr. Richards no sooner closed this deal when he bought ten lots on Schofield Avenue, and will build thereon this spring.

A meeting of the Creston-Ericksron Rifle Club will be held in the Mercantile Hall on Tuesday evening next. All intending members are requested to attend as important business will be transacted

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

A. C. BOWNESS
Whole sale Wine and Spirit Merchant
Cranbrook - B.C.

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

NELSON LAND DISTRICT—District of West Kootenay.

Take Notide 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.

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 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E. Ryckman
Tinsmith and Plumber
Tinware
Soves
Piping
Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

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

OF INTEREST TO FRUIT GROWERS

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

The stock is well grown and of excellent quality.

30th September, 1909. M. S. MIDDLETON, Assistant Provincial Horticulturist.

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

Farming in Creston

(By James Compton)

In this article we will turn our attention to potato growing. Of these, six tons to the acre is the average crop, and I have never known the price per ton to be less than $20; and one exceptional year the price ranged as much as $60 per ton.

To secure a fair crop of potatoes, the ground should be plowed in the fall and again in the spring. As soon as the earth is sufficiently dry to cultivate, it should be gone over twice with a good cultivator to preserve the moisture and prevent the land from packing. Before planting, the ground should be plowed about eight or ten inches deep, then disced and harrowed about four times and then rolled in order to make it firm, and harrowed again after rolling to prevent packing. Personally, I always plant with a plow in every third furrow, about four inches deep. At the end of each day, what has been planted should be harrowed, and when all is planted and well harrowed the ground should be rolled and then harrowed again. On completing the foregoing operations, the soil should be well harrowed every week until the potatoes are up, when a one-horse cultivator can be used.

I may add that turnips, carrots and mangels do well and assist in cultivating the soil.

In the hockey match last Sunday between the Creston and Port Hill teams, Creston won out, the score being Creston 7, Port Hill 1. The Creston team was composed of N. Brown, R. McPeak, Jack Cameron, C. Dow, E. McClure and J. McLeod, also a kid from Erickson.

A man by the name of Carniaw, employed by the Creston Lumber Co. at Erickson, had his face badly frozen while working in the bush during the recent cold snap.

Mrs. E. Harrison and Mrs. Elliott, of Erickson, made a business trip to Port Hill on Tuesday last.

It is reported that Mr. Mitchell, of Erickson, is about to sell his home.

The Creston Dramatic Club more than made good in their second presentation of "The Private Secretary" to a Creston audience on Tuesday evening. There was a large gathering, many of whom had been present to witness the first performance of this play ten days ago.

Each played their parts so well that the shrieks and screaming laughter of of the large audience rang out on the clear frosty air for miles around Creston. It speaks volumes when a troupe of amateur players can present the same play twice within two weeks in their home town, and on both occasions to crowded houses. Many visitors from outside towns, who witnessed the play on Tuesday evening, were fairly dumbfounded at the good acting done by these local actors.

F. W. Heathcote, formerly of the Bank of Commerce, at Dawson City, who has been paying a visit to his brother here for the past few days, says that he is greatly pleased with Creston and predicts a great future for it. In Dawson, he says, wood is selling at $16 per cord, and board is $30 per month.

Warning to Owners of Dogs

For the past few weeks the numerous town dogs have been in the habit of chasing and worrying cows and other animals in town. Prov. Constable Jensen has already had complaints lodged with him, and it is his intention to put the law in motion against the owners of these dogs unless the daily worrying of cattle is stopped. For the information of the public we publish herewith certain sections of the Act to prevent animals from running at large The sections applying to this particular case are as follows:

"It shall be lawful for any person to kill any dog in the act of pursuing and worrying or destroying domestic animals elsewhere than on the land belonging to the owner of such dog. 1896, c. 1, s. 4.

"On complaint made in writing on oath before any Justice of the Peace, or before any Stipendiary or Police Magistrate, that any person owns or has in his possession a dog which has, within the space of six months then last past, worried and injured or destroyed any sheep or lamb, such Justice or Magistrate may issue his summons directed to such owner or possessor, stating shortly the matter of such complaint, and requiring such person to appear before him at a certain time and place therein stated, to answer to such complaint and to be further dealt with according to law." 1896, c. 1 s. 5

"In case such Justice or Magistrate shall find the complaint proved he may make an order for the killing of such dog (describing the same according to the tenor of or the description given in the complaint and in the evidence) within three days, and in default thereof may, in his discretion, impose a fine upon such person not exceeding twenty dollars and costs." 1896, c. 1, s. 6.

Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Cmplete 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

CLEARING OUT SALE

We are Clearing Out the Whole of our Stock

Regardless of Cost

Including Boots, Shoes, Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Ladies' Dress Goods, a few Odd Lines of Groceries, Lamps, etc. - - - - - -

Robert Meikle Coming

Robert Meikle, whose wonderful voice aroused such enthusiasm through the West last season, will sing in the Auditorium on Tuesday, March 8th. There is no performer upon the concert stage so well qualified as is this manly young baritone to please all sorts and conditions of people. Endowed with wonderful natural vocal powers, a voice thoroughly developed under the leading masters of the Old World, possessing a graceful carriage and pleasing delivery, Mr. Meikle stands eminently at the head of the vocalists who have toured Western Canada. Reared in Scotland, and a devoted student of the Scotch folk-song, Mr. Meikle still introduces enough variety in his entertainment to thoroughly captivate all hearers. Mr. Meikle will be supported by a company of clever assisting artists.

This week Messrs. Moran and Mead, proprietors of the Creston Hotel, purchased the 10½-acre block from A. Lindley. This plot is one of the coming show places of Creston.

Varieties of Fruits for the Kootenays

(By M. S. Middleton in the Nelson News)

As the time for planting is about at hand, a list of varieties that have proved themselves to have done well in the respective sections of the Kootenay district might not be out of place. Before naming these varieties, I wish to say that there are many other varieties outside of those I shall mention. These other varieties may have many favorites, and as far as experimenting with these varieties is concerned, it is a commendable one, but should not be carried too far. One of the greatest mistakes in setting out an orchard is to plant it to too many varieties. In a commercial orchard one should not plant more than five or six different varieties, or at least there should be 50 trees of any one variety, so that a carload of one variety might be shipped.

It is always advisable to plant those varieties which are most popular in your section, so that if you or your neighbour are unable to sell a carload at any time, the one can help out the other.

These varieties are tested according to their season of ripening:

EAST KOOTENAY
(From Creston section east, including the Windermere).

