All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

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Phone No. 52

Information for Hotel Men

Mr. Colin S. Campbell, the recently appointed Inspector of Provincial Police and Chief Inspector of Licensed Premises under the new liquor Act, is now in Victoria preparing for his first inspection in his new and dual official capacity, in the course of which every licenced hotel and every provincial police office in the province will receive a visit—a purely informal call, for the Inspector will drop in entirely unannounced and prepared to accept and to note conditions as they exist in everyday practice. The Chief Inspector is at present familializing himself with every essential piece of information in respect to each license and each license application in the Province; he will report any suggestions he may have to offer as to licensed premises or premises proposed to be licensed, and he will also advise the department as to approximate populations in each license cenrre, in order that the revised scale of fees may be arranged from the first of the new year, in accordance with the changed requiremedts of the law in this connection.

It is to be anticipated that from the first of 1911, considerably improved accommodatioh in the rural hotels of British Columbia will be noted by the travelling public, the new law—the administration of which rests largely with Mr. Campbell—demanding as the minimum standard of accommodation, in order that a liquor license may be held, that the licensed premises shall include:

A barroom used only for the purpose of and as a barroom.

A separate sitting room for the use of guests.

A dining room altogether separate apart from, and additional to both bar room and sitting room.

At least seven bedrooms, each with a floor area of not less than one hundred, square feet (10 x 10 feet rooms) and each properly, adequately, and comfortably furnished for the use of guests and to the satisfaction of the Inspector.

Adequate arrangements and facilities for ventilation, and for the prevention of fire, and for egress and escape from fire should such occur, and for sanitation and drainage, also to the satisfaction of the Inspector.

Adequate accomodation for the family and employees of the license holder—to the satisfaction of the Inspector.

Adequate and sanitary kitchen, pantry and store-room accommodation—again to the satisfaction of the Inspector.

Premises in connection with the hotel containing stabling for six horses, unless the Inspector shall specially certify that stabling accomodation is unnecessary, and

A proper hotel register and adequate arrangements and facilities for the registration of guests and for the recording of the time of the arrival and departure of all guests.

The Inspector in his rounds is required to see that all qualifications demanded of licencees are fully fulfilled in the fact and that those portions of the law requiring that liquors be sold only in the original bottles, pure and unadulterated—refilling and relabelling being absolutely forbidden, are strictly observed.

These duties and functions of the Chief Inspector are probably not as yet clearly understood by the general public which recognizes the liquor Act more particularly as it relates to the conditions and costs of licenses. the regulation of the sale, and restriction of the abuse of liquor. This is, however, but one side or one half of the purport and effect of the Liquor Act, the two-fold object of which is to confine the use of liquor in the proper channels from the public standpoint, and at the same time to guarantee a better standard of accommodation for the travelling public, In no other way save under the license system can such guarantee of superior accommodation be secured, an incident and very material fact which is deserving of thoughtful attention of those who unthinkingly may urge the substitution of prohibition for the present high licence and strict regulation plan.

Farmers' Institute

On Saturday evening a well attended supplementary meeting of the Creston Farmers' Institute was held. The old school house was full, some forty members being present when Secretary-Treasurer W. K. Brown took the chair at 7·45 p.m.

After calling the meeting to order, the chairman called upon Mr. F. Rose to read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were passed as correct. Vrrious communications were then read by Mr. Rose, including a statement as to tne crop situation in the North-West from a correspondent at Calgary. The object of these communications was to show that the crops would be short and that supplies were likely to harden in price. On the other hand reports from the northern sections of the prairie were very favorable and the opinion seemed to be that as the reports were from interested dealers, too much regard should not be paid to them. The usual quantities of supplies were arranged for.

The Committee on the question of providing a warehouse, reported progress, and in the absence of further business the meeting adjourned at 6.30 p.m.

A New Business

Our enterprising citizen, W. K. Brown has now completed and opened for business his new blacksmith shop and carriage works near the Creston Mercantile store. Mr. Brown is an expert blacksmith and carriage maker, he will also make a specialty of all kinds of wood work. In connection with his blacksmith shop he will carry on a large carriage works, and wagons, buggies and wheeled vehicles of all kinds can be obtained at his commodious works. In fact a car of these conveyances will arrive here this week. This new business has opened at Creston just at the right time, when it was most needed, and we predict for Mr. Brown a large and ever growing business. In an early issue of the REVIEW will appear a display ad. giving further particulars of this new business.

One of our well known fruit growers expects to ship a full car load of Wagner apples next season. He says his production is doubling up every year.

There are some very good checker players in town and a tournament will be arranged this winter.

The Government crop estimates to the end of August are 180,000,000 bushels below those of 1909. This estimate covers the total of wheat barley and oats.

A week ago our correspondent at McLeod reported two inches of snow and severe frosts.

FIRST PRIZES FOR CRESTON FRUIT

GREAT ENTHUSIASM PREVAILS AT CRANBROOK BIG SHOW OVER CRESTON FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

Cranbrook's Second Annual Fair held Wednesday and Thursday last week was a great success. Each year improvements are made in the organization and management of this Fair which is looked forward to with the pleasantest anticipations by the people of the widespread territory which is within reach of this bustling centre.

The large number of people who crowded the town and passed through the admittance gates is the best evidence that the efforts put forth by the citizens of Cranbrook to attract and interest the public are thoroughly appreciated. The hotel and restaurant accommodation was taxed to the utmost catering for the crowds of welcome guests, and it speaks highly for Cranbrook that all their visitors are well satisfied with the treatment they received. The various exhibits were staged in the best style possible in the absence of permanent fair buildings, and the displays of the Cranbrook manufacturing and business firms were well calculated to interest the visitor, and furnished a striking proof of the resources and enterprises of the city.

The various athletic and sporting events were handled in a satisfactory manner.

We are not surprised that Creston practically swept the board in the fruit exhibits. There was a little difficulty owing to the judge of this section not putting in an appearance, but the Creston exhibitors are not concerned with the personality of the judge. The fruit was there to speak for itself and the committee of experts who presided over the awards had an easy task in view of the unquestioned supremacy of the Creston Valley fruit. In several other events Creston was well to the front. Mrs. J. Compton and Mrs. J. Cook carried off several first and second prizes against all comers in different headings of the fancy needlework section and their dainty work was greatly admired by the many ladies who were examining and criticising the exhibits in the special tent set apart for this display, whilst Mrs. E. Mallandcine was a first prize winner with a bouquet of cut flowers,

Mr. E. Mallandaine was successful in the horse racing events with his pony "Lady D" winning easy firsts in the events open to this class.

Below we give a full list of prize winners in the fruit section:

Sec.

1. Apples, box fall, name attached—1st and 2nd J. Compton, Creston; 3rd O. J. Wigen, Creston.

2. Apples, box, winter, name attached 1st J. Cook, 2nd J. Compton, 3rd O. J. Wigen, all of Creston.

3. Apples, fall, five fruit, 1st K. Andrew. 2nd and 3rd Stocks and Jackson, all of Creston.

4. Apples, winter, five fruits—1st J. Cook, 2nd J. Dow, 3rd J. Arrowsmith. all of Creston.

6. Pears, plate, fall, 10 fruits, 1st Mrs. W. S. Ryckman, 2nd J. Arrowsmith, 3rd Stocks & Jackson, all of Creston.

7. Pears, plate, winter, 10 fruits, 1st and 2nd Wm. Hamilton.

8. Prunes, plate, 20 fruits, 1st Wm. Hamilton.

9. Plums, plate, 20 fruits, 1st Wm. Hamilton. 2nd Mrs. W. S. Ryckman. 3rd J. Arrowsmith.

13. Peaches, plate, five fruits, 1st J. Arrowsmith.

15. Crab Apples, box, 1st Stocks and Jackson, Creston.

16. Crab apples, Hyslop, 12 fruits, 1st Stocks & Jackson, Creston, 2nd W. S. Santo, Thunder Hill.

17. Crab apples, Transcendant, 12 fruits, 2nd J, Cook.

18. Crab apples, any other variety, 1st J. Cook, 2nd W. Gobbett, 3rd J. Arrowsmith, all of Creston.

19. Best display of Crab apples by resident of Cranbrook electoral district. Special by W. A. Rollins—W. J. Hamilton.

20. Best display of apples by resident of East Kootenay. Special by W. V. Jackson, of Creston, 50 apple trees—W. J. Hamilton.

21. Best exhibit of fruit grown in East Kootenay. Special by J. S. Dennis of Calgary—W. J. Hamilton.

23. Best plate of fall apples grown in Cranbrook district. Special by A. B. Grace, one year's subscription to the Prospector.—W. J. Hamilton.

24. Best plate of winter apples grown in Cranbrook district. Special by A. B. Grace, one year's subscription to the Prospector—W. J. Hamilton.

29. Tomatoes, plate, 6—1st, W. Gobbett, Creston, 2nd W. M. Harris.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Special by O. J. Wigen, of Creston, for best couple of chicken of 1910 prepared for market, one box of Gravenstein apples.—Mrs. B. Palmer.

Special by Cranbrook Board of trade for best essay on the agricultural possibilities of Cranbrook district by a resident of the district—A. B. Smith.

Special by T. Lebel & Co., best exhibit of vegetables and open to any exhibitor—J. Levett.

Special by G. T. Pownell, Fish Lakes ranch, Fort Steele, for best essay as to why the Kootenay Central railway did not come to Cranbrook—Violet Deacon.

Special by W. E. Worden for best box of apples in show. J. Cook, Creston.

Special by Robt. Simpson Co., Ltd., Toronto, for best plate of apples in show one pair men's Victor boots—J. Cook, Creston.

Monday October 31st is Thanksgiving Day. Perhaps that accounts for all the rifle shooting which has been going on round town this last month. The wise ones are getting in some work before the turkey shoots commence.

Sudden Death

Creston district was horrorstruck this morning, when the news reached town of the sudden death of American Customs Officer William Ryan of Port Hill. Mr. Ryan was in apparent good health on Sunday evening and retired to rest at the usual hour. On Monday morning at 5.00 p.m. he was called by Mrs. Ryan and as he did not answer it was thought that something was wrong and on investigation he was found dead in bed.

