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THE CRESTON REVIEW

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No 50 2ND YEAR. CRESTON, B.C., FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1910 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

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One Year of Hog Raising In Alberta

(By N. K. SORENSON, Markerville, Alta.)

(Continued from last week)

I start fattening the pigs when they are 3 to 4 months old, and give them all the barley chop they will eat and any buttermilk which is not needed for the small pigs. I feed regularly three times every day but only what they will eat up clean.

The best size of pen is 12 feet by 10 feet with a 12-foot trough and it gives room for 10 hogs; larger pens and several hogs in each gives too much disturbance. The pens are cleaned out daily and some bedding is placed in one corner of each. Hogs do not thrive well unless they are kept absolutely clean and free from scurf.

In order to secure the best results we must keep the hogs comfortable and treat them kindly. A hog so handled should gain on an average 1¼lbs. per day from the day it is farrowed until it is farrowed until it is 5 months old. Beyond that age every pound of gain in weight costs more than under that age. My hogs have been in splendid health and I have not lost a single pig from disease. This I attribute to the open air, exercise and excellent shelter afforded by the bush land surrounding my hog yard. It also provides shade in the summer for the young pigs.

Of feed stuffs, I used the equivalent of 2,800 bushels of barley, or 134,000 lbs., according to the formula: 6 lbs. buttermilk, 1 lb. oats, 1 lb. barley. From this I have produced 29,480 lbs. of hogs, using 4.56 lbs. of barley per pound gained in the weight and thus realizing 71.8 cents per bushel after the principal items of expenditure, such as interest and depreciation, are deducted.

As to the value of the labor involved this becomes a matter of individual calculation on farms where hogs are kept in conjunction with other stock, but it seems to me that in my situation it is easier to feed the barley to the pigs than haul it 14 miles to railroad station.

The year's business is summed up in the following statement, viz:—

Bought 106 hogs weighing 9,450 lbs.	$ 554.00
Bought barley, oats and buttermilk, equivalent to 134,400 lbs. barley	832.00
Sundry expenses (rent, interest, etc.)	165.00
Total expenditure	$1,551.00

Sold Date	Hogs	Lbs.	Per lb.	Total
May '09	27	4,515	6c.	$ 270.90
July '09	9	1,600	6.5	104.00
Aug. '09	14	3,120	6.5	201 50
Sept. '09	29	5,940	7c.	410.00
Sept. '09	11	1,800	7.5	135.00
Oct. '09	9	1,440	7.5	108.00
Oct. '09	10	1,390	7c.	97.30
Oct. '09	14	2,750	6.5	177.45
Dec. '09	19	3,240	7.5	243.00
Jan. '10	9	1,515	7.5	113.62
Jan. '10	19	3,440	8c.	275.20
Sundry sales	27	800	10.1	81.00
On hand Feb. '10	37	7,400	8c.	665.00
	244	38,930		$2,881,97

This shows a surplus of $1,330.97

Provincial Police Court

The case of Rex. vs. J. H Hilton, who was charged with the theft of some $210 worth of hay from C. P. Riel, was terminated on Monday last by the parties getting together and settling all difficulties; and as the evidence had not been gone into, Magistrate Johnson consented to the withdrawal of the charge by C. P. Riel.

James H. Schofield, M.P.P. and family and a party of ten residents of Trail, B.C., who are at present on a fishing tour to Midge Creek, some twelve miles from Kootenay Landing. Mr. Schofield came to Creston on Tuesday last; he says the fishing at Midge Creek is excellent and that he will be camping out there for the next month or so.

Back From the Old Country

R. Gowland Scruton, editor of the REVIEW, returned from the old country on Monday. The editor, as always, has been living the strenuous life. After visiting the old home for Christmas, he spent most of the remaining time in London, with the exception of a short trip to the Continent. The past eight months have been a stirring time in the little village on the Thames.

Among the events at which the REVIEW was represented, were the general election, Anglo-Jap Exhibition, Allied Printing Trades Exhibition, Aero Exhibition, Flying Meet at Bournemouth, Brussels Exhibition, King's funeral and memoriam services, the Derby and Ascot. In between times visits to Woolwich arsenal, Dover admiralty works, and trips down Mirfield main colliery and round several big industrial works in the north, helped to fill in the program. After a course of lectures at the London School of Economics, Clare Market, W.C., the editor sat for and passed the examination of the London Association of Accountants, and since his return to Creston has received his diploma as a qualified accountant and auditor.

A week in New York, covering the 4th of July, with a few days in Chicago, Washington, Denver, and one day at Colorado springs finished the tour.

After all these sights Creston looks better by comparison. Absence has only made the heart grow fonder, and so eloquently did the editor express the joy within him when his feet struck the soil of the best little town on earth that the office poet burst forth into verse:

Don't talk to me of England old
Or Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Your boast of Wales or Bonnie Scotland
Simply makes me smile;
But if you want a really interested
man to see,
Just talk of dear old Creston and
make a hit with me.

What of the Old World with its toil
and strife,
The bitter struggle for the bread of
daily life;
The torrid eastern cities where the
buildings scrape the sky,
While tens of thousands gasp for
breath within the tenements high
What of the middle west with fields
all bare and brown,
Or camps with nothing but a story
of a pass boom town.

There's a little burg called Creston
Where the silver Kootenay flows
And round its pretty homesteads the
big red apple grows,
When you have seen these boasted
sights you get to know its worth,
And if you ask me, Creston is the
finest place on earth.

A CHALLENGE

I, Jack McInnis, of Erickson, do hereby intimate that I am willing to meet Jack Smith, of Creston, in a sparring exhibition on Saturday evening, September 3rd, 1910, on conditions to be arranged.

J. MCINNIS

Erickson, B.C.,
18th July, 1910.

FOR SALE—A good ranch and buggy horse, perfectly quiet; suitable for ladies and children; aged 10.—Apply at Review office.

Shooting Season Still Distant

John T. Black, chief constable at Nelson of the provincial police, wishes to direct attention to the following regulations for game protection which becomes pertinent at this season:

Blue and willow grouse and ptarmigan may be shot in this portion of the province between September 1 and December 1, inclusive.

Prairie chicken may be shot during October.

Ducks, geese and snipe may be shot on the entire mainland between September 1 and February 28, inclusive.

Pheasant shooting is not allowed in this part of the province.

Quail may not be shot at all in this part of the province.

Columbian or Coast deer may be shot in this part of the province between September 1 and December 15 inclusive.

Wapiti may not be shot in the province.

Coast deer may not be sold in this part of the province, while ducks, geese and snipe may be sold here during October and November only.

A new Scheme for Creston

A meeting was held in the Creston Mercantile Hall last Wednesday evening to consider a scheme of taking out an open ditch from some watercourse in the district, to bring a more bountiful supply of water to every ranch and ranch-house in the district. It is considered that piping at present is too expensive and if the scheme goes through it will make absolutely certain the production of all kinds of vegetables, etc. and gladden the hearts of the housewives on wash Monday's. Aurthur Okell was chairman of the meeting and a committee was appointed consisting of Messrs. W. A. Crawford, John Arrowsmith, John Hobden, R. S. Bevan and G. A. M. Young to consider and investigate into its practicability, including costs, and to report to an adjourned meeting to be held one month from this date.

Valuable Team of Horses Killed

Last Sunday afternoon as the westbound passenger train was nearing Erickson station and just as it was rounding a curve it ran into a valuable team of horses, grazing along the track, killing one animal outright and wounding the other so badly that the animal had to be put out of suffering. The horses are valued at $600 and it is stated that the railway track was not fenced in where the animals were killed.

WELL DONE, CRESTON

Enterprising Creston is arranging to have a display of fruit at the station there so that passengers going through may see what the district produces. This is something that other districts might also do with advantage.—Trail News.

MARRIAGE

At Sirdar, on Wednesday, July 13th, James Mannerino to Victoria Pascissa, by Rev. Philip C. Hayman.

LIVELY DISCUSSION AT SCHOOL MEETING

KEEN CONTEST FOR ELECTION AS SCHOOL TRUSTEE

There was a lively time on Saturday morning last in the new schoolhouse, at the annual school meeting. Shortly after 10 o'clock the meeting was called to order by Chairman F. J. Rose, who briefly explained the objects of the meeting. T. M. Edmondson then rose and stated that according to the School Act the meeting was an illegal one, as it was called too late. It should have been called and the report transmitted to the government before July 15th. To this the secretary of the school board, James Compton, replied that he had not received the printed notices to call this meeting from the government in time enough to have had the meeting before July 15th.

The annual auditor's report was then read by J. K. Johnson, who was asked to do so. Mr. Edmondson moved that as the meeting was called illegally, the report be not accepted. This motion was not accepted. David Learmouth then moved, seconded by George Cartwright, that the report be accepted. This motion was carried unanimously.

It was then learned tuat the principal of the Creston public school was paid a salary of $85 a month, and the second teacher a monthly salary of $57.50. W. Gobbitt asked the chairman why the services of Mrs. Darbyshire, the second teacher, were being dispensed with. To this the chairman and secretary replied at length, the main reason being that Mrs. Darbyshire had pradtically resigned herself when she notified the trustees that unless they raised her salary she would not teach any more. T. M. Edmondson spoke strongly in favor of retaining the services of Mrs. Darbyshire. Dr. Henderson, who is auditor of the school board, made a made a motion that if a new teacher was appointed in place of Mrs. Darbyshire the salary should not be more than $57.50. W. Gobbett spoke strongly in favor of retaining the services of Mrs. Darbyshire.

As trustee, F. J. Rose's term of office had expired, a new trustee had to be appointed, and as Mr Rose positively refused to be re-elected, Messrs. Gobbett, Hayden and Gilpin were nominated and the election took place on Saturday afternoon by ballot, the polls closing at 4 o'clock.

When the votes were counted it was found that John Hayden had been elected school trustee, the score at the close of the poll being as follows: J Hayden, 27; M. Gilpin, 7; W. Gobbett, 12.

At this meeting it was decided to borrow $1300 for school purposes. The matter of clearing and improving the school grounds was left with the trustees.

OUR POULTRY COLUMN

(By J. R. COTE, Editor Farmers' Home Journal)

A LIVING FROM POULTRY ON A TOWN LOT

This is the day of intensive farming and it is soon to be the day of intensive poultry raising. The Hollander produces a living for a family of fourteen from four acres of land and sells the product of two acres in England.

No race suicide in Holland—they have room for millions more—yet they are the most densely populated region of the world.

We have race suicide in America and in France, where the pressure of population is but a fraction of what it is in Holland, because in the latter countries intensive methods of farming have not come into vogue so perfectly.

Japan and Switzerland have practised intensive methods for generations—Switzerland with less arable land than British Columbia or Nova Scotia—yet has vast agricultural products to sell in Germany and England. Japan with one-tenth the arable land that Ontario has and with ten times its population—that is with one two hundred and fiftieth part of arable land per capita that the average man in Ontario has, produces vastly more from her soil than Ontario does; and after feeding fifty-odd millions, has food to export. Japan has not resorted to race suicide either—plenty of room in Japan for double her present population; why? intensive methods.

China is another country where intensive methods are used. She has now a population of little short of six hundred millions and crowded into a little corner of the Chinese Empire, near the sea and on the canals. No race suicide there either. The answer is, intensive methods.

We have then a remarkable phenomenon. Australia, America and France feel the tremendous pressure of population, yet each could support from ten to a hundred times the present population, while Holland, Switzerland and Japan, with scarcely standing room for their present population, have felt the pressure little, or not at all. Intensive methods must be brought to bear on our activities.

I know of a book which purports to tell of a system by which a living can be made from a city lot, and this book has set thousands of poultrymen wild with excitement. Let me state that the book only skims the possibilities of a living from poultry on a town lot.

I know of a man who made a first class living for a family of three from a pen of White Wyandottes, consisting of three hens and a rooster. These birds were of course show specimens; show birds of high quality and mated scientifically to produce still better birds. From this quartette 100 or 150 birds were raised, and practically every bird was a show bird. Most of the chicks were sold at fancy prices, sometimes one selling for enough money to give a good month's salary. All these birds were raised on a town lot of 25ft. by 60ft.

Continued on page eight

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More and more eccentric are the fashions exhibited as the summer season advances, and the woman who faces the problem of a becoming, smart and up-to-date summer wardrobe has a harder task as regards clothes than she has ever yet been given. Every woman wants to be fashionably gowned; but also wants to be attractive, and how can two such absolutely diverse feats be accomplished to-day? The very latest news from Paris is that the skirts shall not be more than two yards wide around the ankles, and that any fulness of the skirt shall be kept in place by a broad strap or band, so that the rule two yards, and only two yards, in width shall be maintained. To quote from a letter written by one of fashion's leaders after a visit to the leading dressmaking establishments in Paris: "The areoplane evidently dominates the dress of this season, and every woman is dressed as though she were meditating a trip in a flying machine. Grotesquely narrow skirts are held down by a broad band for fear they might blow up when speeding through the air, and all enveloping hats are worn down over the ears, so low that the brims rest on the shoulders and make the wearing of a collar superfluous and uncomfortable." A more hideous caricature than is thus presented was surely never seen.

And these clothes are really and truly worn, and worn in the street. Small wonder it is that both dressmakers and customers spend hours and hour envolving designs that, while they may indicate the lines of the eccentric styles, have nothing else in common with them.

Short Skirt Popular.

The short skirt is far more popular this year than it has even been, and not only are street costumes on the severe tailor made order made in this style, but the most elaborate of afternoon and evening gowns as well. Very smart and attractive and extremely practical are these same short skirts, but they lack absolutely the charm, grace and elegance of the long skirt, and are, in spite of being temporarly fashionable, quite incongruous for an elaborate gown. Practical they are for shopping, for travelling, for motor excursions, and at all times possible for the woman who does not own her own carriage or motor and who prefers walking to going about in public conveyances, but their very practicability and usefulness mark them as not appropriate for any other use, whereas the long skirt makes even the far simpler gowns appropriate for more formal occasions. There are short evening gowns, dancing frocks, as they were first called, but now made for older women who do not dance, and in consequence a ballroom loses more than half of its attractive appearance, for even the loudest in praise of the fashion admit that with a low cut waist a skirt of ankle length is so short that it clears the ground by two or three inches is almost invariably unbecoming. The fashion plates of the nineteenth century, which are so often laughed at and condemned, furnish perfect specimens of many of the gowns of the present day, and it is to be earnestly hoped that a revolution in the styles will soon take place.

Foulard, always a most desirable material for summer, is now in great favor, combined with other materials or made up by itself. Waist and overskirt are in one, with an underskirt with flounce, or waist, overskirt and flounce are in one or lower part of the skirt fastened on the band around the ankles. Fulness—and, sad to relate, there generally is fulness at the top of the skirt—is gathered into the same band, but is not allowed to flare above the band, and this is where a clever dressmaker succeeds and a poor one fails, for if there can be any mitigation of the offence it is in regulating the fulness and the width of the band, and by so doing not destroying all lines of the figure. Both the plain and figured designs are fashionable in silk, and when the bordered silks are used the material is most cleverly draped, so that the border serves as trimming. The bordered silks, unless some rare bargain is secured, are more expensive than the others, but be it remembered that they require no other trimming, and furthermore, if every penny must be counted, a much less expensive silk may be bought and trimmed with fancy ribbon, giving all the effect of the woven border.

Once again the high waisted styles are to be noticed, and the veritable Empire gown, which it was so confidently stated could never be permitted, is more than realized in many of the very latest gowns exhibited. With the high but loosely corseted bust, the narrow ribbon girdle outlining the waist, the scant short skirt and the minute puffed sleeves, the so-called picturesque model evening gown is here to be dealt with by conservative taste and public opinion. Fortunately, as has already been said, the fashion cannot be carried out without the services of an exceptionally clever and consequently expensive dressmaker, and this will put the price beyond the majority of those who buy carefully. No truly economical woman feels she can risk a failure, and when she is not absolutely sure the style will be smart and becoming she chooses another in preference. The robe gowns made up over a perfect fitting princess slip are said to be the safest to experiment with in following after this style, as there is not so much expense involved.

New Lingerie Gowns.

