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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115

Grand Xmas Display

Men's Department

Men's Coat Sweaters and Fancy Vests.

Fancy Cartoon, consisting of Silk Braces, Garters, and Sleeve Holders.

Crochet Silk Ties in Assorted Colors.

Men's Linen, Silk and Excelda Handkerchiefs.

Men's Fine Gloves and Mufflers

Men's Fancy Braces in Cartoon

Cigars put up in Box specially for Xmas

Pipes in Case, $3.50 to $4.50

Men's Felt Slippers

= Groceries =

Malaga Grapes	25c. per lb.
Fresh Cape Cod Cranberries	20c. per lb.
Icing Sugar	2lb. for 25c.
Shelled Almonds and Walnuts	50c. per lb.
Mxd. Citron, Lemon & Orange Peel	25c. "
Molasses	2lb. tin for 20c.
McLaren's Cheese	35c. per lb.
Wethey's Mincemeat	2lb. for 25c.
Clover Honey	16oz., 35c.
Sultana Raisins	15c. per lb.
Smyrna Figs	15c. "
Cooking Figs	2lb. for 25c.
Fresh Cleaned Currant....	2lb. "
Fancy Seeded Raisins	2lb. "
Layer Raisins	1lb. for 20c.

Ladies' Department

Assortment of Fine China

Ladies' Kid Gloves and Gauntlet Gloves

Silk Embroidery Handkerchiefs and Silk Fascinators.

Christmas Greeting Handkerchiefs

Assortment of Battenburg and Drawn Work Five o'clock Covers

Stamped Afternoon Aprons

Stamped Five o'clock Covers

Stamped Sofa Pillow Tops

Ladies' Felt (Romeo) Slippers

PHOTO FRAMES and BOOK COVERS

SHOE BAGS

General Merchant **S. A. SPEERS** CRESTON, B.C.

XMAS is COMING

We have a More Complete Stock in the different departments than ever before.

In Groceries we bought nothing but the Choicest on the Market.

New Season's Currants, Seeded Sultana and Layer Raisins
Shelled Walnuts and Almonds, Lemon, Orange
and Citron Peels, Wethey's Mincement
Oranges and Apples. Also a Nice Line of Candies.

Toys . .

Including Tops, Games, Picture Books, Dominoes, Tea Sets, Balloons, Mirrors, etc.
Dolls, dressed and undressed, from 5cts. up.
China Dolls, 4 for 5cts. and from 5cts. up.
Eskimo Dolls at 65cts. The latest on the market.
Pocket Knives at all prices.

Gents' Furnishings

We have a nice line of Neckties in various shapes and colors. Shirts, Socks, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Stetson Hats, which make very acceptable Xmas Gifts.

Ladies' Fancy Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs worth 25c. which we are selling for 15c.

Mackinaws

We carry the H. B. K. and CLARK'S, and our prices are right.

Shoes

We are agents for the Famous WALK-OVER Brand, also the SLATER Shoe We also carry a full line of Maltese Cross Rubbers.

Hardware

Don't forget that we carry a full line when you are in need of anything in this Department.

We also carry a full stock of OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR, the BEST on the market, in 24s, 49s and 98s,

We would advise Shopping Early, which will enable you to get a Good Selection.

CRESTON MERCANTILE CO

Asylum Should be "Brain Hospital" Modern Methods Help the Insane.

(By Elliott Flower.)

The art of healing has now become the science of medicine. And the old methods of treatment engendered by the former have given way to "scientific" ones. No better example of this real revolution in the treatment of the sick, either in mind or body, can be had than in the modern "hospital for the insane."

Even the name of the institution, it will be noticed, has undergone a revision. Perhaps this latter is due to the prejudice which the majority of people held for the older term, "insane asylum," which brought to mind the many scandals in which these have been involved and in many cases the old, harsh treatment afforded those so unfortunate as to be confined within their walls.

But now in the most advanced of the institutions devoted to the treatment of the "mentally unsound," the idea has long been abandoned that the patient was there primarily for the purpose of being separated from the "sound" members of the human family. He is now a real "patient" and not a mere prisoner or "inmate." The asylum has become a "brain hospital."

OLD TERMS CONCEAL FACTS.

In line with this, recognizing that the word "insane" has become offensive and, whatever its real meaning, conveyed a misleading idea, Dr. Clarke Gapen, then at the head of the Illinois Eastern Hospital for the Insane at Kankakee, said in his report for 1896:

"We have, in a kind of a way, tried to forget such terms as 'insanity,' 'mental derangement,' etc., as in large measure concealing, rather than stating, facts of any great importance. In other words, the fact that the individual placed in our care is sick has taken distinct precedence over the fact that he is the victim of insane ideation or conduct; both of the latter being, in our minds, but resultant phenomena, not at all of primary importance either to the understanding or treatment of the case.

"'Insanity' still remains, but there has been some progress in names as well as methods. We have the 'psychopathic ward,' for instance. The psychopathic ward is the modern substitute for the padded cell. It is for the treatment of the 'disturbed' cases, the violent cases. We got it from Europe under that name, but it may not be generally known that we got it from Europe first."

The same Dr. Gapen just quoted was the first to make the radical departure from old methods that resulted in psychopathic ward, and he many warm letters from leading European alienists giving him full credit for the innovation and commending him for his wisdom and courage in the matter.

"SUPPOSE THAT WAS MY FATHER."

Dr. Gapen, in making the rounds of the institution, soon after his appointment was informed that a certain closed door concealed a particularly troublesome patient—one who was periodically violent.

"Let's see him," said the doctor.

The door was opened, and the patient, dirty himself, was found lying on the floor of a cell even dirtier. The violent patient is usually unclean, and he will frequently make a horrible mess of the cleanest cell. This patient was an old man, "old enough to be my father," says Dr. Gapen, "and the thought flashed through my mind, 'Suppose that was my father?' No one can say positively that some one near and dear to him may not have to have the shelter of such an institution."

The possibility took possession of Dr. Gapen's mind, and he cut short his tour of inspection to grapple with this problem. What should he do if that were his father? It was inconceivable that he would leave him there, no matter what his condition might be. "I would say," the doctor decided, "that he was sick and needed medical treatment and care more than ever before in his life."

Out of these reflections grew a plan, and he put this plan up to the trustees, who told him to go ahead. That was the end of the padded cell under Dr. Gapen's superintendency. A "maniacal hospital ward" took its place.

INTRODUCES THE FEMININE INFLUENCE.

The ward had a large sitting room, twelve bedrooms, a bath room with apparatus for shower, hot air and steam baths, and a small dining room. The bedrooms were made as neat and attractive as circumstances would permit, having the atmosphere of the hospital rather than the asylum. Then women nurses were installed in place of the male attendants, although male orderlies were always within call and were used in preparing a violent patient for his later treatment.

"The feminine influence means a great deal in the sickroom," says the doctor, "even in the room of a maniacal patient. The memories of babyhood, when he is so wholly dependent upon woman, are still unconsciously strong in man, and she holds in check passions that would be uncontrollable in the presence of another man."

Nevertheless it was a distinct experiment, and the first woman nurse (Miss Bender) to take charge of a maniacal patient is entitled to great credit for courage and devotion to duty. The doctor explained the situation to her fully. She must, he said, expect insult and many disagreeable experiences, but the welfare of the patient was the main consideration. She expressed her readiness to undertake the task and the experiment was tried.

The violent patient, or the one who felt a violent fit coming on, was told that he was sick. The idea that he was crazy or insane was discouraged; he was sick and needed medical care and treatment. He was then placed in the hands of a male attendant, giving a cleansing treatment, including a shampoo and massage, by which time, having perspired freely, the patient is both weary and thirsty.

TREATMENT GIVEN TO "VIOLENT."

He is then put to bed and his first introduction to the women nurse, who will thereafter have charge of him so long as he remains in this ward, is when she brings him a bowl of soup. Is it any wonder that she acquires a surprising influence over him? He is hungry, thirsty, and weary, and she brings him food and drink, after which sleep follows. Even the most animal in man must respond to such treatment as that. "And," adds the doctor, "in no single instance has any indignity been offered to a woman nurse by one of these patients."

This, then, was the origin of the psychopathic ward, although it did not receive htat name until it had crossed the ocean. Dr. Gapen was too busy with his plans and experiments to give any thought to names at tht time, and this, although it has the fault of being absolutely meaningless to the average man or woman, at least has the merit of distinctly marking a new departure in the treatment of the violent cases. The name is not identified with old methods, which is a most important point. "Insane asylum" is so idenitfied. The asylum has been turned into a hospital for the treatment of brain troubles, but the name still conveys the idea of hopeless mania. It repels. It is the last resort, to be avoided so long as possible and tried only when everything else has failed and circumstances make the private care of the patient impossible.

The exact reverse of this should be the case. It is a brain hospital—not so much for the care of the incurably afflicted (although that is one of its missions) as for the treatment and cure of mental illnesses. There should be no more hesitation in sending a patient to a brain hospital for treatment than there is in sending him to any other hospital when his physical condition calls for care and treatment for which there are no home facilities.

In fact, there should be even less hesitation, for his ailment is of a nature that, more than anything else, calls for care and treatment tht only those experienced in such matters can give. It would be as wise and proper to say of one needing experienced nurses and physicians for some physical malady, "We won't send him to the hospital until we know there is no hope," as it is to say of the mentally afflicted, "eW won't send him to the asylum until we know he is incurable."

This mastaken kindness and loyalty has unquestionably resulted in making a permanent affliction out of many cases tht were primarily curable. There is nothing that requires such experienced and careful handling as the deranged brain; there is nothing that is so susceptible to improper, if well meant, influences and management. No amount of love and loyalty can take the place of experienced attendance. Indeed, love and loyalty have often stood between the patient and possible, even probable, cure, have virtually made incurably demented those who might have recovered under proper care and treatment. Friends and relatives have sacrificed themselves in every way, believing they were acting for the best, and often they were merely cutting off what little chance the unfortunate one had.

The name plays a most important part in th isattitude of the public. "Insane asylum" is associated in the average mind with old ideas and old methods. Its exact meaning is immaterial; it is how the public regards it that counts. The fact that methods have changed is of little moment so long as the name conveys an erroneous impression. And the name is not a good one for the modern institution, which is a hospital rather than an asylum. Hope leis in the former word, hopelessness in the latter. The asylum is a refuge, a retreat for the permanently afflicted, and conveys no idea of cure or ultimate recovery; the hospital, on the other hand, is for the care and cure of those submitted to its charge. That it does not always cure is beside the question; the hope of recovery lies there as it does not lie in the asylum.

Great Power Required.

It is reckoned that the sending impulse in a wireless telegraphic station must be 1,100 times a powerful as that for sending through a wire; namely 11 horse power for 120 miles instead of one-hundredth of one horse power. This requires the use of a reinforced starage batter yeapable of producing alterations of 80,000 cyles a second instead of the ordinary dynamo, whose current alternates 60 times a second. The effect of this rapid alternations is said to compress the etherial waves within manageable length while giving them the speed of light. If they were still shorter they could be perceived by the eye as light; as it is, they can only be collected and read by an instrument similar to htat which propagates them. If these waves again were as short as those of light and heat, they could be collected in a convex mirror like that back of the incandescence of a searchlight and driven powerfully in parallel lines to a distant receiver. But the length of the waves is such that it is said the smallest reflector of any possible use for an ordinary wireless station would have to be about 400 feet square. Therefore, the mechanism in its present stage of development can only diffuse its waves in every direction through space, leaving them to be picked up by anybody with a suitable receiver in an attentuation that increases enormously with the distance. That is why the practical range of wireless communication, with most powerful batteries and perfect instruments, is only about 400 miles. — Minneapolis Tribune.

A White and Black Tigress.

An eight foot eight inch tigress, with an abnormally colored coat, was recently shot in the Morhi subdivisional forest of the Dhenkanal State, in Orissa. The ground color was pure white, while the stripes were a deep reddish black. The tigress was in good condition, so the *usual coloring was not due to disease.*

Abnormally colored tigers are rare. In 1899 two well-grown white tigers were shot on the Jalpur Tea Estate in the Debroghur district within a short time. It was reasonably supposed that they were litter brothers, the stripes in either case were so faint that they could only be seen in certain lights. The *only black tiger on record is one that* was shot many years ago in the Chittagong district. Bally's Magazine.

ANXIETY.

(Washington Star.)

"I suppose the baby is a source of great anxiety to you," said the neighbor.

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "When he is crying we are afraid he is sick, and when he isn't we are afraid he is unconscious."

LITTLE GIRLS' WRAPS PRETTIER.

New Triumph For McAdoo Downtown Tunnels to Jersey.

If De Witt Clinton Haskin had not come to New York some forty-odd years ago it is possible that people would not yet ride from New York to Jersey City through a tunnel beneath the North River; but De Witt Clinton Haskin did come to New York, so the Jersey tunnels are to be officially opened to-morrow. He came all the way across the continent, did Haskins, all the way from his gold mines in California, with this object in view; to build a tunnel beneath the Hudson River, connect it with the trunk line railroad terminals located in Jersey City and Hoboken, and run steam trains right through from New Jersey to a terminal station near Washington Square.

To do this required a great deal of money. Haskin had only $300,000, so he went to Wall street to enlist the aid of capital. The financiers whom he approached consulted expert engineers, who declared the tunnel scheme an absurdity, so De Witt Clinton Haskin didn't get the financial backing he wanted. Instead he got a little sympathy and some kindly advice, neither of which he desired.

However, Wall street's unresponsiveness didn't bother Haskin. He knew what he wanted to do and just how to go about it, so he jumped in with such limited funds as he possessed and started things moving.

First he sank a vertical shaft lined with bricks on the west shore of the Hudson River midway between the terminals of the Erie Railroad and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. A second shaft was dug at the foot of Morton street, New York. The Jersey shaft was 30 feet in diameter and reached to a point 60 feet below high water mark. The river at this point is about a mile wide. From the bottom of the shaft extended the horizontal tunnel that was to pass beneath the river bed. To be exact, there were two tunnels running side by side and each 18 feet in diameter.

Right here is where the unusual feature of the undertaking came in. The Haskin tunnel was merely an open tube with no plug in the end of it to keep the Hudson River from rushing in and flooding the whole works should it feel inclined to do so. Haskin didn't use a shield in his tunnel work for two reasons. In the first place he didn't like them and in the second place there weren't any.

He reasoned things out this way: If the presure inside the tube were equal to the pressure outside the tube, then the air would keep the water out and the water would keep the air in, which would be most satisfactory all around. As a corollary, if the conditions of equilibrium were carefully maintained the tunnel could be advanced steadily until it reached the further shore. That sounded all right in theory, but it didn't work very well in practice, for this reason: The air pressure was constant throughout the tube. It was just as strong at the top of the heading—the open end of the tunnel—as it was at the bottom. The water pressure, on the contrary, was eleven pounds greater at the bottom of the opening than it was at the top, due to the added weight of the 23-foot layer of water in between.

This gave rise to a puzzling state of affairs. If the outside pressure and the inside pressure balanced at the top, then the water would come rushing in at the bottom. If they were in equilibrium at the bottom then the air would go rushing out at the top. The only thing to do was to strike the happy medium which would let a little water in and a little air out, and trust to the pumps and the compressor to take care of the leakage. This was done. The method proved perfectly satisfactory, except on one trifling occasion, when a blow-out caught fourteen men at work some distance from the shaft and engulfed them.

A detail like that didn't cause Haskin any worry. He kept right on the job for six years. Then he was forced to stop because he had used up all his own money and no one would advance him any more. The end of the tunnel was bricked up, the air pressure removed and the works abandoned.

At the time about 2,000 feet of the north tunnel and about 600 feet of the south tunnel had been pushed riverward from the foot of the shaft on the Jersey side. The north tunnel from the New York side had been pushed only about 200 feet into the river as the material passed through was mainly sand and was difficult to penetrate. After the air pressure was removed the tunnels filled up with water and remained unused for eight years.

In 1888 English capitalists became interested in the scheme and engaged S. Pearson & Son, who had done a great deal of tunnel work in England. They pumped out the abandoned section and finding the tunnel lining still intact set to work to extend the tube further out into the river.

The plans were changed and the shield method was substituted for the open cut. The brick lining used by Haskin was done away with and heavy cast iron plates were used instead. The shield itself was a circular cap of hardened steel around the edges of which were arranged a series of cutting blades. When soft ground was to be passed through the shield was merely pushed ahead by compresed air. This was done by means of a circle of hydraulic jacks that extended backward from the diaphragm of the shield and were braced against the outer edge of the last complete ring of the tunnel. As the jacks shoved the shield ahead the shell that projected backward from the shield slid over the outside surface of the tunnel wall and the segments that make a complete ring were erected on the inside.

When the tunnel was being pushed through solid rock it was necessary for the men to get out ahead of the shield and with pneumatic drills blast away a huge circle for its passageway. By these methods Pearson & Son added almost 2,000 feet to the Haskin tunnel, but again came hard times. The work was abandoned and the tunnels were flooded with water once more. Nothing doing for twelve years.

Then William Gibbs McAdoo, a Southerner, who was at that time practising law in New York, became interested in the flooded tubes beneath the Hudson River. From what had already been accomplished it was quite apparent that a tunnel to Jersey was an engineering possibility. The work had been abandoned before on both occasions not because of difficulties of construction, but merely from lack of funds.