Deceased was well-known here and among the travellers across the International Line, having been in the district stationed at Port Hill for the past nine years.

Born in Virginia 58 years ago of Irish parentage Mr. Ryan was gifted with that open taking disposition which is so frequently found in the descendants of settlers from the "Ould Sod" and from the time of his making his home here made many friends and was on the best of terms with everyone.

A member of the Masonic Lodge, and prominent in all social affairs he will be greatly missed. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss.

We understand that death was caused by heart failure and that the interment will take place at Coeur d'Alene where Mrs. Ryans friends live, and that the remains will be conveyed there from Port Hill on Tuesday.

The Review joins with the sorrowing friends and fellow officers of deceased in expressing sympathy with Mrs. Ryan and family in their bereavement.

I Love My Wife But Oh You She Bear!

For some time past sport lovers of Creston have been trying to locate some of those bears whose presence near town is reported by eye witnesses from time to time. These bears are always seen by someone without a gun whilst persons properly armed scour the country in vain. It is the unexpected that happens, and whilst Mr. Geo. Mead and Mr. Harry Leonard were out bird shooting on Friday last near the reclamation farm, they came across a big she-bear and cub. Mr. Leohard saw the cub first and though only armed with a shot gun was on the point of shooting when Mr Mead, who was a few yards away in the bush, called out to him not to fire as he had run almost on to a big black bear, which was gettting up and growling fiercely. The old bear kept on coming evidently smelling harm to the cub, and Mr. Mead, being too experienced a hunter to fire with a shot gun at an old she-bear with a cub, backed quietly away. These hunters are now polishing up their rifles, and the next time they sight Mrs. Bruin things will becoming her way. Tangled up in thick brush with an angry bear and carrying only a shot gun a man would be entirely at a disadvantage, but if Mr. Mead had been armed with a rifle, that bear skin would now be hanging with the other trophys in the Creston Hotel.

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TIPS ON FASHION.

A mere man has the temerity to prophesy that beauty will soon be clad in snake-skins. "Marvels may be achieved by python's skin in the hands of a clever designer," he says, "for this skin never pulls nor gives. It is both waterproof and pliable, and it can, by skillful manipulation of its wonderful scale marking, bring into prominence a pretty point or hide a defect.

"By using the python's skin for footwear a foot can be made smaller or it can be given breadth or tapered to a point.

"Then why should not an entire figure be modeled on these lines—breadth here, a slim line there, attention called to a pretty waist, or angular hips transformed into beautifully rounded ones by the magic aid of the python's skin?

"Not only will women benefit by this idea, but the python's skin should make men's golf shoes impervious to weather, furnish lapels and cuffs to motor-coats, and make elaborate waistcoats which will not wrinkle and which will disguise rotundity.

"I have already an order for python shoes, and many exquisite shoes this autumn will be made in gray lizard, but for absolute smartness nothing will approach the gorgeous skin of the python."

SUITS AND FROCKS.

In Paris the satin coat suits remain a great fad, the coats ranging from the hip length to part way to the knees. Foulards are a craze, too, and very smart are the dresses of this fascinating silk.

SUMMER CHIC.

At the fashionable inns within a 30-mile motor drive from Paris the typical dress of the smart women who luncheon there is a short white linen skirt, a transparent broderie Anglaise bodice, brown silk stockings and brown suede shoes, and a thick woolly seamless coat reaching a little below the knees, a cloche hat lined with cretonne, trimmed with a ribbon bow in one of the principal shades of the lining. A charming effect was made with a white dress and coat and shoes, with a hat in pastel blue tussore, lined with white cretonne dotted with roses.

The latest Paris scarfs are said to be in colored marquisette veiled with black mousseline de soie and bordered with black Liberty satin.

Japanese cotton crepe is one of the daintiest of the new fabrics, and its colors are exceedingly pretty. Indeed, it is difficult to even indicate the variety shown in cotton, for most of the silken stuffs have been repeated in it, which, after all, is the summer wear of the majority. Ginghams are much in evidence this season, too.

Trimmings of the cotton frocks consist in introduction of touches of embroidery, lace insertion, broderie Anglaise in unexpected places, with the finish of knots and twists of ribbon. Ribbon appears in all its splendor of color and iridescent effects.

One clever cotton frock is in broderie Anglaise and spotted Swiss muslin held by black or colored ribbon. The same composition forms the hat, and its colors should correspond. The cloak may be in any thin material, provided the quality is good and the lining well managed.

THE HOBBLE SKIRT.

Gowns comparatively short have been found so convenient that the style is likely to last through the summer, and the tight band round the bottom of the skirt has ceased to be extremely narrow, although it does still catch the fullness just above the ankles. Dresses weighted with a heavy load of contrasted stuff have found much favor, and may be made thoroughly effective provided the figure of the wearer is carefully studied. Materials chiefly in use for draped frocks are satin charmeuse, crepons and foulards. The latters and patterns that it is difficult to ter are shown in such a variety of col- select from them. It is said that a new shade of blue—indeed, blue in all its tones—will be much worn, and there is a soft rose color known as cendres de roses which, though not at all new, seems to have returned to favor. The pretty mode of veiling one material with another is much appreciated, and even three veilings will be used one over another, giving a charming result. Gray, for instance, is often veiled with black, and between the two drapings will be set a panel of black or cream lace—a style that, when well managed, is exceptionally becoming to the figure. If the lace pattern is well chosen it accentuates the outline and reduces apparent size. Metallic tissue will be restored to favor, and such an interlining —sash of gold or silver tissue has— a good effect on a festive winter evening.

A FASHION SHOW.

La Mode Will Disport Herself in Gay Gotham.

In Madison Square garden any day or night between August 10 and 20 you may see style, for it's there that the third annual International Wearing Apparel, Style and Fabric Show is to take place.

At the show all sorts of things will be exhibited by the wholesale firms of this country, France, Germany and England. Walking costumes that no one could ever walk in and keep their balance, lounging costumes that would explode if lounged in, and theatre costumes that would make the audience forget all about the stage are to be there, and, best of all, they are to be worn by living models, who will tell the women anxious to acquire the same habit just how to wear them and look as if they felt comfortable.

One of the greatest exhibits is to be the millinery department. Here all the latest phases of the disease are shown.

First of all, there is the peacock hat. It is a pale peacock blue, to be worn with a combination Princess Empire gown of the same color, but trimmed with yellow. This hat is built on the principles that the peacocks are related to the pouter pigeons, and look like one of the push-balls used in the gymnasiums. Towering high above it are half a dozen of the longest peacock feathers that can be bought. The owner never rides in street cars, for this is a classy hat, and, anyway, she could not get inside.

Next in size is the swan hat, to be built on either red or brown principles, with a sort of Gothic effect toward the port bow, and a list to starboard. A perspective shows it to be built on a model that is a sort of hybrid between a yawl and a barge, but with a slight resemblance to the catboat in the peak and something of the yawl amidships. On it is placed a stuffed swan with its neck either arched or dislocated until it has the look of a dying hen in a pessimistic mood.

The robin hat, build on heroic lines, which attempts to show a robin the size of an ostrich, with his head hanging low from the free-board and the tail upstanding, is another thing that will be noticed, and when the robin ornament is seen with a yellow walking gown, trimmed with black, strong men will ask in fear and will admit that they can have just one more before the last train. Besides these hats, there are to be owl hats, heron hats, crow hats, bat hats and duck hats. There will be more than one hundred living models.

THREE RELIABLE SUMMER FROCKS.

Now that the long hours of sunshine are upon us we are having the trying sort of weather that makes one long for green fields—and cool clothes—cool not only to wear, but to look at. The latest development of the "gown of dainty white" is that made of broderie angelaise having an underslip of white, pale rose or pale mauve, which gleams through the embroidery.

A big, shady hat of broderie anglaise over mauve, and a big mauve chou on it would complete a delightful picture.

White Linen.

The white linen suit ornament with flax embroidery, composed of a jaunty little coat and short skirt, is a most useful acquision. Many of the coats have a black patent leather belt threaded through. For wear with these suits are dainty lingerie blouses of the finest lawn, finished off with a large frill at the side. The frill is on the newest blouses, and is most becoming.

A Large Frill.

For morning wear, with a serge skirt, the frill can be edged with the same color as that of the skirt. The blouse is again in favor, and a well known house is sending out some delightful models, many of them of the washing variety, most smartly cut, and—joy!—at very moderate prices.

One discovered also some soft white duck skirts at a most exclusive house, which one could secure at the price one would have to pay for a most indifferent article in the ordinary way.

Hot Weather Hints.

Keep cool! If the temperature in your office rises to 106 degrees, discard your revolving chair, and have the janitor bring out a block of ice and sit on that.

Sleep out of doors, and if the nights continue hot swing your hammock between two lawn sprinklers, and keep them both going.

If you cannot play golf with a hat on, and are very bald, be careful, before going out upon the links, to cover the top of your head with varnish to keep it from peeling.

A couple of champagne coolers filled with cracked ice will make an agreeable foot rest during the busy hours of the day.

Avoid noticing the heat as far as possible. You will find it helpful along these lines to have the maid pour a cupful of ice water over the thermometer every 10 or 15 minutes.

Avoid over-exertion. If you are of a bilious temperament and must have exercise let it be at night, walking the baby up and down the floor or turning the ice cream freezer in the cellar in the daytime.

Keep your temper. The man who loses it gets hot under the collar and is in danger of having all the starch taken out of him.

If you are looking for a nice cool spot in which to spend the summer, find out just where Messrs. Ballinger and Pinchot are to be and stand in between.

This is a good season of the year to invite your unpopular relatives to visit you, and to give them the spare room directly over the kitchen.

Whatever the temperature, do not fail to greet your week end visitors warmly, and be careful not to let any coolness arise between yourself and your friends.

Do not blame the weather bureau because the thermometer is so high. The goats this year are the comet and the Payne tariff bill.

It will be perfectly safe for the next few days, anyhow, to leave off your winter flannels and to let your furnace fire go out. Such sudden cold spells as may now appear, lowering the temperature into the nineties, can easily be taken care of by your open fireplaces.—Harper's Weekly.