APPLES
Summer: Yellow Transparent, Red Astrachan.
Fall: Duchess, Wealthy, McIntosh
Mid-winter: Snow, St. Lawrence
Winter: Jonathan, Rome Beauty, Spy
Crabs: Transcendent, Hyslop

PEARS
Early: Clapp's Favorite, Bartlett
Later: Flemish Beauty, Anjou

PLUMS
Early: Peach, Columbus
Later: Yellow Egg, Pondseeding
Prunes: Italian

CHERRIES
Sweet: Lambert
Preserving: Montmorency

WEST KOOTENAY
(Kootenay and Arrow lakes section)

APPLES
Summer: Yellow Transparent, Red Astrachan
Fall: Duchess, Wealthy, Gravenstein, McIntosh Red, Cox's Orange
Mid-winter: Snow, King
Winter: Jonathan, Wagners, Spy, Rome Beauty, Ontario
Crabs: Transcendent

PEARS
Early: Clapp Favorite, Bartlett
Mid. Early: Flemish Beauty, Anjou
Late: Easter Beurre

PLUMS
Early: Peach, Bradshaw
Late: Pondseeding
Prunes: Italian

CHERRIES
Sweet: Buig, Lambert, Royal Anne
Preserving: English Morello, Olivet

PEACHES
Yellow St. John, Triumph, Early Crawford

GRAPES
Black: Campbell's Early, Moore's Early, Worden, Concord
Red: Salem, Brighton
White: Moore's Diamond

BOUNDARY

APPLES
Summer: Red Astrachan, Duchess, Wealthy
Fall: McIntosh Red, Gravenstein
Midwinter: Grimes, Golden, King, Jonathan
Winter: Spy, Wagner, Yellow Newtown
Crabs: Transcendent, Hyslop

PEARS
Early: Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Anjou
Late: Easter Beurre

PLUMS
Early: Peach, Bradshaw
Late: Columbia, Yellow Egg, Pondseeding
Prunes: Italian:

CHERRIES
Sweet: Buig, Lambert, Royal Anne
Preserving: Montmorency, Early Richmond, Olivet

GRAPES
Black: Concord, Campbell's Early, Moore's Early, Worden
Red: Catawba, Delewere, Lindley, Salem, Brighton
White: Niagara, Empire State, Diamond, Triumph

ALL SECTIONS

STRAWBERRIES
Shipping: Magoon, Royal Sovereign
Canning: New York, Sample, Williams

RASPBERRIES
Red: Cuthbert, Marlboro
Black: Gregg, Kansas

BLACKBERRIES
Erie, Snyder

GOOSEBERRIES
Industry (English), Downing (American

CURRANTS
Black: Naples
Red: Fay's Prolific

Somewhat different varieties have been recommended for the different sections because of their various climatic conditions. Of course we know that local climatic conditions exist, so that one will have to select according to his own particular conditions.

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

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned as proprietors of the Creston Wine and Spirit Co., of Creston, B.C., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the said partnership shall be paid to Sidney Poole at his offices at Creston, B.C., and all partnership debts are to be paid by him.

Dated this 23rd day of February, 1910.

SIDNEY POOLE
GORDON S. SMITH

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

Mrs. R. Bradshaw, mother of Mrs. A. W. Coulter, accompanied by her son Ernest, who have both been paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Coulter for the past few months, left on Wednesday for their home in Nokomis, Sask.

SHOCKING!

How the Noblest of Heroism is Punished.

Shortly before railroads were forced to elevate their tracks within the city limits, John Matchett, an engineer, was operating a switch engine on tracks paralleling Archer avenue. It was dusk, and Matchett's engine was standing on a switch track so that a fact, outward bound passenger train might pass.

Matchett heard the passenger train with its human load coming in the distance. Simultaneously he discovered an inward bound freight train, running at high speed and almost at the junction of the side track ith the main line. A collision between the passenger and the freight apeared to be inevitable. Matchett thought otherwise.

"Jump off and flag the passenger," shouted Matchett to his fireman, at the same time opening the throttle of his engine.

The fireman jumped and the switch engine leaped forward over the rails with Matchett alone in the cab. At the switch the switch engine crashed obliquely into the freight engine and both locomotives were piled up—a mass of wreckage. Matchett was killed.

The price of his death was the safely of the passenger train which Matchett's fireman had succeeded in flagging. The pilot of the passenger engine was stopped within a few feet of the wreck in which was buried the crushed body of the hero.

To the average thinking citizen, it seems almost incredible that a corporation would meditate depriving the widow and children of a man like Matchett, who had saved his credit with the traveling public, and prevented the uncounted loss of life at the cost of his own, of aid, but that is just what this railroad did. The claim was set up that Matchett's voluntary martyrdom was outside his technical line of duty and that consequently his heirs were not entitled to any recompense.

The attorneys for the railroad company actually thought they stood a chance of beating the widow and children of Matchett out of the sustaining amount of money by this monstrous plea. But before the case reacher the trial stage, the attorney for Matchett's family succeded in convincing influential officials of the road that they would put themselves on record as the star ingrates of a century were they to continue the fight against the claim. A settlement was the result.—From "Heroism vs. Insurance," in January Technical World Magazine.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

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

Prison Advantages.

Rev. J. Powell, chaplain of the Suffolk county jail, who is about to retire, asserts that a prison is not so depressing a place as many imagine, and adds that he would rather serve six months in prison that be an inmate of a workhouse for a similar period. A prisoner has his own room and is not herded with many others. Mr. Powell relates that a man awaiting trial said to him: 'You might ask the judge to give me three years. When I'm outside I haven't a bed to sleep on, but while I am here I have my own private sitting room, my butler to bring in my meals, my doctor to see after me, and even my private chaplain."—London Evening Standard.

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 Beetbides, Sheepskins, etc. Quotations and shipping tags sent free. 9

JOHN HALLAM, TORONTO

GOT HIS HEAD IN.

(Boston Transcript.)

Mr. Figg—Glasser says he kept perfectly cool last night when that burglar got into his house.

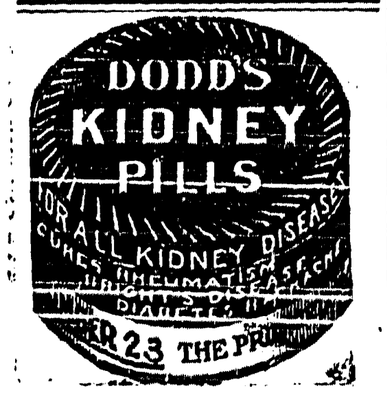
Mrs. Figg—So his wife told me. She found him trying to hide in the refrigerator.

HAM HINT.

Take slices of fresh ham and place in a dish and cover with milk. Let stand for an hour or more. Most of salt falls to bottom and leaves the ham sweet with just the amount of salt to make it delicious.

His Trouble.

A Trenton couple were married the other day, and all their friends remarked: "They will certainly be very happy—they have waited for each other a very long while."



"Sick Man's Friend"

That's the Name Given by Thousands to the Old Family Stand-by, "Nerviline."

1,000,000 Bottles Used Annually

No better known or more popular family remedy has ever been compounded than "Nerviline." During the past half century its success has been phenomenal—due to the fact that it always cures.