So William Gibbs McAdoo went down into Wall Street in search of money just as Haskin had done thirty years before; but McAdoo succeeded where Haskin had failed.

When the new interests took charge the north tunnel had been built for about 3,800 feet from the New Jersey shore. The tube was flooded with water, but its lining was still in good condition and the shield that had been abandoned by Pearson & Son was still usable. So the McAdoo interests pumped out the water, patched up the battered shield and set to work. They went along famously for a few hundred feet and then stopped abruptly. The shield refused to budge. A little more pressure was applied to the jacks. Nothing resulted. Still more pressure. The top of the shield moved ahead a little, but the bottom didn't move an inch. The iron plates of the lining began to buckle and to crack ominously, so the push behind the hydraulic jacks was abated slightly.

The foreman of the gang opened a little door in the bottom of the shield and took observations. He faced a small pinnacle of rock that rose upward through the soft mud of the river bottom like a miniature mountain peak. He opened another little door at the top of the shield to take a second observation. A stream of mud and water shot through the opening, knocking him about thirty feet due east. Two husky "muckers" jumped into the breach and succeeded in closing the iron door.

One of the expert engineers was then called in. He finally hit upon a satisfactory solution. He built a hood or apron of heavy steel and fitted it on the outside of the shield so that it extended itself will be thrown open to the public, to the crest of the rocky peak. This hood kept out the quicksand. Under its protection workmen opened the lower door of the shield, drilled and blasted the rock away and gradually worked across the dangerous business. Overlying the rock was fourteen feet of the quicksand. Above that was sixty-five feet of water. The quicksand was too unstable to hold back air under high pressure. On the other hand were the pressure reduced the semi-liquid mixture would flow down in the working area and tie up the whole business. Frequently the apron failed to fit smoothly over the top of the rock. If it left a very large opening a blowout would occur. In spite of all these difficulties the thing was accomplished. When the 700 feet of reef were finally crossed over and soft ground was reached again the apron was removed, the doors were closed, and the shields was forced ahead by means of the hydraulic jacks.

The greatest difficulties were encountered in completing the old Haskin tunnels which form the north pair of under river tubes in the McAdoo system. The southern pair of tubes—the pair that is to be opened to-morrow—was finished without any great trouble and was done in record time. Two feet in twenty-four hours was the record in the Pearson company's workings. The McAdoo engineers frequently bored through seventy-two feet in a day. The original McAdoo plan was to complete the two partly constructed tubes, which were to extend from a point on the Jersey shore midway between the Erie and Lackawanna Railroad stations to a terminal near Washington Square. To this the McAdoo interests added a transverse tunnel connecting with the Lackawanna, the Erie, the Pennsylvania and the Jersey Central railroad terminals in Hoboken and Jersey City. Then a second pair of under river tubes was planned in order to tap the heart of the congested downtown district.

Later it was planned to extend the northern pair of tunnels on up Sixth avenue to a terminal station connecting with the Pennsylvania-Long Island Railroad tunnels at Thirty-second street. A few weeks ago the McAdoo company applied for permission to extend still further northward in order to embrace the terminal of the New York Central and the New Haven railroads at Forty-second street and Park avenue and to connect with the Belmont tunnel at Forty-second street and Lexington avenue.

When this spur is completed the McAdoo system will connect the terminals of every important railroad that runs into New York city or terminates on the west shore of the Hudson River; but there are still two gaps in the system. These are a connection between the Forty-second street station and the Church street terminal by means of an East Side subway and an extension south under Sixth avenue from Ninth street to Cortlandt street. Were these established the McAdoo system would unite all the elevated roads in Manhattan, the subway and three of the East River bridges.

Mr. McAdoo is looking a long way ahead. Take for example the big terminal station at Church, Fulton, Dey and Cortlandt streets. McAdoo saw years ago that he would need more than an ordinary subway station downtown. He also saw that if the land he required were used only as a railroad terminal its cost would be prohibitive. So he decided to build two twenty-two storey office buildings above the station tracks. The acquisition of the necessary real estate was a task that would have caused almost any man to despair, but Mr. McAdoo got the land and he put up the buildings. To-morrow at noon the first train will trundle around the turn that leads to the Jersey shore and the station tunnel interests took charge the site was One storey below the street is the concourse, where are to be found a passenger waiting room, a baggage room, ticket offices, telephone stations, barber shops, and small booths of every description. Below that, reached from the concourse by a *mutitude* of stairways and inclined planes—ramps, as they are technicaly termed—is the track floor with six platforms and five loops for waiting trains. The platforms are so arranged that outgoing and incoming streams of passengers will be kept separate. Down below the track floor are two more floors, four in all, beneath the street level. Here are the lighting and heating plants, the power house, the refrigerating plant, the elevator power plant and the baggage room.

The construction of this downtown terminal was an engineering enterprise of colossal proportions. Before the tunnel interests took charge the site was encumbered with several hundred ramshackle frame buildings, some of which were a century old. On the first day of May, 1906, the contractors waded in, tore all the old structures apart and carted them away. Then they set to work to excavate for the foundations of the twin buildings. The workmen dug down fifteen feet and struck quicksand. It seems that this section of Manhattan Island was originally under water and was reclaimed by being turned into a city dump a hundred years or more ago. The thin layer of filling disguised the real character of the underlying material and made it look like solid ground. Then the engineers were up against it.

The only thing to do was to build a cofferdam around the entire plot and to continue the excavation under aid pressure. This was done. The engineers built a concrete wall extending from Fulton street south to Cortlandt street and from Church street half a block west toward the Hudson River. They sank this wall down through quicksand until they reached solid rock one hundred feet below the street level. Then they scooped out all the mud and sand and water inside the big box. It was a tremendous job. The working area was more than two acres in extent and the hole had to be dug a hundred feet deep. Within the hole were 200 caissons—vertical shafts of steel, inside which were built beds of reinforced concrete. On these beds were erected the steel columns that support the four subsurface levels and the twenty-two storey buildings hat tower above ground. There are about seven thousand tons of structural steel hidden away below the street level and about twenty-six thousand tons above the surface. This is where a very large part of the sixty millions went to and this is where the McAdoo interests will make a large share of their profits.

USES OF SALT.

It cleans the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often efficacious. A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes later by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. It hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath.

Cut flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water.

Weak ankles should be rubbed with a solution of salt water and alcohol.

Bad colds, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine dry salt like snuff.

Dyspepsia, heartburn and indigestion are relieved by a cup of hot water in which a small spoonful of salt has been melted.

Salt and water will sometimes revive an unconscious person when hurt if brandy or other remedies are not at hand. Hemorrhage from tooth pulling is stopped by filling the mouth with salt and water.

Weak and tired eyes are refreshed by bathing with warm water and salt.

Salt rubbed into the scalp or occasionally added to the water is wishing prevents the hair falling out.

Feathers uncurled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over a fire in which salt has been thrown

Salt should always be eaten with nuts.

IN 1915.

(Ottawa Free Press.)

"Mother, may I go to aviate?"

"Yes, my darling daughter;
Be sure that you steer the airship straight
And don't land in the water.

Science Notes

There are 247,000 more men than women in Australia.

The British 19,500 ton battleship Vanguard is the heaviest war vessel at present afloat.

The Government of Germany has spent more money to further aviation than any other nation.

Japan is granting subsidies to all fishing boats using internal combustion engines for auxiliary power.

A German chemist is making a study of the odors given off by different metals when heated to a given temperature.

Because horses are scarce in Madagascar a troop of native cavalry, used for scouting, has been mounted upon oxen.

A novelty is a glove containing a purse in the palm, fastened with the usual clasp, to prevent loss of the contents.

A windmill successfully drives a dynamo in an English mill, even when the wind blows as slowly as six miles an hour.

Tests by an eastern railroad have demonstrated that it is possible for a single locomotive to haul over 6,100 tons.

The deaths of 5,000 young children a year in New York are attributed to germs carried about and deposited upon food by flies.

By natural evaporation from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 tons of salt are obtained annually from the salt lagoons of southern Russia.

Motorcycles, each carrying two chemical extinguishers, have proved a valuable addition to the fire department of Buffalo, N. Y.

Embracing many sanitary features, a milk bottle filler recently perfected in New Jersey has a capacity of 7,680 bottles an hour.

Five miles of the Panama Canal, between La Boca wharf and the Bay of Panama, are now open to navigation by the largest vessels.

Owing to adverse market conditions there was no production of metallic antimony from domestic ores in the United States last year.

A mixture of red lead, white lead and gold size makes an excellent plaster for stopping leaks in automobile or motorboat radiators.

Of 110 tons of sausage offered for sale at a recent fair in Paris, nine tons were made of horse meat and seventeen from mule or donkey flesh.

The first electric smelting plant in the world in which pig iron will be produced on a commercial scale is about to be installed in Norway.

A big railroad fill in New Jersey is being made by dumping earth from cars which are run out on a track suspended by cables from two towers.

A tube, containing incandescent lamps at one end to heat the air, to dry a woman's hair after bathing, has been patented by a New York man.

Two Swedish engineers have perfected a new microphone which is said to double the distance over which telephone communication now is possible.

The Government has obtained control of the patent on an automatic weighing machine designed to prevent frauds against the customs service.

So many accidents occur in the snow-clad regions of Switzerland that stretchers are mounted upon runners for speedy handling over smooth places.

A dental college has been added to the University of Madrid, whose graduates will be allowed to practice in Spain without further examination.

The degree of doctor of technical sciences has been conferred upon Wilbur and Orville Wright, the aeroplanists, by the Technical High School of Munich.

In armored automobiles adopted for the Austrian army the power is applied to both sets of wheels by an ingenious device, which is a strictly guarded secret.

Asbestos was known to the ancients, who used it in which to wrap bodies previous to cremation, to separate the human ashes from those of the funeral pyre.

The British army has replaced its ring targets with targets bearing triangular markings as having a better relation to the human figure for teaching marksmanship.

The Iowa agricultural experimental station was found out that, on railroads running east and west it is necessary to plant a different kind of grass on the north side of embankments from the south side, because of the different amount of sunlight that each side receives.

Perilous Rescue of a Dog.

After lying for three days on a ledge in the steep cliffs between Dover and St. Margaret's Bay a wire-haired terrier belonging to Mr. Chatwin, a Dover nationalist was rescued yesterday after a perilous adventure by a young man named Smith. Mr. Chatwin, while walking near the cliffs missed his dog. He eventually saw it on a ledge about eighty feet down the cliffs.

He was unable to rescue the animal and two days later Smith volunteered to be lowered down to get the animal, which was now on another ledge nearly 300 feet below. After two descents Smith succeeded in rescuing the dog, which had been badly injured by its falls.—London Daily Mail.

NOT A BAD IDEA, AT THAT.

(New York Evening Journal.)

Mr. Parkay—These two seats you gave me are in different rows, one behind the other.

Ticket Seller—One seat is for a lady, is it not?

Mr. Parkay—Yes.

Ticket Seller—Well, that's all right, then. You are expected to sit behind the lady, and if you bring one with a big hat it's your own fault. That's the way we sell 'em now.

The Advantage.

Friend—Why do you encourage these woman's suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them?

Husband—Approve? With all my heart! I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife at home to ask questions.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

SHE BACKED OUT.

(Life.)

"What decided her not to get a divorce?"

"There was another woman in the hotel willing to take her husband as soon as the decree was made absolute."

Sunday in a Russian Prison

"You simply must come to the prison with me one of these days," said Maria Ivanovna; "I go every Sunday, and I know you would find it immensely interesting."

"But they would never let me in," I said.

"Nothing in the world easier," she said. "I myself visit a student, such a charming boy, and I go as his sister, though we are not in the least related. Come and fetch me at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, and I will arrange for you to visit somebody. Perhaps you might go as Arkady Dmitrovitch's brother; he is quite a nice person. There were eleven charges against him for press offences, and he will be delighted to see you. And you might come to my box at the Mariensky Theatre in the evening. I always go to the ballet on Sundays, and next week they are dancing Tchaikovsky's Lac de Cygnes, which I simply adore."

I accepted both invitations, and the following Sunday morning, about half past ten, Maria Ivanovna and I joined a group of some fifty persons waiting before the great door of the prison, writes Rothay Reynolds in the London Daily Mail. Most of the visitors belonged to the working class. There were men in high boots and sheepskin coats, and there were worried-looking women, with drab shawls over their heads. Maria Ivanovna greeted one or two well-dressed women in the group and several students.

"May I introduce my English friend?" she said to a girl in black. "He would like to have a talk with your husband. He can go in as his brother."

"Arkady Dmitrovitch will be quite excited a seeing a stranger," said the girl, giving me her hand to kiss.

* * *

There was a rattling of bolts, and the great door opened and we pressed through into a passage. Through an iron gate at the other end I could see the gloomy courtyard of the prison. Then we passed into a long and excessively hot room. At one end was a table at which an official sat to write down the names of visitors; at the other was a counter where clean linen, books and little presents for the prisoners were handed in. A student undertook to have my name and thought it judicous not to inquire Maria Ivanovna's written down; I under what alias I was passing.

"We shall have to wait here for two hours," said Maria Ivanovna; "it's a horrible bore. But if one arrives later one cannot see the prisoners until 3 o'clock."

"What is your husband in for?" said an old woman standing near me to her neighbor.

"Stealing," said the other, frankly.

"Mine is a political prisoner," said the first, with dignity; "the police made a search of our house, and found some of those nasty Socialist papers, so he's got to sit for three months."

The crowd in the narrow room was growing, and I retreated to the little courtyard. So did my temporary sister-in-laws.

"A gloomy place," I hazarded.

"Yet I have agreeable associations with it," she said. "You see, I was married here. Arkady Dmitrovitch and I were engaged when he was arrested, and, of course, I wanted to visit him, but it was impossible as were were not related, so we decided to be married in order to give me the right to see him."

"And it was quite a pretty wedding," said Maria Ivanovna, who had fled out into the cold from the unbearable atmosphere of the waiting-room, "and Olga Petrovna looked simply sweet in her white dress."

The little bride blushed with pleasure. "The priest and the deacon were very kind," she said. "You know, as a rule, they hurry through the service, but on this occasion they spun it out and went as slowly as they could, so that we might stand side by side as long as possible. The music, too, was quite good. There is a choir of criminals, not politicals, and they sang delightfully. We wanted to have four political friends of my husband's to hold the crowns over our heads during the ceremony, but that was not allowed, and in the end we invited four students."

"And when is the honeymoon to be?" asked Maria Ivanovna.

"We must wait another six months," was the answer.

* * *

Maria Ivanovna beckoned to me, and insisted on introducing me to a girl friend.

"I have just arrived from Moscow," said the girl. "Tell me, Maria, am I looking a terrible fright? I feel disgracefully untidy after a night in the train."

Maria Ivanovna produced a little mirror and the newcomer proceeded to tidy her hair and arrange her veil.

"I wonder if he really cares for her," she said when the Moscow girl had gone to speak to another friend. "It's rather romantic, you know. He's the son of the assistant governor of Warsaw, and his people are so ashamed at having one of the family involved in revolutionary propaganda that they won't come and visit him. The two were friends, and she has taken it into her head to come and see him every Sunday. He is to be here for four years, and, if she keeps it up until the end of his time, as far as I can see he will be bound to marry her."

"Why," I said, "it's a new horror of Russian prison life. One could be practically kidnapped by an enterprising girl."

* * *

Maria Ivanovna laughed, and then there was a movement in the crowd, and we saw that the iron gate was being opened. We flocked through, crossed the courtyard, and went to a large and light room in the great building opposite. A few minutes later we were shown to the room where the prisoners received their guests. I followed the little bride, and Maria Ivanovna called to me to visit Cage 27 later.

On either side of the reception-room was a partition of white wood, with little windows covered with wire netting. Behind each window could be seen the blurred face of a prisoner. We found Arkady Dmitrovitch's cage.

"Miloshka, darling," said a voice from within, and the little wife twittered back. I stood aside, but she insisted on my coming forward, and presented me to her husband.

"Very agreeable,' he said, in the polite formula; then the two went on twittering with great rapidity, as though they would never have time to say all the charming things lovers tell each other. I closed my ears, not difficult, for at all the thirty cages people were talking to their friends. At the next window a wrinkled old woman and a ragged urchin of about six years old were speaking with a man. The boy was standing on tip-toe so as to see the face behind the grille. My reputed brother was in hilarious spirits, bubbling over with excitement at having a chance to talk, but it made one feel almost giddy to look at him long, for between us were two grilles, the first of wire work with a rather coarse mesh, and about ten inches from it an inner grille of a much finer mesh.

The door at the back of the cage opened for a moment, and a warder thrust into the prisoner's hand a little box. It was a present his wife had brought, some collars and a silk scarf.

"How you spoil me," he said to her; but he could not kiss his thanks, for the double grille was between them.

Then he told her that he was reading a great deal, and giving part of his time to learning English.

* * *

"Quick," said Maria Ivanovna, running up to us; "come and see my student."

She took me down to cage 27, and a golden curly head bowed at the other side of the wire lattice.

There was no time to talk, the 20 minutes were up, and the prisoners had to make way for a new batch.

"Come another day," said he of the golden curls, and disappeared from the cage.