Lingerie gowns, made short, are very smart this season and are much less eccentric than many of the others, and while the long skirt of lace and embroidery is effective and becoming, the short skirt, clearing the ground, is so far more practical that the fashion is deservedly popular. The exaggerated styles are not so often repeated in the lingerie gowns. Double skirts and tunics are fashionable, but the pleated gowns with wide entre deux and flounces are much smarter. The lining may be white or colored, but as this season there is such a demand for touches of color and color contracts the colored linings are the more often selected. Then the belt or girdle can match either the lining or, again, be in contrast—anything for variety or change being accepted as the rule this summer. All kinds of hand embroidery and lace are combined in these lingerie gowns, and the number of different kinds that are to be seen in one gown is extraordinary; but the general effect is good, and for those who prefer simple styles there are the most exquisite materials with the most effective laces to choose from and yet be in style.

Flowered muslins, embroidered, plain and fancy linens, and an endless choice in wash materials furnish a rare opportunity for a summer wardrobe this season, and among the many varied ones there are an unusual number that are well adapted to the present eccentric models. Colorings in all wash fabrics are marvellously beautiful, and when the transparent weaves are used there can be the same color or contrast in the linings, giving absolutely novel effects. For those women who prefer the more severe styles the heavier embroidered or plain linens furnish a delightfully wide field of choice, and colored linens are to be in great demand. The silk linens are especially lovely in color and texture and for midsummer there can be no better material.

For cooler days in summer the white serge costume must be included in the practical outfit, but apart from the difference in material there is no difference between the serge and the plainer linen costume. It can be in two or three pieces, skirt and waist in one and then a coat, but the most practical is the skirt and coat model, with which a separate waist is worn. It must be admitted that the one piece serge gown made perfectly is extremely becoming and smart, but only when made perfectly.—A. T. Ashmore.

CHIFFON AND ROSES.

Summer girls who dance will wear chiffon or sheer muslin dresses trimmed with little roses, single and in clusters. Long loops and ends of the filmy material are worn about the low-cut neck. Sleeves are short—very short.

VOILE.

It is liked.
It is modish.
It is trimmed with silk.
Shantung is the adornment.
The satin and taffeta of last year are out.
Voiles are made up over contrasting colors.
Black over powder blue is tremendously effective.
Colors over figured stuffs are possible with sheer voiles.

FOULARD LEADS SILKEN FAMILY

It May be Partly Veiled or It May Stand on Its Own Merit.

Month of flowers though it is, many of the foulard frocks intended for the summer have made their appearance in the streets during the last few days. Shantung, deservedly popular as it is, will, one foresees, have to yield place to foulard as the fashionable fabric of the season, for if the foulard frocks, with their short, straight skirts bordered by wide bands of charmeuse, their seamless shoulders, and quaint baby frills at neck and wrists, looked charming on the stands in the showrooms, they became absolutely irresistible when worn with a picturesque wide-brimmed hat and smart shoes and stockings toning with the dress.

Of course, the use of foulard is by no means restricted to this type of gown. Elegant visiting toilettes, veiled with chiffon and embellished with fine lace, have foulard as their basis, and the tailor is pressing the same all-popular material into service for the lining of coast and skirts of cloth and heavy Shantung. Smartly-tailored coats and skirts of foulard are also being made.

The foulards that appeal to the tailor are those with pin spots, rings and geometrical designs generally, but the fashionable dressmaking houses are concentrating their attention on the softly-blended Paisley patterns, which somehow make all others seem crude and garish. The beautiful blues, greens, mauves and rose shades, blended with wavy-toned grays and browns, of these Paisley patterned foulards are simply exquisite.

The new fondness for Paisley patterns extends to voiles, mousselines and chiffons, and some very delectable toilettes are being planned in these dainty fabrics. Charming floral patterns are still to be had in these materials, but the Paisley designs are fresher. Scarfs, parasols and hats en suite are a leading feature.

HAT TRIMMINGS.

They're of two sorts.
One is for big hats.
One is for small hats.
On large hats trimmings are flat.
On small hats adornings simply tower.
The smaller the chapeau the more aspiring the trimming.

BUTTERFLY MANTLE.

Sets Itself Up as Rival to Tailor-mades.

Last summer the supremacy of the habille tailored suit was assured, but to-day the maitre couturiers are endeavoring to oust it from its enviable position and are evolving the most fascinating affairs to take its place.

The consensus of opinion is that they have no easy task before them, and that they will only triumph provided they can create a mantle or coat which shall in no way take away the youthful charm of the wearer. In the past mantles of all kinds have been deemed suitable only for the woman who is nearing the winter of life.

Among the new Tosca pet mantles there is a bewitching style which is gathered in at the waist at the back, and is cleverly draped to simulate butterfly wings. It is exquisitely embroidered, the design being picked out with real coral beads, which are being employed instead of wooden ones; the latter were so fashionable a few weeks ago.

VEILED DRESSES.

Veilings No Longer Confined to Ladies of Romance.

"Seen through chiffon darkly" is a modern adaptation of the Biblical saying that is rather nice, do you not think?

We are veiling everything, from linens to brocade, via foulards and tussores and crepes de chines. One of the most representative emporiums has a special display of sapphire and bleu de nuit allied with purple. Every conceivable gown is represented in this striking combination.

An exceptionally beautiful example is an evening toilette, the long, clinging bleu de nuit satin skirt, veiled in a tunic that falls direct from a shaped garniture, defining the decolletage, of purple silk net, ornamented at the hem to an extreme depth with a glorious embroidery executed in silver, mingled with blue silk embroidery, an embroidery, as are so many this season, distinctly Egyptian in feeling.

NEW NECK FRILLS.

May Be Had Ready to Wear in Variety.

On most of the models it is strikingly simple, while the collarless neck is finished off with a ruffle of lace or muslin. These ruffles are rapidly becoming ubiquitous; in fact, they may now be bought for a very small sum.

It is an interesting sign of the times—therapidity with which a new fashion becomes common property. Nowadays the newest features of the most exclusive models can be bought detached, and the whole thing is quite a problem to the woman who objects to wearing the commonplace.

The ruffles are extremely pretty upon a youthful wearer, but are apt to look rather stupid when this condition is not fulfilled. One sees misguided ladies look quite soft in them, as our small brothers say.

The collar is sometimes flat, of the Peter Pan variety, and very often the neck is left with just a narrow band of embroidery. The collarless frock will be the universal wear.

FASHIONS.

A deep blue that is almost black is a favorite color for gowns and hats.

Sleeves of the new models of blouses and dresses show fullness at the elbow.

Powter gray and a delicate fawn shade are soft tints that are popular.

A pretty ornament for the hair is made of white and gold sequins.

Suits and coat dresses for cool days are made of English and Scotch mixtures. They are made with well tailored narrow skirts, either circular or paneled design.

The new veils are novel and conspicuous. Colored lace veils are still popular.

A double accordion plaited white net jabot edged with black chinchilla lace is attractive with a half-mourning toilette.

A deep hem reaching to the knees is used on many skirts of afternoon dresses, the hem being a material contrasting to that above.

Lingerie gowns, guiltless of a collar, are frequently worn with a narrow black velvet band at the throat, on which may be a diamond or other jewelled ornament.

CHERRIES IN YOUR HAIR! SURE! THEY'RE AS LARGE AS YOUR EARS.

Take the trimmings off your hat and put them in your hair. You'll be in style. Everything but the accessories of the chantecler style is being worn in the coiffure. Fruit is one of the most popular themes for hair dressing. Peaches and cherries are favorites. The cherries are about as large as your ear; in fact, they match up with the peaches in size. Cherry and peach leaves are intermingled with the fruit.

One of the newest developments of the peasant idea is the dress fashioned on lines identical with the coat suit.

Practical little striped gingham frocks for tiny folks of two to four years are in Russian style, or with a long French waist and full kilted skirts in bright or dark colors.

Ruffles of plaited net, batiste, plain or lace edge, and attached to a Gold-colored straw trimmed with black is a popular combination in millinery this season.

Natural colored khaki skirts, made with seven gores, habit back and buttoned down the front in a straight line are more practical and popular.

High-buttoned fancy boots for child-heading of insertion, may be bought by the yard and made into side frills for the shirtwaist or coat suit. ren are strapped from the ankle to the shoe top.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS OF PARIS.

Lingerie gowns are taking on touches of bright color.

Sleeves generally are still close fitting and quite long.

Present fashion demands that the figure be kept in slender lines about the hips.

Some of the handsome new sweaters are of white with large sailor collar and cuffs in color.

A noticeable feature of the season's blouses is the tendency to stimulate a side front closing.

Suede, patent leather and natural kid belts are in high style with silk, wool, and linen costumes.

Long skirts are worn for afternoon and evening, but even at such times many women wear short skirts.

Coat lengths vary a bit, though most of them are below the hip length, and a number have novel vest effects.

Striking are the long evening gloves of white suede with the back stitching of the seams done in black.

The chantecler belt pin may be in gilt or silver, with the rooster head in gold and red. The head is in half relief.

Coat lengths are a bit shorter, varying from thirty-two inches to the half length, which is usually that of the Russian blouse.

Buttons are not now used in great numbers, and are always selected with great care to guard against undue prominence.

Draped effects and overskirts in some form are so marked a feature of the gown of the day that their absence is almost exceptional.

Buckles made of tiny rosebuds, forget-me-nots, or other flowers are among the Frenchiest of the spring millinery accessories.

Polka dot foulards are seen in new colors and designs as the season davances. Made up with a plain silk they are exceedingly effective.

Never were silk colorings more soft and entrancing than this summer. They are not vivid, but generally in wonderful half tones.

There seems to be a universal liking for drapery as the artistic addition which lends grace to the narrow, straight lines of most gowns.

Summer materials surpass in beauty those of any previous season, and both materials and styles of the hour seem made for each other.

Exceedingly effective are the one piece evening coats of broadcloth trimmed with Persian banding or a border of effective metal embroidery.

Frocks for summer made in shirt waist and skirt style are exceedingly popular, and the materials used are linen, silk, or the usual summer fabrics.

Black pipings are in favor, being used to emphasize important lines of a costume. They serve excellently the desire for a touch of black.

Rough straws are decidedly smart this season, and, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, the rougher the straw the costlier the hat may be.

The Gibson plaits are used a great deal in children's dresses this season. By means of these plaits the necessary fullness may be admirably adjusted.

Color in lingerie gowns is sometimes introduced in the design of the lace or embroidery trimming, or again in the girdle or about the collarless neck and sleeve.

The coat closing at the waist line is preferred for early summer suits, as it provides the deep opening which is pretty with the lingerie waist and the fashionable frill.

Fantastically colored wooden beads have a distinct place in present fashions. Tunics edged with wooden beads dyed to match the color of the gown are decidedly effective.

Modish one piece dresses of linen, buttoned in front, have low necks with Dutch or lingerie finishes. Other one-piece dresses are of Henriette, pongee, poplin, foulard, and other silks.

COMBS ARE GIGANTIC; BUT THEY ARE NEWEST MODE.

Combs, or perhaps it is better to call them pins, are one of the modes in evening hair dressing. The smaller type of ornaments of this sort are fastened into the hair by comb teeth; the larger forms are held by pins, after the safety pin fashion.

Quaint little curls are worn with the evening coiffure, and the hair is softly waved about the forehead.

BUCKING THE ARCTIC ICE.

How Peary and Capt. Bob and the Men Jammed the Ship Through.

Peary's real fight with Arctic ice began even before he left the ship on which the expedition sailed north. Jamming the Roosevelt through the floes up to winter quarters was dogged, sometimes thrilling, work.

"During the worst parts of the journey," writes Peary in Hampton's, "Bartlett spent most of his time in the crow's nest, the barrel lookout at the top of the mainmast.

"I would climb up into the rigging just below the crow's nest, where I could see ahead and talk to Bartlett, backing up his opinion with my own when necessary to relieve him in the more dangerous places of too great a weight of responsibility.

"Clinging with Bartlett high up in the unsteady rigging, peering far ahead for a streak of open water, studying the movement of the floes which pressed against us, I would hear him shouting to the ship below us as if she were a living thing, coaxing her, encouraging her, commanding her to hammer a way for us through the admantine floes:

"'Rip 'em, Teddy! Bite 'em in two! Go it! That's fine, my beauty! Now—again! Once more!'

"At such a time the long generations of ice and ocean fighters behind this brave, indomitable, young Newfoundland captain seemed to be reliving in him the strenuous days that carried the flag of England around the world.

"Often on this last expedition of the Roosevelt, as on the former one, have I seen a fireman come up from the bowels of the ship panting for a breath of air, take one look at the shelf of ice before us and mutter savagely:

"By God, she's got to go through!"

"Then he would drop again into the stokehole, and a moment later an extra puff of black smoke would rise from the stack.

"It is hard for a layman to understand the character of the ice through which the Roosevelt fought her way.

"Most persons imagine that the ice of the Artic regions has been formed by direct freezing of the sea water, but in the summer time very little of the floating ice is of that character.

It is composed of huge sheets broken off from the glacial fringe of North Grant Land broken up by contact with other floes and with the land and driven south under the impetus of the violent flood tides. It is not unusual to see ice there between eighty and one hundred feet thick.

"As seven-eigths of these heavy floes are under water, one does not realize how thick they are until one sees where a huge mass, by the pressure of the pack behind it, has been driven onto the shore, and stands there high and dry, eighty or a hundred feet above the water, like a silver castle guarding the shore of this exaggerated and ice clogged Rhine.

"The navigation of the narrow and ice encumbered channels between Etah and Cape Sheridan was long considered an utter impossibility, and only four ships prior to the Roosevelt have succeeded in accomplishing it. Of these four ships one, the *Polaris*, was lost. Three, the Alert, the Discovery and the Proteus, made the voyage up and back in safety; but one of these the Proteus, was lost in an attempt to repeat the dash. The Roosevelt had on the expedition of 1905-6 made the voyage up and back though she was badly smashed on the return.

"Of course the steam is up at all times, ready, like ourseves, for anything at a moment's notice. When the ice is not so heavy as to be utterly impenetrable, the ship under full steam moves back and forth continually, butting and charging the floes.

"Sometimes a charge will send the ship forward half her length, sometimes her whole length, sometimes not an inch. When with all the steam of the boilers we can make no headway whatever, we wait for the ice to loosen up and economize our coal. We do not mind using the ship as a battering ram; that is what she was made for, but beyond Etah coal is precious and every ounce of it must yield its full return of northward steaming. The coal at present in our bunkers was all we should have until our return the following year, when the Peary Arctic Club would send a ship to meet us at Etah.

"It must be remembered that during all this time we were in the region of constant daylight, in the season of the midnight sun. Sometimes the weather was foggy, sometimes cloudy, sometimes sunny, but there was no darkness. The periods of day and night were measured only by our watches—not, during the passage of these channels, by our sleeping and waking, for we slept only those brief intervals when there was nothing else to do. Unresting vigilance was price we paid for our passage."

A Handful of Odd Facts.

There were 478 persons killed and 1,404 injured on Canadian railways in 1909.

More than seven million pounds of tobacco were produced in the Transvaal in 1908.

Experiments with the ultra-violent light appear to show that it is more effective for sterilizing liquids than ozone.

The amount of carbon exhaled from a man's lungs each day, if it could be solidified, would equal that in a lump of coal weighing half a ton.

Professor Lowell announces that he has discovered a new canal a thousand miles in length on Mars. The canal developed between May and September of last year.

Miss Margaret Lennon, principal of the McKinley School in St. Paul, Minn., is said to have the first if not the only good manners class in the world. The class has an average attendance of nearly a thousand.

A New Jersey farmer has patented a cover for milking pails that admits the milk through a strainer covered with a cloth that may be removed for cleansing and which even keeps impure air from entering the pail.

Municipal Fish Market.

The City of Frankfort has not only established a municipal fish market, but supplies housewives with a fish cookery book free of charge.

Saved From the Sea

CHAPTER XIV.

Nine o'clock. Falconer St. Maur paced to and fro his spacious apartment in a restless impatience that grew more unbearable every minute. Wild warfare raged within once more.

She would be under his roof with him as of old—years ago; and how—how could he let her go?—how could she leave him, or tear herself away? She must yield to his persuasions—his power over her now!

Then he stopped at his secretaire, unlocked a drawer, took up the packet of notes his uncle had given him, and put it into his breast-pocket, then stood listening, his heart beating almost painfully as a hand touched the door.

It opened, and Rahmnee's voice said: "The sahib is here!!" as a graceful figure passed in, throwing off disguising mantle, veil, and cap the moment the door quietly closed again.