Refrigerated Living Rooms.

The next great forward step in material civilization is likely to be the cooling of houses in summer. The thing is so entirely feasible that it is surprising that rich people who build fine houses have not made refrigeration as much a matter of course as heating. Many must have read with envy of President Taft's artificially cooled offices in Washington, which helped him through the tough fag end of the season. Some of the new fruit ships plying to the tropics are being constructed with the refrigerator service extended to the cabins and state rooms as well as to the hold. Here and there a private house may be equipped. All the saints are going our way. All the army of the redeemed who have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb are going with me over the road. It is good company; the best in life."

But I saw Memory shake her head and continue sadly on her way; and Hope, with no time to waste in useless regrets, prepared to advance.

Then I, who had been hesitating between Memory and Hope, came up to Hope and said: "May I join thee? Hast thou room for me in thy company?"

"And who are thou?" asked Hope, gently.

"A human soul," I answered, sadly; "one buffeted with trouble, beset by doubts, cast down by loss, terrified at the thought of death, and in great neeed of comfort."

Then Hope held out the hand and but such a case is the rare exception now. But the improvement is in the air and it will be surprising if a nation which attaches so much importance to physical comfort does not take it up with avidity, and very likely overdo it as with steam heat in winter. There ought not to be much difference between the temperature inside and outside; a very few degrees would bring relief and cause no danger of injury from going in or out. A correspondent of the New York Times suggests what he calls an "antistove," which at small cost can be put into any room. It consists simply of a tank holding three gallons or so of ice and salt and a half pint of ammonia with a drip pan to catch the water. Once a day, it is said, is often enough to replenish the tank.—Springfield Republican.

Memory and Hope

Memory and Hope met each other one day as they were going along life's highway, and stopped to exchange greetings. Hope was walking with elastic step and serene brow. Memory had her eyes pensively fixed upon the ground, and walked slowly and with frequent pauses.

"Good morning," said Hope, cheerfully. "Whither art thou going?"

"Back over the way I came," replied Memory.

"Art thou weary going over the old path?"

"At times I am, but there are many scenes I love to re-visit."

"On the whole, however," said Hope, "it seems to me thy travelling companions are many of them, at best, troublesome and even exceedingly sorrowful. I wish thou wert not going the backward way. Wilt thou not join us?" drew me along the way with her, saying joyously: "Welcome, O soul of humanity! Come! Thou shalt walk with me up to the Pearly Gates. Forget thou the things that are behind and stretch forward with me unto the things that are before."

So I let Hope lead me along the way and, when night came, Faith and Love joined us, and we journeyed on through the night, which shone, even in the darkness, with the star lamps of heaven. And in the darkest places of all I heard Hope singing in an undertone:

"It is better farther on."—Charles M. Sheldon.

Origin of the Passion Play.

A hundred years ago a great calamity came upon the village of Oberammergau, Bavaria, which made a profound impression upon the inhabitants, and they vowed to God that if he would make an end of their distress they would render greater devotion to him and increased service in the establishment of His kingdom; and as a means to this end they instituted the Passion Play in imitation of the mystery plays of the Church in the Middle Ages.

During the Passion Play period the little village of Oberammergau is crowded with people from almost all the nations of the earth. It is estimated that at least two hundred thousand people this year will have visited the village to see the play. All those who take part in the actual production, numbering seven hundred people, are natives of the village. Salmi Morse many years ago undertook to put the Passion Play on the stage in this country, in imitation of the original play; but his attempt was a complete failure as the people hooted the idea as the limit of irreverence.—The Christian Herald.

Where the Peach Came From.

The peach is a native of China, but it was introduced into Persia, where it was called Persica and finally the peach. From Persia it was introduced into Europe and from there into the United States. The Indian peach type was introduced into the southern part of this country from Spain. Species may be found growing wild in some localities. As early as 1812 the botanist Nuttall found the peach growing wild as far west as Arkansas. The type of the original variety, known as the Peen-to, is still found in China.

If the Summer Girl Will Try She Can Do a Lot to Improve Her Standing

(Chicago Tribune.)

Do you know how to walk?

Few people do; that is, to walk well; and it is important to learn, for walking is a revelation of the character. To the eye that is trained to understand it there is nothing that so clearly expresses the traits of the individual. Closely connected with the art of walking is the art of getting up and sitting down. Many people who make a good appearance when seated show unwarrantable awkwardness when they rise.

You will see even young people get up from a chair by placing their hands on the arms to help themselves up. If they don't do this they will put their hands on their knees, or they will get up with a jerk. The truth is, that it is only invalids or elderly people who have any excuse for so doing.

Awkwardness like this is practiced by the society woman, the shop girl, and the business girl, and it is not only the way they walk but the way they sit. So simple a thing as riding in a carriage shows it. Long ago the philosopher, stated that the woman to the manor born leans gracefully back in her carriage, allowing her body to respond to every movement of the swaying coach, while the woman whose early days have been spent on foot sits bolt upright, her body constantly at war with gravity. The direct result of this is that the former returns from her drive rested and refreshed because of her non-resistance and adaptability, while the other is exhausted.

"The truth of the time worn saying, 'Blood will tell,' was never more apparent than in walking, sitting, and rising," declares Penelope Gleason Knapp, psychophysical culturist. "A peculiar awkwardness and self-conscious shrinking generally characterizes those who have not been taught gracefulness in their childhood."

POISE AND EQUILIBRIUM FUNDAMENTAL.

Now has come physical culture to teach us how to handle the body in every way, and the fundamental art that it teaches is poise and equilibrium. With these once learned, correct walking, sitting, and standing naturally follow.

"To most people correct standing means a complete change in gravity, continues Mrs. Knapp. "It is safe to state that ninety-nine people out of every hundred stand with more or less weight upon the heels, a position which throws the entire body out of line, thus producing all sorts of deformities. First and foremost among them are sunken chests, drooping shoulders, protruding abdomens, and old, ugly, crooked backs—defects which no tailor or modiste, with all his art and cunning, can obscure.

"When the weight of the body rests upon the balls of the feet, where it properly belongs, a normal position is at once established. The hips curve slightly backward, the abdomen is indrawn, the head and chest take an upward poise, the hump disappears from the back, and every organ in the body is given its proper scope of action. Elasticity and grace are impossible so long as the weight rests upon the heels, as that position unbalances the entire organism. When either the mental or physical organism is out of tune the whole being suffers a loss of vitality and nervous energy which sooner or later results in melancholia and disease."

"At first to change the way you stand produces the sensation of pitching forward. But when you once get the centre of gravity shifted to the balls of the feet you experience a sense of uplift and buoyancy never before known. When we stand correctly it is apparent to even the most casual observer, despite the fact that he might not be able to explain the scientific differences between the poised and the unpoised figure.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY SAME IN BOTH.

"In walking, as in standing, says she, the centre of gravity must rest directly over the balls of the feet. The heel is intended to come in contact with the ground before the toe, lightly, of course, the body weight being shifted entirely upon the balls of the feet, which strike the ground almost simultaneously with the heels—almost, but not quite. The balls of the feet should act as a foundation for the weight of the body, the heels serving in the capacity of props or supports. Never allow the heels to thud heavily, as that action causes a shock to the whole nervous system, throwing the body entirely out of line.

"Many people dance well who stand and walk badly, because in dancing the centre of gravity is placed where it properly belongs. The more reason for studying walking instead of dancing, for walking is a necessity and dancing is a pastime. Some teachers advance the idea that the toe should touch the ground previous to the heel. To prove the absurdity of such a method, watch the individual who affects this style of walk. What do you find? A silly, self-conscious namby pamby who minces along, nipping off each step, as if uncertain of his or her equilibrium and the firmness of the surface upon which he or she is treading. Such a walk denotes a weak, vacillating character, a personality unstable and shaky as the walk by which it is depicted.

"The most common faults in walking are those of pounding the heels, allowing the toes to point straight ahead, and taking either too long or too short strides. To insure an easy, natural walk the toes should turn slightly outward and the knees be kept firm (not stiff). The step, beginning at the hip, must flow rhythmically to the foot, which moves forward in a slight, swinging undulation, the heel touching the ground just in advance of the toe. Never allow the feet to shuffle and drag, as such indulgence indicates laziness, shiftlessness, and a total disregard of personal appearance.

RULES FOR SITTING ALL SIMPLE.

"The rules for sitting are simple. There is nothing mystical, nothing complex. When once understood they are seldom disregarded, because it is really so much easier to sit well than otherwise.

"A stiffly erect attitude in sitting, the trunk muscles tense, is not only most ungraceful but unhealthful. When the muscles of any part of the body remain taut for long the whole organism registers tension. Tension means fatigue and loss of nervous energy. People of the rigid, angular type ignore the back of the chair, sitting well forward and tense. They talk a great deal in high pitched, shrill voice, punctuating their over-elaborated conversation with meaningless gestures, usually losing the gist of their stories in the debris of platitudes intended for garnish.

"The back of the chair is intended for support, and should be used for that purpose. Allowing the lower spine to slip forward, and away from the back of the chair, produces a sitting position equally as ungraceful and tiring as that of the unbending spine. When the lower spine is thrust away from the chair the back and hip muscles are strained and the circulation retarded. The torso breaks at both the waist and bust line, the play of the vital organs is interfered with, respiration becomes labored, and, lastly, the terminal bone or end of the spine—which is most sensitive—is forced to bear weight far exceeding its capacity. The consequences of this enforced incorrect sitting position ofttimes prove most disastrous. The joints of our bodies are nature's bending stations, and when we disregard the laws of nature we ourselves pay the penalty. The primal law of sitting should be the first consideration of all persons engaged in work of a sedentary nature.

CORRECT METHOD OF SITTING.

"Rule for sitting: Approach the chosen seat easily, half pirouette on advanced foot and sink into chair, allowing the body to bend at the joints. Do not 'sit down' and settle all in a heap, nor yet sit down so cautiously as to appear afraid of the security of the seat. Rest the hips well back and allow the lower spine to touch the back of the chair. Hold the chest and head at an easy poise. One or both shoulders may rest against the chair back. This position causes that portion of the spine between the coccyx and shoulders to curve slightly outward, leaving a small space between the chair back and it. The feet may rest on the floor, or may be crossed one over the other, doing away with that stiff appearance so noticeable when they are planted squarely side by side.