"No one could get me to go to bed at night unless I was sure we had Nerviline in the house," writes Mrs. R. R. Weightman, of Boltman P. O. "Six years ago my husband was taken badly with rheumatism, which affected his right arm and shoulder. It was so sore and stiff as to be almost helpless for four years. I read of the cure of James E. Everett, and felt sure that when Nerviline cured a case like his, it would cure my husband. I got a dollar's worth of Nerviline, five bottles, in Buffalo, and am pleased to write you that the fourth bottle cured. We have since used Nerviline for Lumbago, Neuralgia, Colds, Chest Tightness and other minor ailments in the family and found 'Nerviline' to be the 'Sick Man's Friend.'"

CURED 4 YEARS RHEUMATISM

No other remedy is so useful in the home, so universally employed to alleviate pain and curing the sick. Refuse anything offered you instead of Nerviline, which is sold: Large 25c. bottles or five for $1.00. By all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Sentence Sermons.

They miss the place of power who dodge all pain.

You cannot stir up love with the poker of anger.

A man begins to die as soon as he lowers his ideas.

No man can be wholly free as long as any remain bound.

When the divine is only a proposition piety is only a theory.

There is only evil in the goodness that makes other evil.

No man helps people much who thinks onl yof pleasing them.

One way to defend the right is to attack all wrong vigorously.

Many believe in the discipline of suffering, providing others take it.

No man hits the mark of righteousness by aiming at respectability.

If you never dream of the impossible you will never od the possible.

Making the best of that which is wrong is ften buttressing an evil.

You cannot sow weeds in your heart and keep the burrs to yourself.

Many talk so freely of religion because they have never met the real thing.

You will never lead a boy into your fatith until you have much faith in him.

The best way to get the help of heaven is to give some other fellow a littie help.

The mushroom of emotionalism usually pities the slow growth of the tree of character.

Many a sain eats pickles and cream and then goes to sleep waiting for a vision from God.

Many a man is so busy making a living for his children that he forgets to think of their real lives.

Dr. Morses' Indian Root Pills

Cure many common ailments which are very different, but which all arise from the same cause—a system clogged with impurities. The Pills cause the bowels to move regularly, strengthen and stimulate the kidneys and open up the pores of the skin. These organs immediately throw off the accumulated impurities, and Biliousness, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Kidney Troubles, Headaches, Rheumatism and similar ailments vanish. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

Save Doctors' Bills

Rough on the Deacon.

A rather pompous looking deacon in a certain city church was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the absence of the regular teacher, says Lippincott's. While endeavoring to impress upon their young minds the importance of living a Christian life the following question was propounded:

"Why do people call me a Christian, children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down upon them.

"Because they don't know you," was the ready answer of a bright-eyed little boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally guileless and winning.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

SHE WAS INQUISITIVE.

"Lady De Bathe—our old friend, Mrs. Langtry—is bringing out a novel and a volue of memoirs," said a Chicago publisher. "Both books should be witty."

"Lady De Bathe is a very witty person. Her wit is audacious. I'll never forget a specimen of it that enlivened a Michigan avenue dinner party on her last American tour.

"Lady De Bathe during dinner to a woman seated near her:

"'Who is that fat man over there with the curious blue face?'

"'That is my husband,' the woman answered, her voice tremulous with rage.

"'Oh, how fortunate,' said Lady De Bathe. 'You're the very person I wanted to meet. Now tell me, is he blue all over?'"

Obvious.

"Doctor, I'm afraid I have a bad case of influenza."

"Not at all sir, you couldn't say 'influenza,' if you had."

"Did you have any assistance when you made your appearance as a singer?" "Yes," answered the amateur soloist. "There was a policeman keeping order in the gallery."—Washington Star.

ITALIAN CLIFF VINEYARDS.

Grapes Growing in Places Reached Only by Ropes and Ladders.

The steepest vineyards in all Europe if not in all the world are situated on the northwest coast of Italy. I have seen grapevines growing in many countries and in many queer places, but nowhere have I ever seen vineyards located like those on the seacoast between Levanto and Spezzia.

The vines in some places along the Rhine grow on very steep hillsides, but nothing to compare with those growing on the lofty Italian cliffs. You can now and then get a good glimpse of these vineyards while riding in the train from Genoa to Pisa, which follows the coast almost all the way. The trouble is that tunnels succeed each other in rapid succession, thus continually breaking off the view of the sea and of the rocky coast.

After leaving Levanto, a small town situated on a semicircular bay, and going through a long tunnel, you soon come to what are called the villages of the Cinque Terre. Each village is separated from the other by lofty cliffs. The vines cover the face of these bold cliffs, which are almost perpendicular. As such places can be reached only by ladders or ropes the difficulty of working the vineyard and of gathering the crop of grapes can easily be imagined.

Almost as striking are those places where the vines are trained upon wire across gorges made by the streams which cut the rocky coast. This whole region is probably unique in its viticulture. Only men like the Italian peasant farmers, who love the vine and its luscious fruit, would go to so much labor and trouble as to plant vineyards on the face of sheer cliffs.—American Wine Press.

LIVER LAZINESS

Those Who Lack Energy and Are Unsuccessful Should Read This Closely.

"I am only thirty years old, yet for almost two years I have felt more like seventy-two. I have found it difficult to sleep at night and in thhe morning feel so depressed and heavy that effort was difficult. My hands were always clammy and perspiration on slight effort would break out all over me. It was not unnatural that I should begin to brood over the chance that I should soon be unfit to do my work, and this dread made my sleepless nights perfect misery. After repeated trials of medicine and mixtures Dr. Hamilton's Pills gave me the first gleam of hope. From the very first I could see they were different in action from other pills. They didn't grips and acted as naturally as if nature and not the pills were cleansing my clogged up system. My spirits rose, I felt much better, the sluggish action of the system gave way to normal activity. Dizziness and headaches ceased, appetite, good color and ambition to work returned and have remained. I am like a new man and I thank Dr. Hamilton's Pills for it all."

This was the experience of J. E. Parkhurst, a well-known grocery dealer in Jefferson. Follow his advice, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills for your stomach, kidneys and liver and you'll enjoy long life and robust good health. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, in yellow boxes, 25c. per box, from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Hickory Cane Cut by Old Hickory.

Fred Tillman, a farmer of White Store township, has in his possession a hickory cane cut from woods near "The Hermitage" by Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory."

Mr. Tillman's grandfather, David Tillman, father of the late Dr. David C. Tillman, was going to some point in Tennessee during the year 1830 and passed the night at "The Hermitage," the home of the ex-President. Next day he walked over the plantation with the grand old man, who cut the hickory cane and presented it to Mr. Tillman. It has been polished and mounted with silver.—From the Wadesboro Ansonian.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

"I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN,
Schr. "Stroker," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

(New York Times.)

"Who made that man, mamma?" asked a child on a Broadway car, pointing to a hot sport opposite.