TORPEDOES.

Types of Each Rapidly Changing in the British Navy.

The day has gone by when the torpedo can be regarded as an unreliable instrument of war of strictly limited use. To-day the British Navy is about to be equipped with a torpedo which will carry a destructive charge of upward of 200 pounds, and will possess an effective range of over 7,000 yards, which it will be able to cover at an average speed of thirty-one knots.

Such a weapon, says Cassier's Magazine, is bound to influence battle tactics owing to its range and the accuracy with which it runs. The new torpedo in association with improved gunnery methods has already banished the familiar 6-inch gun from the newer battleships and battleship cruisers. One of the urgent naval problems of to-day is how to employ the new torpedo to the best advantage.

It is realized that it is necessary to build special vessels for its use; it is also realized that in view of the dangerous character of the service which will devolve upon these craft it is essential not only that the British fleet should possess the best type of torpedo craft, but that it should have these vessels in sufficient number to provide a margin of safety in view of the inevitable casualties of war.

The new destroyers differ from anything which has hitherto been seen in the British Navy. They are to have a displacement of from 930 to 1,030 tons, with a speed of twenty-seven knots only; they will mount five 12-pounder guns, and be fitted with two torpedo tubes. The building of a destroyer is a special trade based upon scientific data and carried out with a delicacy and accuracy of workmanship which is not to be found, because it is not required in larger vessels. The establishments which devote themselves to the construction of such craft are a national asset to no mean importance at a time when the torpedo is looming with increasing menace on the horizon.

How Royalty Dines.

The Caterer of London, England, in a recent issue, writing on the Auto club dinner, says: "It was the ancient and select firm of Gunter's who catered for the recent Automobile club dinner, held in Covent Garden theatre under the presidency of Prince Francis of Teck and with the Prince of Wales as the guest of the evening. As at the balls held at Covent garden, the floor of the auditorium was raised nearly to a level with the stage. Forty round tables, each for eight guests, were arranged agout this floor, and in the first tier of boxes, with six straight tables in front of the stage. The royal tables were on a small stage erected in the middle of the theatre stage, closed in on three sides by heavy red curtains. The Prince of Wales and the chairman sat facing the auditorium, and at two tables at right angles were various foreign Ambassadors. Here is the menu, the items of which were selected by Prince Francis of Teck himself:

MENU.

Canapes de Caviar.
Consommé a l'Imperiale.
Cotelettes d'Agneau aux Champignons.
Jambon de York. Petit Pois.
Steak, Kidney and Oyster Pudding.
Bombe Glace Chesterfield.
Croquantes au Parmesan.
Dessert. Cafe.

WINES.

Rudesheimer, La Rose, Pommard.
Heidsieck, Dry. Monopole, 1000.
Geo. Goulet, 1900. Liqueurs.
Apollinaris.

Digital Superfluity.

"Turn on the light, Absalom!"

Thus, in clear, cutting, metallic accents spoke Mrs. Rambo, leaning over the railing at the top of the stairway.

"Thrash w'at I'm trying t' do, Nanshy," mumbled Mr. Rambo.

"Can't you find the button?"

"Yesh, I c'n find th' button aw ro', Nanshy, but I've go so blame many thumbs an' fingers I don't know whish of 'em to turn it with!"

A SPECIALIST.

(London Opinion.)

"Hullo, mate, 'ow is it you ain't working?"

"Well, it's like this: I works in a domino factory, and I puts on the spots, and they're making double blanks to-day."

INDOOR GAMES FOR WET DAYS

To have three or four exuberant youngsters cooped up in the dining room on a rainy day when a hundred glinting puddles on the sidewalk invite them to forbidden antics is deliberately putting your nerves to the torture.

Young blood doesn't always take on the dolefulness of outdoor weather like grownups, who have headaches and rheumatism, and often confess themselves a perfect thermometer, able to sense a coming storm by the feeling in their limbs and toes. The mother, who is in a whirl of household duties all day, rain or shine, can least tolerate the bother and annoyance of repeatedly saying: "Susie, now don't scrape that chair," or "Johnny, do lay down those scissors, and get your story book," or "Goodness me, Willie, did you hurt yourself?" as Willie turns a gallant somersault from a little mountain of chairs that is to represent an automobile, and which he has piled up himself without permission.

There are many orderly amusements in which she may permit them to indulge, and which will lease ruffle her temper, if she will *only* head the way, and show them what to do instead of allowing them to depend on their own resources. She must provide something that is interesting and polly enough to appeal to the most restless and unruly, and which will at the same time require only the minimum of shuffling about and wrangling.

The kitchen when not in use is the best rainy day playground, as it contains little that is breakable, and is farthest away from the living room should there be company, or should the elders of the house have settled down to an afternoon of reading or letter writing.

Marbles and jackstones are "in season" during the snow and sleet days, and, as a rule, indifferently cast aside when the spring weather rules. Perhaps mother picks them up in odd corners and stows them away in a cup on the top pantry shelf. If she did she wisely springs them as a surprise on her restless trio when the rain pounding on the windows makes them temporary prisoners. They are delighted, and wonder why they haven't once thought of marbles since school closed, where they used to play with them in the basement.

One of the most engrossing indoor diversions for children is that of transferring the colored comic pictures of the Sunday papers to strips of clean bristol board, which can be had for 5 cents a roll. It is generally with laughing pride and enthusiasm that they view their artistic achievements. Each one is provided with a small bottle of white vinegar, a small perfume of medicine bottle, the end of which is rubbed over the picture after the vinegar is applied, and the bristol board rightly placed beneath. The color comes off easily and leaves a smart impression. When there are any little picture frames about the house these reproductions may be inserted and temporarily displayed in the kitchen, which, of course, will add interest to the fun.

Another happy rainy day recourse for boisterous children is that of building a paper city. A number of empty pasteboard starch and raisin boxes cut into half horizontally are the first essential. Each one is assigned a certain share in the building operations. The one who can handle the scissors most adroitly is allowed to cut out pictures of skyscrapers, fountains, gardens, private homes and art galleries from the pages of a magazine. Another who is given a bottle of mucilage pastes these pictures to the sides of the pasteboard, which should be cut down to various dimensions to show the differing height of the structures and buildings of the city.

Another is allowed to plan and lay out the city in blocks, to decide on a place for the city hall, a church and the postoffice. When the city is complete the windows in the pictures may be cut out, including the cardboard on which it is pasted, and under the guidance of an elder sister a lighted candle placed inside of each box will give it the appearance of being lighted up at midnight. The effect is quite convincing when the lights are turned down, and there is nothing roisterous about an amusement of this kind.

When there are only little girls in the family, something else may be substituted, but none the less new and fascinating, for they get quite as peevish and restless for being shut in just because there is mud in the alley as their boy cousin, and ache just as badly for a lark. Dressing dolls is tame on a rainy day, and reading story books that they have read before is even tamer.

A sheet of old crepe paper or the colored tissue, however, will do wonders to soothe them. Making paper flowers is a rare diversion, and given a pattern for the petals and a sample they need little instruction, even though the results may be more ludicrous than artistic the first time. If it happens to be on Saturday, or baking day, let them have the scrapings of the bread pan, and give them some apple cores to cut up and make into mock pies.

AFTER 340 YEARS.

Law Suit Over Mexican Boundary Line Settled.

A lawsuit which had been pending in the courts of Mexico for 340 years has just been settled. The dispute arose between the local authorities of the towns of Yodocome and Munu over the question of the legal boundary line between the two villages. Both towns held titles to the same land, the conflicting grants being made by the colonial government. The titles held by private parties were also involved, and each town brought suit against the other for the land claimed to justly due to it.

The suit dragged along for the first one hundred years, one legal step after another being taken by the contending towns. Another century passed and then another, and still the suit was undecided. During all this time the people of the respective towns were arrayed against each other in bitter enmity, and many were the armed conflicts that took place between the opposing factions.

The father of President Porfirio Diaz was a native of Yodocome and stood high in the little country community because of his mental ability. He took an active interest in the long pending suit and during his lifetime made every effort to get a final decision of the case. He was unsuccessful, and the years dragged by. President Diaz gave the matter his personal attention not long ago, and the ancient records relating to the land grants and the conflicting boundary were carefully examined.

The matter was then laid before the people of the two towns, and after many conferences a settlement of the case was reached and the suit in court was formally dismissed. It is said to have held a place upon the court docket longer than any suit in the world's history.

Street Car Manners.

Manners is how you act in a street car.

Gentlemen are called so because they have good manners.

I wonder why more gentlemen do not ride in the street cars. It may be that they have automobiles.

The other day a person known as a street-car hog was choked so bad that he got real black in the face. This happened in New York. The man who choked him was trying to teach him to be polite. But you can't teach a hog much.

If every street car hog got choken the right-of-way would be clogged with pork.

In this town I never saw a man take a woman and pull her out of a seat and take a seat himself. So manners might be worse here than they are.

Men get into seats, though, and stay there, while tired old women with baskets swing from the strap. The men do not pretend to be reading. That used to be the way, and it was a sign that the men were ashamed. It is out of date now.

But perhaps the women are partly to blame. They do not teach their little boys to give up seats to other women. They used to forget to thank the men, too, for giving them seats. For men did do this once.

When a woman brings a sturdy lad into a crowded car she puts him into the only vacant seat and then glares around for another.

Lots of times when she comes in there are three or four vacant seats, but she does not look around for them, but grabs a strap right off. Then men come in and take the seats, and she looks just as mad, but you can't blame them much.

Sometimes women spread their skirts over two or three seats and get real haughty when requested to condense.

But this is not to defend the man who crowds women aside and beats them to a seat. No, it is not in favor of the man who stands in the aisles and when a seat becomes vacant jams into it and leaves women still standing.

Of course, to call him a hog is to use a figure of speech. But he was trained when only a pig. This is another figure of speech.

There are some gentlemen who travel on the street cars, and ladies, too, but they have so many painful experiences that they wish they might walk.

So this is all I know about street car manners.—Anti-Porker, in Philadelphia Ledger.

Smiled and Was Glad.

There was once a man who smiled
Because the day was bright,
Because he slept at night,
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child;
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run,
Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He smiled because the sky
Was high above his head,
Because the rose was red,
Because the past was dead!
He never wondered why
The Lord had blundered so
That all things have to go
The wrong way here below
The overarching sky.

He toiled and still was glad
Because the air was free,
Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love and he
Shared all the boys had!
Because the grasses grew,
Because the sweet winds blew,
Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

Because he lived he smiled
And did not look ahead
With bitterness or dread,
But nightly sought his bed
As calmly as a child.
And people called him mad
For being always glad
With such things as he had,
And shook their heads—and smiled.

FROM THE WORKERS' SIDE.

(Prof. Sumner, of Yale.)

"Socialism is any device or doctrine whose aim is to save individuals from any of the difficulties or hardships of the struggle for existence and the competition of life by the intervention of 'the state.' Inasmuch as 'the state' never is or can be anything but some other people, socialism is a device for making some people fight the struggle for existence for others. The devices always have a doctrine behind them which aims to show why this ought to be done. The protected interests demand that they be saved from the trouble and annoyance of business competition, and that they be assured profits in their undertakings by 'the state'—that is, at the expense of their fellow citizens. If this is not socialism, then there is no such thing. If employers may demand that 'the state' shall guarantee them profits, why may not the employees demand that 'the state' shall guarantee them wages?"

Queer Malady.

Sprigg went to a noted physician to ask advice as to his health. In pompous tones he addressed the doctor:

"I—ah—have come to—ah—ask you—ah—what—what is— the dooced mattaw with me—ah!"

"I find your heart is affected," said the physician, gravely.

"Oh—ah—anything else—ah?"

"Yes; your lungs are affected, too."

"Anything—ah—else—ah?"

"Yes; your manners are also affected."—New York American.

OFF-SIDE.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

Johnny (to new visitor)—So you are my grandma, are you?

Grandmother—Yes, Johnny! I'm your grandma on your father's side.

Johnny—Well, you're on the wrong side. You'll find that out.

Nell—That was a frightfully long sermon the minister preached this morning. Belle—Why, I didn't notice it was unusually long. Nell—Of course not; you had on a new hat.

PROPOSING TO WILLIAM

Time: A Wednesday evening.

Place: The parlor of Arabelle.

The blinds were drawn, the curtains were drawn, and the draperies over the curtains; these, too, were drawn—giving the room a cloistered aspect so that when laughter came through the door it began to sigh, and the mouth grew hushed and the footsteps ceased to bounce, and surreptitiously turned itself into tipty toe. There was, moreover, only one light in the room and this was a portable gas lamp covered with a green shade and turned down to a dim and mournful point, such as might illuminate a tragedy, for instance, with sobs sounding in the distance and strange shadows fitfully coming and going on the walls. And on the table, by the side of the lamp, stood the portrait of one whom we will call William, and walking thoughtfully about the room was Arabella, pausing from time to time to gaze at the portrait of William and giving it (each time) a look of intensity that alternately said "Beware!"

She was dressed in black; a soft and crushable black, cut low in certain places and embellished with a train. Around the whiteness of her neck was a narrow velvet ribbon, and in contrast with her dress her face seemed pale and like that of one who has suffered much in silence. She might, in fact, be likened to a lily in mourning, except that she was more fragrant than the lilies and knew how to droop herself more gracefully than any lily that ever bloomed. Her shoes sparkled with little black beads, and her stockings (at which a discreet person might discreetly peep, perhaps when she sadly sat down) were of shimmering black silk. And as she walked about the room she drooped (except on those occasions, already mentioned, when she looked at William's portrait) and when she sat down she drooped, and sometimes she sighed and sometimes she pressed her hand to her heart, but ever and always she looked at herself in the mirror over the mantlepiece and ever and always she walked with her head on one side, in the attitude of one who (let us say) listens and waits for the doorbell to ring.

"Ha!" she murmured (as the doorbell rang) "Now for it! At last!"

And as William entered the room she drooped toward him gracefully and placed her little hands in his and drooped again and sighed.

"Well," said William, "how have you been?"

She only sighed.

"Mmm?" said William.

"Will," she said, "do you really care?"

And as William's eyes dwelt (for a moment) upon her apparent pallor, her velvet ribbon, and all those minor details to which allusion has already been made, he checked the cautious reply that was on the tip of his tongue and answered instead—

"Why, of course I care!"

And when she made no response (her silence accusing him of insincerity) he took upon himself the emphasis of defense, exclaiming—

"You know I care!"

And when she still made no response (although her attitude was that of one almost persuaded) he gently repeated—

"You know I care, Arabella!"

"Dear Billy!" she sighed.

And again she drooped toward him gracefully and placed her little hands in his, and drooped again and sighed.

"What's the matter?" asked William.

Whereupon she arose, walked slowly away, pressed her hand to her side and walked slowly back.

"Will," she said, "I am going away."

And after she had intently studied William's features from underneath her drooping lashes she turned her head away and this time she drooped for fair.

"Oh?" said William.

(And if our William could have seen her face to face, he would have blinked his eyes forthwith and have gone away from there).

"Yes," she said.

"Where are you going," asked William.

"I am going-abroad," she said. "Yes . . . Yes . . . I am going abroad."

"When are you going?" asked Wil-

She reverted to her earlier tactics.

"Well," she said, "do you really care?"

"Why, of course I care," said William.

And again she made no response, but this time William, too, helped keep the peace and when she saw that no further protestations were forthcoming, she softly exclaimed—

"Dear Billy, I really believe you will miss me!"

She impulsively held out her hand. He took it.

"Why, of course I shall miss you," said William.

"Really, Will?" she sadly asked.

"You know right well how much I'll miss you," said he.

"Honestly and truly?" she murmured.

"Honestly and truly," said he.

"You meant it, Will?" she breathed.

"You know I do," said he.

Suddenly she covered her eyes with her handkerchief and her shoulders shook. Very white were her shoulders, emerging from the blackness of her dress, and very sad and sorrowful she appeared as she sat there by the side of William, and perhaps his arm went around (to soothe her) and perhaps he began to whisper such encouraging remarks as occurred to him on the spur of the moment.

"Will," she said, looking up at last, "I just won't go!"

"You won't?" said William.

"Will," she said, covering her eyes again, "I just can't bear to leave you!"

And looking at him with the eyes of admiration she cried (before he had a chance to say beans):

"How could I leave my Billy!"

She regarded him with a challenge, but he did not deny the possessive case of the pronoun.

"And besides—" she whispered, daring all.

"Yes?" smiled William.

"We can go abroad," she breathed, "on our honeymoon!"

And it was not until he was on his way home (a fettered man) that William began to see the light.

"Hang it all!" said he, "I wonder if she really was going abroad!"

And in the parlor Arabella knocked her knuckles against the photographic representation of William's head, much as one might rap a cocoanut to see if there was milk inside. Having thus enjoyed herself she cut a few odd capers.

"Hard work!" she laughed, "but all the same!"—New York Evening Sun.

"ORDER NUMBER ELEVEN."

Picture That Cost Ewing Governorship and Perhaps the Presidency.

The University of Missouri has attracted a number of interesting and widely-known men to Columbia. One of those was General George C. Bingham, adjutant general of the State, professor of painting and art, correspondent for some of the metropolitan papers and painter. The most noted painting, "Order Number Eleven" or "Martial Law," is still owned in the original by George Bingham Rollins. It hangs on a wall of his home in Columbia.