"Crossing the knee is permissible provided the cap of the knee upon which the oposite one is imposed does not press into the hollow of the knee resting upon it. When this occurs circulation is impaired. When sitting do not fidget and fuss. For example, do not twist your watch chain, fold or unfold your handkerchief, clasp and unclasp your purse, or trot your feet. Avoid fumbling with your collar and hair; be natural.

"When performing any work which makes it necessary to bend the body, sway forward from the hips, keep the chest raised, and do not allow the muscles to sag at either the waist or bust line. While working it is well occasionally to reinforce the functions by relaxation and deep breathing.

"Rising from a seat is quite as important. To rise, let the movement begin at the hips, the torso swaying forward, the head held slightly back in opposition. Rise easily, bring the body to correct standing position, and you are ready to face the world."

Italy in Chicago.

There is a small Italian restaurant in Chicago which has so far escaped the attention of that class which spoils Bohemia by entering its borders. When invaders, led by curiosity and armed with lorgnettes and ear trumpets, come in such numbers that the original inhabitants fly before their invasion then Bohemia is gone. Therefore to say that it is in the neighborhood of Sixteenth street is to be definite enough.

It is a place of good-fellowship and equality. The host greets with the same gracious welcome the first faint spark of talent and the genius whose flame had lighted up the world. The unpretentious walls have sheltered diplomats, artists, actors and singers. Here one may often find Beduschi, who created the tenor roles in most of Puccini's operas in Italy and who is now a Chicago singing teacher. Scotti and Caruso on their travels frequent the place, although, sad to say, the golden-voiced one does not go there as frequently as he did before Bonci discovered the place.

Here one can listen to real Italian songs sometimes sung by those voices which call the public in crowds to fashionable opera houses. Here the real Italian wines can be obtained and the proper manner in which to eat spaghetti half a yard long may be observed.

If you would find your way to this little eating place ask the Italian violinist in the lobster palace, any one of 'em which you may happen to frequent. He knows, and, perhaps, he'll tell.—New York Evening Sun.

Had Cheated the Company.

There is an Irish grocer uptown who recently returned from a two weeks' sojourn in his native land. He has a great list of tales bearing upon his trip, one of which he tells, as follows: "I was riding on a train, bound for Belfast, when my attention was diverted from watching the scenery to a fellow across the aisle. Every minte or so he would extract a ticket from his pocket, and, looking at it, give a hearty laugh—sort of a self-satisfied chuckle. He continued doing this until quite a few miles had been travelled. There was a minister seated behind him, whose curiosity evidently was aroused. Bending over, the minister said: 'My dear man, what are you laughing about?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I've cheated the railway company. I have bought a return ticket and am not coming back.'"—Philadelphia Record.

ART OF FLY MAKING.

Use of Mouse Whiskers and Brown Bear Eyebrows.

There are trout and salmon fishers who pay several thousand dollars a year for the "flies" alone. Few persons can learn to tie artificial flies, knotting hairs that can hardly be seen, so the skilled fly maker commands high wages. The materials, too, are costly, for the earth is ransacked for feathers and hairs, and one hair wrong makes "all the difference."

The business done in mouse whiskers is considerable, for they are used in the making of a wonderful fly, the "gray gnat," and they are expensive, costing nearly two cents a whisker. Trout rise much better at mouse whisker flies that at the same "gnat" dressed in junglecock hackles, which look much like them.

Bears' eyebrows being stiff and exactly the right shade, are used in a fly that has killed quantities of salmon. These eyebrows come from the Himalayan brown bear and cost about $1.50 a set.

There are agents all over the world searching tropical forests for the right birds ot supply fly hackles. One of the most sought after skins is that of the rare 'green screamer," an African bird about the size of a hen, which has a tiny bunch of feathers on each shoulder that are worth $15 a bunch to the fly-maker. One of these birds supplies only feathers enough ot make rings for half a dozen flies.

There is no limit to the enthusiasm of an artistic fly tyer, who will use hair from his own eyelashes to finish off an "extra special" fly. Babies' hair is much sought after, if it is of the right shade —golden yellow—for all the lighter salmon flies, and one curl will make a dozen first class flies.

It takes an expert only fifteen minutes to turn out a fly which consists of a tiny hook with wings of Egyptian dove feather, legs of fox hair and a body of mouse fur wound around with a thread of yellow silk. A carelessly made fly will have neither legs nor "feelers,' but the true expert adds the legs and puts on a pair of long "feelers" of cat hair, white at the tips. All these tiny details will be exactly in their places and so firmly tied to the hook that the fly will take half a dozen strong fish and be none the worse.—Chicago Tribune.

THE PIPES MARCH BY.

Made Impressive by the Giant Figure Stalking Behind.

The 6-foot Roderick Dhus came swinging along with the precision of a machine, 12 elbows and 12 legs moving as one, six grave faces set resolutely to the front, chins held high, fingers flying, bonnets and plaids flashing, plumes waving. With the same jaunty gravity they would have led a wedding procession or a forlorn hope and not missed a whistle or a squeak. I felt extremely small as they went by, but was all eyes. For behind them strode the most prodigious figure I had ever seen.

He was seven feet tall if he was an inch, and, resting on his wishbone was the biggest bass drum ever seen on earth since Tubal smote the chorded shell. Yet this astonishing man not only carried it with ease, but smote it with a vivacity and vigor which even Tympano could not outdo. And, what is more, he buffeted it on both sides, for he wielded a drumstock in each hand, and not only displayed all Tympano's precision, but managed to execute the most marvelous evolutions between whacks, brandishing his sticks alternately behind his head, hitting the left side of the drum with his right-hand stick, and vice versa, thowing the sticks into the air and catching them again in the nick of time; and all this with a high devotion and a heroic joy that made me catch my breath and grit my teeth to keep from shouting aloud in ecstasy. Never have I seen a man so exeremely busy who made so light of business.

The wailing chorus with its thunderous accompaniment swept on and away. The musicians were employed only by a travelling show; they had sunk low from a high estate; yet for one boy they were a bit of old world pageantry, an episode in high romnace, which illuminated the pages of Scottish history for many a day.

Press, Pulpit and Platform.

When I look at the curriculum of the modern schoolboy, I am lost in admiration of his attainments.—Sir William Anson, at Shrewsbury.

England stands apart from every other country in the world in being able to rule without cruelty men of black or brown skins.—Mr. Walter Morrison, at Giggleswick.

To be true to ourselves, we should face the fact that the things of sentiment are as real a part of life as tables and chairs, as meals and sleep.—Miss Edith M. N. Williams, at Saltburn.

Between the rich man who does nothing himself and the tramp there is really no moral distinction, excepting that one is presumably clean, and the other is certainly dirty.—Earl of Selborne, at Winchester.

The bishop of Sheffield, speaking at the opening ceremony of the Y. M. C. A. fete at Endcliffe Hall, referred to the recent boxing contest in America, and also to the subject of posters upon the falls. He said they would legislate in vain until they elevated the moral tastes of the people.

A Money-Saving Mill.

The dismantling of the German cement mill at Roosevelt, Arizona, which was built because of the high cost of transporting cement to the site of the Roosevelt dam, marks the end of one of the most successful undertakings of its kind. During its five years of operation the mill has turned out 330,000 barrels of cement, the bulk of which went into the dam, and the remainder into the flumes, canal and power house. It is estimated that the mill has effected a net saving of $650,000.

Resistance of Concrete.

In an experiment to ascertain the resisting power of a mass of solid concrete the shot from a 12-inch gun penetrated the cement block to the extent of 21 feet. This is equivalent to penetrating a 19-inch armor belt.

Patient waiting brings what the heart demands every time. —Manchester Union.

Saved From the Sea

"Oh, that's right enough with Falc," said the uncle, quickly; "it's only his rackety ways—he's such a favorite, you know, and has knocked about the world so much. He knows that it is my greatest wish that he should settle; and only this time, before he left me, I told him again, that if he would marry a lady I approved, I would do even more than I said before. 'Look here, Falc,' I said, 'if you do this, I'll make over to you by deed all my property, except the old house and a couple of thousands a year, which I'll settle on myself for life, and to you when I'm gone.' What more could I say, now?"

"Nothing indeed, Mr. Orde. What did he say to your generous offer?" asked Dr. Clifford, knowing exactly to what young lady this pointed.

"Thanked me; was grieved he could not promise to meet my wishes; was sure I did not wish him to marry any woman he did not love; and, in fact, got his own way, as he always does, the scamp!" concluded Mr. Orde, vexed, yet proud of the very determination that defeated his wishes.

"Yes, a great deal too much for his own good!" thought the astute physician; then aloud, suggestively:

"Perhaps—pardon me—there is some entanglement, Mr. Orde."

"Exactly what I thought last May doctor; and I asked him pat and plain that question; but he gave me his word of honor there was none."

"Ah, well, that settles that point!" rejoined Clifford; "but it is not any ordinary girl, mind you, who could possibly win or hold your nephew."

Mr. Orde turned full to the speaker at that, and came abruptly to his point, like a smart schooner coming sharp up into the wind's eye.

"I know that, Doctor Clifford; and to tell you the truth the wife I should wish him to choose is your charming niece, Blanche."

"My dear Mr. Orde, I was aware of your wish long ago," said the doctor, smiling. 'And, since you have now spoken so plainly, I will be equally candid, even at the expense of my niece; but when an illusion is likely to lead to serious results, it is a duty to dispel it. You are quite mistaken in Blanche Leroy, of whom you naturally have only seen the pretty, charming surface."

"Really, sir! Doctor Clifford, this is very extraordinary la—"

"Not at all," said the doctor, composedly, but his eyes twinkling at the humorous side of the position. "I am not going to make a startling disclosure of youthful depravity, but only make a few remarks apropos to our mutual agreement that Falconer's wife should be no mere ordinary girl. Now, Blanche is simply a very ordinary girl indeed, despite the pretty ways, sweetness and charm she evinces in society, but she would make the worst possible wife for such a man as Falc St. Maur, to prove which I need not go beyond a few radical unsuitabilities in her. She could not understand him one bit. She is shallow, frivolous, and vain, a desperate flirt, and very jealous-tempered and selfish. I may add that I am tolerably sure your nephew is fully alive to the truth of what I have said, painfully enough, I admit, but as a duty in your boy's best interests and your own in his behalf."