"Hush, my child," answered the mother, "why, Providence, of course."

"Oh!" said the open-mouthed youngster, "and what for?"

Then the sport changed cars.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

WHERE SCIENCE FAILS.

(New York Sun.)

Euclid was deep in mathematics.

"My dear," announced his wife, "I want to give Mary Smith a present that will look like it cost more than the one she sent me, but really be less, and I don't know what she paid for it. How much should I spend?"

Herewith he sought safety in flight.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

SHOWING MERCY.

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

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

"Well, take t as far as the first semicolon."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

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

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

TOOK FOUR YEARS.

"I suppose," said a judge to a burglar, "in your business you take anything you can get?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the prisoner, noting with satisfaction the judge's pleasant expression.

"As I thought!" replied the judge. "Well, I have a sentence of four years' hard labor that's not in use just now, so you may take it!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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

A Reflected Diet.

Everybody's dieting some ailment to be quieting, and hunger goes arioting where plenty once made gay;

Ban's on food and fishes, and we have no need of dishes, and the stomach of me wishes it could find the means to stay

The clamor of its cravings, for its food is mostly shavings, and it hears naught but the ravings of the daily diet list;

Nothing much for dinner, with a luncheon somewhat thinner, and I think as I'm a sinner I shall melt away in mist.

Mother's eating little in the way of food or victual and abates no jot or tittle or her diet, she's so stout;

Father's stomach presses on his liver and distresses him extremely, and he blesses fasts and cuts the foodstuffs out;

Breakfast, ah, 'tis cruel, just a dish of mush or gruel, not a stick of worthy fuel for this furnace pit of mine;

Lunch is somewhat lighter, and I pull my belt up tighter, and my hopes grow slight and slighter as the hour comes to dine.

All the kitchen's quiet since the rage began for diet, and the vision of a pie, it would quite turn my head, I swear;

Steak is quite forbidden, all the roasting pans are hidden, and the cook is crossly chidden if she swells our bill of fare.

How my pulse would quicken could I look upon a chicken and see rich cream gravy thicken in a long-lost frying-pan!

But the Code Starvation says the bodily elation from fried chicken spells damnation to the health of modern man.

Aunty is rheumatic, and with language quite emphatic says her feelings grow ecstatic on her diet of dry toast;

Uncle, who is gouty, says he has no bit of doubt he will be cured by cutting out the steak and stew and broid and roast;

Rule one-twenty-seven of the skim-milk route to heaven says no bread stuffs made with heaven may be eaten, so, pray, tell

What's the consolation for a healthy youth, whose ration is a share of gaunt starvation just to make some others well?

Mother's getting thinner on no breakfast, lunch, or dinner—and her diet is a winner for of stoutness she complains;

Father's girth's reducing since he is no longer using food and drink, and he is losing all his once-so-fearful pains;

Aunty's getting better, keeps her diet to the letter, and dear Uncle he is debtor to the scheme of toast and tea.

Diet works its wonders when assimilation blunders, and its praise the family thunders—but it's simply killing me!

—J. W. Foley.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

The Open-Window Schoolroom.

An open-window room in the Graham school has proven a success during this cold weather. The children are dressed warmly. Their lungs are full of good oxygen. Their bodily heating plants are in good order. They study better, catch cold less frequently, and are generally happier than if they were in the ordinary heated rooms. Old fogies will raise their hands in horror at the thought. But anybody who has tried sleeping out of doors say in such weather as that of the last few days knows that it is easy to keep warm, and that the hardships are none at all, while the compensations are many.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Escaped Her.

Absent mindedly the young woman yawned.

"Pardon me," she said. "I didn't mean to do that."

"I see," remarked Mr. Lingerlong. "Opened by mistake."

SORRY HE SPOKE.

(Fliegende Blaetter.)

Husband—I have paid your dressmaker who has been dunning you.

Wife—Oh, then I must go and order a new frock, or she will think I am offended with her.

CAT AND FOX MEET,

And Reynard Retires the Worse for the Meeting.

In a recent number of a German sporting paper a forester describes a scene which he witnessed in a clearing in the forest.

He came one afternoon upon a big black cat, occupied apparently in the pursuit of mice, and from the shelter of a tree he watched its movements through a field glass. After a few moutes an old fox made its appearance. Slinking slowly forward toward the cat, it lay down within a few steps of it, ready to spring.

The cat had observed its enemy, but beyond keeping a sharp lookout on its movements it made no sign. Shortly a young fox joined the old one, and almost immediately bounded at the cat, which sprang aside and struck its assailant so efficaciously across its face with its sharp claws that it retired as quickly as it came. After an interval the old fox, advancing slowly and carefully, made its attack; but the result was the same, the cat, spitting and hissing, struck out hard, and the fox retired discomfited.

A minute afterward it again sprang forward, but this time the cat got much the best of it and was left in peace.—London Globe.

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

YARN FETCHED A QUARTER.

Sad-eyed party—Say, boss, won't you give me a few cents towards gettin' my wife into the Old Lady's Home?

Householder (dubiously)—Why doesn't your wife come here herself?

Sad-eyed party—Well, you see, boss, she's a woman an' you kin hardly expect her to go around admittin' she is old enough fer that.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

His Delicate Sarcasm.

Lounger—The lady who went out just now was Mrs. Wiggers, the authoress, wasn't she?

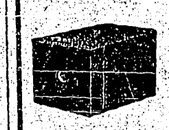
Bookstore Salesman—Yes, she's one of the best—er—customeresses we have.

ISSUE NO. 1. 1910.

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 2¼x2¼, 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. G. Hamilton, Ont.

A WISE YOUTH.

A little chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum. "No country for me!"

"But why not?" someone asked, finally.

"Because," he answered, "they have thrashin' machines down there an' it's bad enough here where it's done by hand."—Cleveland Leader.

FREE TO OUR READERS.

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page Illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

Different Views.

She—This is the candy store where we first met. You took shelter here from the rain, do you remember?

He (angrily)—Yes, and now I see that there was a saloon next door, which I must have run past.—Fliegende Blaetter.

If you want to find out all about a man's virtues marry his widow.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE.

A Gents or Ladies Solid Gold Watch worth $25 to $50? 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 Ton-c, and Life Builder. With the Pills 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 secure 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 without delay. Address THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Watch Dept. 20 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's send any money—Only your name and address, at once, and we will promptly send you by mail, postpaid, the 8 boxes of Pills and the Pins. When sold, remit to us the $2.00 and we will send you this handsome Violin, etc. just as represented. Write to-day.

Address: THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 186. TORONTO, ONT

FREE

This elegant watch, ladies' or gents' size, stem wind and set, fancy engraved cases, fully guaranteed, will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, if you will sell only $5.00 worth of Lovely Picture Post Cards, 6 for 10c. These are the most artistic, beautifully colored and embossed cards issued this season. Views, Mottoes, Floral, Holiday, &c. These are the fastest sellers. Get the best. Write to-day and we will send you a package. Sell them and return the money and win this Handsome Little Watch. You can also win a lovely Tea Set FREE if you will help us to enlarge our business by getting only 6 other agents and without having to sell any more goods.