"Order Number Eleven" got its name from an order issued by General Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, during the civil war, an order unsurpassed in cruelty by any issued in the era of martial law. Ewing was a Union general and he ordered every man, woman and child to vacate Jackson, Cass, Bates and Vernon counties within a period of fifteen days. At the end of that time the homes were to be burned over the heads of any who remained, and any who resisted were to be shot. Foraging parties had left few horses in the district, and invalid women were forced to walk miles and miles, often carrying infant babies in their arms. Sometimes a few of the treasured possessions were loaded on the back of a cow or an ox, and were carried to some settlement outside.

Some families did not believe it possible that such a terrible order would be enforced, and remained at their homes over the stated time. Bingham's picture deals with Ewing's forces coming to one of these homes. The sky is clouded with smoke from burning homes and the soldiers are preparing to apply the torch to another. The occupants of the house are surrounding the officers in charge and are pleading and imploring for mercy. One man who has resisted the soldiers, probably, is lying on the ground dying from a gunshot wound, and a woman has thrown herself across his body. An old man with streaming beard is arguing with the soldiers, one of whom has a smoking pistol in his hand. Little children are crying.

The history of the picture is interesting. General Bingham was well acquainted with General Ewing and heard that Ewing intended to issue the order. Bingham was a staunch Union man, but the cruelty of the order dumbfounded him and he remonstrated with Ewing. He told him that if the order was issued he would make him infamous with bursh and pen. Ewing laughed at him and soon issued the order. Several years later Ewing had gone into politics and was running on the Republican ticket for Governor of Ohio. Then, as now, the Governor of Ohio was available material for the presidency, and Ewing had announced his intention of appearing as a candidate for that office at the next election. Bingham had a large number of copies of his picture, "Order Number Eleven" made and scattered them over Ohio with a full account of the order and its workings. At the election Ewing was defeated. Ewing himself often said that Bingham's picture defeated him for the presidency. A few years later Ewing was killed in New York City by a street car.

Bingham was widely known as a writer. He contributed to the newspapers of his day, dealing especially in discussions of political questions of the time. Bingham was actively interested in politics at one time, and served a term as adjutant general of the State. After that he was appointed police commissioner of Kansas City, and his life was threatened many times for the reforms which he instituted and the weeding out of saloons.

Bingham's tastes were simple. He preferred mush and milk to any food he had ever tasted. He once said that he believed himself the wealthiest man in the world, as he had everything that he wanted. He was born in Virginia in 1811. His parents moved to Boonville, Mo., when he was four years old. His only occupation was that of a cabinetmaker. He came to Columbia at the request of James S. Rollins, who engaged him to paint some portraits. He died while visiting in Kansas City in 1870. He was married three times.—Rochester Herald.

BEAUTIFUL BUENOS AYRES.

There the City Council Gives Prizes for Handsome Houses.

Buenos Ayres is in some respects the most cosmopolitan city in the world. No important European nation but has contributed its capital and its people to the upbuilding of this great metropolis. It also has the distinction of being the second city of Latin population in the world, says The World To-day, being larger than the largest cities in Italy and Spain.

There is perhaps no city which exhibits a greater variety of pleasing contemporary styles of domestic architecture. The city Council tries to encourage beautiful building by annually offering a gold medal to the architect who is found to have planned the most attractive facade, and by freeing from the building tax the structure thus favored.

The outward aspect of Buenos Ayres is rather that of a European than of an American capital. It has all the finish of a Paris or a Berlin. The absence of the irregular skyline caused in North American cities by the extreme height of some business buildings, as well as the fact that the ground of the city is quite uniformly built upon, even in the more outlying regions, keeps the city from presenting that unfinished appearance which even our largest cities have.

Who Has?

She (with a languorous look)—Have you ever known what it is to love?

He—I have loved, but I have never known what it is.

No matter how warm it is, the house-painter may have to put on an overcoat.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO — ESTABLISHED 1867

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

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

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

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

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

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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.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE LINE

KOOTENAY TELEPHONE LINES LIMITED TO NEGOTIATE WITH CRESTON

NELSON MAY ALSO MAKE BID FOR BUILDING TELEPHONE LINE TO NELSON

The matter of connecting the Creston district with either Cranbrook or Nelson by long distance telephone, of which mention was made last week in the Review as well as in the Nelson News, is being seriously considered on the outside, the Cranbrook Herald in speaking of the above article on this subject says:

"Discussing the above despatch Mr. R. B. Beattie, president of the Kootenay Telephone Lines, Ltd., with headquarters in this city, said that the local company was fully alive to the situation His company had negotiated for the Creston telephone system in the spring, but no deal was consummated, as the terms then asked were exorbitant. In the meantime the Kootenay Telephone Lines have been steadily extending their system. Within the next few days exchanges will be installed in Michel and Hosmer and connection will be completed with the Alberta lines. Early in the coming spring extension westerly will be made into Spokane and negotiations will again be opened up with the Creston people. It is obvious that Creston's best interests will be served by connecting up with the Kootenay Telephone Lines, as by so doing they will secure direct connection with the markets of Alberta. It may be said that the Kootenay Telephone Lines intend prosecuting an active policy of development and will not rest satisfied until connection is secured with Nelson and all points throughout southern British Columbia."

Here is what the Nelson Daily News has to say editorially on the same subject:

"The people of the thriving and progressive town of Creston are anxious to get into communication and do business with the outside world. They have at present the same facilities in this respect as have many other towns and cities in the interior of British Columbia. They have the Crows' Nest branch of the C. P. R. running through their town, which gives them mail connection in every direction, and they also have an office of the same company's telegraph system, but these they consider insufficient. They want, in addition, telephone connection with the outside world, and if the opinions expressed in the past couple of issues of the local paper, the Review, are a reflex of those of the people of Creston, they want it badly. They are not particular in which direction they get this connection, whether east or west, that is with Cranbrook or with Nelson.

"In their desire for telephone connection with either Cranbrook or Nelson the people of Creston are exhibiting ordinary business sense. Telephone connection with either of these places would prove a great convenience and also a great benefit to the people of Creston, but not more so than to the business interests of the city with which connection is secured. Creston, as most people know, is situated in the centre of one of the best ranching districts in the interior of British Columbia. It has an exceptionally large area of first-class land immediately tributary to it, which is rapidly being brought under cultivation. No town in the interior has made greater progress in the past couple of years than has Creston, and none has a brighter future before it. The people of Creston are fully alive to their town's possibilities, and it is to enable them to take the fullest advantage of them that they desire a telephone line either to Nelson or to Cranbrook.

"There is no necessity to enlarge upon the advantage to either of these cities it would be to secure the trade of a rapidly growing town such as is Creston. This trade will naturally go largely, at least, to the city to which a telephone line is built. The distance between Creston and Cranbrook and Creston and Nelson is, respectively 67 and 68 miles, or a difference of one mile in favor of Cranbrook. The distance between Nelson and Creston, however, would not represent the length of telephone line which it would be necessary to construct to connect these two places, for, it is understood, the Creston Power, Light and Telephone Company already have the poles on the ground for a line to Kootenay Landing, a distance of eighteen miles, so the 50 miles between Nelson and the Landing would be all that it would be necessary to build. Another object which could be served by the same line would be the giving of the psople along the west arm the telephone service which many of them desire. In view of these facts it is only natural to suppose that Nelson will be the place with which Creston will be connected by telephone.

"The matter of securing the building of such a line is one which might very well be taken up by the Board of Trade of this city, and representations on the subject made to the British Columbia Telephone Company, the institution which, under existing circumstances, could handle such an undertaking with the greatest degree of satisfaction to all concerned and the one which would be in the best position to make a success of such a venture."

Owing to the demands upon our advertising columns for the next three issues, the REVIEW will issue a supplement. This has been found necessary owing to the increased Xmas. advertising.

R. Lamont made a business trip to Nelson and other points west this week.

Watch for the big ad. of the Creston Drug and Book store in our next issue. They have received a mammoth supply of Xmas. presents.

FOR SALE—A New Gourlay Piano at reduced price and easy terms. Apply G. R. Northey.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ANNUAL

Eastern Canada EXCURSIONS

Low Round Trip Rates to

Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces

Tickets on Sale Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive, good to return within three months.

Tickets issued in connection Atlantic Steamship Business will be on sale from Nov. 21 and limited to five months from date of issue.

Finest equipment. Standard First Class and Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars on all Through Trains. Compartment. Library, Observation Cars on "Imperial Limited" and "Atlantic Express"

3—*Through Express Trains*—3
. . *Daily* . .

The "TORONTO EXPRESS" leaves Winnipeg daily at 22.40, making connections at Toronto for all points East and West Thereof.

The "Imperial Limited" leaves Winnipeg daily at 18.15, and the "Atlantic Express" at 8.00 daily, making connections at Montreal for all points East thereof.

Apply to the nearest C. P. R. Agent for full information.

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

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

Winter Requirements

HORSE BLANKETS
From $2.50 to $3.50 each

ROBES from $3 to $15 each.

Neatsfoot Oil for Shoes or Harness

Vissol Oil, the Only Waterproofer in the World for Shoes. You need no Rubbers

ENGLISH DUBBIN FOR SHOES
The Old-Fashioned Preservative.

Get Your Harness Fixed
YOU NEED IT.

Look out for our Xmas Show of Lovely Leather Goods.

CARVER'S HARNESS STORE

Moyie Brewery

MOYIE, B.C.

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

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

Moran & Mead - - Props.

Creston Wine and Spirit Co.

WHOLESALE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Mercantile Block, Creston, B.C.

XMAS GIFTS

Call and See Them

Presents for Old and Young.

CRESTON DRUG & BOOK STORE

We are Agents for McLaughlin

Democrats, Buggies, Wagons, etc.

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

McCREATH BROS.
CRESTON

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

The Sirdar Hotel

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

We have a Fresh Supply of
Government Creamery Butter
At 35c. per lb.
Shamrock Dairy Butter
At 30c. per lb.
Imperator Hams
Choice Breakfast Bacon
FRESH EGGS
Fresh Saurkraut
Fresh Fish of all kinds

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
Stoves
Piping
Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

OF INTEREST TO FRUIT GROWERS

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

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

MAHON'S BAKERY
On Sirdar Avenue
Fresh bread and buns daily.
Also all kinds of Cakes made On Short Notice.
We also keep a stock of Tobaccos, Cigars, and Cigarettes.
Soft Drinks on tap at all hours.

Board of Trade Meets

There was a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Creston Board of Trade held Wednesday evening in the Mercantile Hall. President E. Mallandaine occupied the chair. After the reading and adoption of the minutes of the previous meeting and the reading of a number of communications of minor importance, the question of better fire protection was discussed at length, when it was finally decided to have the various blocks in town purchase sufficient fire hose and put in stand pipes in convenient places throughout the town. President Mallandaine, who is also an officer in the local Waterworks company, kindly agreed to take a personal interest in the matter and have the stand pipes put in At this meeting hon. sec. P. B. Fowler asked that the general rule be adapted and that as it was near the close of the year that an auditor be appointed to go over his books.

The Chairman then appointed J. K. Johnson auditor for the occasion.

W. S. Watson and R O 'B. Fitz-Gerald were received as new members.

The matter of the Board of Trade holding a Smoker the first week of the new year was then discussed at length. Vice-President C. O. Rodgers and other members spoke strongly in favor of it, when it was finally moved, seconded and unanimously carried that Guy Lowenberg and J. B. Moran be a committee of two and be given a free hand to make all necessary arrangements for the First Annual Smoker of the Creston Board of Trade, which will be held on the first Wednesday in January. The meeting then adjourned to meet again before the close of the year.

As we are going to press, through the energy of Mr. Mallandaine the Waterworks Company have already started work on installing several stand pipes at various places in town, the actual cost of which will be arranged with the Board of Trade later on. By this action of Mr. Mallandaine's the stand pipes will be ready for use at once should fires break out, instead of having to wait probably weeks until the necessary funds had been arranged for.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wilson have removed from their former residence on Victoria avenue, to the rooms in the Mercantile block, formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

R. Lamont has leased the fine suite of offices over the Drug Store, and will furnish them at once as a real estate office.

Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

Prompt Attention Satisfaction Guaranteed

Let us Figure with you on that Building

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

Local Option Plebiscite

Unless the advocates of local option are allowed 101 of the 140 ballots they claim out of the 208 marked spoiled by deputy returning officers the referendum will be defeated in Vancouver. This point remains for decision by the county judge if a recount be granted upon the intended application of the temperance leaders.

The result throughout the province will remain in doubt for ten days or two weeks.

This is the local option situation today The recount, which if granted will likely be held either in Victoria or Vancouver, will be upon the entire vote on the plebiscite.

Local option leaders claim a total majority of from 2,500 to 3,000 upon the general plebiscite, but until the total ballots for candidates are counted it will be impossible to say whether or not they have obtained the necessary 50 per cent. of the vote. The count is proceeding in the various constituencies, but will not likely be known for at least ten days.

It is also estimated by local option leaders that fully 500 ballots have been marked spoiled by returning officers. A large majority of these they claim as clearly showing the intention of the ele tor to vote for the referendum, even though the cross is not wholly within the required space in the ballot. But whether, if the majority of these are allowed upon the recount, this will be sufficient to gain the percentage demanded by the government can not be known until the final count of the ballots for the candidates.

The count in Vancouver which was completed on Thursday the 2nd inst., shows 11,378 votes cast for the candidates. The referendum to be logically successful, would require to have half of these, or 5,689. It has 5,888, or 101 less. It would, therefore, need 101 of the 208 spoiled ballots. Of these it claims 140

Rev Dr. Spencer in a statement on the local option vote says that further returns from the interior indicate improvement on the local option vote, notwithstanding the fact that many irregularities are reported to the head office of the Local Option league.

Last Sunday evening, Dr. Henderson received a hurry-up call to go to Port Hill as a man had met with an accident. The doctor started at once and arrived at Port Hill in due course. On arriving there it was found that the injured man was not there at all, but was at Copeland, several miles further on. On arriving late at night at Copeland the doctor found his patient suffering from a cut foot which injury had been inflicted with an axe. The injured man's name was L. Davidson, and he is now improving rapidly. Dr Henderson had a very hard trip on this occasion, as from Port Hill to Copeland the distance had to be made by speeder on the G N. track. The speeder on this occasion had a very bad habit of jumping the track every little while and the doctor and a lad who accompanied him on the speeder had the time of their lives. It was Monday morning before the doctor reached Creston.

New Judges Appointed

The Dominion Government has announced the personnel of the British Columbia Court of Appeals as follows:

J. A. Macdonald, chief justice.

Mr. Justice Martin, of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Justice Irvine, Supreme Court.

W. A. Galliher.

To fill the vacancies created by the elevation of the two judges, F. B. Gregory, of Victoria, and Denis Murphy, of Ashcroft, are appointed to the Supreme bench.

The appointments were made in accordance with an act passed in 1907 by the British Columbia legislature, and invoked by the provincial executive last August.

The Supreme Court will now consist of Chief Justice Hunter, Mr. Justice Morrison, Mr. Justice Clement, Mr. Justice Gregory and Mr. Justice Murphy. Chief Justice Hunter retains the title Chief Justice of British Columbia, while he holds office, after which the Chief Justice of the Appelate division assumes the title.

Mine Owners to Meet

There will be an important meeting of mine owners and others interested in the production and marketing of zinc ores, and to discuss ways and means of improving the marketing and disposing of the products. This convention has been called for the 15th inst. at the Board of Trade rooms at Nelson. Among the many important matters that will be discussed are:

1—The establishment of a zinc smelter in this country

2—The establishment of home manufactories of zinc products.

3—The asking for government aid for assistance in experiments.

4—The asking for a bounty on zinc similar to that at present in force for lead.

5—The asking for the increase of the duty on zinc ore products, such as Spelter, Oxides, etc., which now come into this country, principally from the United States, either free of duty or at a low tariff.

If thirty from any one locality attend this convention, a rate of a fare and a third will be issued them for the round trip, while if 100 from any one locality attend, a single fare to Nelson will be a round trip ticket. All those interested in mining should attend this important convention

Creston Blacksmith Shop

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

C. Quaife, Prop.

Will Fill a Long Felt Want

The Review is in a position to state authoritively that the public will have an opportunity of securing a really good map, which is thoroughly up-to-date, of British Columbia, in a few weeks time, as Mr B. Stanley Ross, of Vancouver, is publishing just what has been badly needed in this province for years. At present no two government maps correspond, and it is difficult to get one's correct bearings at all This new map is very comprehensive and will show all the land-registry districts and land recording districts with the location of the land office for each particular district and also the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, as well as the extension of the E & N. R R to New Alberni The extension of the Great Northern to Princeton will also be shown. The new International boundary line between Alaska and the new northern portions of B.C. will also appear on this map.

Another important addittion to this map will be an alphabetically arranged index of post offices, with their location.

This map can be obtained by remitting $2.50 to Mr, R. Stanley Ross Cranbrook, as he will be there for the next two weeks. The size of the map 38in x 45in., and as the first edition of 1,500 maps are nearly now taken up, all those who decide to purchase one should write Mr. Ross at once. This map is the best piece of work yet offered the public in in B.C., and every business man and rancher should have one.