St. Maur took two quick steps forward, and Christine was in his arms—brow, and cheek, and tender mouth covered with his kisses.

"My precious one, my darling, back to your right place under my roof, my home, your shelter!"

He felt her tremble as he loosed his clasp and drew her to his side on th couch.

"For an hour or two—yes!" she whispered.

"And then," said Falconer, slowly, "darkness, blank desolation for both of us."

"Yes—heart-breaking torture!" Her low, soft tone shook. "And only your hand can end it!"

"Can it?" he said, with a kind of fierce despair that startled her. "It is just that question which I wanted you here to fully understand. The whole sum is wrong in the first figure; for the very first time I met you on the river and you told me your name, I knew who you were, and that I could not openly wed Leonora Berenger's child while my uncle lived. I ought never to have looked on your witching beauty again; but I could not—would not tear myself away. I yielded to my own will and passions, and married you secretly. I was a gambler—or something very near it— even then was indebted considerably. Well, you know, learned all that in the first six months; and it's ten times worse now, in all these miserable, reckless years. I owe Morley, the money-lender, more thousands than I can tell you exactly—more than I know myself off-hand, at any time, because it varies. When I have a run of luck, I clear off some; when fortune is against me heavily, I go to him again."

"Of course at ruinous interest!" said the listener, her slender hands locked before her on her lap.

"Nay; it would be unjust of me to say 'yes' to that. Very high interest, certainly; but then he has absolutely no security but an inheritance which depends entirely on my not offending my uncle, and on the faith of that understanding only Morley has advanced his money. I may say that tacitly my honor is involved, if not so far as actually pledged, not to destroy his security by any deliberate act of my own. Against the chances of my death—and I've near getting it many a time—he holds a heavy policy of insurance, though that doesn't cover half my liabilities; but for my living he holds none, except by good faith and William Orde's will. If that one flimsy security, such as only a money-lender would take for the sake of high interest, is swept away, what then? He may even charge me with dealing dishonorably with him; he will certainly be exasperated at losing his thousands, and sue me.' He got up, and began walking to and fro near his wife, passing and repassing her. "He has been very easy and kind, and has even a strange, unaccountable liking for his worthless client. But that wont make a man lose so heavily for nothing, will it? It is not human nature."

"No—not human nature. Well?"

"Well?" he repeated, desperately. "I tell you, Christine, that your terms of reunion may mean ruin—black ruin! That sounds harsh, but it's plain truth. I have been brought up— spoiled, indulged, if you will—in wealth and extravagance unchecked. It is too late now, and nearly two-and-thirty, to revolutionize all nature and habit. I have no profession—never been made to work—I would to Heaven I had—and I could never plod and plod on day after day, just to earn a paltry pittance for daily bread—no, not even with you at my side! I should go mad—mad—break loose! The ready means of quick gains, with excitement for toll, would be ever in my sight. Hand of skill, the tempter, the passion for play, would master me again of I had abandoned it, and I should be a more desperate gambler than before—crushed, maddened by the load of debts that nothing honest can now clear. And one of your conditions was to give up play—as if there is much else I live and spend by for years. I cannot give it up, and fortune too. I could not make head against a poverty weighted with debt. It would drive me straight to perdition—faster even than I am going now, if that is possible. I wish I were dead—Heaven! I wish I were dead, for your sake-'

"Husband!"

The passion of excitement and despair had reached a climax, and that one tremulous word, piercing the wounded heart like a knife, gave vent for the fevered blood.

He flung himself on his knees beside Christine, wound his arms about her waist almost convulsively, and buried his face in her bosom, hot tears falling on her white bare throat.

"I do! I do! I am only a misery to myself, and you, whom I love more than life a thousand times! It is all sin and shame to me and all I touch. Why wasn't I drowned last autumn in the gale? You would have been free then!"

"Hush, Falconer! Husband, you break my heart!" she said, bowing her own pure face to the stricken, sinful head, her clinging hand pressing it closer to her breast. "Never to me is you and shame then when my girlish ignorance knew nothing of either. Don't talk of death for you. I cannot bear it!"

His clasp tightened around her, but he kept his face hidden in its resting-place for minutes, till he could master the passion of emotion that had shaken him to the centre, like a reed shaken by a strong wind. Then she felt his warm lips kiss the soft, bare throat, left uncovered by the pretty square-cut dress, and he lifted himself back to his former place at her side, still keeping her within his embrace, dropping the dark head on her shoulder like a sorrowful, tired-out child; only that here, for the child's innocence, there was the man's sin and bitter trouble, and the infinite pothas of the man's silent appeal to the womans love, and the woman's moral strength and help, so eloquent in its voiceless language, that when the loving woman, loyal to honor and him, could speak at all, she answered it as if he had spoken in words.

"Yes, darling, I know how hard it is to make even the first slight break in such a mesh of iron chains. I fully understand now how you are involved, and at least for the present I will not urge you to yield to my terms, nor will I yield to yours for your sake. If I lived with you again as I did before, it would be—and you know it, dearest one—to veil honor for love, principle for passion, and so strike with my own hand the death-blow to the very core of your strong, deep love, that has hitherto outlived all storms and temptations, however—sometibes—shadowed. You know well the absolute truth of Lovelace's noble sentiment, and that the key-note of your love for me, and as power in Heaven's mercy to save you, is the honor—the reverence, shall I dare say?—out of which all its harmonies and melodies have grown."

"Which nothing can touch," St. Maur said, hoarsely; "nothing can lessen my worshipping love, my deep reverence. You are my wife, whatever the outward seeming."

Tenderly, caressingly putting back the dark, wavy locks from his brow with her free hand, he held the other fast, Christine answering steadily:

"Yes, and because I keep the honor of that name unstained by a breath, I hold your love in strength and purity undimmed. But if I now deliberately put the honor of my wifehood unler yours and the world's feet——"

"Christine——"

"Hush! hear me—and whether in retirement, or, as before, in the vortex of an equivocal society, live with you practically as less than your wife, you would gradually, insensibly, but only too surely, change to me; the reverence of your love would be dimmed, then both slowly, subtlely, lessen and change, till the first were well-nigh replaced by half-despising, and the latter almost sink to the character worthy only of what I seemed; for as I, the woman, sunk, so surely would you, the man. In your heart you know I am right; but if I am stabbing you, it is with a two-edged sword that pierces my own breast, too."

"I know it," he whispered, brokenly—"my worshipped wife, I know it!"

Still the soft fingers touched his brow as the mellow tones, deep with intense, suppressed feeling, went on:

"Moreover, if I yield to you you would gain your object without striking a blow for it, get possession without paying the price for it; and the one, the strongest incentive to warfare against your bitter enemy and mine, would be gone."

"No, no!" Falconer broke in, eagerly, and flushing hotly. "With you by me I could, I would strive with double strength; the incentive would still be there to fight for your sake."

She shook her head sadly.

"I know you better than you do yourself, Falconer, and the hold the cruel vice has gained. You would have grasped the prize—myself—and, insensibly, you would give back in the battle, and you will recognize the truth of this when you can face it unblinded by the passionate yearning to have me back at any price. Ah, husband! it is quite as hard for me to refuse to return as for you to be refused; but you will lay lance in rest, however lightly at first, just for my sake, if for no higher aim yet."

"Christine—Christine, how can such a woman as you love me still? so utterly unworthy, so lost—a gambler, and the demon is in me, brain, and body, and soul, past casting out, I fear!"

"Never! That were to doubt Heaven and the redemption," said Christine, strongly. "You are not utterly unworthy, not lost, not wholly given over to this demon of play, else I had not loved you as I do. There is gold under all the dross, and it is that which I found out and loved you for. You can strive, and you will, if it is but the smallest, most trifling step at first—a stake lowered instead of raise, the tables deserted an hour sooner than usual, and with each slight victory the next grows less hard to win. You will be tempted and yield often, fall back a hundred times, maddened by loss or spurred on by success, the more because you say to yourself, I live by it, I must play—ay, in the gayest excitement that you despise even while you crave its false glamor. You will forget your Christine, and then be wild with remorse afterward that you have fallen back. You see, I see all and spare not the knife; but then, in your darkest hours, husband, see me or write to me; but never—never fear for shame's sake to face me—a poor mortal like yourself—a sinner like yourself before the perfect Creator!"

"You a sinner!" exclaimed St. Maur, vehemently; and lifting his head quickly to gaze upon her face with glowing eyes, half lover's, half devotee's, before a saint; "you—you are perfect to me, at least."

"Oh, Falconer, Falconer!"

"My Saint Christine!" he whispered, laying his cheek against hers with a kind of possession. "For your dear sake I will strive, even at this eleventh hour, to conquer play—I dare not promise more, my own wife."

"And your wife asks no more," she answered, gently.

For some minutes neither spoke nor moved. "Falconer," she said, at last, "give me the bank-notes. He drew forth the packet and put it into Christine's hand, smiling now at her questioning look of surprise.

"It is a roll of notes," he said, quietly—"two hundred pounds.—I want you to take it and use it; it's far better in your hands than mine."

"But, Falconer, I don't understand," she said, a little hurriedly, her color rising painfully. "I don't want money."

"Whether you do or not, sweetheart, you can take it from your husband; it is not money won at the gaming table of the race coarse. It is a present Uncle Will would give me when he came up, and I told him it should be well spent; so take it; it's what I meant when I spoke."

"No, no, Falc, take it back; indeed I don't want money, and—you may."

He put her hand back, half smiling, but coloring as he said:

"I do not—keep it, child; it will only go perhaps in that accursed play if I have it; keep it safe—so." He took it from her hand and put it into the bosom of her dress. "Use it, dearest, if only to give me pleasure."

"Ah, Falc, you have not forgotten your persuasive arts."

"And you, sweetheart, never needed any at all," he said, smiling down on the beautiful face. "But tell me now of yourself since we—since your Aunt Stanhope's death; tell me in detail, and especially how you came across these Cliffords?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale, Falconer; for to Dr. Clifford's skill and generous care I partly owe my life last September—partly to him and partly—firstly, indeed, to the daring courage of a man I would give—ah, how much!—to discover and thank, for he flung away his own life, so far as he knew, to save mine, an unknown nobody, a stranger."

"Christine, your precious life in peril! and I not there to save it! Oh!' he said, turning aside, "this is bitter punishment indeed, deeply grateful though I must be to the man who was so blessed. Go on; tell me how it was."

His hand was gripping hers with a force he was scarcely conscious of; his other he kept half shading his eyes. Her very first words made him start and catch his breath; but he controlled himself instantly with a strong effort.

"I was shipwrecked in the last and wildest of the September gales. I had been stranded in New York, and to get to England shipped aboard the Red Star liner Undine, as stewardess; we had a terribly bad passage, and in the Channel caught the gale—the worst I have ever been in; the fires were swamped out, the steering-gear damaged, and we drove helplessly on to a lee shore. The skipper and I and four men were the last to leave the vessel in th gig, and she was capsized. I remember clutching a piece of wood and striking out, and that is all, except those few awful minutes which only the drowned know. They told me afterward that this gentleman had already gone out in the lifeboat, and after that saw a woman drowning—that they tried to keep him back, crying that it was certain death; but he threw them fiercely back, saying, 'his life was worthless,' and flung himself into that raging sea. Ah, it is such noble deeds as that which—"

"Hush! no more!" And Falconer dropped his hand to lock that too in hers, and faced her with passionate joy in his eyes. "It was I—oh! thank heaven!—it was I who saved your priceless life—my wife—my love!"

"Falconer!" She almost threw herself on his breast, too deeply agitated for many moments for one word save that dear name.

Nor was he less moved, but held her folded in his arms, each soul living over again that awful night of peril; he, perhaps, with the inward cry:

"Oh, if I had but known it then! I had won you back—all mine!"

Yet he spoke first, almost in a whisper:

"My heart sprung to the truth of this happiness the moment you spoke of the shipwreck in last September's gale; it was of that night I thought when I said they had better have let me drown. Heaven forgive me for the words; but if I had known— Oh! Christine—Christine! if I could have my life to live over again!—if I could only blot out the past!"

How often has that vain cry of anguish gone up to heaven, and who can undo that which is done? Even the fabled waters of a Lethe can only give a darkened oblivion by destroying memory; they can not wash away the deeds that are graven in stone!

"We can never do that," she said, softly; "but we can atone. And you will try again, my heart's dearest, I know!"

He stooped and kissed her lips reverently—a worshipper at the shrine of his saint.

"Now, tell me of your life, Christine," he said, presently; and listened in silence—he could have listened forever to the sweet music of that low, tender voice.

"And so," she ended at length, with her present position, "that is how I came to the Cliffords'. One thing more I must tell you, Falconer, cruel pain though it is to me. On her death-bed my aunt told me, without the name of the lover, the truth about my mother's treatment of Mr. Orde—"

"Let me spare you, darling," interrupted St. Maur, quickly. "Uncle Will told me early this morning as we drove home. I had not known before how cruelly she had deceived him—how bad it had all been—and I can scarcely wonder at his implacability. My dear, I fear he will never relent unless by almost a miracle; the more that now, unhappily, he has taken a fancy to Blanche Leroy as a prospective niece-in-law. I could laugh at the comedy of the idea—I, married so long—if it did not vex; the only use of the notion is, that I can make use of it to see more of you under cover of a careless flirtation with that little flirt."

"No, Falconer, not that; Blanche needs no aid to make her flirt, for since she has been out more, and admired and sought—the 'pretty heiress'—she has shown to my watchful notice that, without being so overly a flirt as many girls, she is exactly one who, if she likes, makes men flirt to the top of her bent. I saw her last night. You are handsome, attractive, heir to a rich man (she is not indifferent to that), and she flirted with you as desperately as she dared. She is young, vain, pretty, flattered, dazed and intoxicated with the frothing champagne of her first season; but not heartless, though not deep-natured—not like Mimie—and you are too reckless; you may go too far, and turn her head."

"Faith, sweet wife, I'll try to keep off that shoal, for I don't want Clifford to be asking too much about me; he wouldnt hear enough to my advantage. If I judge him right, I should not have one chance if I were free, and wooed either niece or daughter—that is, if I asked him first," he added, characteristically. "If Miss Stanhope had opposed me when I told her I meant to have you, I should have carried you off."

"Falconer! Falconer! how wicked you are," said Christine, obliged to laugh. The speech was exactly like the reckless, dominant-willed lover she had always known, who had wooed and won her so masterly eight years ago. "But I suppose you would if I had said, 'No—wait,' myself. See how late it is; I must go, dear Falconer."

"No, no; not yet. Ah, don't leave me yet—it is hard, so cruel to part—for both," he pleaded, his beautiful eyes more eloquent even than his golden tongue. "One short half hour more, wife, and I will let you go without a word."

What woman who loved could have resisted him? She stayed the full half hour, and then he took her into his arms and their lips met with one accord in that "sweet sorrow"—the close, parting embrace, the long, parting kiss.

Then at last the man released her, and summoned the Indian to escort her into a cab.

How blank the room was when she was gone—the star of his night!

(To be continued.)

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

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

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WOES OF WOMANHOOD

Weakness and Suffering Banished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for men and women, and growing boys and girls, but they are good in a special way for woman. At special times a woman needs a medicine to enrich and regulate her blood supply, or her life will be one round of suffering. That is when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, for they actually make new blood. There is not a month in her life from fifteen to fifty that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a boon to every woman. They help the growing girl safely over the critical time when her blood is overtaxed by new demands. To the woman of middle life they bring relief and bring her strength for her time of change. And during the thirty odd years that lie between, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill a woman's life with the happinses of health, giving her strength and energy for every function. A woman's surest protection against all the ills that come to her because of her sex, is to set her blood right at once by a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—and then to keep the blood right by taking the Pills occasionally. Mrs. Eliza Cloutier, St. Jerome, Que., is one of the many unfortunate sufferers restored to health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "It would be difficult for me to say how much I suffered. I was tormented by headaches and backaches; my appetite failed and I wasted away to such an extent that I was unable to do house work. I was constantly taking medicine, but it did not help me any. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I procured a couple of boxes. By the time these were done I felt some improvement, and, thus encouraged, I continued the use of the Pills, gaining strength day by day, until after I had taken six or seven boxes, I was again well and strong, and I have since continued in the best of health. I can strongly recommend these Pills to all weak and ailing women."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Coleridge's Stick.