COBALT GOLD PEN CO., Card Dept. 58 Toronto, Ont.

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 received 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.

WHERE DO THE GOLF BALLS GO?

LOST, STRAYED, BUT CHIEFLY STOLEN, IS THE ANSWER.

Caddies With a Habit of Stealing—Young Crooks That Work in Pairs on the Public Links—Remaking Second Hand Golf Balls—Professional Dealers.

The conundrum used to be, Where do all the pins go to? Now it is, What becomes of the golf balls? As several millions of golf balls are manufactured every year and as no one sees any of last year's balls in this year's holes they must go somewhere.

A few years ago manufacturers used to buy up second hand balls of their own make remould them putting them cost 75. There used to be dollar balls, They had a standard price for balls regardless of condition so that no matter how badly cut up a ball might be it was worth so much to the manufacturer who wanted to make it over.

The idea then was that the interior of the balls was as good as ever and that it was only the outside or gutta percha covering that was injured by use. Experience demonstrated that this was a mistake and that the life and resiliency of a ball is destroyed by continual hard hitting.

There is an enormous amount of money spent on golf balls, and yet their life is very short. The standard price is 50 cents, although some makes cost 75. There used to be dollar balls, but there was not enough to them to justify the price and they are no longer on the market. When a player offers to bet a ball a hole or to play a Nassau, which means a ball on each nine holes and one on the match, it is understood to mean 50 cents, even if both men use 75 cent balls.

Very few golfers will play more than eighteen holes with the same ball. When a first class player succeeds in getting thirty-six or more holes out of a ball without injuring either its driving or putting qualities he thinks it is remarkable. These eighteen or thirty-six holes have supposedly reduced the value of the seventy-five cent ball to 10 or 15 cents, at which price they are picked up by those who make a business of dealing in second hand balls.

Of course a great many balls are lost on the links, or at least abandoned as lost on the links, or at least abandoned as lost until picked up by the caddies or green keepers. These abandoned balls are seldom good, because first class players do not lose balls very often and the duffers do not play with new balls more than once in a dozen times. A beginner will often make a dozen balls last him until he has lost them all, one at a time, and he will play with a ball so old and dirty that he cannot find it off the fair green.

The caddies are the legitimate collectors of lost balls, but in the best clubs members are not allowed to buy balls from caddies, which is supposed to discourage stealing, whereas it simply drives the ball finder to another market. The greatest nuisance on the public links is the number of boys who make a business of stealing balls. While the boys cannot earn more than 15 cents an hour as caddies, they can often pick up two or three balls in half an hour and sell them for a quarter.

These ball thieves usually hide in the woods at the edge of some blind approach to a hole, and if the player has no forecaddy on the hill to watch his ball for him it will not be there when the player himself comes over the ridge. Most of these ball thieves work in pairs, one picking up the ball that is driven over the hill and throwing it to his confederate in the woods. Upon being challenged the boy who is loafing around where the ball went over, immediately replies "Search me," a process which is of course not only useless but foolish.

There are others who will pick up a new ball and put down an inferior ball in its place, and the player will not notice it until he goes to teeup at the next hole. Then again there are caddies who will take the new balls out of the player's bag. Women are almost invariably the victims of this trick. When balls are taken from a man's bag they are replaced with old balls, so that when he pinches the bag to see if all the balls are still there the count will be correct. He never thinks of emptying the bag to look at the balls one by one.

Such of the stolen and picked up golf balls as are almost new or in very good condition are rapidly washed off and are offered for sale on the links at once, the price demanded being anywhere from 15 to 30 cents. Almost every golfer who marks his balls has had the experience of buying back his own property or else finding some other player using it.

The balls which cannot be sold to players on the links are easily disposed of to men who make a business of going around collecting them from the boys who pick them up. Some of these men make a regular round of the private clubs every week, usually after Sundays and holidays, when the play has been heavy. They are very good judges of the condition that the balls are in, but will not pay more than five or ten cents for them. A ball would have to be almost new for them to pay more.

The usual test is to squeeze the ball between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, using the right hand for additional pressure. This is to discover cracks and also to test the resiliency left after the ball has been played with for any length of time. Those who buy second hand balls should always test them for cracks filled with putty.

Balls that have been cut up with iron shots are sold for old rubber, and they are not worth fixing up for the second hand ball market unless the cuts are very slight. Balls that are cracked can be filled up so as not to show it unless they are squeezed hard. The chief fault with most of the balls picked up by the second hand dealers is simply dirt and loss of paint.

The balls bought up at the various clubs are taken home and soaked in caustic potash solution for several hours, which removes every trace of paint. Any cracks are then puttied up and the balls are skilfully repainted with the same materials that are used by the original manufacturer of that brand, even the various colored dots, circles and diamonds being imitated. A well painted second hand ball would deceive any but an expert.

The better class balls, which sold as new for 75 cents, are wrapped in tissue paper and sell for $4 a dozen, while the others, which were 50-cent balls when new, sell for $3 a dozen.

The men who collect and repaint these balls cannot of course gain access to the private links, as that would interfere with the privileges of the club's professional, but one or two of them may always be found on any of the public golf courses on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, usually out of reach of the park police, however.

During the week these men have a regular route which they cover after the manner of a salesman for any mercantile house. They have their list of customers, usually men who belong to big private clubs, and they call on them with their stock of second hand balls, so as to have them well supplied for the week end.

One of these men who have been in the second hand golf ball business for a number of years may be seen any Friday in the Wall street district with his assistant, each carrying two big grips loaded with what might be taken for securities. He sells about a thousand balls a week during the season, and he sells them to men who would never be suspected of putting down a second hand ball. These are men who do not play in tournaments, but who follow golf for exercise, and the slight difference in the condition of a ball, so that the paint on it is new, is not of so much moment to them, as the difference in price between $9 and $3 a dozen for the same ball.

There are some players who repaint their own golf balls, so as to keep them fresh looking, but such balls have very poor playing qualities when they get one coat of paint on the top of another.

Stops a Cough In One Night

The Story of Sufferers From Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh Proves the Value of Catarrhozone.

A Cough may be Catarrh with a dry tickling in the throat, it may be accompanied by partial stoppage of the nostrils and shortage of breath. Often there is a gagging in the throat, and every cough tears and hurts.

Coughs have a hundred different causes, yours may be due to any of the following:

Asthma	Inflamed Throat
Exposure	Bronchitis
Enlarged Tonsils	Pneumonia
Inflammation	Croup
Stomach Disorders	Pleurisy

BREATHE CATARRHOZONE

The one remedy upon which physicians are relying to-day is Catarrhozone. It removes the cause of the cough, doesn't smother it. Catarrhozone is a soothing healing, "direct cure" and cures the conditions that cause the cough.