All that Falconer had said of Blanche in that drive home from Helen's ball came back to Mr. Orde's mind, and stood side by side with her own uncle's words. If this were true—and surely he must know her well—Blanche was indeed not the wife for his beloved boy.

The old man sat dumfounded for several minutes as his house of cards was thus demolished before his eyes; and latterly, with the tenacity of years, the idea had quite taken a hold, which had lately promised to become rather overtly troublesome to St. Maur, in positive, not negative, interference with his freedom, which, even if he had not been already married, must have ended in a rupture more or less serious. And perhaps the keen, good-hearted doctor foresaw this.

"Well," said poor Mr. Orde at last—and elderly people are often as keenly disappointed as children—"I am more obliged to you than I can say for your frank speaking, and I will admit that Falc did see as you do long ago, but I believed he was wrong and I right. Dear, dear, how perverse is human nature! If I hadn't wanted that fellow to marry, he would have gone and done it at once, I've no doubt."

"Poor Falc!" said the doctor, smiling. "I am afraid he is in your bad books."

"No, no, he isn't! My bonny boy, he is never that; only he is so self-willed about not marrying—'likes his freedom,' he says."

"Maybe!" thought the doctor; "but if there is not, present or past, a woman at the bottom of all that in some way, Mr. Falc, I'm a Dutchman."

"Well," he said, "I dare say he'll sing another song some day, when he finds the right lady. Ah! I hear my young folks' voices. I don't think, either, that Archer Northcote at all shares your boy's cynical predilection for freedom this afternoon."

Up they came, the lover beaming, as he held Mimie's hand, though she needed no such aid; she shy and flushed like a blush rose as Mr. Orde greeted them with a rather wicked little smile as the doctor said, with perfect gravity:

"I suppose you have quite settled the affairs of the nation down there?"

"We've thrown out the separatist bill," said Archer, with perfect gravity, "without one dissentient vote, and passed a resolution that unity is strength."

"Ha! ha! that is good!" cried the doctor, laughing. "I'll play sovereign, and give it my royal assent. Mr. Orde, come back with us to high tea, and we'll have a nice evening. Archie, go and find Blanche."

The next day Mrs. Errington got a letter from Dr. Clifford, and another from Mimie, both of which filled her with gladness.

But how different from this had been her own betrothal and marriage! What wonder that her heart ached sorely—the gambler's unowned wife!

CHAPTER XXXII.

Monte Carlo! the paradise of gamblers, if such a moral paradox of expression be permissible, where Satan plays man for his soul.

The saloon was full enough to-night again with its motley crowd of all nations, all more or less wearing the mask of careless gayety, whatever might be beneath the light surface; the flash of a thousand lights, that gave back the gleam of diamonds and shimmer of satin; the strains of music that floated from the concert room and mingled with the sound of many voices of gay laughter, with the whiz of the fatal roulette wheel as an intermittent accompaniment and the monotonous chant of the croupier dropping in according as the chances went:

"Trente-six! Rouge! Pair et posse!"

"Le jeu et fait! Rien ne va plus!"

"Do you see that tall, very handsome man near the roulette table, my dear?" said an Englishman to his wife, both only on-lookers in the crowded salle. "He has just played and lost for the third time heavily, and he takes it with the coolest indifference; and now he turns smiling from the table to that pretty, distinguee looking woman—a Viennese of rank, I was told yesterday, just before you joined me here."

"Who is he, George? He doesn't look exactly English, but he'd do for it."

"I don't know his name, but I think he's been in India, amongst other places, for he has an Indian servant with him. I've passed them out together, as well as here, and heard them both talking Hindoostanee. He—that gentleman—has been here three weeks, and seems very well known. I've seen him here night after night too, mostly at the trente et quarante table, and he wins as coolly as he loses—outwardly, at any rate. By jingo! he goes in for high stakes, too!" added the speaker.

"What a pity!" said the wife. "Such a handsome fellow, and young, too—about thirty, and a gambler. It's to be hoped he's not married. Is he alone here—no lady with him, I mean?"

"I've seen none at all. Ah, look; he is crossing to the trente et quarante table."

Outwardly cool—yes, so is the volcano; but all the same, the fierce fires are burning beneath the fair, vine-clad surface.

Cool within—no, not once in all these three terrible weeks. Heart and brain were indeed as if on fire day and night; waking or in fitful sleep, those burning words were ever surging in his ears, in his heart and soul, tossed on such a tempest of conflicting passions. He was maddened with misery and remorse, and well-nigh despair, and he flung himself into the wild vortex of gambling seething around him with an utter recklessness and desperation that seemed to reck of nothing but the mad excitement that strove in vain to drown thought, and the fierce desire to win the gold that should free him to claim his own—his darling! He must play, he had said, in the reaction of the partial self-victory gained, and for the time the demon was making one last infuriate effort to keep its victim, from whom it felt its hold to be slipping before the invisible force of a woman's wonderful love—slipping the faster each night the man who loved her gambled so recklessly, lost so heavily.

For Falconer lost—lost—lost, and this night, with glittering eyes and set teeth, he passed to the trente et quarante table, to fling his last chance at the feet of frowning Fortune.

She smiled a little at first on the handsome sinner who wooed her favor—only at first, then she grew fitful. He lost—he gained—then she scowled. Higher grew the stakes, more reckless the play. He last; threw down more gold with a careless laugh on his lips and a deadly dread in his soul.

"When the fever of excitement is at its worst, and the mad play, whether for gain or loss, is at its highest, remember that a woman waits in this great city for her prodigal, writing in letters of blood, 'A gambler's wife, loved less than the master-vice.'"

Suddenly, startlingly distinct those words stood out before the gambler's mental vision. All else was a blinding mist—all sight dazed save those blood-red letters, all hearing deafened save to the wild, passionate outcry of his stricken heart's bitter agony.

"Not less, oh, wife—not less, but a thousand times more; and from this hour never more a gambler's wife!"

St. Maur threw down blindly what he held. His brain almost reeled; the faces were an indistinct confusion; the lights a garish blaze.

"My last stake—I have lost again," he said, with intense quiet in the low, soft tones, and rose as twelve struck, laying his delicate hand for a moment on the back of his chair. "Adieux, mes amis."

"Non, non, you surely will not leave yet!" cried several.

Last night—ten minutes ago, perhaps—he would have drawn the flashing diamond ring from his finger and staked that, but now he only laughed carelessly:

"No, thanks; I have had enough to-night, and the rooms are hot. Adieu!"

He bowed, and passed slowly out into the roulette salle, shivering slightly as the croupier's toneless monotone fell on his ear:

"Make your game, gentlemen—make your game!"

"Trente-six! Rouge!"

Falconer passed out on the terrace and stood still, dizzy, quivering. In every nerve and fibre under the fierce conflict he had just passed through, scarcely conscious yet whether the foe lay vanquished forever, or only driven back for the time. His blood was at fever heat, his face ghastly and haggard, as he turned it instinctively to the cool breeze that fanned the silky locks on his brow, but could not calm the wild emotions in his heart.

He could not realize yet that the desperate battle raging for so long between the good and the evil—the latter forced slowly back step by step—had come suddenly at last to a death-grapple with the ghastly foe, in which each had put forth his utmost strength, and the man, with one concentrated blow, had struck down Vice, under his feet; but in the first dizzy exhaustion of the hard won victory, he reeled back mentally and morally; he could only feel one mad desire to fling himself at the feet of the one who had surely been with him that night—in whose strength he had crushed her rival—who waited for her ruined prodigal to come back and blot out forever those blood-red letters—only felt the one insensible heart-hunger for her—only to hear her voice, touch her, lay his aching, penitent head on her bosom, and cling to her.

He had staked the last of his ill-gotten gold, and lost—lost the game—lost the gold—but had risen up, the winner of a human soul and a future underlying the ruin, perhaps utter wreck, he might have made of fortune.

A light step behind him made the strong man for once start like a woman and turn sharply.

"Ah, you, Rhamnee!" he said, with quick relief in the haggard eyes that met the Indian's affectionately anxious look, and he laid his hand on Rahmnee's shoulder. "Where were you?"

"In the outer salle, sahib, looking on at the play, and when I saw you go I followed. I thought you might want me, sahib."

"Is that all?" something impelled his master to ask, gently. The black eyes dropped, the swarthy cheek flushed.

"No, sahib—not all."

"What, then, Rahmnee?"

"May his servant be forgiven—the sahib looked so troubled in Rahmnee's eyes," said the Hindoo, very low.

"I have lost everything to-night, Rahmnee—all the gold, except just enough to take us back to London."

"Sahib! Oh, but see—see!" whispered the Hindoo, eagerly. "The sahib has been so generous always to his poor Rahmnee. He has gold—some jewels. Take it all, sahib, and win back all!"

"Hush, my dear boy!" interrupted St. Maur, deeply touched. "Do you think I would gamble away your money or few treasures? I could have staked this ring of mine, this breast-pin, these jeweled trifles at my watch-guard, if"——he stopped, then stooped, and added, under his breath—"if I had ever meant to gamble again. Come back to the Hotel des Anges now, for to-morrow we leave Monte Carlo."

Still resting his hand on the Indian's shoulder, he moved on, striking across so as to avoid those who were leaving the casino, but he did not speak on the way; and when they reached the hotel and their own apartments, all Rahmnee asked was if the sahib would have a glass of wine.

"Wine, boy? Heaven, no! There's fever enough in my veins to-night! Give me something to cool it, not madden me!"

Rahmnee brought a goblet of iced lemonade, and as he received it back empty, said, with the persuasive freedom of a privileged favorite:

"The sahib is weary; he will try to sleep now, for the sake of the one he loves."

"Rahmnee—Rahmnee, you are as artful as a woman! Go, sleep in peace, my boy; for me there is no rest yet, try as I may!"