Of walking sticks there is no end. We have heard of Mr. Haldane's cordite one and now we read of a stick in the Guest collection at Christie's which belonged to the very last Bond street watchman. For interesting sticks however the one which Coleridge was in the habit of losing during his tramping days must take first place. The philosopher was never happy till he had got it back. He sent the crier round. Here is the cry, as noted by Mr. Lucas in one of his essays: "Missing, a curious walking stick. On one side it displays the head of an eagle, the eyes of which represent rising suns, and the ears Turkish crescents; on the other side is the portrait of the owner in woodwork. Around the neck is a Queen Elizabeth's ruff in tin. All down it waves the line of beauty in very ugly carving."

And then came the appeal and warning note "If any gentleman (or lady) has fallen in love with the above described stic kand secretly carried off the tinuance of which must prove fatal to same he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to conquer a passion the con his (or her) honesty. And if the said stick has slipped into such a gentleman's (or lady's) hand through inadvertence he (or she) is requested to rectify the mistake with all convenient speed. God save the King!" The stick came back!—From the London Chronicle.

AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK

We have on hand thirty-five organs, taken in exchange on Heintzman & Co. pianos, which we must sell regardless of loss, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from $10 to $35, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Dominion, Karn, Uxbridge, Goderich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars.—Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

DIZZY SPELLS, HEADACHES

A Sufferer of Twenty Years Comes Forward With a Real Cure.

"I can't remember any time during the past 20 years when my head wasn't aching. If I bent over, dark specks would come before my eyes, and it seemed as if all the blood in my body wanted to rush to the head." Thus opens the letter of Mrs. Enoch S. Spry, of Putnam P. O., and continuing her interesting statement she says: "Work or exertion made my heart beat terrible, and going up stairs caused such shortness of breath that it fairly frightened me. My doctor told me that it was poisons in the blood and if that was the cause Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the greatest blood renewer on earth. I tell you how I feel to-day and you can understand what a great cure Dr. Hamilton's Pills have made. I feel strong enough now to work like a man, as for going upstairs on the run, it doesn't bother me at all. I eat and sleep as any well person ought, and as for dizziness which used to frighten me so much, it has entirely disappeared. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. They helped me in other ways too, and I know every woman that uses them will have comfort and good health." Refuse anything offered you instead of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c per box. All dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

An Artist's Revenge

Brushington is a Chicago artist who came back from Paris with what seemed fine prospects of fame and fortune at home. He was saturated with the spirit of art. He had already had a whiff of the incense of praise. He thought that all he had to do to establish himself with honor and profit was to set up his studio in Michigan avenue and show Chicagoans what the home bred artist can do when he gets a chance.

But he soon found that a weak picture dated "Paris, 1897," is a better bait for some "connoisseurs" than a strong homemade work, and when all his foreign products were sold at a sacrifice to help pay his rent he began to debate with his conscience whether it would be doing violence to his high ideals to use the magic name of the French capital on the canvases that he painted in his sky high quarters overlooking Lake Michigan. He decided that he would rather starve than resort to fraud, and so he continued to stigmatize his pictures with the name of his native city. Then he discovered that if he meant to be honest and survive he must paint portraits, and with a sad heart he abandoned the fields Elysian and began to paint merchant princes and kings of commerce at prices that made him feel like a guilty thing.

He called these lowering presentments of millionaires "potboilers," but he waxed fat on the profits, and as hostages to his better self he continued to paint "serious" things which attracted neither praise nor purchasers. Brushington thought it was bad enough to have to stare at and study for hours the rich "sitters" whose patronage he disliked even while he lived upon it, but when he got orders to paint portraits of the dead with no better guides than a photograph and lock of hair his conecience smote him and his heart became sick. When he accepted a "commission" to paint Millionaire Slupsky, deceased, and stood alone in his room with a solar print of the subject, a lock of gray hair and the gold spectacles of the departed great man his degradation seemed complete.

In order to stifle his bitter thoughts he resolved to put a high price on the Slupsky portrait, and so he set to work upon it, determined to learn whether money could ever be an emollient for bruised ideals. The son of his subject, who expected to pay for the portrait, used to come in every day to give the painter hints about the color of the old gentleman's skin and hair, the droop of his eyes, the shape of his ear and the expression of his face. But, work as he would, inquire as he might, no art that he could command seemed to satisfy the exactions of young Slupsky.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Slupsky was astonished at the fidelity of the portrait; but, being a good business man, he knew that by finding fault with it he might be able to get it at a reduced price when the day for payment came. Brushington never suspected the guile of his patron and worked away till it seemed as if every alteration possible had been suggested and made. Slupsky himself admitted that it was time to bring down the widow and all the surviving Slupskys to view the life size "picture of papa," but when he conducted the family into poor Brushington's studio every member was instructed to suppress admiration and, as Slupsky put it, "take a little rap at the picture."

The artist was expecting his visitors. His smoking jacket was brushed; his vandyke was twisted to a sharp little point; he had chalked over the spots on his shirt front and turned his cuffs; also he wore a smile which was not heartfelt. The portrait was in a show frame on the big easel, the chairs were arranged, and the painter was wondering whether he would get a check or currency.

"How do you like it?" he asked of Mrs. Slupsky and all the lesser Slupskys when they were seated before the likeness.

"There's something the matter with it," she said.

"What is it?" the artist asked, holding out the solar print. "Is it the pose or the complexion?"

"Oh, no! Those are all right, but there is something wrong."

"No!" said they. "Those are all right. But it isn't papa. It isn't Mr. Slupsky at all!"

The artist was in a fury. Slupsky, the son and financier of the family, thought it was a good time to say something about the price.

"We don't like it very well," he said, "but if you'll make a reasonable reduction—"

That was as far as he got. Brushington leaped at the painted sire of his his tempter and put his fist through the canvas, while all the Slupskys held their breaths in horror.

"I didn't like it myself," said Brushington, trying to smile, "and I can't afford to let inferior work go out at any price. Here are the spectacles and the lock of Mr. Slupsky's hair. Good day!"

When the painter had escorted all his visitors to the door and closed it on them he heard the widow say to her son, "My gracious, James, I'm afraid we'll never get another picture so like papa!"

"Wait a minute," said the son. "I'll go back and make an offer on the pieces."

"I wouldn't take $1,000 for them," said Brushington, sticking his head out of the doorway. Then the Slupskys fled.—Chicago Record.

BIG AUTO TRUST.

Big Figures of the New Industry—A Combine Coming.

Who is this newcomer in the ranks of the nation's capitalists? He is the maker and seller of a toy—of the most popular toy of the ages. With a hand of magic he devised that modern sensation and wonder, the automobile, and he proclaimed its merits so effectively that he has swept the nation into a frenzy of buying. So great has been the success attending his efforts that if he should be able during 1910 to meet the demand already made upon him for his product he could truthfully boast a volume of business near to a quarter of a billion dollars. As it looks now, his probable production for the coming twelve months, according to conservative estimate, will reach a total of around $160,000,000. And for his entire output—if he lives up to his reputation—he will get CASH!

Now the maker of the automobile has pursued the typical American policy in placing his product upon the market through the independent retailer, but he has not "financed" his distributing agencies. As a matter of fact, from the beginning, the distributing agencies have "financed" him. With their contracts for cars the agents have been compelled to surrender a considerable bonus to the manufacturer and to pay in ready money the remainder due when the cars are delivered. Organization, consolidation of forces, is incessantly at work in this new industry. With the passing of the ownership and control of accessory plants turning out the more essential parts into the hands of the big makers, the competition of the small producer—who is merely an assembler of parts—will become nominal, only, and may be entirely wiped out in case of any sudden slump in the demand. The "powers that be" will regulate the supply to meet the capacity of the public to consume. Thus the price of the product will remain where it is, enabling the motor car magnate to continue to reap bonanza dividends based on his "expanded" capitalization.—From "Our Billion Dollar Toy," in June Technical World Magazine.

ONE WOMAN'S STATEMENT

Tells Her Suffering Sisters to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Proved a Blessing to Her When Her Pains and Weakness Were Almost More Than She Could Bear.

St. George, Man., May 30.—(Special.)—Hoping to save her sister women in the West from pains and aches which come at the critical times in a woman's life, Mrs. Arsene Vinet, of this place, has given the following statement for publication:

"I have brought up a large family and have always enjoyed good health until the last two years. I am fifty-four years of age and at the critical time of life that comes to every woman, I had pains in my right hip and shoulder. I could not lie down two minutes at a time without suffering the greatest agony. Sometimes I awakened with a feeling as if some one had laid a piece of ice on my head. Another time it would be a burning pain under the left shoulder.

"I took many medicines, but could get no relief, till reading of cures of similar cases to my own by Dodd's Kidney Pills, led me to try them. They did wonders for me.

"I want all women to know what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. The woman who has sound Kidneys is safeguarded against nine-tenths of the suffering that makes life a burden to the women of Canada.

In Praise of Piney Lands.

The pine is the greatest American tree. It has been of the widest use, is most in demand, and has enriched its tens of thousands of men. The most fashionable tourist and health resorts in the south are in the "piney woods" regions—vide Aiken, S. C.; Pinehurst, N. C.; Thomasville, Ga., and others. It is the resinous quality of the ozone that attracts the health and pleasure-seekers. Also the piney woods country affords the finest fruits, vegetables and melons. Living is cheap among the pines, health good and the people well fed.—Dallas, Texas, News.

Not for Him.

Johnson—That girl is a jewel.

Morrison—Why don't you marry her?

Johnson—I can't furnish the setting.—June Smart Set.

"I understand she said I was a man of deep penetration." "Yes—she said something like that." "Something like that? How?" "Well, penetrate means bore, doesn't it?"—Cleveland Leader.

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.

Subscription, $2 00 a year, in advance.
30-Day Notices, $5; 60, $7.50; 90, $10

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

THE ENGLAND OF TODAY

How are things in Britain? It is a difficult question to answer. Many varied and complex interests go to make up the welfare of the little island with its heart in the greatest city on earth, and its widespread arms stretching over a world-wide empire, and even an experienced observer might be misled, for things are not what they seem on the surface.

On its industry Britain lives; no other country is so dependent on commerce. How is it today with industrial Britain? Well, the great mills and factories, mines and railways are busy, though not at the highest pressure. Hammers are still falling in the great ship building centers of the north; put prices are cut keener; competition (especially German and American competition) is felt more. Business is still done, but the profits are not so ample or so easily obtained as was the case forty, or even thirty years ago.

A fierce controversy as regards the fiscal policy is now waging. On the one side are marshalled the "Free Trade" followers of AdamSmith, whose "Wealth of Nations" has hypnotised British opinion for sixty years. On the other side is a small but rapidly growing business section who are in favor of a Protective policy as used to such good purpose by Germany and the States, in their attack upon British markets.

The days of Free Trade in Britain are over, but it will take some time yet to bring about the change, for British folk are conservative and hard to convince that changes are necessary.

What about Religious England? There can be no doubt that religion, as evidenced by church membership and attendance, is declining. In spite of bright music and popular services, the mass of the common people stay away from the places of worship. The great revival which followed the early days of Methodism seems to have spent its force. The long and bitter quarrel regarding education has further separated the different branches of the Protestant churches. However much to be deplored, these are the facts; the question "How to get people to church" has been a burning topic at the recent conference of religious bodies.

Political England is a seething boiling pot. The old parties are divided into factions, each pushing its own fad. The great Conservative party, the real hope of the country, is without a man to lead or a bold constructive policy which might appeal to the masses. Tariff Reform is their sole plank. Joseph Chamberlain, whose personality would have been worth 500,000 votes at the last election, is a broken down, paralytic invalid. Outside the regular Conservative Liberal and Irish parties is growing up a strong labor and Socialist group, who even now are a power in the House of Commons. Many people who are far from being scientific Socialists vote for this group as the best way of registering a kick. This party is frankly anti-religious and pro-socialistic in its aims, and the measure of support they are receiving is of itself a proof of the discontent with prevailing conditions existing among the voters of the old land.

The best thing that has been brought out in England during the past five years is the "Boy Scouts," organized by Baden Powell, the hero of Mafeking. They fill a long-felt want, and the youth of the country, to the number of 200,000, are enrolled in the ranks.

If one were asked "What is England doing"? the truest answer would be "Marking time;" they are stepping but not getting very far forward. What is needed today in England is a man, a leader of men, great enough to throw aside party prejudice, and who, having picked out a bold course, would stride forward irrespective of the thousand obstacles which custom and privilege placed in his path. Looking over the field, we are compelled to admit that such a man is not in sight. Lord Kitchener might be the one for the army, but in the wider fields of industry and politics there is no one. Mediocre respectability are the chief qualifications of the present leaders of British life. What Britain needs is a man before whom the shufflers, who today control her destinies, would sink into their real subordinate places, and under whose leadership the British people might continue their march along the road of progress.

As the results of a timber fire, a tree fell across the telegraph wire one mile west of Erickson on Tuesday last. A bad fire has been burning the fore part of the week at Kitchener, but is now harmless, while probably the worst fire was at Sanca, eight miles up the lake from Kootenay Landing, but not much damage was done, and the fire is under the control of a small army of fire fighters, under fire wardens.

Oil finish window shades, standard size, 35c.—C. O. S.

The movement in Creston real estate and fruit lands continues. Mr. W. F. Simmons, of Carmangay, Alta., has taken over the ten acres in Block 11, previously owned by Norman Griswold. The deal was handled through the Creston Valley Investment Co., and Mr. Simmons is well satisfied with his investment. We understand he will move on to his new location at an early date.

Write the C. O. S., Cranbrook, for prices on furniture and rugs.

J. Taylor and mother arrived in town on Tuesday. Mr. Taylor is interested in Creston fruit lands to the extent of some forty acres which he took over about a year ago. He expresses himself as well satisfied with the appearance of his property, and remarks on the favorable condition of same as compared with the dried out country, which seems to be the rule outside the Creston valley.

Ladies' cashmere hose, 20c.—C. O. S.

The newly organized bible class of the Presbyterian church held their first business meeting last Wednesday evening, when it was decided to instal a pulpit in the church. It was also decided to hold a picnic on Thursday afternoon the 28th inst., at G. Hunscroft's grove. This is a great movement; come to the class and hear about it 10 a.m. Sunday.

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

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

This is a lot to remember
Mr. RANCHER
But when you want Saddles, Bridles, Whips
Harness, Rope, Brushes, etc.
Or any Implements for use on your farm, Don't Forget
CARVER'S HARNESS AND IMPLEMENT STORE

PHOTOGRAPHY

We are now prepared to do Developing and Printing for amateurs and will guarantee satisfactory work.
We have Cameras in stock, ranging in price from—
$2.00 to $20.00
and will be glad to explain how they are used

SUNDAY HOURS
12:30 a.m. to 1:0 p.m. and
8:30 p.m. to 9 p.m.
For the sale of MEDICINES ONLY
Creston Drug & Book Co.
W. A. McBEAN, Manager

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.

The Cambridge Cigarette
Made by
Philip Morris & Co.
Bond Street, London,
is the Choicest Cigarette on the market.
The maker's reputation is the guarantee of quality.

Creston Wine & Spirit Co. S. POOLE Prop.

We are Agents for McLaughlin
Democrats, Buggies, Wagons, etc.
You Save Money by consulting us before Buying Elsewhere. Easy Terms
H. S. McCREATH
CRESTON

Just Opened
A New
BLACKSMITH SHOP
Repairing of all kinds done. Horse Shoeing a Speciality. - - - -
Blacksmith Shop directly behind Creston Realty & Timber Co.'s Offices
A. S. MOORE, Creston

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

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

Fresh Killed Meats
We are now handling
All LOCAL KILLED MEATS
Fresh BEEF
PORK
VEAL and
MUTTON
Fresh Fish, Halibut
Salmon, Trout, etc.
P. BURNS & Co.
Limited
CRESTON - B.C.

Try Prescription No. 99 for summer colds, at the Creston Drug Store

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Vina Goodchild, of Toronto Ontario, married woman, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted near Summit Crack, about one mile westerly from southwest corner of Blanche Goodchild's application to purchase, thence 20 chains north, thence 40 chains east, thence 20 chains south, thence 40 chains west, to point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.

Dated July 22nd, 1910.
VINA GOODCHILD, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, Agent

All the Latest in Hats, Flowers, Ribbons and Veilings, Ladies' and Children's Sailors
A fine assortment of Ladies' Waists, from $1. Infants' Silk Bonnets, etc., etc.
Mrs. M. YOUNG
Fourth Street, Creston, B.C.