Catarrhozone is infinitely superior to cough medicines, tablets, sprays and emulsions, which for the most part are of no practical value except to ease the cough for the time being. Often liquid cough remedies contain opium, morphine and cocaine. With Catarrhozone you take no drugs—you employ Nature's way—just inhale Catarrhozone's soothing, healing vapor and relief and cure follows promptly.

It's simply wonderful to think how quickly a bad throat or catarrh can be cured with Catarrhozone. Its rich balsamic vapor is carried along with the breath to the innermost recesses of the lungs, bronchial tubes and chest, making it impossible for the germ of any disease to live. Thus soreness in the chest is at once alleviated—phlegm is loosened and ejected from the throat, old standing coughs are removed.

REMEMBER THIS, you breathe Catarrhozone and it will cure any winter ill. Large size, guaranteed, costs $1.00, and lasts two months; smaller sizes, 25c. and 50c. Beware of imitations and insist on "CATARRHOZONE" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Old Florentine Baptismal Font.

In the old baptistry at Florence—the baptistry with the wonderful bronze doors which Michael Angelo called "so beautiful that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise"—most of the babies of Florence have been baptised for many hundred years.

At almost any hour of the day one will find baptismal parties waiting before the font, with babies of every rank in life from the princely heir of a great house nearly smothered in costly laces and attended by a small army of friends and relatives, to the little creature decked out in gaudy cotton and held in the arms of a solitary old peasant woman.

No register of baptisms was kept in the very early days. The first record was made in his wise: A certain priest took it into his head to keep account of the number of children he baptized. Accordingly he put a white bean into a box for every boy and a black bean for every girl.

Later on records were carefully kept, and if one could look over them it would be a fascinating study, for probably the greater part of the painters, scholars, poets and soldiers who have made Florence famous received their names at the font of "my dear little Saint John"—as Dante called it.—Youth's Companion.

Probably Not.

Provoked Mother—Tommy, you're the plague of my life.

Tommy (snuggling up to her)—You wouldn't talk that way if somebody kidnap me, would you, mamma?

DON'T TEASE.

Thoughtless "Jollying" Often Changes Course of Lives.

Just let two young people become interested in each other, and it is the signal at once for all kinds of teasing, jokes, comments on the part of their friends and family.

The interest may have nothing sentimental about it. It probably has not at the start. It may be, and probably is, pure friendliness. No matter, shoulders are shrugged, meaning glances of the eye given, so-called joking questions asked if he but mention her name or she his.

It is a most pernicious habit. It makes the young people self-conscious at once. It puts ideas into their heads that need never have been there. It has broken up many a pleasant friendship or led young people on into love affairs who were totally unfitted for each other.

To a sensitive girl such allusions are positively painful. If friends joke her about a certain young man or the family make insinuating remarks, her manner toward him becomes suddenly chilly and reserved. She doesn't want people to get any such foolish ideas. On his part, not knowing perhaps that anything has been said and therefore not understanding her conduct, his feelings or his pride are hurt and a pleasant and helpful friendship is broken off. A girl should pay no attention to such suggestions; but it is almost impossible for a sensitive girl not to.

If the man's friends take the initiative it may come to him as a shock that perhaps he is paying her attentions that will put wrong ideas into her head. And he withdraws. Often the intimacy of two people who might really care for each other in time, if they had been left alone, is broken up.

On the other hand the silly remarks of thoughtless friends may make two young people believe there is more in their friendship than they had thought. Algernon joked about Algelina may twirl his moustache and decide "she is a pretty nice girl." Algelina, when friends tell her Algernon is dead in love with her, anybody can see that, may find her hert beating faster the next time he comes and herself almost persuaded she loves him. Thus two people are hurried into a love affair who if left to themselves would never have thought of it.

Matters of friendship or of the heart are not for outsiders to meddle with. They are never matters for jokes or light, flippant comment. It is only the vapid, the silly or the thoughtless who make them such. It is a senseless practice. It never does the least bit of good and it has in it possibilities of doing much harm.

IS SANTA CLAUS A FAKE?

His Claim of Living at the North Pole is Declared Untrue.

William J. Jones swears he made all records for Mr. S. Claus, the famous traveler, in payment for which he was to receive a rifle and a watch. As Mr. Claus has only come across with the watch so far, Mr. Jones freely acknowledges the failure on the part of Mr. Claus to produce the rifle as his motive in disclosing the following startling narrative:

"When Mr. S. Claus asked me to furnish him with accurate data and observations for a North Pole trip I confess I wasn't a bit surprised, as I had been suspicious of his claims from the start. He seemed a bit nervous, too.

"He said I could be of great assistance to him in preparing his proofs to submit to the Household. I told him he must answer a few questions first.

"He said, 'All right; go ahead.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I want to know how you know you live at the North Pole.'

"'By my reindeers, of course,' he said.

"I told him he was making a great mistake in trying to put over a story like that on this generation.

"'Yes, sir,' he replied.

"'Let me have your time observations—of course you took your chronometer time?'

"'No, I didn't,' he admitted. I—I—well, I lost it.'

"'Well, what is the latitude and longitude of Slumbertok?'

"He said he really had forgotten—he had it somewhere.

"'Mr. Claus,' I said, 'it will be necessary for me to furnish you with a complete new chart—if you expect to be any longer believed.'

"'I should be grateful to you if you would prepare it for me,' he answered.

"I asked him if he knew anything about 'Azimuth.'

"'Oh, yes,' he said. 'They are very ferocious, and one bit me on the wrist.'"—Chicago Tribune.

A BACKLOT CIRCUS.

Every day for two weeks after the real circus had shown in the small town every youngster in the neighborhood had been practicing for the circus they were to have in Chester Morris' back lot. Many mothers had wondered whence came so many bumped heads and black and blue spots which ordinarily would have been wept about, but now were borne with stoical silence.

Billy Thomas' mother, on hearing an unusual commotion in the cow's stable one day, had rushed out, only to find her small son ruefully sitting on the stable floor nursing a bumped and bleeding nose, while bossy's eyes were looking wild. When questioned, Billy refused to explain, for what could a mere woman be expected to know how necessary it was to turn somersaults on bossie's back in preparation for the grand circus?

It had rained the night before, but the morning of the circus dawned bright and pleasant. A short time after breakfasts were over the back fence seats of the pasture were selling rapidly to eager youngsters for two cents each.

Slim girls, with prim pigtails and huge bows smiled in blissful happiness as their heroes came on the field. Fat roly-poly girls were trying their very best to balance themselves on the fence and the boys were sitting on the top with their toes twisted under the lower board.

Only one girl, Dotty Fair, had been invited to join the circus. She had a pony and was to be the bareback rider. Chester was to be master of affairs. An uncle, who was cavalry officer in the army, had given him a pony and taught him how to ride and jump. Besides, Chester was the only possessor of a pair of really truly riding breeches.