M. A. Kinsmith, of Spokane, and M. C. Lauler, of Revelstoke, were renewing old acquaintances in Creston this week

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 AND SURVEYOR
TRAIL - - - B.C.

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

The editor of the Review much regrets that he is unable to accept the kind invitation of the Nelson Board of Trade to attend the convention of mine owners in Nelson on the 15th inst.

Fred. A. Estray, of Nelson, was doing business in town the forepart of this week.

J. L. McFarland, who hails from Vancouver, and J. A. Hill, of Edmonton, as well as K. Wilson, of Calgary, were among the outsiders to visit Creston on Monday last.

S. A. Speers, the popular merchant, has this week moved into his new commodious store on the corner of Sirdar Avenue and Fourth Street. The interior of this store is quite elaborate in all respects and affords a great opportunity to display goods to advantage. In a moment a customer can see at a glance just what he wants. This store would compare very favorably with any of the big stores in any of the cities east of Vancouver in B C.

It is with regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. John Murphy, formerly an old resident of Creston, and commonly known here by the name of "Gunnysack" Murphy. The late John Murphy fell a victim to pneumonia a few weeks ago, and died at St. Eugene Hospital, Cranbrook, on the 1st. At one time the deceased owned some valuable mineral claims on White Grouse mountain, and also a group near the rich Bayonne. He was 47 years of age at the time of his death, and he originally hailed from Wisconsin.

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

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.

WHEN BUYING FRUIT LANDS

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

Creston District is the Place

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

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

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

Our Price is $100 an acre

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

The Railway Runs through this Land.

These Orchard Lands are also connected by Telephone with Creston.

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

Our Land is specially adapted For Fruit Growing.

CANYON CITY LUMBER CO. LTD.

Creston B.C.

LUMBER

SAWMILL AT CRESTON, B.C.

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

CHAS. O. RODGERS

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

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

CONTRACTORS

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

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

The Leading Creston Contractors

McPeak's Creston Store of Plenty

Grand Display of Xmas Goods

Including Ladies' Skirts and Blouses

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

Rapelle and Flanellette in large assortments.

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

PIONEER MISSIONARY

SPEAKS OF FIFTY YEARS WORK AMONGST INDIANS

On Saturday there arrived in Creston a most distinguished visitor in the person of the Rev. Dr. McDougall, the famous pioneer Methodist missionary of the Northwest, with headquarters at Calgary. Mr. McDougall was accompanied by Indian agent Galbraith, of Fort Steele, who is accompanying him on an inspection of the Indian agencies of this district as the doctor has been appointed a special agent of the Dominion Government for the purpose of making an inspection of these reservations. There being no service at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening there was a joint service at the Methodist Church, and a large congregation were held fairly spellbound for about an hour while Dr. McDongall delivered a most thrilling address on his pioneer life and missionary work in the Northwest among the Indians for the post fifty years.

Dr. McDougall came to the Northwest in 1860, arriving at the Foothills of the Rocky mountains on Bow river. At that time there was no Edmonton or Calgary, and there were only seven missions—four Methodist and three Roman Catholic—in all that region. South of the Athabasca river and north of the Missouri, Dr. McDougall says that the general opinion that the Indians of the Northwest are dying off is false. On the other hand they are increasing in numbers and very prosperous; that is in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca.

On his present tour of inspection of the reservations, Dr. McDongall has already visited the Fraser Valley as well the north and south Thompson Valleys, the Nicola and Douglas Lake and Cold Water River countries and the country and reservations lying between Princeton in the Similkameen district and the boundary line on the Similkameen river and the Okanagan Valley, from the boundary line to Sicamoos.

The Doctor started on this special tour of inspection last February, but he has been delayed in the work owing to the fact that his dual position of Doukhobor Commissioner for the Dominion Government demanded some two months of his exclusive time. The Doctor has held this office of Doukhobor Commissioner for the past three years, and as there are some colonies of these people now settled in West Kootenay, the Doctor is going to so stop off and see how they are getting along. He says that the Doukhobors are generally making great progress in the various colonies in Saskatchewan. They have been blessed with magnificent crops, and those who, two years ago went into independence are now generally wealthy. The Doctor believes in the Doukhobors as a most suitable people for an agricultural or fruit growing country. According to Doctor McDougall the Doukhobors are physically a fine type of humanity, and that morally their conduct will average up with any other people on the continent.

The Doctor is much encouraged with the progress of the Indians of British Columbia. He says that in less than two generations the Indians have taken on civilization in a most remarkable manner. He further says that in B.C he has come across some of these Indians who have made a most wonderful record towards civilization; what most men have taken centuries to accomplish, these men have accomplished in just two generations.

For the past fifty years the Doctor has been working for and believing in Canadian Great Northwest, which means everything between Lake Superior and the Pacific coast. He has given hundreds of descriptive lectures covering this immense region and today is abundantly gratified to know that there are four great provinces created within this Northwest and which are now, though in the twilight dawn of their possibility, startling the world with their products. The Doctor saw these wonderful regions when they were practically barren of humanity, and he believes that the day is not far distant when fifty millions of people will flourish all across this wide territory. For fifty years Dr. McDougall has been advertising this great west country and possibly no man has brought more actual settlers into this country than himself. Dr. McDougall is also an author, having published several famous books, among which was "Forest, Lake and Prairie," which lands him at Fort Edmonton during the Xmas holidays of 1862. Following this he published "Saddle, Field and Snowshoe," which brought him down to 1865. Following this he published "Pathfinding on Plain or Prairie," This brought him down to the autumn of 1868. Following this he published "In the Days of the Great Red River Rebellion," which brings the reader down to the last of 1872, and now the Doctor has a manuscript, which, if he lives to publish will cover the period between 1872 and 1876. These books are all facts and true statements of the conditions of life at that time. Last autumn the Doctor published his first book of fiction, which is a story of a hundred years ago. This is entitled "Wapeomoostooch," or "A White Buffalo." It is a story of Indian life in Canadian Great West. In this the Doctor is true to nature and rightfully considers himself an expert.

It is safe to say that Creston has never before been visited by such a wonderful personage as Dr. McDougall, who is an all-round Western man, being a pioneer, a conocist, a buffalo hunter, an explorer, a scout, a missionary, a lecturer to Great Britain in the interest of Canadian affairs and an Imperialist, as well as being a minister of the Gospel.

Dr. McDongall and Indian agent Galbraith left on Monday afternoon's train for the west, where they will visit the Indian reservations along the Arrow lakes. After inspecting these they will return and take in the Windermere district and visit the reservations in that part.

A Surplus Sale

Those who were unable to attend the bazaar on the 1st of December are hereby informed that the unsold goods are now in charge of Mrs. Hayman, and will be on view for sale each Wednesday and Saturday at her house, from three o'clock to five o'clock, beginning on Saturday the 11th till Wednesday, 22nd December.

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

CRESTON AUDITORIUM

Friday, December 10, 1909

English Grand : Opera Singers

January 4	-	*Jessie Marie Biggers*
March 8	- -	*Robert Meikle Concert Co.*
April 1	- -	*Thomas Charles Wetton*

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

Frank Bast, Manager.

Apartments

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

FRANK BAST

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

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

Dated this 17th day of November, 1909.

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

Among the most important sales of Creston town property this week was the sale of Geo. Loyst's residence and store on Victoria avenue, to Frank Bast for a sum reported to be $1,000. This deal was put through by R. M. Reid.

F. C. Wilson went to Cranbrook on Saturday last and returned on Monday.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER OF LIQUOR LICENSE

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date, I, the undersigned, intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, for a transfer of the wholesale liquor license now held by me for the premises known as the Creston Wine and Spirit Co. to Messrs. Poole and Smith, of Creston, B.C.

Dated at Creston, B.C., December 1st, 1909.

PERCIVAL R. GODFREY.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE

Take Notice that we, Poole and Smith, of the town of Creston, B.C., thirty days after date, intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, for a wholesale liquor license for the premises known as the Creston Wine and Spirit Co., at Creston, B.C.

Dated at Creston, B.C., December 1st, 1909.

SIDNEY POOLE
GORDON SMITH.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned as livery stable keepers under the firm name of McCreath Bros., at Creston, B.C., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the said partnership shall be paid to Hugh Stewart McCreath, at his office, Sirdar avenue, Creston, B.C., and all partnership debts are to be paid by him.

Dated at Creston, B.C., Dec. 2nd, 1909.

HUGH McCREATH
THOMAS McCREATH

A. MIRABELLI

THE CRESTON SHOEMAKER

Best Workmanship

Boots and Shoes made to Order
A Speciality

Silence of La Trappe is Terrible, But Its Monks Are Truly Happy.

The summer sun lies hot upon Oka, bathing the smiling landscape and the distant spaces of the lake with a welter of silver light. It touches the serried ranks of apple trees in the orchards with its ripening glow; it bakes the white dust of the winding road; it spreads in quivering haze along the steep slopes of Mount Calvary, and it flings into sharp relief the three white chapels that contain the summit of that vast hill, standing yet, as they stood when first built by the hands of Sulpician monks nigh three hundred years ago, a white blazoned trinity attestant to the far-flung energy of the Catholic Church.

RUGGED WALLS OF LA TRAPPE.

It filters through the shade of myriads of trees, and it falls in glinting shafts on the rugged walls of La Trappe, the home of silence and the refuge of the Men of Silence. But here are no moulded architraves, no weather-beaten gargoyles, redolent of history and stamped with the smoothing hand of Time. Here is nothing but rough-hewn gray stone, severe outlines revealing the suppression of the aesthetic at every angle and in every sharp utilitarian turn. In the Rule of the Reformed Cistertian Order of Trappist Manks is no room for aught that savors of the easier ways of life. Those who put on the black and white habit and take its vows are dead to the world they once knew. They pass over its portals into a world that has nothing in common with the strife and turmoil of modern humanity—a world of the spirit, a world of stern, relentless, unceasing labor, a world of deep, unbroken, lasting silence.

STILLNESS AS OF THE GRAVE.

There is something appalling, something that causes a nameless sensation of apprehension to thrill one, in the contemplation of this life of silence. It has a sinister sound! a suggestion of oppressive awe surrounds it. Speech—the intercourse of ideas, the pleasure of mutual converse, the soothing influence of consoling words, the enjoyment of amicable controversy—all this is forbidden. The black-garbed monk of Oka lives in a world apart, a world people only with shadows, a world governed by unquestioning obedience, swayed only by the grim stillness of the grave. "Silence, the great Empire of Silence, higher than the stars," wrote the great Sarlyle. It is here, at Oka, that wonderful world, brought down to earth, enclosed within forbidding walls of gaunt gray stone, a place alien, self-contained, and inviolate from the intrusion of the hurly-burly men call life.

THE HUSH AT NIGHT TIME.

You must sleep in this gray monastery to realize its spirit to the full. As you lie on your narrow bed, looking into the purple shadows of the night, that spirit descends upon you, enwraps you, claims you, and holds you in its thrall. The silence is astounding. It is the silence that fell upon Egypt of old —the Silence that can be felt. An absolute calm, a very vivid and vital stillness, a tense hush that holds in seeming endless suspense all the energies, all the potentialities, all the influences, all the mysteries of living. It is intensely disquieting —at first. One's senses seem preternaturally acute. Every nerve is responsive to the slightest mental suggestion. But after a while it becomes most extraordinarily soothing; it holds a wondrous power of compelling restfulness. You will say, afterwards, that you never remembered any night in your life when you experienced such a complete, all-pervading, absolute rest.

ALL PASSIONS MELT.

The spirit of the dead brods over the spirits of the living. Here, in these still spaces of the night, one is almost in touch with the mystery of the Beyond. The curtain hangs between, but one feels that at any moment it may be lifted by an unseen hand. In the great world outside only the stars and burning hearts are awake. But here, in this serene atmosphere, is compelling peace, all passions melt, all small things fade away, and there is left only the brooding gloom of midnight and the unfathomable Spirit of Silence.

Suddenly, upon this hush as of graveyards, there breaks the clangor of a deep-toned bell. It snaps the spell, and wounds the serenity of the midnight watch. If you rise and stand by your window you may see a long line of phantom-like figures, burly, gloomy, looming ghostlike in the shadows, wending their way in silence to the low door that leads into the monastery church. The Silent Men of Oka have risen from their cells to worship their God. For them the night is over, and the long, laborious, silent day has begun. Through the long spaces of the darkness, each in his stall, they remain, offering up their meed of adoration. Here they break their silence, but to praise, here only do they find speech to testify to their faith. The stately simplicity of Gregorian chants rolls sonorous to the vaulted heights of the roof. The same chants that once echoed around the heights of the Cisterian Hill, the same language that once fell in measured accents from the Cisterian chapel in olden Rome, now roll and rise and fall within the narrow confines of this holy place. Then silence once more....silence....silence.

Through the long day they toil in the fields. Summer and winter, it is all the same. Their tonsured heads know no covering from the pitiless rays of the summer sun or the biting blast of the winter wind. Worship and work and worship, with each day seven hours' rest. That is their life, that their appointed round, that their world, the long year through.

No flesh of beast or bird passes their lips. They live on vegetables. They drink the juice of their own grapes. They eat the produce of their own fields. Yet nowhere in the world shall you find more splendid specimens of vigorous, powerful, well-developed manhood as within the walls of this iron-ruled monastery. It is the rule, the little while, unbending, inviolable rule, that governs, moulds, controls and sustains. Here is the mystery of discipline unravelled; here the truth of the strength that comes of denial fully exemplified.

STRANGE TYPES OF MEN.

What are these men? Of what type, of what mould, of what nature? Watch them, as they worship; watch them as they work; watch them, as they stand statuesque through the hours of the office. They are striking figures. You will see faces of all kinds, revealing every phase of human nature. Here the sharp, aquiline features of an aristocratic man whose word was once unquestionably obeyed. There the smooth, placid countenance of a scholar; here, the furrowed brow of some man to whom the problems of life have brought sorrow and pain. There, again, the rugged outlines of a passionate face, the drawn lines of one who has known life and love, and all that both mean, the clean-cut jaw that marks an indomitable will, the tremulous mouth that indicates a nature unfitted for the stern battle of life. They are all here, all clearly to be defined, all sharply differentiated.

And yet there is upon all the same unmistakable, deeply defined stamp of some compelling power, some deep, masterful influence, some overwhelming and all-controlling sway. It has not eradicated the marks of the old nature; it has limned those of the new. At first it puzzles you. Nothing exactly like it has ever come to your notice before. It is mysterious, elusive, not to be defined in so many words. But at length light dawns, and you realize precisely what it is, what it signifies, what it typifies. It is the imprint of an absolute and unfathomable peace—the peace that passes all understanding of mortal man.

Are they happy? Can man be happy, living such a life? You ask, yourself the question, convinced that it has but one answer and that a negative. But you have no sooner asked it than the futility of even questioning is borne in upon you. For a happiness unknown in the world they have left rests on each brow. It is the happiness all men and women seek, often unconsciously, and few are fortunate enough to find. It is the happiness of perfect content, perfect humility, perfect self-control, perfect victory over self. They have found it, these Men of Science, and they live in its presence all their lives.

There are all sorts and conditions of men here. There are men of all types of human enterprise; business men, professional men, aristocrats, plebeians, they are all here. Men whom crime has driven to the seclusion of the cloister; men who have tasted all the sweets the world has to offer, and found the fruit of life turn to bitterness in their mouths; men who have tempted fate, and been worsted in the unequal strife, men for whom the world has still an incessant and vital call, who hear that call unceasingly, but heed it not, men who have made their mark in the world they have foresworn; men who have done things; men who were once prominent figures in their respective circles and spheres of human activity; men who have figured in diplomacy, art, science, literature, all branches of human intelligence.

THEY HAVE GIVEN UP ALL.

They have all given up that to which ambition led. They have all joined the order after two years of probation, with a full knowledge of what it meant, what it signified, what it would mean to them in the future. They knew what it would mean the complete abandonment for all time of all they formerly understood as life, all they formerly thought was worth living for. They know no remorse, no regret, no aftermath of torment. They have passed through all that, and they stand now on the hither side, victors in the fight. They have made their choice. You may think it a strange one. But if you watch them you will become convinced that for them at least it was the one thing inevitable, the way out—and the only way.

* * *

But for you—the world calls you and you obey. You take your leave of the Silent Men, and you bid farewell to their wise old Abbot—the man with a Bishop's powers, and the man of deep knowledge and sympathies as wide as the world, the one man who knows their stories and their natures and their sacrifice—and you pass out of the shadow of their stern cloisters, and away through the shades of their orchards, and you welcome the bright sunlight and the green of the grass and the gleam of the water and the singing of the birds.

You may think you have learned nothing, gained nothing, benefited not at all. Yet, even though you may not admit it to yourself, it will be with a strange, new, deep sense of humility, as of one who has been permitted a glimpse of something to which one would not dare to attain, that you will look your last upon the grim grey walls of Oka, and the three white gleaming chapels hung high upon the cross-crowned Calvary Hill.—S. M. P. in Montreal Herald.

POPE TO REDUCE GUARDS.

Aims to Cut Off Army of Idle Persons at Vatican.