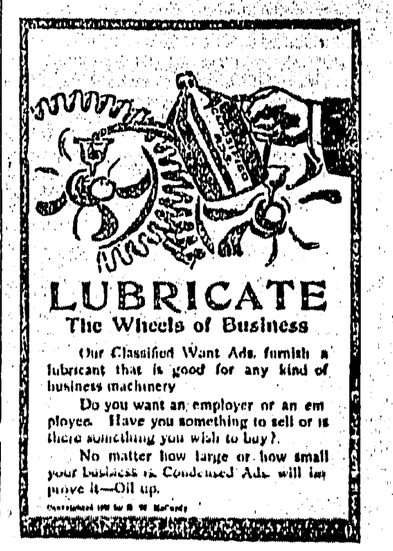
Say, Johnnie, can you tell me where I can hire a Good Saddle Pony?
Sure! Try the
CRESTON LIVERY
It's the BEST IN TOWN.
There's a Good Dray and Transfer in connection. Also Green and Dry Wood.
Cameron Bros.
PROPRIETORS

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.

The Riverside Nurseries, Grand Forks B.C.
Is the NEAREST NURSERY to the CRESTON DISTRICT.
Stock arrives in FRESH, HEALTHY CONDITION
For Prices, etc., write to—
WALTER V. JACKSON, Agent, Creston, B. C.

Clothes! Clothes!!
I have Opened a
Clothes Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing Establishment
in the premises formerly occupied by the Creston Bakery on
SIRDAR AVENUE
Clothes Pressed While you Wait.
Bring in your Clothes
EUGENE COSERTA



LUBRICATE
The Wheels of Business
Our Classified Want Ads. furnish a lubricant that is good for any kind of business machinery
Do you want an employer or an employee. Have you something to sell or is there something you wish to buy?
No matter how large or how small your business is Condensed Ads. will improve it—Oil up.

Are you looking for a Location for a Home?

IF SO, READ ON

A Good and Safe Buy

One acre of land, all cleared and level, and ready to build on. In the center of the Town, situated on the main Residential street. Fine site for a House, with plenty of ground for a garden, or Lot could be sub-divided into Town Lots.

Price $1200

A Paying Investment from The Grass Roots

2000 Shares in a Local Company, paying 18 per cent. dividend. Owners require cash to invest in Creston property. Will sell at par value.

A Ready Home

20 Acres, partly improved; 4 miles from Creston, on main government road; water on property. This year's crop, house, pony, buggy, harness, boat, tools, pigs, poultry, and household effects included.

Price $3,000

Agents
British Columbia Life Assurance Co.
Head Office, VANCOUVER, B. C.

The Creston Valley has more than proven itself to be the best adapted and most successful Fruit District in British Columbia. Not alone in fruit, but in vegetables and flowers does it excel, not to mention the salubrious climate (free from frost) and all the other necessary conditions that go to make it an ideal spot for a home for the fruit rancher and farmer.

Come to the Creston Valley and be free of nervousness, worry and anxiety, and enjoy good health.

Sole Agents for the
"Family Butter Merger"
1lb. Butter and 1 pint Milk makes 2lbs. Butter

Stock and Fruit Farm

26 Acres at Wynndel Junction; creek running through and good government road to property; 7½ acres light clearing, suitable for fruit and vegetables; balance meadow land, good for pasture and hay.

Price $75 per Acre

Town Property

WE have the exclusive handling of the choice Building lots in Barton Addition of the Creston townsite.

These Lots will only be on the market up to the first of August, and are conceded to be the cream of the Townsite, for residential purposes, having a fine situation overlooking the valley.

A Snap

10 Lots and House, 24ft. x 12ft., with kitchen 24ft. x 10ft.; within stone's throw of Creston C. P. R. depot; good chicken house and run; 5 lots cleaned and fruit trees planted; 5 lots cleared, but not cleaned. This is a special for this week. Owner going away. Price not for publication, but it will astonish you if you are a genuine enquirer.

We are the men who sell the Land that Grows the Big Red Apple

THE CRESTON VALLEY INVESTMENT COMPANY

Box 36 — Phone 82

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Sed G. Chateur, of Montreal, Quebec, married woman, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Summit Creek about 10 chains south of the northwest corner of L. 8631, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south, or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated July 22nd, 1910.

SED G. CHATEUR, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSEN, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, John Stevenson, of Toronto, Ontario, salesman, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about 80 chains from the north bank of Summit Creek and about 7 miles from its mouth, thence 40 chains south, thence 20 chains east or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to Cecil Goodchild's southeast corner, thence 80 chains west to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated July 21st, 1910.

JOHN STEVENSON, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSEN, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Earl Goodchild, of Toronto, Ontario, salesman, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the south east corner of Ethel Chateur's application to purchase, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains south, thence 40 chains east, or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated July 21st, 1910.

EARL GOODCHILD, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSEN, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Ethel Chatour, of Montreal, Quebec, spinster, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about one and one-half miles distant and in an easterly direction from the mouth of Placer Creek, on the north bank of Summit Creek, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains north, thence 40 chains east or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated July 21st, 1910.

ETHEL CHATEUR, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSEN, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Ethel Luckwell, of Toronto, Ontario, spinster, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of J. B. Ferguslin's application to purchase, thence 40 chains north, thence 40 chains east, thence 40 chains south, thence 40 chains west, to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated July 21st, 1910.

ETHEL LUCKWELL, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSEN, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Fred Stevenson, of Toronto, Ontario, printer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Earl Goodchild's application to purchase, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains south, thence 40 chains east or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

Dated July 21st, 1910.

FRED STEVENSON, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSEN, Agent

McPEAK'S Store of Plenty

Fancy Vests in all Colors. 70 Pairs of Moleskin Pants.

Good Selection of Ties and Gents' Furnishings

We have 100 pairs of Boys' Overalls for ages from 5 to 15

Wall Paper in numerous selections At Low Prices

Make Some Quick Money

By nabbing one of these Lots

39 Lots in Block 8, Schofield Avenue, in the Townsite of Creston. These Lots are the regulation size and can be had now at **$85** each. Terms—**$25 Cash** and **$10 per month**, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on deferred payments. These Lots are all high and dry, and in six months will be selling at $125. Look into this proposition at once.

Call and inspect our list of Fruit Lands in Blocks of from 1 to 640 acres

Now is the time to Buy

List your property with us. We can sell it

Creston Land Co.

Messrs. JOHNSON AND SCRUTON

You miss it if you don't go to Conlter's for anything they handle.

A new supply of Edison phonograph records at the Creston Drug and Book Store.

Jack Stephens returned this week from Alberta, where he has been for the last few months.

Wash prints, 11c. per yard—C. C. S.

MURPHY'S LODGING HOUSE

Is now open for Lodgers and Transients

Rooms by the Day, Week or Month at Reasonable Rates

Frank Bast Block, Canyon Road

Mrs. MURPHY, Proprietress

ANNUAL HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

NAME	Age	Reading	Dictation and Spelling	Writing	English Literature	Arithmetic & Bookkeeping	Geography	Eng. Gramm. and Comp.	Canadian History	British History	Nature Lisons and Hygiene	Drawing	Total Marks	Promoted
Arrowsmith, E. F.	15	57	69	75	60	84	56	61	60	63	51	42	628	passed
Barton, M.	14	60	75	50	65	41	57	48	56	69	50	51	622	passed
Dow, Jessie	14	65	75	70	49	84	57	48	51	68	44	54	615	passed
Stocks, Roy J.....	13	60	54	55	34	48	65	51	45	53	50	48	563	passed
Hendron, Elsie M.	16	63	85	50	80	84	64	42	53	65	48	63	555	passed
Dannard, E. H.....	16	65	20	50	40	38	50	30	48	42	44	53	405	
Huscroft, E. C.	14	50	57	75	31	6	52	27	50	37	48	63	496	

ALEXANDER ROBINSON, Superintendent of Education

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, James Chateur, of Montreal, Quebec, engineer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Summit Creek, about 12 miles from the mouth of said creek, thence 20 chains west, thence 60 chains north, thence 80 chains east, or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated July 22nd, 1910.

JAMES CHATEUR, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSION, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Blanche Goodchild, of Toronto, Ontario, merchant, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about nine miles from the mouth of Summit Creek and about 400 feet northerly from said creek, thence 20 chains north, thence 20 chains east, thence 20 chains south, thence 20 chains west, to point of commencement, containing 40 acres, more or less.

Dated July 22nd, 1910.

BLANCHE GOODCHILD, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSEN, Agent

JUST OPENED

At Scott's Restaurant

A New Short-Order Restaurant

Meals at all hours, 25c. and up, on the European plan.

Order what you want and pay for what you get.

MURPHY, Proprietors

Enjoyrble evening

Last Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Watcher entertained the Choir of the Presbyterian church at their ideal ranch home a short distance from town. Games of various kinds were played and music by different guests helped to comprise the evening's program when dainty refreshments were served, after which a contest entitled the "wedding of the flowers" was held when Miss Arrowsmith won the first prize after which the guests sang "Home Sweet Home" and "Auld Lang Syne" and finished the evening's entertainment by giving three cheers and a tiger for the host and the hostess.

Rubber tire collapsible go-carts, $5.50 —C. C. S.

New sponges at the Drug Store.

Write the C. C. S., Cranbrook, for prices on furniture and rugs.

Ladies' cashmere hose, 20c.—C. C. S.

Nels Brown came in from Wattsburg the end of last week and spent a few days with his father W. K. Brown. He returned East on Tuesday.

Men's balbrigan underwear, 75. per suit.—C. C. S.

The ladies of the Catholic church will hold an ice cream social on Saturday evening, July 30th, in the Auditorium. Vocal and instrumental music during the evening. Admission free; Ice cream and cake, 10 cents. Everybody welcome.

LOST—A little pig. Anyone finding same, please notify J. Cook.

See Here—At Cost, At Cost, At Cost

Being over stocked in the following goods, will sell at Cost for next few days, and save you considerable money to buy now:

Cupboards, Kitchen Cabinets, Sideboards, Extension Tables, Dressers and Commodes, Also Stoves and Enamel Ware, Iron Beds, Springs, Child's Cribs and Go-Carts, Couches, Blankets, Pillars, Carpet, Matting, etc.

The Creston Hardware and Furniture Co.

Among the Jews

The Russian Hebrew journals report that ten wealthy merchants of Novo-Constantinov, in Poldolia, have formed a company to acquire land in Mesopotamia, and have sent out two experts to investigate the country.

There is a great deal of pathos in commenting on the recent visit of the Prince Eitel Friedrich, the second son of the Kaiser, to the Holy City. Prince Eitel had gone to Jerusalem to dedicate the new German Hospice and Sanatorium on the Mount of Olives. The Jewish population of the city form more than half the total number of inhabitants. But they and their institutions were forgotten during the pomp and ceremony of the holy visit. The glorious Jewish traditions which clung to the country were barely mentioned. The grand procession of Catholics wound its way up the sides of Mount Zion, chanting, as they went, "Rejoice, oh daughter of Zion," but the daughters of Zion had been hustled to the back of the crowd, where they stood "cringing in poverty and neglect." It is a grim little picture, a vivid epitome of two thousand years of Jewish history; and the crowning touch is added by the growth of anti-Jewish feeling in Palestine, one German (of Jaffa) complaining bitterly that the continued influx of Jews into the country is taking the bread out of the mouths of the Germans in Palestine, and calling for the expulsion of these undesirable aliens (!).

The closing scenes of the Russian Rabbinical Conference could not fail to impress the most skeptical observer with the cordial tone that pervaded the assembly, in spite of the prediction of the Orthodox party that co-operation with the Progressive wing was an impossibility.

The statistics show that during the past year 601 Jewish books, thirteen newspapers and nine magazines were published in Russia.

The Court of Cassation will shortly hear the appeal of the Rabbis, Dr. iNemirower and Dr. Taubes, of Jassy, against the penalty of a fine inflicted on them for having refused to take part in the administration of the oath more Judaico (word of a Jew).

M. Friedman and M. Rodicheff both endeavored to persuade the Douma to reject the clause of the Building Bill, which grants permission to build houses only to those who have the right to own land in that particular place. The first vote was declared to be favorable to the amendment. At a recount, however, the amendment of M. Friedman was rejected by 113 votes to 112. Several deputies afterwards stated that they did not know the question was before them when they divided the second time.

The Real Russians have announced that in reply to the bill for the removal of the Pale, they will introduce a measure into the Douma excluding Jews from all schools, professions, army and guilds, and prohibiting them from editing papers and owning houses and factories.

The Prussian Diet recently discussed the grievances of severay Jewish communities. It was pointed out that in some cities the Jewish community is much scattered, therefore, the number of Jewish students at each school is less than the number which enables the community to claim a government grant towards their religious education. The Government said that this trouble would have to be met by a special bill. The Ministry was well disposed towards the Jewish children.

The Queen-Mother of Holland recently paid a visit to the Home for Aged Jews at The Hague. Her Majesty was received by Alderman J. Simons, the President of the Home, and escorted by him and the Master and Matron, she went through the whole building. Her Majesty spoke a few kindly words to each of the inmates, and presented all with bouquets of flowers. On leaving the Queen handed a sum of money to the President, to enable the inmates to have a special treat.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

More Weddings in Lent.

Lenten marriages are now frequent. This year several well known couples have been married in Lent, and 1909 saw the splendid bridal of Lord and Lady Douro during the sacred season. As a nation we seem to have outgrown the belief that a wedding which took place during the forty days would bring in its train ill luck or misfortune, and there is a royal precedent in favor of this date, as the marriage of their Majesties the King and Queen was celebrated in the Lenten weeks of 1863. "There was no Lent when I was young," is a remark said to have been made by the late Queen Victoria when a certain Bishop issued a slight protest against some proposed fixture during the penitential period; and facts prove that the rigid observance of Lent dates from the later years of the last century.—From the Gentlewoman.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

Ladies as Churchwardens.

The lady church warden is not the "rara avis" that was generally supposed The ladies whose names have been recorded in this column as church wardens are Mrs. Locker Lampson, at Copthorne, and Miss M. F. Verrall, for Walsgrave-on-Sowe, Warwickshire. We believe a lady church warden serves at Castle Rising, Norfolk, says the London Globe. Through the courtesy of S. J. Palmer, of Wells, we are enabled to add to the list the name of Mrs. Joyce, the wife of the rector of East Pennard, who, having acted as church warden for the past ten months, was, on Tuesday evening last, reappointed at the statutory vestry meeting to that position.

Theer is no such sculpture as that of character.—Hecher.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

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

A Royal Abbess.

The Grand Duchess Sergius in becoming abbess of a convent has followed the example set by several members of the Austrian Royal family. The Archduchess Elizabeth, the only child of the Crown Prince Rudolph, was up to the time of her marriage abbess of the convent of St. Theresa at Prague. This post is of quasi episcopal dignity, for the holder, when the Emperor of Austria is crowned King of Bohemia, is deputed to crown the Empress. The archduchess used to appear at all state functions in her conventional garb and carrying a pastoral staff. With a mitre perched on her curly head the seventeen-year-old abbess made a picturesque figure.—London Chronicle.

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

A Little Wisdom Here and There.

You can turn a crank down, but he always turns up.

A woman is extolled for her virtues, and adored for her weaknesses.

While mere talent pauses outside the threshold, genius enters in and makes a successful bluff.

Half the world doesn't know what excuse the other half has for living.

The man who draws on his imagination should not overlook to pin "no proest" to his draft.

The world expects a man to make a fool of himself over a woman, but it never forgives a woman who makes a fool of herself over a man.

To know thyself is wisdom; to know how not to impart that knowledge to others—that's cleverness.

Marry for money, and you wish you had married for love; marry for love, and you wish you had married for money.

You never really know a woman until after you have married her, and then the knowledge isn't of much use to you.

True consistency is a jewel; and the most charming women display the least jewelry.

Love in a cottage is romantic, but no mere woman objects to rose-colored silk curtains at the windows.

You can't tell a man's character by his clothes, but you can often judge a woman's lack of it by hers.

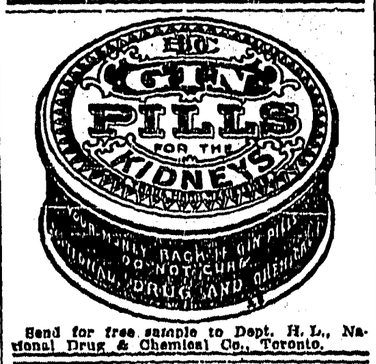
There is but one thing worse than ignorance, and that is incorrect knowledge.—Smart Set Magazine.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

Long Walks of English Parson.