As they came riding grandly into the pasture, shouts resounded from the back fence audience. Chester was leading, followed by Dotty, resplendent in a ruffled lace curtain of her mother's. Billy, as he did not own a pony, was to be clown. He wore his brother's masquerade suit, and with face powdered with flour and smeared with juice of red berries, he was to ride his mother's cow. Lastly came the two boys who did the acrobatic stunts.

Chester did his part well. Dotty did some wonderful contortion work in order to stay on the pony's back. She got along very nicely till the clown and his unmanageable cow came tearing across her path, when the pony shied, fell and rolled in the slippery mud, landing Dotty, lace curtain and all, in a puddle of mud and water. That frightened poor bossy still more, as she wasn't used to being a circus performer, and her bellowing brought older people to the scene.

Nobody could scold—the sight was too funny! A wet, bedraggled Dotty was limping about leading a muddy pony. A discouraged-looking clown was racing madly after a bawling cow, who was frightening everybody out of her way.

That afternoon the performers counted the money from the fence receipts, and wondered if the circus paid, after all.

INVIGORATING TONIC
FOR RUN-DOWN PEOPLE

Your blood has become thin and weak. The drain upon your system the past few months has been very great. You are consequently feeling "all out of sorts" and "run down." Your appetite is bad and you hardly have enough energy left to do your daily duties. You should take PSYCHINE, the greatest of Tonics, without delay. This will put you on your feet at once.

Gentlemen:—"I have used PSYCHINE and I do think it is the greatest tonic and system builder known. I would advise all who are run-down or physically weak to use PSYCHINE." Yours truly, Mrs. Jas. Bertrand, West Toronto.

If you are weak PSYCHINE will make you strong.

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

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM LIMITED, TORONTO

PSYCHINE
PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN

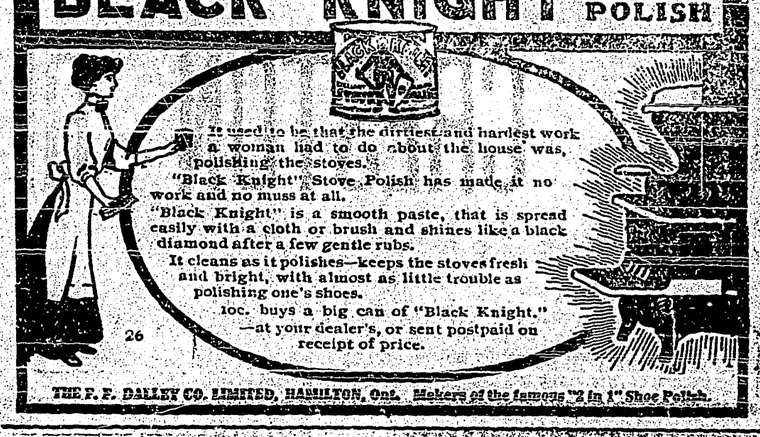
"DOLLAR PRINCESS" HAT

"Merry Widow" hats lived a long time in the hearts of those who are addicted to large hats, but they had their day and are now almost forgotten.

"The Dollar Princess" turban comes to take the place of the "Merry Widow" hat, and it is most artistic. It is created of draped velvet covered with chiffon, and the three large ostrich tips fall forward from the centre back over the crown.

Of course the girls must droop their heads and look shyly from under their lashes in order to give fascinated observers a full top vie wof their pretty hats.

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH



It used to be that the dirtiest and hardest work a woman had to do about the house was, polishing the stoves.

"Black Knight" Stove Polish has made it no work and no muss at all.

"Black Knight" is a smooth paste, that is spread easily with a cloth or brush and shines like a black diamond after a few gentle rubs.

It cleans as it polishes—keeps the stoves fresh and bright, with almost as little trouble as polishing one's shoes.

10c. buys a big can of "Black Knight," —at your dealer's, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED, HAMILTON, Ont. Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish.

FARM AND GARDEN

THE THING NEEDED.

(By W. J. Way, Merlin, Ontario, in Canadian Farm.)

Ours is an era of progress, and everything must be turned to account. Even brains must be utilized! This is true on the farm as elsewhere. The "any-body-can-farm" idea, of the days of crude methods and initial conditions, has exploded; the scientific idea and advanced conditions have succeeded. The farmer is approaching his true status. He is a force to be considered in the community and in the councils of the nation. To be a successful farmer, a man must be a thoroughly practical man of affairs, not a dreamer or mere theorist. He has as much need to think clearly, forcefully and intelligently as any other, the "learned" professions not excepted. Indeed, I am convinced, from some acquaintance with professional men, added to a practical knowledge of agriculture, that exigencies arise almost daily in the latter which tax equally, if not in a greater degree, the resourcefulness and innate ability of a man.

After all, this is the chief factor and the supreme test—the aptitude to do, and do well the work in hand. A man may sit on the fence and theorize all day; he may even learn the rules and principles of a vocation in a college, or from books, and yet be a failure. There are many such. It is not intended to put any discount upon theories as such, nor to cast any discredit upon books, colleges, rules or principles. These are, or should be, valuable aids. But the object is to emphasize the fact that the thing needed—the something, natural or acquired—which enables one to make his efforts count for success under ever-varying conditions, to surmount obstacles, and to solve the practical problems of life, is the prime essential.

The farmer, like every other man who wins success, must be more than a mere automaton, more than a mere machine working, blindly, or working even according to set rules. He must be able to think, to see, to plan and to contrive independently of rules. I do not believe that all the mathematics in the world would fit a man to plow a good furrow, without a firm muscle, a good eye and a correct idea of a furrow. A man may have an acquaintance with mechanical philosophy, or the theory of machines, and yet be unfit to operate the common machinery of the farm.

By right methods, let the farmer win.

THE CARE OF FARM HORSES.

As the season is nearing when horses will be more stabled than they will be worked, it is well that their diet receive some study and investigation. For such the bran-mash has proved to be an invaluable adjunct to the ordinary diet. As a laxative food it ranks as one of the most useful, and it is a food that is as a rule always available and readily obtainable.

Horsemen generally give a bran-mash once a week (oftener if required) when no other laxative food is provided in the diet. Grain, hay and chaff, which is the ordinary diet of horses that are stabled, are apt to exert a binding effect, as this food is of a dry nature; and grain, when liberally fed, has a tendency to heat the system. These undesirable effects must be counteracted by providing laxative food, and the bran-mash has been found to be the most valuable for this purpose.

The beneficial part of the bran-mash is that it relaxes the bowels nicely and does not act on them in a violent manner, nor does it purge. Besides it is cooling, and has a wholesome effect upon the animal. When horses have undergone an unusually severe exertion, and are very tired and exhausted, a warm bran-mash proves a soothing, palatable and easily digested food. For a sick horse, these mashes are excellent, as they suit the animal's requirements and tempt the appetite.