How could there be to-night, in the strong excitement and restless, unsatisfied longing that made his heart beat to agony, and his temples throb as if the blood in the blue veins were so much liquid fire?

He tried to think; he tried not to think—still more impossible task. Past, present, future, would not be disentangled or be freed; it all revolved in a chaos around the one master-passion, the one hope in all the darkness, the one name written in letters of gold—Christine.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Far away in the mighty empire city, where life is so dense and solitude so boundless, a woman sat alone in that same midnight hour.

A book lay open on the table beside her, but her hand had turned no page; her eyes, heavy with unshed tears, had read no line; for hours her whole heart and soul were absorbed in one never-absent thought—one central figure, wreathed round with hopes and fears and deadly suspense for the end of the desperate step she had taken. Three weeks had passed, that might have been three times seven years for all this load of misery and dread and constant anguish and patience. She had daringly, at last, worked upon his love for herself, knowing it to be in real truth stronger than the passion for play, and sent him from her half mad, with that very love wounded, humiliated, burning with unconfessed shame and agony; she had, in fact, thrown the whole fortune of war on a coup de main, the perilous test of extremes, and now what wonder that the poor heart, so torn in wounding where it loved, trembled for the result of its own temerity! More than once she had been almost tempted to write, even to fly to him, but had held back in time.

Somehow to-night she was thinking of him, picturing him and his surroundings more vividly than ever, if that were possible, and with what grim fidelity she could see the whole picture of mad gambling! Had she not been there with him, seen it all, known it all? She leaned back and shut her tired eyes with the dear name on her lips.

"My lover, my husband, oh, come back to me, or my heart will break!"

Worn out, she lay still; the troubled breathing grew more regular and quiet. Was she sleeping or waking, or hovering on the mystic border-land between the two, wherein, who shall say, whether we dream, or the spirit frees itself from its mortal trammels?—for who shall dare to set a limit to the power of the Almighty, and define the line between the seen and the unseen which He has chosen to leave undefined?

She saw him, her husband, at a table in the garish blaze and glitter of that old, too familiar room. There were others there, but she had only eyes for one; and somehow, as he played, she knew that he had lost all but that pile of gold near him, and saw the reckless despair and misery in his soul as he played on and on; and in a very passion of love and anguish she fancied she saw before her the words with which she had sent him from her. She seemed to hear a passionate cry from his very heart:

"Not less, oh, wife—not less, but a thousand times more; and from this hour never more a gambler's wife!"

The clock struck twelve, and Christine sprung to her feet with wide-open eyes and heaving bosom, lifting her locked hands above her head in passionate joy and gratitude.

"My love, oh, my love, it was not all a dream—it could not be! Heaven's mercy has surely heard a wife's prayers and answered them. Saved! saved at last! My husband! my life's love!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

One night it had struck eleven by the nearest church clock, and Kenton Morley instinctively glanced up at the little clock on his own mantel-piece to time it, then dropped his gaze again on the fire, and fell back into a reverie.

He had been reading, and he sat by the cheery fire in his sitting room—it was scarcely a drawing room—above the office below; but somehow he, in the last hour, found himself thinking pertinaciously of his "handsome sinner."

"I wonder if he's thinking of old Ken," he said to himself as that chime rang out. "Not likely, though. At this hour he is probably gambling madly at that detestable Monte Carlo, and breaking his own heart and his poor wife's. Ah! what's that? A cab stopped here—and a ring! Who in the world can it be, unless it's a mistake?"

He got up quickly, though, for his old housekeeper had long since retired, and Robinson lived out, of course, and went down to the street door, turning the passage gas up first; then he opened the door.

"Good heavens! you, St. Maur!"

He stood on the step, tall and haggard enough, under the glare of the gas-light, to startle the money-lender, and he gripped his hand and drew him inside.

"You look—I don't know what! What is the matter? Who is that in the hansom?"

"Rahmnee. Give me ten minutes."

"Ten hours, if you like. Come in here."

(To be continued.)

SMART SUIT OF LINEN.

Narrow belted-in skirts are coming steadily into favor, much as they hamper the wearer's steps.

Low-cut collars and very short sleeves are also "the thing" with those who wish to be up-to-date.

The frock in this sketch is of blue linen, and is laced up the side of the bodice with a heavy silk cord.

Long blue silk gloves, blue suede shoes and a drooping Persian-silk-covered hat trimmed with pastel-shaded roses were worn with this costume.

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.

Difficulties in Gas-Making.

Although it is possible to resolve into gas almost any kind of solid fuel in a gas producer, it is well known that certain fuels—particularly those high in ash and of a caking character—give a good deal of trouble. One of the most serious of these troubles, states a contemporary, is that the fuel welds itself into a large mass, which partially chokes the fire in some places and causes passages or holes to be burnt at others. Hence poking of the fire is necessary, and the poorer the fuel the more the poking. In order to reduce this poking to a minimum some producer makers fit shaking or revolving grates. The latest design of this character is due to Mr. Chapman, an American, and it is a considerable extension of the principle. The lower portion of the producer is divided into two or three rings, which are free of each other and rotate at different speeds, the joints between them being made by water seals. The object is to shake the fuel continuously, so that caking or clogging and holes are equally impossible.

The destruction of the house fly is a public duty. Almost all boards of health are now carrying on a crusade against it. A bulletin recently issued by the Dominion Government states that no house fly is free from disease germs. Use Wilson's Fly Pads freely and persistently, and do your share towards exterminating this menace to the public health.

When a man has exhausted everything else to kick about he can kick the bucket.

BROKEN HEALTH BRINGS WRINKLES

How All Women Can Preserve Good Health and Good Looks.

Too many women and girls look old long before they should. In nine cases out of ten it is a matter of health. Work, worry, confinement indoors and lack of exercise cause the health to run down. Then faces become thin and pale; lines and wrinkles appear and a constant feeling of tiredness.

Women and girls who feel well look well. Therefore improve your health and you will look better. It is a fact that thousands of Canadian women and girls owe the robust health they enjoy to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They feel well and enjoy life as only a healthy person can.

The simple reason for this is that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood, which strengthens all the vital organs, brings brightness to the eye, a glow of health to the cheek, and bracing strength to every part of the body. Mrs. Warren Wright, Unt, Sask., says: "I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that nothing I can say in their favor will fully repay. I was so reduced in health and strength that I was hardly able to walk at all, and could do no work whatever. My blood was so thin and watery that my lips and finger tips resembled those of a corpse. I had almost constant headaches, and the smallest exertion would set my heart palpitating violently, and often I would drop in a faint. Nothing I did seemed to help me in the least, and I felt so far gone that I never expected to recover my health. I was in this critical condition when I read in a newspaper of a cure in a case like mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I got a half dozen boxes and before I used them all there was a great change in my condition. My appetite returned, the color began to come back to my lips and face, and my strength was increasing. I continued the use of the Pills for some time longer and they restored me to the pink of perfect health. While using the pills I gained twenty pounds in weight. My cure was made in the summer of 1909, and I am now enjoying better health than ever before."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for other weak and worn women just what they did for Mrs. Wright, if they are given a fair trial. Sold by al medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Models of Endurance.

Herodotus tells us that the builders of the Pyramids of Egypt lived chiefly on lentils, onions and garlic. De Lesseps bore witness to the splendid physical work of the non-flesh-eating Arabs and Hindus on the Suez Canal.

Then there are the Chinese porters at Hong Kong, the carriers of Constantinople, of Smyrna, of Athens, of Rio de Janeiro, and of the Bakongo tribe (who can carry from sixty to a hundred pounds weight on their heads, and run twenty miles a day for six days), the South American rubber-gum gatherers and many others. Probably the Saxon Brothers (at present, I believe, in America) are the strongest men in the world.

As to endurance, the walking race between Dresden and Berlin, a distance of 125 miles, was won by Karl Mann in 26 hours 52 minutes; he arrived not at all exhausted. The other non-flesh eaters also easily beat the meat-eaters.

Similar records of endurance have been, and are being, given by cyclists like Olley, runners, swimmers, and so forth.

Your Hanging Baskets.

Are they poor?
Have the vines died?
Well, there's a remedy.
Simply plant nasturtium seeds.
And plant them very, very carefully.
Simply make holes with a lead pencil.
These holes should be rather near the edges of the basket.
Into these holes are dropped the nasturtium seeds.
Presently, if well attended to, they will clothe the basket with greenery.

SUIT IN LATEST CUT.

A smart little suit of natural colored linen is shown in this sketch. A lace collar, narrow embroidery banding and a pleated flounce make the trimming.

The hat is of straw colored braid trimmed with wings of quills, and faced with ponges in Persian design.

SWEDEN FOR PROHIBITION.

By a Vote of 1,845,249 Against 16,471—Germany's Drink Bill.

The question of national prohibition has been submitted to a popular vote in Sweden, and the result was that 1,845,249 votes have been recorded for total and permanent prohibition of the drink traffic throughout the country and only 16,471 voted against. The plebiscite was organized by the Swedish temperance societies, and it arose out of the general strike last year, by which the drink traffic was already considerably minimized.

Every man and woman was entitled to vote. In the Province of Jonkoping 81 per cent. of the population voted for prohibition, while in Stockholm the percentage was only 43.

Some remarkable figures relating to the German drink consumption have just been published by the Imperial Statistical Bureau in the Berlin Reichsarbeiteblatt. Taking the last four years' average it is shown that every German spends yearly on beer and spirits alone $9.70, the total for a population of 64,000,000 souls being $622,800,000.

As regards wine consumption no definite figures are available, but the bureau estimates it at six pints per head per annum, or a total of approximately $93,000,000. The total amount spent in Germany per annum on alcoholic beverages is therefore well over $700,000,000. Thus the German drink bill is more than twice the joint expenditure on the imperial army and navy; more than four times the total of the workmen's insurances throughout the empire, and five times the total budget of public instruction.

GRACEFUL GOWNS FOR GIRLS.

A very wide girdle in polished leather is worn with the triple skirted frock in this illustration. Another peculiar feature is that each section of the skirt has different sized dots, but each in the same fabrics—satin foulard.