It would seem to be the ambition of Pope Pius X to pass down to posterity as the Reformer. He has already instituted several notable reforms, in the total reorganization of the financial departments of the Vatican, in the ecclesiastical congregations, in taxes and in the ceremonial music. At present the Pope is contemplating a number of important changes within the walls of the Vatican with a view to reducing needless expenditures, says the London Globe. He has expressed the opinion that there are far too many idle people about the premises—officials who are costly, but whose offices are pure sinecures.

The guards, for instance, are practically valueless. The Guards of Nobles, the Swiss Guards, the Palatine Guards, the Gendarmerie—all alike necessitate a vast expenditure for which little is obtained in return. If His Holiness acted in accordance with his real wishes he would abolish all these, but consideration of historic interest will probably induce him to confine himself to a more reduction in numbers.

Physician (looking into his ante room, where a number of patients are waiting)—Who has been waiting the longest? Tailor (who has called to present his bill)—I have, doctor. I delivered the clothes to you three years ago.—Roseleaf.

IN ONE OF THOSE DRY TOWNS.

New Arrival—Has this hotel a bar?
Clerk—My dear sir, the only bar we have is a bar of soap, and even then nothing passes over it but water.

CONSCIOUS AS LION CHEWED

African Hunter, Whose Aim Was Bad, Severely Mauled.

London, — Frederick Courtenay Selous, the well-known African hunter and naturalist, who is back in England after several months spent in the region in which Col. Roosevelt has been displaying his prowess, describes rather realistically the unfortunate encounter in June of Harry Williams, one of William N. McMillan's hunting companions, with a lion, which left his wicked marks upon him. Williams' escape with his life was very narrow, and it was for a long time a question whether he would not be compelled to sacrifice a leg.

It appears that Williams has nerve enough, but scarcely the cool judgment necessary in facing the fiercer beasts of the jungle. If Roosevelt errs seriously, says Mr. Selous, it is in holding his fire too long, thus vastly increasing the risk in the event of his missing. On the other hand, of course, the aim is all the surer from the shortening of the range. William's fault was of exactly the opposite sort. He fired too soon.

Going through grass about breast-high with his gunbearer one day, a lion suddenly arose and started to move away from them. This behavior, by the way, Mr. Selous says, is not at all unusual. Williams was anxious to get the lion, and clapped his hands to irritate it. It turned and walked toward the hunter, but the distance between them was still several hundred yards. Williams took aim, but instead of waiting calmly until the beast had drawn comparatively near, fired prematurely, one charge of his heavy gun immediately following the other. The first ball flew wide and the second merely grazed the lion's shoulder. Then, lashing his tail in intense anger, the great cat came forward by leaps. The funbearer had another gun, but there was no time for him to hand it to his chief. There were no large trees near by that could be climbed. The only semblance of protection was a young bamboo copse and around this Williams ran. In less time than it takes to tell it, the lion had him. He seized one of his legs and sank his teeth deep into it. Luckily the lion, who was an old fellow, had lost one of his longer tusks, but the corresponding one on the other side of the jaw passed just between the two bones of the lacerated leg, and then the lion, with his grip upon him, shook the unlucky hunter as a dog does a fowl which it has caught in similar manner.

Williams' life at that moment was worth only a very small purchase. One stroke of the lion's paw upon the head would have finished him. All this time the gun-bearer was displaying a grit unusual in his kind. He had approached the lion, striving to discharge the other gun. But he did not understand the method of working the gun. Try as he would, he could not inject a cartridge into the firing chamber. In tones of entreaty he asked Williams how it was done. Though suffering great agony, the hunter retained his consciousness. He gave the needed directions while the lion was ravenously chewing his leg. The native fired two big charges into the beast, and it rolled over dead. Yet is proved a rather difficult task to withdraw its teeth from the wound in Williams' leg. The latter was taken as quickly as possible into camp and one of the Uganda railway surgeons was summoned.

It was found after a few hours that poison from the fang of the lion had infiltrated the flesh, muscles and tendons around the bones of the leg. The consequent inflammation was severe and threatening. Unfortunately the wound was permitted to heal too rapidly in the outer part and thus was closed before the septic suppuration had ceased. Several operations were performed to save the leg. At last accounts Mr. Williams had not yet wholly recovered, but he has, at least, the satisfaction of owning the skin of the beast that mauled him.

A Wilderness of Beauty.

(By a Banker.)

In various parts of the globe where cliffs of chalk or of sandstone form the coast-line, landslips are not of infrequent occurrence. Several instances of these subsidences may be observed round the British coasts, one of the most striking of them all being on the coast of Kent, where the snow-white chalk cliffs appear to have been exposed to some convulsive orgasm of Nature which has rent from them a great section, apparently partially sinking it into the depths of the earth, and causing an irregular upheaval of hillocks, and knolls, and craigs; here cleft as by the cyclopean axe of some Titan into deep fissures and rifts; here a jagged, angular mass dislodged from above and hurtled down the steep acclivity on to the beach beneath, where it remains a jutting promontory exposed to the onslaughts of the waves; or here a lovely verdure-clad sheltered dell, beautiful, though alas! the basking place of the harmless but repulsive grass snake.

The entire extent of this wildly picturesque and lovely wilderness of beauty is ornamented with a luxuriant growth of flowering shrubs and dwarf trees; while every open space is a parterre of wild flowers—delicate rock-roses, pink centaury, the handsome saffron-lemon toad-flax —why this name for such a beautiful flower?—wild mignonette, tall pink willow herb, with many another beauty of the fields; while the "traveller's joy" entwines and wreaths itself amongst the branches of even lofty trees, crowning even the highest branches with chaplets and garlands of its beautiful cream colored flowers, contrasting strangely with the striking and handsome viburnum, gemmed with a profusion of corymbs of vermilion-pink berries, like clustered corals, of which numberless examples may be seen in all directions. Winding amidst all this beauty, beneath arches of overhanging boughs, are many by-paths, up hill, down dale, through glen and combe, down a steep declivity to the sea shore, or by the side of a purling stream or brooklet, every turn of the path opening out some new vista of beauty, or some fresh display of floral adornment.

In the background is the lofty line of chalk cliffs towering upwards to the sky, while far beneath, the rolling billows break upon the rock-strewn shore, from time to time dislodging from the chalk cliffs spheroids of pyrites, which when broken appear as if formed of crystallized gold. And in the solitude of these beauties of Nature the mind turns in gratitude to the Creator of it all for having, with surpassing and incomprehensible condescension and love, consented to suffer scorn, and obloquy, and racking agony at the hands of the ungrateful dwellers upon this planet, in order that by undergoing all that suffering upon their behalf as punishment for their sins, all and any who will may be pardoned and eternally saved from the terrors of the wrath to come.

WHITE HORSES.

(Rudyard Kipling.)

Where run your colts at pasture?
Where hide your mares to breed?
'Mid bergs against the Ice-cap
Or wove Sargossa weed;
By lightless reef and channel,
Or crafty coatwise bars,
But most of the deep-sea meadows
All purple to the stars.

Who holds the reign upon you?
The latest gale let free,
What meat is in your mangers?
The glut of all the sea.
'Twixt tide and tide's returning
Great store of newly dead—
The bones of those that faced us,
And the hearts of those that fled.

Afar, off-shore and single,
Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
And calls us to the drift.
Then down the clover ridges—
Ten million hoofs unshod—
Break forth the wild white horses
To seek the meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty trampling
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Ere yet the deep hath stirred,
The groaning of the herd!

Whose hand may grip your nostrils—
Your forelock you may hold
E'en that they use the broads with us,
The riders bred and bold,
That spy upon our matings,
That rope us where we run—
They know the wild white horses
From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,
We race their babes ashore,
We snuff against their thresholds,
We muzzle at their door—
By day with stamping coursers,
By night in whinning droves,
Creep up the wild white horses
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling?
Not wit of man may save,
They hear the wild white horses
Above their fathers' grave;
And, in of those we crippled
And some of those who slew,
Spur down the wild white riders
To lash the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,
O jealous steeds and strong?
Save me that throw their weaklings,
Is none dare work them wrong.
While thick around the homestead
Our gray-backed squadrons graze—
A guard behind their plunder,
And a veil before their ways.

With march and countermarchings—
With press of wheeling hosts—
Stray mob or bands embattled—
We ring the chosen coasts;
And, careless of our clamor
That bids the stranger fly,
At peace within our pickets
We wild white riders lie.

Trust ye the curdled hollows—
Trust ye the gathering wind—
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—
Our herds are close behind!
To mill your foeman's armies—
To bray his camps abroad—
Trust ye the wild white horses,
The Horses of the Lord!

Clerical Candor.

A truly eloquent person had been preaching for over two hours on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," said he, "and could not help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I.'"—Harper's Magazine.

The Domestic Tragedies of John Morley and Lloyd-George.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in a cable letter throws interesting light upon the domestic tragedies which have darkened the lives of Lord Morley, the Secretary for India, and of Mr. Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

A pathetic figure in the midst of all the political troubles of England today is Lord Morley of Blackburn as he is officially called—John Morley as he is popularly called.

Few men could be more unsuited for the difficult part he has to play. A student, he has to display the readiness, promptitude, and decision of a great man of action. A Liberal and an enemy of coercion in Ireland, he has to resort to some of the same methods for dealing with disorder in India. Finally, a man of peace and good will and full of sympathy for the progress of popular liberty in India, he has to pass through the streets to his home in the suburbs guarded by detectives from the pistol and the dagger of the people he wants to serve.

The story of his suburban home is one of the ironies of life. It is built in Wimbledon, one of the suburbs of London, which still retains a good deal of is rural character. Big trees shield it. Birds sing in loud chorus around it. You might amid its silence and detachment imagine you were a hundred miles from London, while only four or five miles from the city's centre.

LIBRARY LIKE GREAT STUDIO.

Out of the profits of his great biography of Gladstone, Morley resolved to build himself, if not a lordly pleasure house, at least one lordly hall, and that naturally was the library. His library accordingly is a vast hall, more like a great artist's studio than a student's retreat, and round its white halls run big shelves containing all the gems of the world's literature.

I discussed this house with Morley a few months ago as we walked up and down Westminster hall together, and he wound up the conversation with a characteristic observation. He said:

"There are two things wanting: First, there is no water, and then there is no mountain in the distance, and, as our friend Goethe remarks, a mountain is always welcome, because beyond the mountain there is hope."

And then he gave his pleasantly sad smile at his own bit of self-satire, for he is one of the most despondent of men.

HARD STRUGGLE IN EARLY DAYS.

This tendency is partly temperamental and hereditary. He comes from the home of a hard worked Lancashire doctor living in the squalid and depressing surroundings of the cotton spinning country. Morley, too, had a hard struggle for existence in his early days. He got his university education at Oxford by a scholarship—founded curiously enough by a mediaeval "shop—and had to seek a livelihood in the precarious profession of literature. All his life he has had to work hard, live modestly, and make ends meet by careful living. He has been disappointed in politics. He is one of those men who are at once enormously ambitious and yet not self-assertive. His ambition always breaks down when the moment of stress comes, because it is not backed by a strong temperament. It is palsied over by the bleak shadow of self-distrust.

HOW HE LOST PREMIERSHIP.

He wanted to be prime minister and he might have been prime minster. When the Boer war began he represented the horror and hatred of that stupid crime more eloquently than any other man, though, of course, it was left for nimble, daring reckless young Lloyd-George to do the real fighting by going to Birmingham and other places at the risk of his life.

The mantle of Campbell-Bannerman was bound to have fallen upon Morley if he only had worked hard enough to get it. But in the moments of despondency and perhaps because he wanted the money, he settled down to writing the biography of Gladstone—a task of gigantic labor of which few people even realize.

This meant Morley's practical exile from politics for several years, and when the years came to an end he had allowed Asquith to rush to the front and stand between him and the highest prize in the British Empire. He had to be satisfied with the Indian secretaryship—an office of great dignity and great power, but one beset with immense difficulties.

DOMESTIC GRIEF ADDS TO WOE.

Domestic grief came to aggravate the sadness of the evening of Morley's days. His stepson began speculating with the money of the firm of publishers to which he belonged. He was discovered, tried to commit suicide, and was tried, convicted and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

Few scenes are more pathetic than that which took place between Lloyd-George and Morley about this time. Lloyd-George had an extraordinary love for his eldest daughter. During the first few years of his life in London, when he was too poor to bring up all his family from their little village in Wales, this child was the hostage that came to represent the family hearth, and while she was yet a girl of 8 or 9 she would sit in the women's gallery and wait till she went home with her father to their modest home in the suburbs.

She was thus his companion, and by and by his confidant, his counselor, and his closest friend. Just as she was becoming a woman and reaching her 17th year, she died after a week's illness. The blow was deadly. Lloyd-George has never really recovered from it. The wound opens and bleeds on the least occasion. He told me that to read the name of Wandsworth—that was the suburb where he and his daughter lived in those early years—gave him a shock.

SOBS AT PICTURE OF CHILDREN.

One day, while visiting the house of a Welsh friend and colleague in Parliament he was found sobbing on a sofa in an ecstasy of grief. He had seen a photograph of his dead child on the table in the room in which he was waiting.

Lloyd-George went to Morley for consolation. Morley is an agnostic and a pessimist, and had none to give except this:

"There," he said, pointing to the door of an adjoining room, "are two of the best women in the world; and the one thing they are waiting to know in agony is the number of years of penal servitude which will be inflicted on the being they probably love best in the world."

The two women were Morley's wife and the wife of his unfortunate stepson.

HOME BECAME A PRISON.

Thus it is that this lovely house—called by the beautiful name of Flowermead, lying in the midst of fields and trees and flowers, made harmonious by songs of birds—has become more of a prison than a student's palace. It is approached by a broad country lane. Few people are around. It is just the remote and deserted spot where the lurking assassin might lie in wait with his revolver or his dagger; and as he leaves it and still more as he approaches it every night, Morley has the hideous feeling of being followed by the silent, skulking, but necessary form of the armed detective, whose revolver is ready to shoot at any one who seeks to attack the Indian Secretary.

It is not a glorious or happy sunset to a great life.

MRS. BESANT SEES NEW ERA

Theosophy's Leader Credits Coming of New Christ.

Lo, a new star is to shine over a new Bethlehem, in the days at hand, and that Bethlehem is liable to be located anywhere in America between the two great oceans. For the new Christ to be born in this western world and is to make his advent in a way similar to the coming of the Saviour 2,000 years ago.

So prophesied Mrs. Annie Besant in her closing lecture in Chicago.

And the beautiful thing about the golden dream which the "mother" of theosophy told her flock is the new civilization—the "civilization of the spirit"—in which those who must get drunk, those who must steal, or those who must be imoral "in the broad sense" will pay the dreadful forfeit of the rights of citizenship.

Little children will not be forced to absorb everything that goes with the three D's in the anticipated era, but will enjoy the pleasant ordeal of having what they are best able to do "drawn out" of them.

These and many other honeyed pleasures were promised by the world president of the advanced thought society.

Mrs. Besant, her voice trembling apparently as if she seemed to be making utterances that should have been phrased in biblical English, went socialism, especially Christian socialism, seventh day adventism, and the millennium propaganda one better, marking the birthplace of the rainbow future.

"And with the coming race," she said, drawing to a close her lecture on "The Coming Race and the Coming Christ," "shall we not ask that there be a new Christ?

"The races down from the beginning of time have had their leaders and our new race, like the others, is to have a new leader.

"India, Japan, China, Ceylon and other countries do not bear reverence to our Christ, but they bow to the same being. And we should remember that the word 'Christ' comes from the Greek word 'Christos' signifying lader. The new race will have a new Christos.

"The great teacher comes time after time with the advance of the races. And I can say that we look for him to come in the western world this time—not in the east as the Christ did 2,000 years ago. And I believe he will come like this one did, and only those of the highest and strongest minds will be able to perceive him at first."

Mrs. Besant previously pointed out that the doctrine of the survival of the fittest will continue to prevail in the days to come, but that the brutality of the doctrine—the brutal competition—would be lost in the "land of love."

"It will be the duty of the coming race to use higher powers and join together and lift rather than to subjugate," she said. "But the brotherhood of the future will certainly be graded because nature knows nothing of equality.

"Those of higher capacity will be used for service and they will not exploit those of lower capacity. Those who gain wealth will not do so by gambling, nor will they impoverish others.

"It will be held that when a man gets drunk or becomes immoral—in the broad sense—or becomes a thief he will simply be not allowed the right to control others; he cannot have the rights of citizenship. It will be said you must control yourself before you can control others.

"Education will go along different lines. Our present system of teaching a little of everything and nothing well will pass to a system of drawing out what is best in children. They will not be dealt with in the gross, but in the unit. The teacher will be recognized as the highest office in the state."

Misquoted.

"I am delighted to learn, Miss Tartun, through a friend of mine, that you think I resemble Walt Whitman."

"She didn't quote me correctly, Mr. Featherstop. I said that if you wore full beard and a slouch hat, were twenty years older than you are, and had a little poetic fire in your composition, you might easily be mistaken for Walt Whitman by any nearsighted person who didn't know you."—From the Chicago Tribune.

Gathering Data.

"An explorer certainly ought to acquire enough material for a lecture."

"That's my wife's aim when she explores my pockets."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IDEAS OF HADES

(Washington Post.)

The question of future punishment has interested mankind from the earliest ages. Darwin found many races without any idea of a God, but none without a devil.