The Rev. A. N. Cooper, Vicar of Filey, has just started on another of those lengthy tramps which have justly earned for him the sobriquet of "The Walking Parson." This year he is bound for Lourdes, and, with the exception of the cross Channel, he proposes to do the whole journey of five hundred miles on foot. Among other long tramps accomplished by Mr. Cooper are his walks from Hamburg to Budapest and from Hamburg to Venice.

Of all his wandering yarns "The Walking Parson" associates the Surrey Hills with the most amusing. He was walking briskly along when he was accosted by a weary wayfarer. "Sixpence is all I want," whined the stranger: "that small sum stands between me and starvation." "If," said Mr. Cooper, who among other things is a total abstainer, "I give you sixpence, what assurance have I that you will not get intoxicated?" "Sir," exclaimed the other, "do I look like a person who could get intoxicated—on sixpence?"—From M. A. P.



Send for free sample to Dept. H. L., National Drug & Chemical Co., Toronto.

Window Boxes.

Have them.
They're lovely.
They adorn a house.
They rest one's eyes.
They're attractive from the inside.
But they die unless given attention.
They should be watered every day at sundown.

Two or three gallons slowly should be give to each box.

Plants with glossy foliage may also be sprinkled to advantage.

But plants with velvety or woolly foliage should be wet about the roots only.

A Bright Blacksmith.

The greatest improvement in vehicle construction was when some bright blacksmith thought of heating the tires and shrinking them on the wheel. While many claim the honor, it is not known to whom it rightly belongs. Previous to this event tires were made in short sections and held on the felloes with nails. When starting on a long haul the driver always laid in a good supply of nails to use on the trip.—Shop Notes Quarterly.

BOTTLE SEALED UP IN TREE.

Found in Heart of Maple, Where It Had Been for 30 Years.

A pint bottle filled with rare old whiskey, the age of which is uncertain, has been found here, imbeded solidly in the heart of a maple tree almost four feet in diameter.

President Graham of the Park Board concluded that there were too many trees in Bayliss Park, a breathing spot in the centre of the city, so he concluded to cut out a number of the maples that were planted more than fifty years ago, when Council Bluffs was first given a place upon the Iowa map.

One particular tree that was in the course of a new path that was proposed was marked for the sacrifice. The choppers felled this tree, finding it solid from circumference to centre. Sawing the trunk into four foot lengths, eight feet from the butt, the saw just missed a long necked black bottle. Observing it the choppers carefully hewed away the wood, when to their surprise, they brought forth, tightly corked, a bottle of one pint capacity, filled with liquor. The cork was removed and the odor of liquor became apparent. It was sampled by experts who pronounced it whiskey of a most superior quality.

How the bottle of whiskey got into the centre of the hugh maple tree is a mystery that even the oldest settler is unable to solve. At no place about it was there any cavity and counting the rings of wood from the place where the bottle was lodged, each one of which represents a year's growth of the tree, it must have been there thirty years. Besides this, old settlers state that the bottle is of the type in use from fifty to sixty years ago. The bottle and contents have been placed in the public library as a curio.—Council Bluffs correspondence Sioux City Journal.

DON'T DRUG CHILDREN.

When you give your child a so-called "soothing" medicine you are not curing its sickness. You are merely drugging it into temporary insensibility. The so-called soothing medicines contain opiates and an overdose may kill the child. When you give little ones Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is safe. And you have the word of thousands of grateful mothers that this medicine will promptly cure all minor ailments of childhood. Mrs. Alphonse Roy, Scott Junction, Que., says: "My little one was weak and sickly and used to cry day and night, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets he has thrived splendidly, and is as good-natured and happy as I could wish." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Wiliams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CAUGHT.

(Exchange.)

The lawyer for the defence found it necessary to weaken the testimony of the prinipcal witness for the prosecution.

"Mr. Skybo," he said, proceeding to cross-examine him. "did you ever live on the sea-coast?"

"Yes, sir," responded the witness; "I have lived half my live in a sea-coast town."

"You are familiar, then, with salt water fish?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just as a matter of information, will you please tell me how a flounder swims—whether horizontally or vertically?"

"Why—er——"

"That is all, Mr. Skybo; you may stand aside."

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE.
Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
JOSHUA A. WYNACHT.
Bridgewater.

Fish Wear Out a Bridge.

John Shafer, jun., deputy in the office of County Surveyor Frank Haycock, of Hennepin County, says that fish have butted and rubbed up against the piles of the bridge at Orono, Lake Minnetonka, until the aged edifice has become weakened, necessitating its closing.

Shafer and Edward Terrell, another deputy, were sent out to inspect the span.

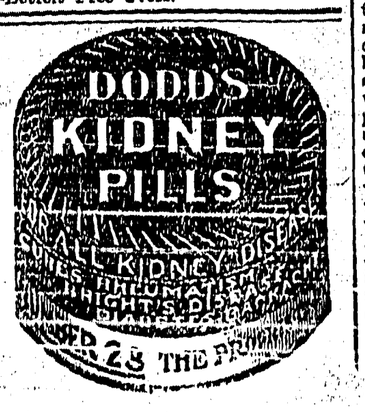
"Yes, sir," said Shafer "those fish kept on butting up against that pier until the wood was almost worn away. In order to get there we had to pound the water around the place to keep the finny things away until we could finish our inspection.

"Why, those fish are so numerous at Minnetonka this year that they get pushed through the narrow passage so swift that they simply wear out the wood."—From the St. Paul Dispatch.

The Regular Performance.

"When you proposed did you get down on your knees?"

"No. But since I've been married she's made me get down on 'em right along."—Detroit Free Press.



ON THE VERGE OF BREAKDOWN

When You Think Yourself Out of Sorts You Are Often Seriously Ill.

Thousands are just on the edge of the crater—just ready to topple in the crater of ill-health and nervous breakdown. Such was the case with Mr. E. E. Follett, a well-known figure in all business and social circles of Grand Rapids.

"I had not been well for a year or more. I had lost in weight and could not pick up. I tired of my work—it seemed like drudgery—no pleasure in it like there used to be. When I got thin, I seemed to have little blood and my hands and feet were clammy and cold. To make matters worse I grew nervous got irritable over mere trifles. I tried dieting and various medicines, but profited by none of them. I was on the verge of a breakdown when my druggist recommended 'Ferrozone. It wasn't very long before I felt it was a true blood and nerve builder. I was encouraged so much after the third box that I got six boxes more. In seven weeks I gained six pounds and was looking the picture of health. Ferrozone has made a new man of me."

FERROZONE BUILDS UP GIVES STRENGTH

There is no tonic so quick and sure to build you up as Ferrozone—just one or two tablets to take at meal time, try it. Fifty cents a box, six for $2.50, all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

When Beau Nash and Wesley Met.

Beau Nash, though but an indifferent churchgoer, not only went to hear Whitfield preach, but attended a service at Bath held by John Wesley. The incident is related in Southey's "Life of Wesley." While he was preaching this remarkable personage entered the room, came close to the preacher and demanded of him by what authority he was acting. Wesley made answer, "By that of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid his hands upon me and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.' Nash then affirmed that he was acting contrary to the laws. "Besides," said he 'your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir,' replied Wesley, 'did you ever hear me preach?' 'No,' said the Master of the Ceremonies. 'How then can you judge of what you never heard?' Nash made answer, 'By common report.' 'Sir,' said Wesley, 'is not your name Nash? I dare not judge of you by common report; I think it not enough to judge by.'"—From the London Chronicle.

A PIANO FOR 50 CENTS A WEEK

This is a golden opportunity for anyone to own an instrument. We have a large stock of used pianos, taken in exchange on Heintzman & Co. pianos. These instruments are such well-known makes as Weber, Chickering, Haines Bros., Thomas and Dominion, and the price is from $60 to $125. Each one guaranteed for five years, and will be taken back in exchange with full amount allowed any time in three years. Do not let this chance slip by you. A post card will bring full particulars.—Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton, Ont.

Sentence Sermons.

There are no great successes without great sacrifices.

The religion that costs you nothing costs too much.

Some think that a virtue is simply an extinct vice.

He can worship nowhere who cannot worship anywhere.

The larger the heart the easier it travels the narrow way.

A man never learns much when he is afraid of his mistakes.

The richest man in this world is the one who takes most joy in human faces.

Try to have kindly thoughts of people and kind words will take care of themselves.—Cricago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

SWINGING THE ARMS.

A Relic of Prehistoric Days—New Brain Facts.

Sir Victor Horsley gave an explanation of a curious habit the other night when delivering the Cavendish lecture before the West London Medico-Chirurgical Society. Out habit of swinging the arms when walking—which, Sir Victor stated, is quite unnecessary—was a relic of the days when we walked on all fours. Then we had to use our arms as well as our legs. Although their use serves no purpose when walking upright, we still keep on moving all four limbs alternately in progression.

Sir Victor set forth some new facts concerning the functions of the cerebellum, the mysterious and little understood hind part of the brain. Primarily, the cerebellum must be regarded, said the lecturer, as a sensory organ which has an important part in the correct performance of many of our "automatic" actions. Standing, walking and running are good examples of such actions, which cannot be accurately carried out without normal, well-balanced cerebellum. New-born animals, the lecturer continued, cannot stand; they sprawl, and before they can stand, walk, or run they must acquire this power. For the convenience of life this ability to stand must be secured without the animal having consciously to think what he is doing. The fully developed cerebellum supplies this power unconsciously. In proof of this Sir Victor pointed out that the cerebellum of a full-grown cat showed fully developed cells and fibres, whereas in the newborn kitten's brain the cerebellar portion is not yet organized into active nerve tissues.

All the world's a stage, and when a fellow proposes the girl is usually the prompter.

WATERING PLACES.

Places of Interest for Those in Search of Health.

Germany has many famous watering places, but none of them have become better known to Americans than Bad Ems, Bad Kissengen and Bad Neuenahr. Kissengen has had a rapid rise to popularity, as its visitors a century ago numbered only 131. In 1850 there were 4,391 and last season the number was not far from 50,000.

Bad Kissengen is situated in the northwestern part of Bavaria in the province of Unterfranken. It is built on both sides of the Franconian Saale, which has an exceedingly romantic valley surrounded by thickly wooded hills and mountains and covered with green meadows. It is 670 feet above the sea and has an average temperature of 62 degrees. The climate is about the same as that of central Germany and is influenced somewhat by the surroundings of Kissengen. The valley of the Saale is crossed by two side valleys running from east to west, allowing fresh air to enter on all sides. Even after hot days a fresh breeze comes down from the Rhoen Mountains at sunset. The best months are May, June and September.

Bad Ems, in the district of Wiesbaden, and 1,260 feet above sea level, has been long renowned as a watering place. It is charmingly situated on both banks of the River Lahn, about eight miles from the outlet into the Rhine. The royal bathing establishments, supplied with thermal water from both banks of the Lahn, are divided into the Upper Royal Kurhaus, Lower Royal Kurhaus, Royal Cure Hotel, New Bath House, Four Towers and Steinernes Haus. Massages and all medically ordered baths are conscientiously carried out.

Many of the leading baths and hotels are owned by the State, which insures the visitor reasonable treatment in the way of charges. One of the features of the place is the climatic air cure, Hohenmalberg, 1,267 feet above sea level. This is reached by shady and gently ascending wooded paths or by means of a rope railway, a journey of six minutes. Here are verandahs, reclining beds and hammocks, with forest walks for those in need of convalescence.

Neuenahr is one of the spots which nature has endowed with her richest gifts. It is situated where the Rhine takes leave of the mountains and enters on the last stretch of that panorama so often praised. It is in a broad valley on both banks of the Ahr at the foot of a splendid basalt peak, crowned with leafy forests. Its greatest treasure is the mineral springs at the foot of Mount Neuenahr which have made the place famous. The weather is such that the visitor can spend about two-thirds of the summer days in the open air. The climate is also credited with being strengthening, stimulating and revivifying.

Uncle Sam's Telegraph.

The United States is easily as regards the length of her telegraph lines, being 1,180,965 miles, or about three times as much as Great Britain or France, which have 366,353 and 391,275 miles of wire, respectively. Germany has the largest telegraph system in Europe, 461,039 miles. Russia, with Siberia included, has only 403,371 miles of wire.

When Women Rule the Wave.

"Captain, I have to report that the ship is sinking rapidly."

"I wish to goodness, Gertie, you wouldn't bother me so often. However, you may cut her stays, which will probably relieve her, and have the stewardess serve tea at once in the pink room." Life.

SURE.

(Cleveland Leader.)

"Out to luncheon—Back in five minutes," read the sign on the door.

"Are you sure he will get back that soon?" asked the anxious caller.

"Yes'm," said the wise office boy. "He ain't got the price of a ten-minute lunch in his clothes."

CAUSE OF THE RUSH.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"Sad, sad, to see humanity ever engaged in a mad rush for wealth."

"Forget it. Them fellers is on their way to the ball park."

Man wants but little here below;
A saying true and terse.
The earth's a tiny place, you know,
Of all the universe.

WEAK LUNGS

RESTORED BY PSYCHINE.

"PSYCHINE" has restored thousands of people to buoyant health and strength whose condition had been regarded as hopeless. It is a tonic and flesh-builder, containing remarkable properties as a blood purifier and germicide. It will strengthen and heal the weak lungs, force out the phlegm, and drive away the cough, no matter of how long standing.

"PSYCHINE" tones up the whole system and drives out disease, heals the decayed tissue and restores lost energy. Its use daily will prevent and ward off that most subtle disease consumption.

Write for a Free Sample.

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

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM LIMITED, TORONTO

PSYCHINE
PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN

ISSUE NO. 22, 1910

AGENTS WANTED.

START A TEA ROUTE TO-DAY. SEND postal for circulars, or 10c for samples and terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

C. D. SHELDON Investment Broker

A specialty made of investments in Standard Railroad and Industrial Stocks.

Write for full particulars regarding plan of investment.

Room 101, 108, St. James St., Montreal.

Queen's University and College KINGSTON ONTARIO.

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE
SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

The Arts course may be taken without attendance, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session. There were 1517 students registered session 1909-10.

For Calendars, write the Registrar,
GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.
Kingston, Ontario.
14

Programme of English Laborites.

May Day in London was the occasion of a labor demonstration in Hyde Park which was more imposing than usual. About eight thousand persons marched from the Embankment with bands and banners, and some two thousand children were brought in brakes by the Socialist Sunday School Union. Messrs. Herbert Burrows, Ben Tillett and Victor Grayson were the chief speakers. The resolution carried simultaneously at all the platforms demanded "free maintenance of all children in the national schools, the organization of unemployed labor on useful and productive work, an eight hour working day, such amendment of the old age pension act as will secure adequate pensions for the aged and incapable, universal adult suffrage, payment of members and eelction expenses, and proportional representation." The inclusion of proportional representation in a resolution of this kind is very interesting and marks the rapid progress which the idea of this most desirable reform is making.—The Spectator.

He—Well, if you want to know, I married you simply for your money. She—I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.—New York Evening Telegram.

GILLETT'S

THE Standard Article

Ready for use in any quantity.
Useful for five hundred purposes.
A can equals 20 lbs. SAL SODA.
Use only the Best.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

For Making Soap.
For Softening Water.
For Removing Paint.
For Disinfecting Sinks, Closets, Drains, etc.

LYE

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

Satisfy the most particular people. They are the most perfect made, noiseless as their name implies, no sputter, no smell or sulphur, are quicker, and safe.

All first-class dealers keep them.

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

HERE SINCE 1851.

WHAT COMETS ARE

Wanderers Through Space From the Beginning of the World.

The Halley Comet One of the Most Remarkable Periodic Comets.

(From "Nature and Science" in June St. Nicholas.)

Comets (the name "comet" is derived from a Greek word meaning hair) are heavenly bodies wholly different from all others known, and, in some points, are enveloped in mysteries that science has yet to penetrate.

It has been affirmed that the heavenly space is as full of comets as the sea is of fishes. Only the brightest of these, however, are visible without the use of a good telescope. These easily visible ones differ little from one another in general appearance and consist of three parts—the nucleus, the coma and the tail. The nucleus is the bright, star-like tip; the coma appears as a bit of luminous vapor surrounding the nucleus; while the tail trails away from the coma, always in a direction away from the sun, and gradually fades away into the sky, like long hair blown out in the wind.