The other dress is a high waisted one of pink linen and is heavily embroidered in a slightly darker shade of pink. The undersleeves in both frocks are of soft creamy batiste.

SKIN BEAUTY PROMOTED.

In the treatment of affections of the skin and scalp which torture, disfigure, itch, burn, scale and destroy the hair, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the complexion, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are well-night infallible. Millions of women throughout the world rely on these pure, sweet and gentle emollients for all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, and for the sanative, antiseptic cleansing of ulcerated, inflamed mucous surfaces. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A., sole proprietors of the Cuticura Remedies, will mail free, on request, their latest 32 page Cuticura Book on the skin and hair.

Late Inventions.

An Ohioan has patented a devise to turn automobile lamps with the wheels to illuminate the road in rounding corners.

An apparatus has been patented to convey concrete through pipes by air pressure from a tank to the place where it is to be used.

By pressing a button behind the counter a new electrical thief catcher for stores locks all doors and rings a bell in the street.

To deal cards from a pack without danger of misdeals or turning them over is the idea of a machine recently patented by a New York man.

A French aeronaut has patented a balloon which, when deflated, can be packed in its basket and the entire equipment carried on a man's back.

As a space saver for small houses a Kansas man has invented folding stairs, operated on the lazy tongs principle by a hand wheel and gearing.

A baseball with a cork core instead of one of solid rubber, the invention of a Philadelphian, has been officially adopted by one of the big leagues.

A time saver for places where many tickets are sold in a short time is a machine which automatically prints tickets and stamps the hour on them as they are drawn from a roll of cardboard. It is the invention of two Chicago men.

A wire contrivance, patented by an Illinois man, to lift a pie from an oven is designed to operate in such a way that the edge of the crust will not be broken.

A Scotch inventor has perfected a sledlike machine which, when drawn over a road, accurately records on a paper covered cylinder all irregularities in the road's surface.

A MEAN TRICK.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"It was a mean trick to play on a blind man."

"What did they do?"

"Gave him a sheet of sticky flypaper, plentifully sprinkled with flies, and told him it was something to entertain by Henry James."

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

Public Improvements

Provincial Constable Gunn has received instructions to start work immediately on a new concrete foundation to be 24 x 32 feet and to be 7 feet in the clear under the Provincial Police office. The work will be done by day labor. It is the intention to raise the present building probably 4 feet, the walls are to be 8 inches thick, and a cement floor with a drainage in the floor, the doo and window frames to be set in concrete Constable Gunn has already arranged for cement and other material, so that the work can be pushed along with all possible speed. so that it can be finished before cold weather sets in. It is the intention to have the building raised and the excavating done by the time the cement arrives. The basement will be large enough for half a dozen cells. besides leaving space for a ram pasture all in the basement.

Several residents of Creston living near the Court House have had narrow escapes from being shot by rifle bullets, apparently coming from the direction of town. This shooting commences about 6.30 p.m. and twice the bullets have struck the cow-shed door, whilst Mrs. Wilde was milking. It is probable that someone from town is practising with a rifle heedless as to where the shots may fall and the Review has been requested to warn these parties and all other reckless users of firearms. The total of innocent persons annually killed in America by fools with firearms through sheer carelessness is a disgrace to civilization and we do not want any additions to the list from Creston.

The annual shoot of the Creston Erickson Rifle Club will be held Saturday Oct 1. All members are requested to turn out.

Eugene Coserta, the "Spokane Turk" has purchased a lot on Sirdar Avenue directly opposite his present location and will build at once a two story building 16 x 24 where he will in the immediate future open up an up-to-date tailor shop, Eugene being a practical tailor. We congratulate this young man on his enterprise and predict for him a prosperous business.

John Becker, formerly of Calgary has been here during the week looking over the various locations. Mr. Becker is much pleased with what he has seen and will return with his family in November to make his home here. Around Calgary the vegetable crop has been a failure and even chickens cannot live in the chilly winds of Alberta. Mr Becker favors mixed farming and will embark in the vegetable and poultry industry. He will decide on his exact location when he returns with his family. It is more than likely that he will be instrumental in bringing several of his Calgary neighbors here also. We welcome Mr. Becker and his family to the Creston District as they are the sort of settlers we need here.

Miss E. Wilkes returned to Claresholm Alberta on Sunday last after spending a short holiday with Miss D. Howarth.

Evangelists Visit Creston

Under the auspicss of the Presbyterian Church there will be opened at Creston an Evangelistic campaign, which will last from October 14th to 28th. The Evangelists who will have charge of this work at Creston will be the Rev. Wm. Beattie, M.A. of Coburg, Ontario, who is a strong preacher. He will be assisted by Mr. R. C. Symmers, soloist and director of song, who is thoroughly qualified for his work.

The Methodist church of Creston will co-operate at these services.

Arrangements have been made to hold a special meeting for school-children immediately after school. Further particulars of which will be given later on.

District Court

In the small debts court last Saturday, before Magistrate Johnson, the following cases were disposed of:

S. A. Speers vs. Frank Stanley—claim of $32 95 for goods sold and delivered. Judgment for plaintiff, amount of judgment paid by defendant in full.

Creston Mercantile Co. vs. F. Stanley—claim of $18.15 for goods sold and delivered. Judgment for plaintiff, amount of judgment paid by defendant in full.

Creston Drug & Book Co. vs. F. Stanley—claim of $14.00 for goods sold and delivered. Judgment for plaintiff, amount of judgment paid by defendant in full.

Provincial Police Court

In the Provincial Police Court last Saturday, Frank Stanley, formerly a resident of Creston, appeared before Stipendiary Magistrate Johnson on a charge of obtaining the sum of $12 50 by false pretences from H. S. McCreath.

As it appeared that the young man had tried to rectify matters by paying the amount of $12.50 to Mr. McCreath, the court dealt leniently with the accused, and while convicting him on the charge laid, let him off with a 15 day's sentence at Nelson goal

Harry Peterman and Russel Leamy had a narrow escape from a nasty injury whilst riding Mr. Broderick's pony on Saturday last. Mr. Peterman had no sooner got on the horse's back behind young Leamy when the pony commenced bucking, and whilst being pulled round fell down with both. Peterman was thrown clear and slightly shaken but Russell was not no fortunate, and before he could get out of the saddle was pinned under the horse. By quickly turning as the animal fell he escaped a great part of the weight and was lucky in getting away with a slight crushing Beyond a slight soreness, both are now none the worse for their accident.

Mr. P. B. Fowler, our popular Bank manager, who has been taking a holiday for the past three weeks, resumed duty at the bank on Monday last. He has enjoyed his camping outing on the wilds of Summit Creek, and has had lots of fishing, althought he was not so fortunate as to see any bear.

WILD ROSE LODGE No. 39
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Creston, B. C.
Meets every other Monday from June 20 to October 4 at 8 p.m. in Speers' Hall.
Geo. Broderick, C. C.
E. Jenson, 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.

MR. RANCHER,
THE GLAD HAND
IS HELD OUT TO YOU AT ALL TIMES
Come in and Talk about Harness or Implements
CARVER'S HARNESS AND IMPLEMENT STORE

Remember that
PRESCRIPTION No. 99
Cures Bad Coughs and Colds
SUNDAY HOURS
12.30 am 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.

Hitting the Mark
With the quality of our high grade bottled
Wines and Liquors
is what we do the whole year round. Nothing but pure liquors sold here. Get our prices for bottled goods for family use. Always safe to have some in the house
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

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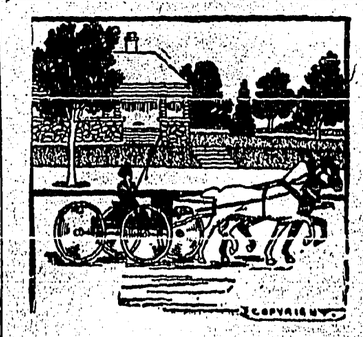
A. MIRABELLI
THE CRESTON SHOEMAKER
Best Workmanship
Boots and Shoes made to Order
A Speciality

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.

NOW
Is the Time to Renew
Your Subscription to
The REVIEW

Just Arrived
A Large Assortment of Ostrich Plumes.
Fall Goods will be on display about the middle of September.
Mrs. M. YOUNG
Fourth Street, Creston, B.C.


If You Like to Drive
you can indulge yourself by engaging a team from this livery stable for as long and as short a time as you desire.
This Livery Stable
is also prepared to sent a carriage to meet trains, to take you shopping or calling, or to convey you to any June weddings you wish to attend.
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Creston Hardware & Furniture Co.
Is the Proper Place to Buy
ANYTHING YOU NEED
IN THE
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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

A SQUARE PEG in a Round Hole
You may be alright, but if you are in the wrong position you are like a square peg in a round hole. You want a position where you fit.
This paper is read by intelligent business men, and a Want Ad. in our classified columns will reach them.

TAX SALE OF LANDS

For Unpaid Delinquent Taxes in the Nelson Assessment District, Province of British Columbia

I hereby give notice that on Wednesday the 12th day of October, A.D. 1910, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, at the Court House, Nelson, B.C., I shall offer for sale by public auction, the lands hereinafter set out of the persons mentioned hereunder, for the delinquent taxes unpaid by the said persons as on the thirty-first day of December, 1909, and for interest, cost and expenses, including cost of advertising said sale, if the total amount is not sooner paid.