The ancient Egyptian conception of hell is found in Per-m-hru, or Book of the Dead, probably the oldest book in the world. Herein is described the journeys of the damned man to perdition. Snakes, horrid ghosts and nameless terrors beset the path and he found considerably more when he got there. To these discomforts were added fire and sandy desert.

In the old Assyrian hell the spirits of the dead flitted about in the darkness of the underworld and ate dust; those who broke through the guarding dragons came back to earth as vampires.

The penal hell of the Hindus is one of the oldest known. Over it presided Yama the Tamer, with large teeth and monsters, insects and other infernal machinery. Red hot charcoal figures largely with boiling oil as an incidental torture.

Early Buddhism, with its 450,000,000 followers, had a hell wherein the wicked soul was spread prone upon a bed of blazing embers, with bed clothes of the same kind. When it was hungry it was regaled with balls of red-hot iron.

The Buddhists of China and Ceylon were content with no less than a multiplicity of hells, six of which were preserved for the peculiarly evil.

In the Zoroastrian religion accursed spirits sat forever in a cold, dark lane, surrounded by scorpions.

Future punishment as viewed in the classic ages was vague, and neither Greek nor Roman, it would seem, had any fixed ideas upon the subject. There was another place, Tartarus, equally as vague, except as to locality, which Hesiod, oldest of Greek poets, placed at two-thirds of a mile below the earth. One had to cross a river to get there. It is noticable that all hells, except the Christian, that have a river in front of them. Tartarus seems to have been a penitentiary reserved for those who had offended the gods, and ordinary sinners had no place there.

The hell of the old Hebrews was somewhat extensive. "The land of Egypt," says Gadaliah, "is 400 miles square; that is 1-60 of the size of Ethiopa, which is 1-60 of the size of the earth. The earth is 1-60 of the Garden of Eden, and the Garden of Eden but 1-60 of Gohenna" or hell. The Cabalists held that this large tract lay far to the north, and here lodged devils and the souls of departed sinners, together with earthquakes and thunderstorms. There are five varieties of fire in Gehenna, according to the Talmud. A hard lot was in store for the soul that was less affected by the sinner while on earth.

As the hell of the torrid countries is hot, so that of the northern latitudes is cold and damp. The old Scandinavians looked upon it as a place of ice and darkness, abounding in venomous reptiles and wild beasts, especially ravenous wolves.

Our Anglo-Saxon forbears, compromising between the two, had a "Helewite" (whence our English word "hell") which consisted of a pit in which the unfortunate sinner suffered alternately a melting heat and a nipping frost. A hard lot was in store for the soul that was condemned to this Anglo-Saxon hell, for it combined all the horrors of all the others. Besides fire and ice were serpents with fiery tusks gnawing the flesh from the bones of their victims, while pale adders, bloody eagles and foul beasts with horns of iron lent variety to the torments.

Descriptions of hell in the Koran of the Mohammedan do not leave much consolation for the wicked Mussulman. "Flameless smoke shall envelop them and smokeless flame," says one chapter. Another informs the evildoers that "they shall be dragged into hell by their forlocks and their feet, and there shall be cut out for them garments of fire."

Among barbarians and savages the devil is the chief deity. As was aptly put to a missionary by a Maori chief of New Zealand: "Why should we strive to please your God, whom all good by prayers and sacrifices? He will do us no harm. It is the Evil One who is forever seeking our hurt that we must endeavor to appease. Therefore we offer sacrifices to him."

The negroes of Guinea have little belief in the state of future punishment. Some of them, who live by the sea coast, however, believe that the unconsciously wicked suffer a continual state of drowning. Negroes who are still more wicked they say are "thrown by with men and go beyond the seas."

The Mandans believe the wicked were cast into pits of fire, bottomless, with devils at the bottom to drive down. Strangely enough, they have no fear of them. They of Hazarifana believe that the souls of the dead go to an underworld, presided over by two potentates, Waken and Mish.

The Zulus send to the domain of Mlin, where they were ever prevented from sleeping by the wild and lawless games of Mlinin, subjects of the devils. Their only food was lizards. To one who knows the Kanakan love of sleeping and eating, the torture of Mlin's realm is apparent.

In most of the islands of the Pacific hell is not reserved for the wicked in our sense of the word; that is, the thief, the murderer, the slanderer, and the selfish man. All these finally reach a state of happiness. But a most unmistakable hell is reserved for those guilty of the only sin known to them, timidity and cowardice.

According to the best authorities, the aboriginal Indian of America is generally without any belief in a state of future punishment. The happy hunting grounds are reserved for the good; that is, the brave. As to where the wicked go they are silent. The Ojibways, however, believe that the souls of the wicked follow a wide path to the west and enter a long lodge after crossing a deep and rapid river on a huge snake. Here they are forever haunted by the ghosts of those persons or things, animate or inanimate, which they have injured.

The old Icelanders believed of a hell of cold and ice. Laplanders of the extreme north, while denying themselves any future life, believed that the souls of bears went to a sort of bear hell, where they were forever tortured.

The Hottentots are wholly without belief in any hereafter, though their lives on earth are made miserable by the interference of many devils.

The Basutos believe that the souls of the wicked flutter forever blindly through the jungles of the earth, knocking their heads against trunks and walls, swirling into dank marshes and suffering such other casualties and hardships as would naturally befall a sightless flying creature.

The hell of the New Guinea native is a womanless region wherein the unfortunate soul wanders forever in search of a mate.

A unique idea of the future state was that of the ancient Peruvians. As the disembodied soul winged its way to eternity it encountered two rocks, upon one of which it must needs rest. The choice was determined by the morality of the life in the flesh. If it rested upon the left-hand rock it was instantly translated to "Po" or oblivion, a state analogous to the Nirvana of the Orient. If, through earthly misdeeds, however, the unhappy spirit was guided to the right-hand rock, it entered into a purgatorial hell, where fiends grated away the flesh from all the bones in succession, after which the skeleton was reclothed and sent back to earth for another try. There was no haste about this grating process; it took sometimes over 10,000 years.

There were many forms of hell in early and medieval Christianity, each according to the character and superstition of the various peoples of Europe. But, while varying in detail, the essential form was the same throughout. It was a nethermost pit filled with fire of an inconceivable heat wherein subordinate devils, under supervision of the arch fiend himself, roasted and turned upon white-hot griddles the souls of the damned, torturing them in many minor ways. It is in these latter methods that the authorities of the middle ages differ. Descriptions of hell abound in the oratory of the time. Accounts of "personal visits" to the infernal regions were common.

BACK TO THREE R'S.

Superintendent of Chicago Schools Announces it As Her Policy.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who has been elected superintendent of the public schools of Chicago, announces that one main plank in her policy is to get the children back to the three Rs, otherwise, reading, writing and arithmetic. It is a cheerful note which she sounds, and we trust that she will bring forth such works as will lead other pedagogical sinners to repentance. Chicago took an unusual step in electing a woman to the important position, but she was by all odds the best equipped candidate and her policy was so much in accord with common sense and bitter experience that she won without much opposition.

Mrs. Young will have opportunity to put many of her plans into execution, for Chicago is preparing to make the educational world sit up and take notice. It is building a large number of children's clubhouses by day and people's clubhouses by night which will be of great value if the fond hopes of promoters are carried out. The idea is to make the schoolhouse the farthest removed from a jail. At present the difference is in favor of the jail. The new buildings are to be fitted up to teach all of the children manual training in more than kindergarten fashion. There will be manual work for all the boys and sewing and cooking for all the girls as part of the daily curriculum. There will be bathing pools and gymnasia and lecture-rooms with moving-pictures, described in lectures. There will be a lot of things which do not now exist and a lot of things which are now considered essential will be swept away.

Mrs. Young is determined that every child shall know how to read, write and spell with the greatest facility. These tools of the human mind will be sharpened and no education will be complete without them. For the rest, practical affairs and not a lot of book knowledge will be pr... the fore. The idea is at last to turn out children who have some actual knowledge of the things which they are going to do and with an equipment sufficient to lead them to better things. What boots it in these days that boys study shapespeare and can't spell half the ordinary words of three syllables; that they know a lot of physiology and can't write a decent letter; that they can parse every word in Evangeline, but can't add up a row of figures?—Chicago Correspondent Philadelphia Inquirer.

TOOLE'S TEARS.

Sallies of almost childlike high spirits endeared the late J. L. Toole, the lifelong friend of Henry Irving, to all who knew him. On one occasion, when the author of "Some Eminent Victorians" was spending a day in the innocent adventures which Toole was a genius in originating, they went to the Tower, where they found themselves among a party of eager sightseers in the chamber where the Crown jewels are disposed.

It was a woman who was explaining to the eager throng the history of the articles displayed. At the end of a long catalogue she said:

"And this is Anne Boleyn's crown."

Toole, apparently suddenly overcome, burst into a flood of tears, and leaned against the wall in seemingly uncontrollable grief.

"Oh, sir," inquired the poor woman, in distress, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" replied Toole, in broken accents. "Don't mind me, but the fact is, I have known the family so long."—Youth's Companion.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?" "My son," answered the cynical parent, "appendicitis is something that enables a good doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account."—Richmond Evening Star.

"JUST KIDS."

"What would you order if you had de price, Willie?"
"All of 'em!"

SPY MANIA IN FRANCE.

Popular Feeling Almost Equals That of English War Scare.

France is mightily concerned just at present with the innumerable stories that German spies are swarming over the frontier and learning all her important military secrets. Report has it that valuable documents and drawing have been stolen and that even the model of a new rifle has been carried away. The German press for the moment ceases its ridicule of England's naval fears and is unanimous in declaring that France is "suffering from a bad attack of spy mania."

Mania or no mania, however, the fact remains that the French secret police have recently arrested six persons implicated in espionage. One of these is a soldier named Tafflin, employed by the engineer officers at Nancy in copying plans for frontier forts. Two others are young women of the demimondaine class, and three are youths of Austrian, Belgian and Swiss nationality.

SOME UP-TO-DATE HELPS FOR THE KITCHEN.

Singularly enough, the things that "every woman doesn't know" about a kitchen and its accessories are many. There are little contrivances and inventions constantly being manufactured that are a boon to the housewife—if she discovers them! For though women do much visiting, they entertain each other in parlors and libraries and dens—seldom do visitors go poking their noses into their hostess' kitchen. And then, too, women nowadays are not given to discussing the kitchen. And so the little helps that do much to lighten labor are often unused simply because they are unknown.

Have you ever tried to lift a pan out of the oven—a good sized roast, for instance—and the oven was so hot and the pan so heavy it nearly broke your arm off? Well, for such emergencies there is a little contrivance called a "hot pan lifter." It fits over the edge of the pan, clamps the side firmly and has a little handle, but is so strongly constructed it will lift the weight and make it easier for you.

Does your milk come to you in glass bottles? And have you had difficulty in removing the cream that settled at the top? To do that for you there is a small funnel-shaped dipper, holding about a teaspoonful which is most convenient. It will get the cream off the milk beautifully!

Have you ever seen those "hot corn holders?" You buy them by the pair—two little dagger-like affairs whose handles are miniature ears of corn. They are about two inches in length. You stick the dagger parts in each end of the ear and hold on to the handles.

To save dishes and glasses from being nicked under the sharp edges of the faucet there are little rubber cups made which slip over the faucet rim and make soft cushions for the dishes and other things to bump into.

Did you ever have a rocking chair that "walked"—or one that slipped and made marks on your hardwood floors? Buy a set of rocking chair tips—little rubber caps that fit over the edge of the rockers—and you will save yourself these annoyances.

Does your egg beater slide all over the bowl while you are beating the eggs? There are little clamps made for just this purpose. Fasten the clamps to the kitchen wall or table, simply slip in the top of the egg-beater—then do the beating! You'll be surprised how much easier the work will be.

If you ever have occasion to steam silk or velvet at home you will appreciate this little "silk steamer." It is a small arrangement which slips over the spout of the tea-kettle and has a long narrow opening at the top, over which the material is easily passed and quickly steamed.

"One drop at a time" is the motto of the mayonnaise oil dropper, a little funnel-like affair which clamps over the side of your bowl and which will drop the oil in for you.

NO ARMY OF PETTY FUNCTIONARIES.

John Burns has seldom been accused of lacking the courage of his convictions, and he possesses a vocabulary that enables him to do those convictions justice. The other day while piloting his town-planning bill through committee, he was frequently in conflict with the labor members, and it was not Mr. Burns who came off with the scars. To certain gentlemen who expressed a wish for the inspection of houses, after somewhat the same fashion that obtains in Paris and Berlin, he showed his most scornful face. "We don't want any army of petty functionaries," he said. "Why, every man who is not a policeman, will soon be a sanitary inspector or a Salvation Army captain. No country can stand such extravagance"—a conclusion in which Mr. Burns will be joined by many who are not usually listed in the class of his admirers.

Imposing Temporary Bridge.

A rather imposing suspension bridge for temporary purposes has been thrown over the Culebra Cut of the Panama Canal. It was designed mainly to carry compressed air and water mains over the cut, but also to serve as a highway bridge for the trail to Las Cascadas plantation and the small farms on the east side of the canal. The towers are made of creosoted timber, and are 60 feet high. The anchorages are old rails bedded in masse of concrete, and are 932 feet apart. Four steel cables are used. There is a clear height of 108 1-2 feet between the roadway and the future water level in the canal, which is not enough for navigation, and consequently the structure must be taken down before the canal is opened.

True to Her Promise.

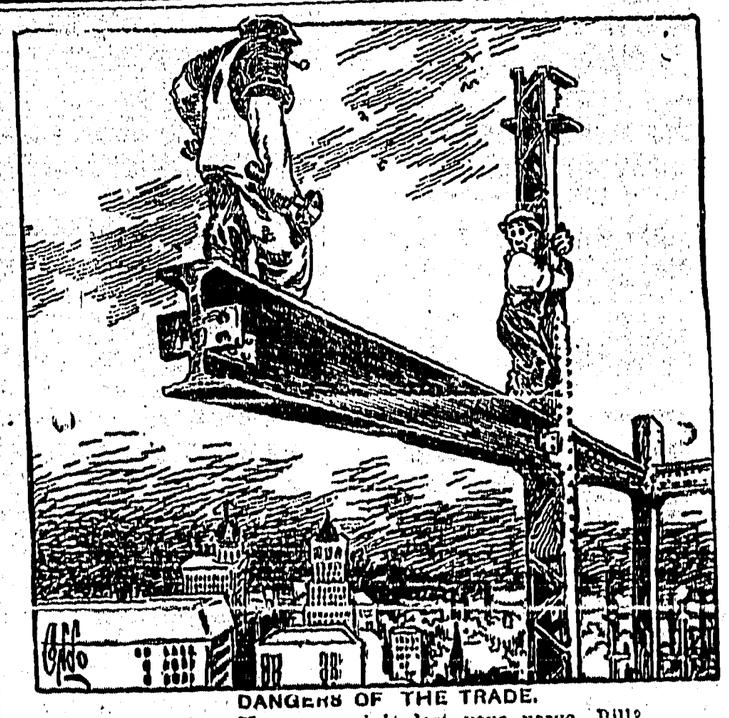
"Myrtle," asked her indignant uncle, "how did you manage to spend so much money while you were at the summer resort?"

"I lost the most of it at bridge, uncle," answered the petted niece.

"At bridge! Why, child, you promised me you wouldn't learn to play that game!"

"I didn't learn it, Uncle George, I didn't half learn it. That's why I lost so much money."

A Berlin museum has recently acquired a very valuable manuscript, which originated in the second century B. C. It seems to be of the nature of a biographical dictionary, for it contains a list of the leading men of the time in art, statesmanship and warfare, with much other general information of a similar nature. The paper was found in the wrappings of a mummy.



DANGERS OF THE TRADE.

First Ironworker—Hoy, you ain't lost your nerve, Billy.
Second Ironworker—Naw, Jack; but I just happened to look down on the sidewalk and there's a cluster of people right where I'd drop and hurt 'em if I wuz to fall.

GREAT WORK OF MEDICAL MISSIONARY

Despite the heroic work of Dr. Grenfell in Labrador, few people have very clear ideas of what the medical missionary is or realize the extent to which he, or very frequently she, contributes to the world's uplift and the advancement of civilization. In the field now are vast numbers of earnest men and women working in heathen and semi-civilized lands to bring physical health as well as spiritual enlightenment to those who need it and Philadelphia is not behind hand in sending forth its quota of these self-sacrificing souls. Not only do they go singly, but also in pairs and in larger combinations, either to the wilderness or to hospitals established all over the world by the various churches and other religious bodies.

The total amount of such ministrations is amazing in volume, yet compared to the need of such work it seems to be but a drop in the bucket. "To every 2,500,000 people in heathen lands," said Dr. Witter, only last year "there is one medical missionary. To the same number in the United States there are 4,000 physicians." And the places where they are fewest are just the countries where they are most needed.

Dr. Louise Purington says: "The itinerant medical Chinese enters the profession usually by procuring a pair of spectacles with large rims. His medicine chest is stored with herbs, spiders, worms, snakes, charms, etc. Large doses are prescribed with very many ingredients—a hundred or two, perhaps." A pint is frequently the very unhomoeopathic dose. Here is a sample prescription:

"Powdered snake, 2 parts; Wasps and their nests, 1 part; Centipedes, 6 parts; Scorpions, 4 parts; Toads, 20 parts; grind thoroughly, mix with honey and make into pills. Dose, two to be taken four times a day."