As a general thing, horses are fond of these bran-mashes; yet once in a while an animal will be found that shows no liking for them. Such cases, however, are rare. But when that is the fact, the horse can be induced to eat them by adding a handful or two of oats.

The proper way to prepare the mash is to use sufficient boiling water to wet all the bran thoroughly. This should be done in a bucket, which should then be covered over and the mash allowed to steam for about a half-hour. This steaming will partially cook the bran, thus making it all the more effective and soothing. It is well to add a pinch of salt. The usual quantity of bran used is from a half to three-quarters of a peck.

It is always best to feed the mash in a lukewarm state, but never must be given while hot. Sometimes the mashes are prepared with cold water, but they do not have the same beneficial and soothing effect as when hot water is used. It is the steaming that the bran gets that gives the desired effects. Bran fed dry does not possess any laxative effects, and exerts no particular action on the bowels of the horse.

The Australian horseman says all stabled horses ought to be given, at any rate, one bran-mash in the week, unless they receive plenty of roots or green forage, and, as a rule, it is advisable to provide them with mashes twice weekly. Speaking in a general way, it may be said that bran-mashes are not made use of in the stable nearly as often as ought to be done. There are, of course, some horses which are predisposed to scour; for such, one mash in the week will be ample. But horses of average constitution can well do with them more frequently. Whenever a horse appears to be at all constipated it should have a bran-mash, which will quickly set matters right.

In some stables the practice is adopted of omitting the grain ration when a mash is supplied, but there is no actual need to do this. In fact, unless the horse is to have a complete rest on the following day, this should not be done, as it hardly does to deprive the animal of a whole feed of grain if it is to work the next day. It is never advisable to feed an unduly large bran mash to a horse. It is far better to give small meshes at frequent intervals than to feed very large ones at longer intervals.

WHY PLOW?

Plowing is necessary to the maintaining of soil-depth. Under cultivation, the surface soil slowly but surely wastes, as all will have noticed. The proper depth of soil for best results differs, according to the character of the soil, no doubt, but that a certain depth is necessary, will not be disputed by anyone. If the waste of soil goes on, how can depth and loam be maintained, except by bringing up from the subsoil a little occasionally to become incorporated with the layer above?—Farmer's Advocate.

Wagg—Guzzler talks about what a great singer he used to be; did he ever have his voice cultivated? Wagg—Well, he has spent a great deal of money irrigating it.

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

Creston Realty & Timber Co

13 ACRES

One-fourth mile from Town.
Absolutely First-Class Land.

$1300. Terms

9 ACRES

Half-mile from Town, mostly improved and Planted to Apple Trees. Running Water. Small House.

$2500

Truck Garden Farm

4½ Acres Black Sandy Loam bottom land

Facing on Goat River, half-mile from Town. Large Greenhouse and Living Room on Property, ready for use.

Special Chance for Gardener. Liberal Terms.
APPLY FOR PRICE

CRESTON REALTY and TIMBER COMPANY.

With a Local Flavor

Geo. and Mrs. Munro left on Thursday for Nelson on a business trip.

P. R. Godfrey made a flying visit to Nelson this week.

A. French went to Spokane on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sherrington left for a few days visit to Spokane on Thursday.

C. P. Riel made a flying trip to Goatfell and Nelson this week.

We handle Pendray's spray solution, also various sprays for putting it on. Creston Hardware and Furniture Co.

Mrs. M. Young is about to open a first class Millinery and Fancy Store at her house on Fourth Street.

See the new ad. this week of McPeak's Store of Plenty. They have some snaps worthy of your attention.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Mallandaine returned on Wednesday from a two months trip to the Old Country.

R. S. Bevan, accompanied by his wife, returned from Calgary on Thursday. While in Calgary, Mr. Bevan closed a deal for his next season's berry crop.

Don't forget the Board of Trade meeting next Wednesday evening.

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.

The balance of the debt of something over $100, on the Catholic Church, was paid off by a single individual in Creston, being no other than Mrs. Chas. O'Rodgers.

O. O. Rodgers returned a few days ago from Alberta with three teams of heavy work horses for use in hauling logs to his sawmill. These horses are reported to be the very largest animals yet brought into this district.

The Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of British Columbia accompanied by the D.D.G.M. of district No. 8, paid an official visit to Creston Lodge 54 A.F. & M., G.R.B.C., on the evening of February 23rd.

F. W. Heathcote, formerly of Dawson City, who has been visiting his brother here, for the past few days, left for Spokane on Thursday. He will also visit Portland and Seattle before returning to Winnipeg.

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.

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 2,30 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 27 (Third Sunday in Lent):
Matins and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Alice Siding Schoolhouse, at 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.; Sunday School at Vicar's house
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 20. per plant, post or express prepaid, of the following varieties:

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

I advise experimenting with a few of these plants in your garden.
O. J. WIGEN, Creston, B.C.

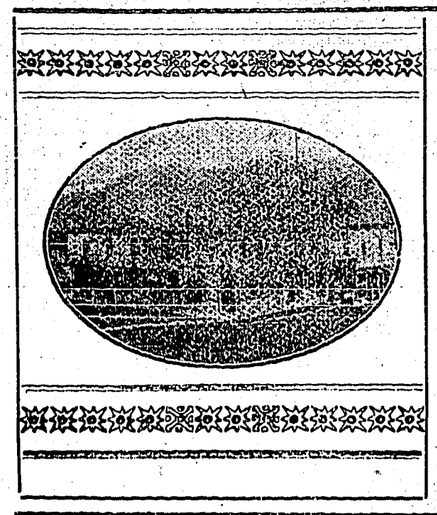
FOR SALE.—Thoroughbred Brown Leghorn Hens and Cockerels.—R. M. Reid.

FOR SALE—Block 8, 0.88 acres. Cost at auction sale $100 per acre. This land is 10 minutes walk south of depot, Creston. Block 75, 0.7 acres, cost at auction sale $81 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 18 acres respectively, with modern house and outhouses; also about 100 acres of bench land on Sub-Lot 4, Lot 8045, at Wynndel.—Apply to Moore and Darbyshire, 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, search down, down—through sixty feet of water, sand and gravel, if need be—until the Gold sediment, and finally bed rock itself, often overlaid with an actual coverlet of pure Gold—the hoarded accumulation of centuries—is reached.

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

While personally present on our property at Stewart River, Yukon Territory, Klondike, September 1st, I saw with my own eyes a clean-up from our first and smaller dredge, netting $517.50, and this was preceded only a few days by another clean-up from the same dredge amounting to $1203.86 in Gold. I saw this Gold, gathered from the gold-saving tables of our Dredge, moulded into bullion—a solid bar of Gold.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gold Dredges are making millions.

Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Co., Ltd.

G. W. Clawson, Treas.

649 Somerset Building
Winnipeg,
Canada

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

Name .....

Address .....

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