The nucleus, the densest and most luminous part, is believed to be gaseous and more distant stars may be easily seen through it with good telescopes. The great comet of 1680 was computed by Sir Isaac Newton to be exposed, when nearest the sun, to a heat 2,000 times the temperature of red-hot iron—a temperature sufficient to turn to gas any substance known to man.

Comets are believed to be tiny bits of the raw material from which the planets were made, and to have wandered through space since the beginning of the solar system. One by one they are attracted toward the sun. Revolving around the sun in a curved path, their momentum carries them again into space, whence they may not return to encircle the sun for years. Sometimes the influence of some of the planets may so attract the comet that, instead of its path being a "closed" curve or "ellipse" (which, you know, is a kind of elongated circle), allowing it to make its regular trips around the sun over and over again, it is made to leave its closed path, or orbit, and is forced into a different path after going around the sun, and driven off into space, absolutely never to return. The opposite thing sometimes happens, that is to say, a comet that is travelling a path that would naturally send it off into space forever, after going around the sun, may be so influenced by the attraction of planets that its orbit, or path, becomes a closed path, or ellipse, and so causes the comet to appear at regular intervals of many years, for its excursion to the sun around it and back.

One of the most remarkable periodic comets we are acquainted with, and the only one visible to the unaided eye, is Halley's comet. This will be visible in the eastern morning sky during the latter part of April and early May, passing the sun on May 19. It may then be seen in the western sky immediately after sunset, probably a gorgeous object easily seen without a telescope. It will disappear about May 25.

It was Edmund Halley, an English astronomer, who first noted the periodic appearance of comets. He inferred from his computations that the comets of 1531, 1607 and 1682 were really the same comet periodically returning, and he predicted its reappearance in 1758. His prediction was verified by its reappearance on Christmas day of that year. This comet has since been known by his name, and regularly appears about on time, but as it requires about seventy-six years to complete its orbit, very few of us will see it again.

Most likely this comet was a much grander sight in 1531 than it will appear to us, for it seems that when comets are made members of our solar system they become mortal, and, in astronomical measurements, their lives are short. As they repeat their journeys around the sun their tails gradually grow fainter, the nucleus slowly fades into the coma, and in the course of a few centuries or a few thousand years, perhaps, there is nothing left but the coma, which itself then gradually grows dimmer and more dim to the most powerful telescopes, and at last is no more—another ghost, perchance keeping endless vigil 'mongst the stars.

When the Lion Turned.

Finally, animals that have been caged and trained not only become exceedingly nervous and full of fear, but they also seem to lose the knowledge of their enormous strength, which could so easily overcome the masterful man who has subdued them. I remember, when a lad, gazing with rapt wonder at the lions cringing away from the great lion-tamer Crockot, as evening by evening they obeyed surlily his word and whip, even allowing him to place his head in their open jaws. But at last one remembered his strength, and, to the horror of the spectators, with a savage, snarling growl, he struck the trainer down, severely lacerating his arm and side. It was only after a terrific struggle with the enraged brute that the all but dead man was freed from the vengeful claws and carried from the stage. I shall never forget the scene; the shouting men, the screaming children, the fainting or fleeing women, and the terrible combat in the arena; and, above all, the awful terror of the other animals, who seemed awe-stricken to think that one of their comrades should have broken the bonds of fear and attacked the man who held dominion over them.—From "Terror in Animals," by Alfred Pearse, in The Westminster for May.

Man (fatuously)—Blondes, I find, don't wear well. Brunette (indulgently)—Oh, well, the poor things probably wear the best they have.—Cleveland Leader.

THE UNVANQUISHED RAT.

Man Has Fought the Rodents 200 Years Without Conquering Them.

Experiments show that it takes about 60 per cent of wheat to feed a single rat for a year. The eggs, cheese, young chickens and squab, which it prefers to wheat, increase proportionately the cost of its board.

Even if there were no more rats in the United States than there are human beings and if each rat consumed and spoiled only 25 cents worth of food in a year, the total cost in 10 years would be staggering. As a matter of fact, according to McClure's, the rat population of most communities is at least five times that of the human. To this, moreover, must be added as many more mice, for the mouse is really a rat.

There are then probably 500,000,000 rats in the United States, not including mice and the various wild rats that for the most part keep out of man's way. This means a yearly cost of food alone of $100,000,000.

To this must be added the damage they do in obtaining material for their nests. The annual loss in this direction is largely a matter of guesswork. A reasonable and semi-official estimate, however, gives for Denmark $3,000,000 annually; for France, $40,000,000; for Germany, $50,000,000; for Great Britain, $75,000,000, and for the United States at least $100,000,000, of which $15,000,000 is from fires. Fifteen dollars a month is a loss reported from a single farm.

No wonder that the United States Department of Agriculture in this country, in Europe L'Association International pour la Destruction Rationnelle des Rats and a similar society in England are trying to rouse the public to an appreciation of the gravity of this problem.

The fact is that of all warm blooded creatures there are just two that are really dominant, successful, increasing in numbers and range and able to maintain themselves anywhere in the world against all rivals. These two are man and the rats.

The genus homo and the genus mus go everywhere and eat everything. They are the two creatures that dwell in house and travels in ships. Each drives its other rival to the wall, but neither, except locally and for brief periods, has ever come near to exterminating the other. Civilized man has fought the common rat for 200 years and the battle is still drawn.

Trapping alone and even poison are rather to the advantage of the rats. Every living thing, save only civilized man, multiplies up to the limit of its food supply. To destroy from time to time three-quarters of the rats in the city only kills off the surplus population and makes life easier and food abundant for the rest. No matter how many are caught there will always be plenty more.

The remnant, experienced and trap shy, will get their living from granary, pantry and chicken yard, will shun baits and survive. The only way to dispose of the last few individuals is to cut off absolutely their food supply and make them choose between certain starvation and the chance of poison or trap.

On this basis San Francisco carried on its campaign. Fifty thousand new metal garbage cans with tight metal covered wiped out as many feeding places. Eighty-seven inspectors saw to it that all poultry yards, bakeries, restaurants, wharves, stables, slaughter houses, grain bins and the like were made ratproof with wire netting and cement and induced the San Franciscans to forgo the convenient practice of throwing their edible refuse in the nearest vacant lot.

In general all unsanitary structures inhabited by either men or animals were condemned, all sewers repaired and made tight and all cellar floors relaid with cement, to do away with a favorite nesting place of vermin. An elaborate card catalogue recorded the conditions of every building in the city; nearly 400 recalcitrant persons suffered arrest; there were upward of 80,000 abatements of nuisance. Altogether, San Francisco became one of the cleanest cities in the world and one of the least popular with the whole tribe of vermin.

A rat's sight is not particularly good, but its smell is keen and its sense of locality so perfect that it will run through its holes and galleries in pitch darkness at full speed. The great Cuvier used especially to admire the rat's tail, which, he said, has more muscles than the human hand. Careful experiments have proved the truth of the ancient belief that by letting down its tail and licking the end the rat extracts oil, milk, wine, molasses and other fluids from deep or narrow necked vessels.

Wanted to Be With Friends.

A correspondent of the Companion who has observed many instances of the good understanding which prevails between the negroes and their white neighbors in the southern States tells the story of a colored man who left his South Carolina home to become a barber in an Illinois city. Not long afterward a negro was lynched in this town, and fears of a "race riot" were entertained.

A customer entering the shop found the barber packing up his tools and learned that he proposed to return to South Carolina.

"There is too much lynchin' goin' on in these parts," declared he. "'Tain't safe 'round hyar."

"Well," replied the customer, "don't you know there are just as many lynchings down south as there are here?"

"Yes, sir, I 'spects dat's true," was the reply, "but if I's lynched hyar I dunno who's gwine do it, but if I's lynched down dar I knows I's gwine be lynched by my friends."—Youth's Companion.

The Patient Was Improving.

The following was told of the patien of a well-known physician:

The patient, an elderly gentleman, became quite ill while the doctor was absent upon a holiday, the indisposition being the result of too frequent potations. A female nurse was at once engaged to care for him in his hotel.

A lady, residing in the same hotel, became aware of his illness, and interested herself to the extent of one morning inquiring concerning his condition of the chambermaid.

"Shure, ma'am," replied Maggie, "an' I think he do be gettin' along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'."—Exchange.

PAIN ALMOST DROVE HIM WILD

DISEASE DEFIED TREATMENT WAS CURED AT ONCE BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES."

Mr. H. Marchessault, High Constable of the Province of Quebec, who lives at St. Hyacinthe, thought he was going to be disabled for life.

A terrible pain in the back kept him in the house and under the doctor's care for months. Nothing seemed to give relief.

Then he tried "Fruit-a-tives," the famous fruit medicine. Note the results.

"Fruit-a-tives" cured me of chronic pain in the back that was so severe that I could not drive my horse," writes Mr. Marchessault.

If you have Weak Kidneys and that Biting Pain in the Back, by all means try "Fruit-a-tives," which is made of fruit juices.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

Winter Wheat

The following is a statement of the area of winter wheat sown in the fall of 1909, based on official information received from the International Agricultural Institute. For most of the countries mentioned, information as to weather conditions, improvement and deterioration is given.

Bulgaria: Condition on April 1st, 118 per cent. compared with ten years average. In a few districts damage has been caused by field mice, rotting and "zabrus gibus."

Denmark—Area sown in fall of 1909, 99,771 acres. Condition on April 1st, compared with ten years average, 97 per cent. Night frosts, especially in Jutland, have delayed development of the crops.

Hungary—8,315,502 acres sown in fall of 1909. This area is 103.3 per cent. of that harvested in 1909. Condition on April 1st, 110 per cent, compared with ten years average. Damage caused by insects, 5.6 per cent.

Luxemburg—27,862 acres sown in fall of 1909. This area is 105 per cent. of that harvested in 1909. Condition on April 1st compared with ten years average, 90 per cent. The cold weather at the end of March has considerably damaged the crops and delayed their development.

Netherlands — Condition, April 1st, compared with ten years, average, 110 per cent.

Roumania—4,765 682 acres sown in fall of 1909. This area, 115.9 per cent of that sown in fall of 1909. Condition April 1st, compared with ten years, average 105 per cent. The growth of the crops is excellent.

Sweden—223,300 acres sown in fall of 1909. This area is 107 per cent. of that harvested in 1909. Condition on April 1st, compared with ten years, average 100 per cent.

Switzerland—94,344 acres wheat, 86,539 acres spelt sown in fall of 1909. Condition April 1st, wheat 96 per cent—spelt, 103 per cent., compared with ten years' average.

Canada—749,797 acres sown in fall of 1909. This area is 113 per cent. of that harvested in 1909. Condition, April 1st, 92 per cent, 100 denoting a standard crop. Wheat is in excellent condition.

United States—33,469,908 acres sown in fall of 1909. This area is 107.9 per cent. of that harvested in 1909. Condition April 1st 92.9 per cent. compared with ten years average.

British India—27,699,766 acres sown in fall of 1909. This area is 107.1 per cent of that sown in fall of 1908. Weather conditions, in general, favorable. Condition of wheat, good.

Japan—1,106,569 acres sown in fall of 1909. This area is the same as that harvested in 1909. Condition April 1st, 98 per cent. compared with ten years' average.

Tunis—988,000 acres sown in fall of 1909. This area is 103 per cent. of that harvested in 1909. Condition, April 1st, 100 per cent., compared with ten years average.

Germany—Weather conditions have been extremely favorable during the winter months for the crops which had already commenced to develop last autumn, and also for crops sown at the end of October and in November.

DEFINITE GAINS FROM COW TESTING

Mr. A. W. Haine of Dewdney, B. C., writes as follows: "When we joined the cow testing association in 1908 we had 21 cows, aged between 4 and 7 years, with an average yield of 6,800 pounds milk. In 1909 our 21 cows averaged 8,360 pounds of milk. We have 16 pure breds and 5 Grade Holsteins. I would not think of stopping weighing and testing our milk as I feel satisfied that if a dairyman looks well to the sire of his herd, and weighs and tests, his herd is bound to improve, and the hired men take more interest in their work. We commenced dairying 8 years ago with the intention of bringing our cows up to an average of 6,000 pounds milk each, which we did in about 5 years."

Such statements as the foregoing should prove inspiring to every dairyman. A fairly high standard of 6,000 pounds milk was reached in 5 years, and an increase of 23 per cent. has been added to that. Mr. Haine will probably be up to 10,000 pounds per cow soon. That is one particularly interesting feature of cow testing, ideals are realized, then those still higher are sought for, again with satisfactory results. What excellent herds could be developed if dairymen all over the Dominion would take up cow testing in real earnest.—C. F. W.

HOW DO YOU JUDGE A DAIRY COW?

Dominion Department of Agriculture,
Office of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner.

A dairy cow is often judged by the scale of points of the breed to which she belongs. Another method is to rate her according to her general appearance and the external indications of milking powers. Appearances are somewhat deceitful. Recently a farmer near Ormstown, Que., sold five cows at $25 each, saying they were no good as dairy cows. The purchaser found to his great satisfaction that one gave him 10,000 lbs. milk, and another 13,000 lbs. Sometimes a cow is valued because she is easy to keep, or she is a docile family pet. Coming nearer to the practical test, a farmer may judge his best cow to be the one that daily gives a couple of pails full of milk in June; though she may quickly decrease in flow, the remembrance of that big yield sticks in her owner's mind, and she is undeservedly ranked too high. Or she may have earned a wide local reputation just by one isolated test for fat, very likely higher than normal. On the other hand, a cow that gives only a moderate yield, but attends strictly to business for a reasonably long milking period, will probably prove the most valuable. Again, there may be some general idea of production, but totals that are only estimated are generally in excess of the actual yield.

The positive proof of value is certainty of the cow's ability to produce milk and fat economically; the generous-minded, unselfish, real dairy cow, independent of strikes and lockouts, works full time, and returns a handsome margin of profit above the computed cost of feed. The one infallible test is a record of the production of each cow for the full period of lactation. Don't average up the herd; ascertain that each cow is a specialist. C. F. W.

WHEN JACK EXPANDS.

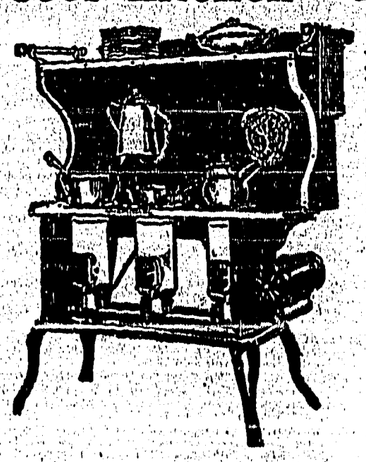
(Smart Set.)

"Jack! Why, he's one of the best boys under the sun."

"Yes, but you ought to see him when the stars are out."

Gentleman (who has just picked up a sovereign, to tramp who lays claim to it)—But how can you prove that it belongs to you? Tramp—Why, guv-nor, you can see for yourself, I've got a 'ole in me pocket.—M. A. P.

Cool Kitchen—Perfect Cooking



The housewife with years of experience—the woman who knows how to cook—finds, after practical tests and hard trials, the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is her idea of what a good cook-stove really ought to be.

She finds it requires less attention, costs less to operate, and cooks all food better than any other stove she has ever tried.

She finds the New Perfection oven bakes and roasts perfectly. The

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. There are drop shelves for coffee pot or saucepans, and nickeled towel racks. It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

CAUTIONARY NOTE: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company
(Limited)

The Housekeeper

SNOW SHOVEL HINT.

If you will heat your snow shovel, then rub over entire surface with a wax candle, you will find that snow will not stick to your steel snow shovel.

FOUR HELPS.

A teaspoonful of vingar in boiled icing will prevent it becoming hard and "crumbly."

If the end of a stickpin is under a lapel or inside the lining of the dress, anywhere that you can easily get at it, you will be in no danger of losing it if you will wind tightly about it a small sized rubber band.

For place cards use couples well known in history or fiction, like "Romeo and Juliet," "David and Jonathan," etc. Write one name on one card for the guest and the corresponding name on the other card at the place. The guests find places by matching the cards.