The women in Africa, though the suffragettes have not yet invaded that land, do the doctoring as well as most everything else. The African medical woman uses magic; her implements: a basket and a wand. A double tube filled with stones is her wand, and this she shakes over her patient, to draw out the disease, being cautious all the while that there are no lookers on. Strange deductions make up the ground-work of anatomical science: the liver controls the eye and is the organ of tears. It is responsible for the temper, and enables one to plan and scheme. In the gall bladder will power and decision reside. If men talk much or quarrel, they get to coughing and that effects the lungs unfavorably.

When Dr. Allen, of Corea, was called to treat the nephew of the King, he found thirteen native doctors stuffing wax into his wounds. They were amazed to see Dr. Allen tie up the arteries and sew the gaping wounds. Burning and bleeding are only ordinary remedies for the slightest ailments and wooden pegs are driven into deep ulcers to make them discharge more freely. A fresh goat-skin, steeped in water, without any preservative, for fourteen days, is considered invaluable for internal and external application.

Pages might thus be filled detailing the "medical" practices in many uncivilized parts of the world until one's credulity revolts, and there is a ceasing of wonder at the number and activity of medical missionaries and of the interest of the Christian communitiese in sending them forth.

The good work began, early, too. "The very first of the ancient monasteries had its infirmaria. About the earliest distinct record of the building of a hospital in England, is in the life of Lafranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, in 1080, founded two; one for leprosy and one for ordinary diseases." The Roman Catholic missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries employed certain forms of medical treatment in their work. The medical missionary of to-day is specially trained for the work of healing bodies as well as souls and the following of this avocation is now a profession by itself.

Among the earlier medical missionary enthusiasts of modern times was Rev. John Lowe, F. R. C. S. E., of Scotland, who, during nine years superintended the medical missions in Travancore, South India, and afterwards occupied the important position of secretary of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, and superintendent, during twenty-one years of its training institution. He had been a pupil and student of the famous Dr. Handyside.

Dr. John Kenneth Mackenzie, of London, was closely identified with the medical mission work in China. He was appointed to Hankow, China, in 1875, and during thirteen years of medical mission work there was instrumental in establishing the Medical Missionary Association of China.

FAMOUS WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Clara Swain, the well-known American medical missionary, was sent out by the Women's Society of the Methodist Church, in 1870, and was the first woman physician in Asia. A visit to the Nawab of Rampur resulted in his making a gift to her of a hospital site valued at $15,000. Later Dr. Swain became a physician in the Nawab's palace and was treated with gorgeous Oriental hospitality. She helped in the movement to raise the marriage age girls to twelve years. Only a few years ago a Parsee in Bombay gave $50,000 to build a hospital for women and children.

Dr. Lucinda Combs was the first woman physician to China, in 1873; Dr. Meta Howard, the first to Corea, in 1887, and Dr. Anna J. Norton, the first to the Philippines, in 1900. Dr. Esther Kim Pok was the first native Corean woman physician. She graduated at the Women's Medical College, in Baltimore, in 1900. Dr. Fanny Butler was sent to India in 1880, the first with a regular diploma to go from England. Dr. Ellen E. Mitchell was the first medical missionary to be sent out by the Women's Society of the Baptist Church. She worked in Burma.

Dr. Leonora Howard, a graduate of Ann Arbor, was in the midst of her medical labors in Pekin when called to Tien Tsin, to assist Dr. Mackenzie, when Lady Li was ill, and could not, according to Chinese etiquette, be suitably treated by a man. A steam launch was despatched for Dr. Howard, and after the cure she was asked to remain in Tien Tsin. She complied and was given apartments for a dispensary in one of the finest temples in the city. She practised among the official families and in 1884 became Mrs. King.

Among the many women physicians of distinction should be mentioned Dr. Kimball, of Van, Turkey; Dr. Pauline Root, Madura, India; Dr. Julia Bissell, Ahmednoga, India; Dr. Kate Woodhull, Foochow, China; Rr. Mary Holbrook, Kobe, Japan; Dr. Ida Scudder and Dr. Louise H. Hart, Vellore, India; Dr. Brown, who founded the North India School of Medicine at Lodiana, India; Dr. Fullerton and Dr. Noble, of that same school; Dr. Mary Fullerton and Dr. Niles, of Canton, and Mrs. Underwood, of Corea. But this is only a typical list.

The name of Dr. Amandibai Joshee must not be omitted from any list of medical missionaries. Dr. Joshee was a Hindu lady, born at Poon, married at nine and became a mother at thirteen. Her child died from want of proper medical attention, and the young girl determined to devote her life to bringing medical aid to her cloistered country women. Her husband was a man of liberal ideas, and allowed her to come to this country for medical study. She graduated in 1886 at the Women's Medical College, of this city, which has trained so many medical missionaries. Among other graduates of this college who have gone into the medical mission field are Kei Okami, of Japan, and Sabat M. Isamboolу, of Syria.

MISSIONARY HOSPITALS.

There were only forty medical missionaries among the heathen in 1849. Before the English occupation of India there were no hospitals or dispensaries in all the land. At the close of the nineteenth century it was estimated that only about 5 per cent. of the population of India could be reached by medical attention.

But a wonderful network of hospitals is now being spun over heathen lands. At Amritsar, in the Punjab, is the hospital with a report of 127,016 treatments to its credit up to the year 1908.

The Jubilee Hospital at Neyoor, Travancore, has thirteen branch hospitals and dispensaries. At Alahabad is the Sara Seward Hospital for Women. Sara Seward (a niece of Secretary Seward), went out three years after Dr. Swain, founded the hospital and conducted it for eighteen years. A number of high-caste Parda women were among the patients, many of whom had never been out of their husband's houses since their marriage.

There is the Lutheran Hospital at Guntur and the Mary Tober Schell Hospital at Vellore. Other hospitals are supported in India at Ajmere, Rajputana; Bareilly; Dindigul, Madras; Lucknow and Ramaghat, Bengal. The S. P. G. Hospital is at Nazareth, Madras; the Arcot Mission Hospital is at Ranipettai; and the various societies of American churches are well represented.

In the Presbyterian Hospital at Canton, and its dispensaries, 1,156,965 patients have been cared for in forty-five years. At Peking the London Missionary Society, the Presbyterian, the Methodists, the Norwegian Church Mission and the American Board are all carrying on medical work. More than 237 opium cases were treated at the An Ting Hospital in one year.

At Chentu the Methodist Hospital has a capacity of one hundred and fifty beds. At Chungking is another great medical hospital and Shanghai has become a great medical and surgical centre. Up to date hospitals are also located at Gankin, Wuchang, Hangchow, Amoy, Ichow-fu, Paoting-fu, Swatov, Changli, Pakhoi, Soochow, Chefoo, Nanking, and Taiku. Medical mission work is going on in Manchuria with large hospitals at Moukden.

Under the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses is the Victoria Hospital at Cairo and another at Alexandria. At Assiut the United Presbyterians have a hospital, with dispensaries at Benha and Tanta.

At Gaza and Nablous large medical missions are maintained. A small hospital was established at Nablous, in 1904. Gaza is quite a Mohammedan centre. The Presbyterian Church has medical missions at Urumiah, Tabriz, Hamadan and Teheran.

The Aazariah Smith Memorial Hospital is at Aanitab, Turkey, and at Busrah, Arabia, and at Bohein, on the Persian Gulf, dispensaries are located.

St. Luke's Hospital is at Tokio. At this hospital there are four eminent Japanese physicians and surgeons and a sterilizing plant which cost three thousand yen. Other hospitals and dispensaries have been established at Osaka, Kobe, Akita, Kyoto, Nagasaki, and Formosa.

Africa has many dispensaries and a few hospitals. In Burma the Baptists have half a dozen hospitals and the Presbyterians support nine medical stations in Siam and Laos.

In the Methodist Hospital at Guanajuato, Mexico, every modern medical convenience is possible.

Medical schools and colleges in foreign lands have become an important feature of the medical mission work. The trained natives become intensely interested in the great work of healing and of saving souls.

The medical school at Beirut is one of the most important departments of the Syrian College. A new department has been added recently, that of a training school for nurses. A number of fine young men in the medical college of Peking will follow medical mission work when they have finished their course.

The text books on medical subjects prepared for either scientific or popular use in other lands have been of great assistance in advancing social progress. Aside from these there are interesting medical journals in circulation.

The Medical Mission is valuable in that it breaks down prejudice and gains entrance into the homes of all classes. In winning confidence, it assists practical sanitation, establishes quarantine, inoculation and disinfection and helps to check epidemics. It ministers to both sexes, establishes standards of cleanliness and better living and stands between plague and its onward sweep into other communities and lands.

Some people are so lucky that if they should jump from the frying pan into the fire they would put the fire out.

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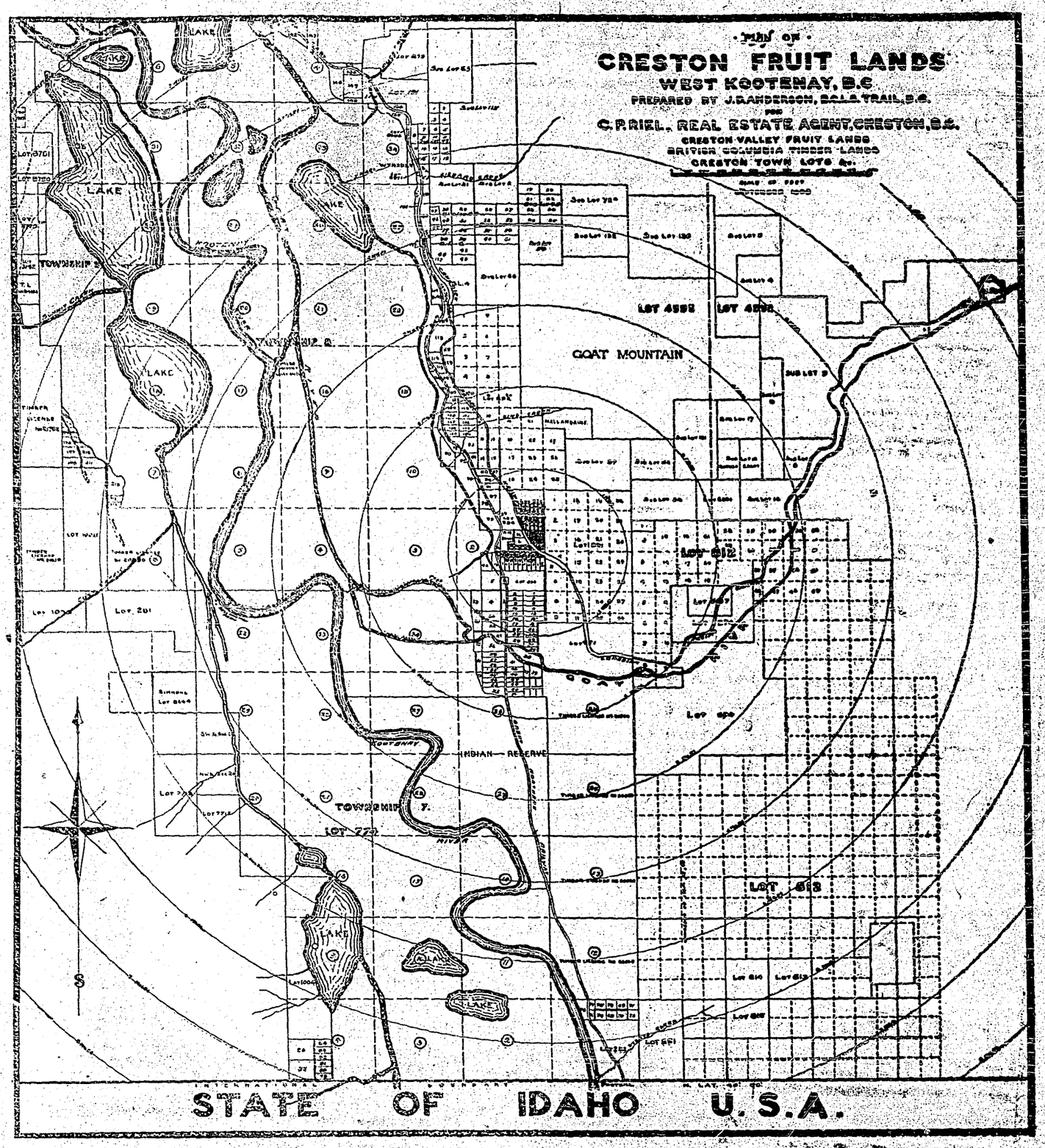


With a Local Flavor

Among the many visitors to Erickson last Sunday was Dr. Henderson, who was making a professional call.

Mrs. J. Littlejohn, who has been ill for the past few days, if rapidly recovering under the skilful treatment of Dr. Henderson.

Cartwright's men have been improving the roads between Erickson and Arrowsmith's, where they are going to log this winter.

While the REVIEW has not been advised in the matter, it is expected that the Rev. T. G. McLeod will arrive in Creston in time to preach on Sunday next at St. Stephen's church.

Percy B. Godfrey made a business trip to Nelson this week, returning on Thursday. Mr. Harold B. Godfrey left last week for Nelson and Spokane on a prolonged trip.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Harvison returned from Spokane a couple of days ago, where they were married on Tuesday last. Their stay in Erickson, however, was only a brief one, as they left at once for the coast on a wedding trip.

The residents of Erickson were glad to welcome Mr. Bill Wilson back from Cranbrook this week, as he was a patient in the Cranbrook hospital for the past few weeks suffering with an acute attack of pneumonia.

J. J. Grady has been doing some rapid mill construction work of late, as he has now his Duck Creek sawmill in operation, and Wednesday last was the first day the mill was running. Mr. Grady says that in a short time he now will be running full capacity.

C. J. Stephens, who has a contract to take out one million feet of logs for the C. O. Rodgers Sawmill Co. on Goat Mountain, is making record time with his contract. He now has three thousand logs out, and his two saws keep six teams busy hauling away the logs. This camp has only been established a few weeks.

The young son of Mr. Mitchell at Erickson suddenly became unconscious while sawing wood in their yard last week. Dr. Henderson was called up on the 'phone. The complaint is not thought to be anything serious, and it is expected that the boy will soon be himself again.

R. Smith, of Calgary, and W. Elliott, of Trout Lake, were among the outside visitors who stopped off here a couple of days ago.

Mrs. Harding, of Calgary, after inspecting some orchard lands at Creston this week, returned to her home in Alberta, preparatory to her closing a deal for a valuable piece of land here.

There is a strong feeling at Creston and Erickson, as well as other points, that our member, J.H. Schofield, should receive recognition by being taken in the B. C. Cabinet. Mr. Schofield has probably a better practical knowledge of the Kootenay district than any other member in the House. He has had a long residence in the district and has travelled over every foot of the Kootenay district. Added to this he now has twice been returned member by overwhelming majorities, and lastly he is a man of good business ability. Should a Kootenay member be selected for a portfolio in the McBride government, Creston district feels that it is not asking too much if it insists that Premier McBride favorably considers Mr. Schofield's case for promotion to the Executive Council of the province.

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

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

Services Next Sunday.

Church of England

Divine Service in the NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE:—Services next Sunday, December 12th (3rd Sunday in Advent): Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Mr Pochin's House, Canyon City, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar

Presbyterian Church

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

T. G. MCLEOD, Pastor.

Methodist Church

Services on Sunday next: Morning at 11 a.m.; Sunday School, at 2.30 p.m.; Evening Service, 7.30 p.m.

F. J. RUTHERFORD, pastor

Catholic Church Notices.

Services will be held on Sunday next, December 12th. Mass at 10 a.m; Benediction at 3.30 p.m.

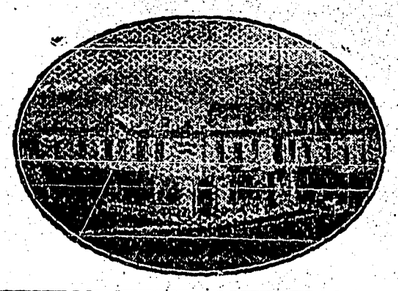
Rev. F. Dunn, Pastor.

FURNITURE

Ostermoor Mattresses
Iron Beds
Morris Chairs
Bed Lounges
Folding Cots

Homes completely furnished

Creston Furnishing Co.



THE

MUNRO HOTEL

CRESTON -:- B.C.

Its Foolish To Say

You can't afford to smoke

CIGARS..

You can if you buy them

By the Box

The over-popular PURO Cigars only cost $3.50 a box, and each box contains 50 Choice Cigars

Creston Wine & Spirits Co.

A box of delicious eating apples has been this week presented to the manager of the Review by Mrs. C. O. Rodgers. These apples were grown in the orchards of Mr. Rodgers, and would certainly stand the inspection of the most particular fruit expert. We publicly thank Mrs. Rodgers for this handsome gift.

How Gold Dredges Get the Gold

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

While personally present on our property at Stewart River, Yukon Territory, Klondike, September 1st, I saw with my own eyes a clean-up from our first and smaller dredge, netting $517.50, and this was preceded only a few days by another clean-up from the same dredge amounting to $1283.80 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 selling 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 .....