To keep a music book open on the piano music rack make a bag eight or ten inches long and an inch or an inch and a half wide. Fill with sand and gather the ends or tie them tightly, so as to make the bag round. Lay this before the book on the rack and you will have no more trouble keeping the book open.

NEW ROASTER.

In using a roaster for meats I found that the bottom tin had a small hole. As both tins were alike and about the same depth, I simply took the cover and used it for the bottom one and the bottom for the cover. It is as good as new and will last as long again.

APRON HINT.

The housekeeper likes to look neat and clean about her work, yet the laundry bills are so heavy that she feels that she must economize in every possible way. Who would not like to be able to wear a clean white apron every day? This is what can be done, as has been demonstrated:

Get white oilcloth and cut out the big apron, coming down to the bottom of the dress and going over the shoulders (princess pattern), shaping it about the waist; then sew up the seams and bind the edges with white tape. When the apron is soiled it can be laid on the table and scrubbed with clean warm soapsuds. No washboard, no ironing, no laundry bill! How simple!

CANNED SORGHUM.

Boil sorghum rather thick and put in pint sealing jars. Will keep a year. Good as fresh sorghum.

MEASURING WITHOUT SCALES.

The following table will be found convenient when you are without scales:

One fluid ounce contains two tablespoonfuls.

One dram, or sixty drops, makes a teaspoonful.

One rounded tablespoonful of granulated sugar, or two of flour or powdered sugar, weighs one ounce.

One liquid gill equals four fluid ounces.

One fluid ounce (one-quarter of a gill) equals eight drams.

A piece of butter as large as a small egg weighs two ounces.

Nine large or twelve small eggs weigh one pound with the shells off.

One level teacupful of butter or granulated sugar weighs half a pound.

One quart sifted flour (well heaped) weighs one pound.

A common sized tumbler holds about one-half pint.

Four cups liquid, one quart.

KITCHEN VENTILATION.

Take two screw eyes; screw one in top and centre of winter frame in groove in which the lower sash runs. Screw the other eye in middle frame of top sash six inches from top. Take a good heavy cord, pass through eye in top of frame, and tie in eye in sash. Tie other end of cord around eye in sash. Pull one end of cord; pull top sash down. Pull other end of cord; pull top sash up. Good ventilation at all times, and especially good in letting out the fumes from cooking.

BUTTER HINT.

Place the thin paper that comes around brick butter on top of butter and cut. The paper will move with the knife without breaking and the result will be that the butter will be smooth and not a speck wasted.

SMALL POTATOES.

Save all your small potatoes, those about the size of marbles, until you have quite a number, then boil them with their jackets or covering on, and while still hot peel them. They are excellent either to fry for breakfast or to use in salad. This helps us not to waste the little potatoes and it is not a tedious manner to prepare them by this method.

FIG SANDWICHES.

Chop eight figs very fine and cook to a paste, with water to nearly cover. Add a dozen blanched almonds minced and pounded fine and season with a little lemon juice. When cold spread between thin slices of buttered bread or on lady fingers or sweet wafers. This may be varied by flavoring with orange extract and a little grated orange rind and spreading between slices of angel or sunshine cake.

OLDEST TENNIS PLAYER.

At 73 Still Played the Game—Famous Court Built by Henry VIII.

Mr. Thomas White, the keeper of the Royal Tennis Court at Hampton Court Palace, died Friday in his seventy-fourth year. Mr. White, who was the oldest tennis player in England and probably in the world, was able to take an active part in the duties up till about six months ago.

A native of Cumberland, Mr. White early learned to play the old game of tennis in a court at St. James' street, Haymarket, and had taken part in many notable tennis matches both in this country and in America. The last match he played and won was a handicap at Manchester in October, 1902, in which he had to meet some of the best professional exponents of the game. On this occasion his son, Alfred White, who for seventeen years was keeper of the Duke of Fife's court at Sheen Lodge, Richmond Park, and who has played with the King there, was second to his father in the match.

Thirty years ago Mr. White was appointed to be the keeper of the famous old tennis court at Hampton Court Palace, which is believed to have been built by Henry VIII., and in its time it has been the scene of many an interesting match in which English and foreign monarchs have taken part.—From the London Daily News.

THE RAZORBACK HOG.

Menace to Hunters—Destroys Eggs and Young of Game Birds.

A North Carolina correspondent says that through the enforcing of the stock laws in the mountains of that State the ravages of the razorback hog are being curtailed.

"In a number of the Southern and middle Western States hogs are permitted to roam at will through the woods and river bottoms of sparsely settled regions. An attempt is made to mark them by means of notching, slitting or clipping the ears, an unsatisfactory method at least, and one which has caused many a neighborhood feud and the spilling of some human blood.

There is always a certain percentage of these hogs that cannot be claimed or taken up by any person, because proof of ownership is lacking, and as the practice has been in vogue for a great many years there are plenty of genuine wild hogs.

Whether or not the progenitors of the razorback hog were fat, slow-going beasts, such as prosperous farmers own, we do not know. The fact is that the present woods rangers are long of leg, swift of foot and so lean that the term "razor-back" is fairly appropriate. Accustomed to encounters with other wood prowlers in defence of their young they have developed courage of a sort, and while they will not attack men, they often set upon hunting dogs, invade camps and despoil everything within their reach.

In the regions infested by these scavengers the loss in eggs and the young of game birds is very large. Where there are no fences the razorbacks scour the woods so carefully that nothing they will eat escapes. They travel fast and far and rake the country as with a fine tooth comb; their sense of smell is highly developed, and the eggs and young of ground nesting birds are never safe when they are abroad.—Forest and Stream.

A Dream.

I dreamed that I dwelt on an isle of cracked ice,
In the midst of a lake of champagne,
Where bloomed the mint julep in meadows of green,
Amid showers of lithia rain.

I reclined on a divan of larger-beer foam
With a pillow of froth for my head.
While the spray from a fountain of sparkling gin fizz
Descended like dew on my bed.

From far-away mountains of crystalline ice,
A zephyr, refreshing and cool,
Came wafting the incense of sweet muscatel,
That sparkled in many a pool.

My senses were soothed by the soft, purling song
Of a brooklet of pousse cafe
That rippled along over peebles of snow,
To a river of absinthe frappe.
Then, lulled by the music of tinkling glass
From the schooners that dance on the deep,
I dreamily sipped a highball or two,
And languidly floated to sleep.

And then—I awoke—on a bed full of rocks,
With a bolster as hard as a brick,
A wrench in my neck, a rack in my head
And a stomach detestably sick.

With sand in my eyes and a grit in my throat,
Where the taste of last evening still clung,
And felt a bath towel stuffed in my mouth,
Which I afterward found was my tongue.

And I groped for the thread of the evening before,
In a mystified maze of my brain,
Until a great light burst upon me at last,
I'm off the wagon again.

What He Found Out.

An Italian journalist, Signor Tommaso Gioni, has just had some disagreeable experiences. Desirous of knowing something of the lunatic asylums from within, with the object of ameliorating the lot of the insane, he presented himself at the gates of the Cimarosa Asylum and asked for an audience of the King of Italy. The attendants showed him the door, and then he ran foul of the police, and in the end found himself interred in the asylum. The doctors examined him, finding him far from tractable administered an emetic. Then they gave him a shower bath and next vaccinated the enterprising journalist. After that they held a consultation in the presence of the "lunatic"—whose bona fides they evidently suspected—and brutally but unanimously agreed that the only treatment in such a case was trepanning for a cancer on the brain. By this time Signor Tommaso Gioni thought the best he could do was to confess. This he did, and found himself at the police station. The Magistrate, however, released him, observing that he thought the doctors had administered sufficient punishment.—From the London Globe.

Changed the Prescription.

An old gentleman walked up to a pretty girl attendant at the counting room of a daily newspaper office a few days ago, and said:

"Miss, I would like to get copies of your paper for a week back."

"You had better try porous plasters," she abstractedly replied; "you can get them just across the street."—Exchange.

"Go to the ant, you sluggard," quoted the Wise Guy. "I don't have to," retorted the simple lunatic; "all I have to do is to go to a picnic and the ant will come to me."

PROFESSIONAL

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Balance sheets prepared and verified
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CRESTON - - B.C.

With a Local Flavor

Geo. Hunter, of the well-known firm of Annable, Hunter & Co., of Nelson, real estate, was in town Tuesday.

Born—At Creston, on July 16th, to the wife of J. W. Littlejohn, a son.

FURNITURE FOR SALE—The furniture belonging to Sholto Geo. Douglas is for sale.—Apply to John Darbyshire, Creston, B. C.

It is learned that P. Burns & Co. are practically now getting all their meat locally. See their new ad. in this issue

Sam Hatfield is still making improvements to his barber shop and pool room on Fourth street, and will complete the work by painting the entire premises.

Wash prints, 11c. per yard.—C. C. S

G. W. Burke, superintendent of telephone lines for the Alberta government, paid a visit to Creston this week. He was in search of telephone poles.

Oil finish window shades, standard size, 35c.—C. C. S.

The sparring match held last Saturday evening between "Billy the Scotch Pugilist" and Jack Smith was declared in favor of Billy.

LOST—Somewhere between Creston and Erickson a light fawn colored long coat of shantung silk, with black silk collar. Any one returning the same to Mrs. Cobbe, Erickson, will be rewarded.

J. K. Johnson, manager of the Review, will leave the first week in August for the coast. He may also visit Prince Rupert. Before returning home he will visit Calgary, Regina and Winnipeg.

In the sparring match last Saturday evening between J. J. Atherton and J. Williams, J. Williams was declared the winner. In the 220 yards race J. J Atherton was an easy winner.

C.C S. means Cranbrook Co-operative Stores.

The sparring match held last Saturday evening between Melton Beam "the Montana Kid" and Eugene the "Spokane Turk was declared a draw at the end of the 5th round.

Rubber tire collapsible go-carts, $5.50 —C. C. S.

His Honor Judge Wilson, of Cranbrook, was a passenger on Wednesday's eastbound train and was shaking hands with friends on the station platform while his train took on several hundred crates of raspberries for eastern points. Judge Wilson was on his way to Fernie.

Gentle reader, get busy at once and cut these Canada thistles that are now flourishing so much, whether they are on your land or ornamenting the road in front of your property. They are a living disgrace, and as a duty to yourself and to your country you should destroy these pests. Do it now.

Our Poultry Column
(Continued)

You say this is an exceptional case and the demand for such birds is an artificial demand and contingent upon chance buyers. That is true; the demand is as artificial almost as the demand for diamonds; as artificial as the demand for fine horses—almost; as artificial as the demand for silk hats and ostrich plumes and alike; as artificial almost as the demand for toy spaniels and Great Danes and Scotch collies and high stepping horses; almost as artificial, but not quite.

Now, for example: Let a jeweler in your town buy a supply of fine watches and diamonds; let him display them in his window; let him use taste and judgment in that display. After a few days someone will discover as he looks at the display that he needs a diamond or a watch. He buys the watch or diamond and wears it. A friend see his purchase and the friend sees at once that he needs a better watch or a bigger diamond, and the process goes on; the friends of the friend repeat the performance and first thing you know someone has bought a hundred million dollars' worth of watches and diamonds.

Now the artificial demand for the poultry is a thousand times less artificial than the demand for watches or diamonds.

Just think of it, a demand has been created in a civilized country for beads and stones. Think of it; millions for barbarous personal adornment that civilization should have relegated to the middin heap.

There is an instinctive desire to have about us pets and ornaments. If fine poultry laid just enough eggs to produce the species there would still be a vast field, beyond the wildest dreams of any poultryman of this day. If they were perfectly worthless, except from the standpoint of beauty, there would still be a field as large as that for the sale of fine dogs. There are of course men who could not sell poultry except through chance. I am firmly convinced, however, that anybody who has any business in him can sell poultry and make a living from poultry raised on a town lot and this has been proved time and time over.

No man has exhausted the field for fine birds in any country on the face of the globe, and there is no country in the world who has such exceptional chances and such openings than Canada and especially the western provinces.

Once and awhile you will hear some one express the idea that they are afraid the field will be soon over done. I don't think that the fancy poultry field will ever be exhausted, at least in our day.

I know a man in my own city who started with an incubator and $10 worth of eggs. He kept at it for the past four years, and this man is today making a living from a town lot and poultry, and this spring he has sold over a thousand dollars' worth of eggs for hatching, and when I saw him last week he showed me over 500 birds, which will sell for a couple of thousand dollars in the fall.

Now to the point; the man in the city can produce fine birds and can easily keep a dozen birds. This will prove a very paying hobby and I assure you that there is a demand for all the fine pure bred birds that can be raised, and that there is a demand at big prices for the finest, and further, that there is money even for the city man to keep poultry simply for eggs at market prices and a few home raised birds for his table and to be sold for meat.

The man who has enough go to give this a trial and produce good birds will find out that the birds can give him and his family a good living.

Men's balbrigan underwear, 75c. per suit.—C. C. S.

Stumping and Land Clearing
From $50 to $125
Per Acre
Plowing and Harrowing Done by the Acre
All work guaranteed done promptly and thoroughly.
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Review Office

Rev. Alex Henderson, of London, Ont., is paying a visit to his son, Dr. G. B. Henderson. He is accompanied by his son, J. B. Henderson of Royal View, Alta.

Miss L. M. Scott, Trained Nurse, of Rathwell hospital, Manitoba, is ready for engagements of any kind, Maternity a specialty. Apply Miss L. M. Scott, general delivery, Moyie, B. C.

Services Next Sunday.

Presbyterian Church

Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next. Morning service, 11 a.m.; Evening service, 7.30 p.m. Sunday school at 10.0 a.m.

Newly organized bible class meets at 10 a m. Special singing; hearty welcome to all.

JOHN J. GREENLEE, Pastor.

Methodist Church

Services on Sunday next: Sunday School and Bible Class at 10.30 a.m.; Evening Service, 7.30 p.m.

F J RUTHERFORD, pastor

Church of England

Divine Service in the NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE:—Services, Sunday, July 24th (9th Sunday after Trinity): Matins and Sermon at 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 3 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar.

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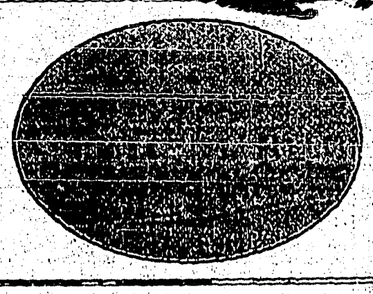

THE
BURTON HOTEL
WM. TAYLOR, Manager
CRESTON -:- B.C.

WANTED—To know the whereabouts of Joseph Hibbert, formerly of Manchester, Eng. When last heard of was in Victoria, B. C. Please communicate with Review office, Creston, B. C.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that I, Thomas Birt, butcher, of Creston, B.C., intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted 40 chains east of the southeast corner of Lot 7717, thence north 20 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement; containing 80 acres, more or less.

May 9th, 1910. THOMAS BIRT

NELSON LAND DISTRICT—District of Kootenay.

Take notice that we, Charles Moore, of Creston, B.C., occupation surveyor, George Alexander Macdonald Young, of Creston, B.C., occupation, agent, and James Thomas Burgess, of Kitchener, B.C., occupation, agent, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the southerly boundary of the British Columbia Southern Railway Co.'s right of way opposite the 53-mile post, thence south 40 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west 60 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence west 60 chains, more or less, to the easterly boundary of the townsite of Kitchener, B.C., thence north to the right of way of the British Columbia Southern Railway Co., thence easterly along said right of way to the place of beginning, and containing 300 acres, more or less.

Dated April 19th, 1910.

CHAS. MOORE
G. A. M. YOUNG
J. T. BURGESS
G. A. M. YOUNG, Agent

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that E. W. Ryckman of Creston, in the County of Kootenay, tinsmith and plumber, has made an assignment to me in trust for his creditors.

A meeting of the said creditors will be held at my office at Creston, B.C., on Thursday the Fourth day of August, A.D., 1910, at 4 o'clock p.m., to receive statement of affairs, and for giving direction for the disposal of the assets, etc.

Creditors are requested to file their claims, duly verified, with me before the day of such meeting, after which date I shall proceed to distribute the assets of the estate, having regard only to those claims of which I shall then have received notice.

Dated at Creston, B.C., 9th July, 1910.

ARTHUR OKELL, Assignee.

GUY LOWENBERG
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE
MINING

OFFICE—TELEPHONE CENTRAL BLOCK. PHONE 1.

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