Person Assessed	Description of Property	Acres	Tax Under Assessment Act	School Tax	Interest	Cost Expenses	Total
James Merriman	Block 11	9.95	$17.91	....	$0.77	$2	$20.68
Geo. Huscroft	Block 16 } Kootenay valley lands sold at Government sale at Creston, B. C., being a sub division of lots 9554 9555, 9558 and 9427, group 1, Kootenay dist.	7.10	1.70	$1	.13	2	4.83
F. Broderick	" 18	4.19	5.40	.47	.28	2	8.15
Hugh McRae	Block 23	12.77	8.20	.71	.40	2	11.31
Fred Clark	" 24	7.39	1.56	.91	.11	2	4.58
C. P. Riel	" 31	6.7	12	1.05	.58	2	15.63
C. P. Riel	" 34	4.05	9	.78	.43	2	12.21
Geo. Huscroft	" 41	14 1	14 00	1.39	.69	2	18.08
Jos. Jackson	" 42	21.67	23 80	2.09	1.18	2	29.07
Geo. C. McDonald	" 44	7.76	2.10	....	.10	2	4.20
R. H. Hooghwinkel	" 45	10.40	16.60	1.45	.82	2	20.87
W. J. Philips	" 47	7.12	11.40	1.44	.57	2	15.41
J A. Ferguson	" 48	10.18	2.43	.99	.16	2	5.58
W. J. Philips	" 49	8.59	13.80	....	.62	2	16.42
Martin Holts	" 52	10.22	16.40	....	.75	2	19.15
F Clark and N. Griswold	" 57	10.58	2.25	1.31	.16	2	5 72
James Cherrington	" 67	4.6	9.20	.30	.44	2	12.44
John Machon	" 73	9.7	9.80	.86	.49	2	13.15
Richard Hood	" 96	4.36	2.80	.24	.14	2	5.18
A. L. Farr	" 103	9.95	2.34	....	.10	2	4.44
A. Michael	" 108	8.69	11.28	.98	.55	2	14.81
F. Broderick	" 117	1.20	2.00	.42	.11	2	4.53
Geo. Huscroft	" 120	6.44	9.00	.79	.44	2	13.23
Michael McCarthy	" 137	21	8.40	....	.38	2	10.78
J. Buchanan	" 144	18.73	5.48	....	.20	2	7.68
John Loubet	" 198	8.08	6.44	.56	.33	2	9.33
George Huscroft	" 199	4.88	1.20	.10	.07	2	3.37
George Huscroft	" 201	6.61	1.32	.12	.08	2	3.52
John Graham	" 202	7.94	8.00	.70	.39	2	11.09
Alex. Michael	" 203	4.23	.84	.07	.06	2	2.97
C. Gansner	N. 1-2 of Sub-Lot 16, Lot 4595	70	9	....	.40	2	11.40
H. Tasseyman	Block 1, Sub-Lot 16, Lot 4595	9.17	5.40	....	.25	2	7.65
H. E. Gont	Block 8, Sub-Lot 16, Lot 4595	10.04	6	....	.27	2	8.27
H. A. Norreys	Lot 4, Sub-Lot 20, Lot 4595	9.51	5.70	....	.26	2	7.96
Wm. Graham and Wm. Colquohoun	Lots 6 and 7, Sub-Lot 20, Lot 4595	19.86	12	....	.53	2	14.53
Harry Dean	Lots 10 and 21, Sub-Lot 20, Lot 4595	19.86	12	....	.53	2	14.53
J. T. Kilgour	" 11 " 20 " 20 " 4505	20.02	12	....	.53	2	14.53
C. A. Wilton and John Davis	Lot 13, Sub-Lot 20, Lot 4595	9.98	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 15, " 20, " 4595	10.27	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 16, " 20, " 4565	10.60	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 17 " 20 " 4595	10	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 18 " 20 " 4595	10	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 24 " 20 " 4595	10	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 25 " 20 " 4595	10	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 26 " 20 " 4595	10	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 27 " 20 " 4595	10	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 28 " 20 " 4595	10.32	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	" 29 " 20 " 4595	10.32	6	....	.27	2	8.27
George Creagh	" 1 " 21 " 4595	102.02	24	....	1.08	2	27.08
J. H. Laverty	" 2 " 21 " 4595	49.54	12	....	.54	2	14.54
F. E. Henderson	" 3 " 21 " 4595	50.17	12	....	.54	2	14.54
Fisher, Hamilton & Co.	Sub-Lot 33, Lot 4595	207.80	20.80	....	.95	2	23.75
J. J. Grady	" 64 " 4595	480	76.80	....	3.45	2	82.25
Philip Vibert	" 130 " 4595	640	63.20	....	2.85	2	68.05
A. E. Jefferson	" 9 " 4592	817.30	32.80	....	1.49	2	36.29
R. Fraser	W. 1-2 Sub-Lot 12, Lot 4592	80	8	....	.36	2	10.36
O. D. Foote	Sub-Lot 17, Lot 4592	160	10	....	.45	2	12.45
J. E. Rice	" 18 " 4592	160	10	....	.45	2	12.45
R. S. Lennie	Part of 6499	22	3.90	....	.18	2	6.08
D. A. Mackenzie	" " 6499	12	7.05	....	.32	2	9.37
J. J. Roche	Lot 7681	11.25	4.20	....	.20	2	6.40
A. W. Gee	" 7786	95	20	....	.90	2	22.90
G. Adamson	" 7876	80	8	....	.36	2	10.36
E. W. Robinson	" 7983	163.25	16	....	.72	2	18.72
C. T. Partington	" 8081	320	32	....	1 44	2	35.44
G D. and R. B. Bell	" 8231	317	32	....	1.44	2	35.44
Ed. Wilkinson	Part of Lot 8370	14	6	4.50	.47	2	12.97
J. T. Wilson	Block 8, Lot 98	4.35	1.50	....	.07	2	3.57
Vowell and Sproat	" 15 " 98	19	3	....	.14	2	5.14
J. S. Jackson	Part of Lot 197	4	.60	....	.03	2	2.63
W. H. Smith	Lot 251	320	19.20	....	.87	2	22.07
Frank D. Arundel	Block 56a, Lot 304	.451	.60	....	.03	2	2.63
R. S. Lennie	" 57a, " 304	1.438	1.65	....	.08	2	3.73
A. Bosowitz	" 64a, " 304	.436	.45	....	.03	2	2.48
R. S. Lennie	Block 65a, Lot 304	1.752	$1.50	....	$0.07	$2	$3.57
Norman S. Fraser	" 243 " 304	1.763	1.50	....	.07	2	3.57
E. V. Bourne	Part of Block 2, Lot 306	17.00	10.20	....	.91	2	13.11
Francis Bros.	In Block 5, 6 and 7, Lot 306	182.10	90.00	....	4.05	2	96.05
S. M. Brydges	Part of Block 5 and 7, Lot 306	270.00	82.80	....	3.73	2	88.53
P Coles	(N ½ Block A) Block 7, Lot 306	4.00	3.60	....	.33	2	5.93
Dr. LaBau	In Blocks 5, 6 and 7, Lot 306	136.60	81.48	....	3.68	2	87.16
J. H. Thompson	In Block 7, Lot 306	50 00	15.00	....	.70	2	17.70
J. Adamson	In Blocks 8 and 9	63.00	9 45	....	.42	2	11.87
S. M. Brydges	In Blocks 11 and 12, Lot 306	11.10	6.00	....	.28	2	8.28
Dr. LaBau	" 11 " 12 " 306	11.10	6.00	....	.28	2	8.28
Proctor Lumber Co.	Sawmill in Block 4, Lot 309	10.00	72.00	....	3.25	2	77.25
W. J. Beale	East ½ of Block E, Lot 619	10.00	2.85	....	.13	2	4.98
Horatio Ross	West ½ " E " 619	10.00	2.85	....	.13	2	4.98
C. A. Benedick and R. Hood	Block G, Lot 619	5.00	1.80	....	.09	2	3.89
Evan Evans	" 3 " 914	18.56	2.10	....	.10	2	4.20
Thomas Whintle	" 4 " 914	18.15	2.10	....	.10	2	4.20
William Powell	" 14 " 914	16.50	1.80	....	.08	2	3.88
Evan Evans	Block 15, 16 and 17, Lot 914	35.36	4.20	....	.19	2	6.39
S. Bergman	Block 12, Lot 2548	16.02	4.80	5.60	.39	2	10.79
A. C. Dick	Lot 2919	184.00	32	....	1.45	2	35.45
C. A. Duncan	" 5372	320.00	24	....	1.08	2	27.08
O. B. McClary	Blocks 1, 2 and 6, Lot 6305	37.50	6.75	....	.30	2	9.05
Duncan Darrough	Block 3, Lot 6305	14.00	1.20	.90	.09	2	4.19
C. C. Johnson	Part of Lot 6306	80.00	3	2.25	.23	2	7.48
Thomas McAstocker	Blocks 7 to 13, Lot 222	66.68	19.80	6.60	1.16	2	29.56
John Allan	Block 15a, Lot 222	30.50	10.98	....	.42	2	13.40
Wilfrid Shovelton	" 19 " 3, Lot 222	10	3	....	.12	2	5.12
Rev. C. H. Reynolds	Block 20, Lot 1 and 2, Lot 222	20	18	....	.81	2	20.81
George Munro	E ½ of Block 2, Lot 812	20	6	2.25	.25	2	10.50
A. C. Bowness	W ½ " 2 " 812	20	16	....	.72	2	18.72
Charles Scott	Lot 873	428	7.70	....	.33	2	10.03
James Henderson and W. O. Taylor	Lot 3, Block 4 of Lot 891	....	2.40	1.40	.16	2	5.96
D. and S. Scott	Block 8 of Lot 891	39.46	9	....	.40	2	11.40
John Haldon	" 18 " 891	20	6	3.50	.42	2	11.92
B. FitzGerald	Part of Block 13 of Lot 892	5	2.70	.98	.17	2	5.85
B. FitzGerald	" " 13, " 892	3	1.20	.59	.08	2	3.87
Michael Glazer	Blocks 25 and 26 of 891	80	18	10.50	1.20	2	31.70
Charles Fans	Blocks 28 and 30 of Lot 892	78.09	9.60	....	.43	2	12.03
Walter Levi Verge	N E ¼ of Block 31, 892	10	4.50	....	.21	2	6.71
William Feeney	Sec. 2-11, Township 13, Lot 1236	327.46	12	....	.54	2	14.54
Leo. M. Winter	That part of W ½ E ½ and N E ¼ Sec. 23 outside of the right of way and lands sold to G. and W. Reith, Township 11a, Lot 1236	127.99	51.20	....	2.31	2	55.51
Napoleon Gragnon	In Sec. 3, 4, 9 and 10, Township 14, Lot 1237	99.20	6	3.75	.44	2	12.19
F. L. Churchill	N E ¼ Sec. 34, N ½ Sec. 35, E ½ S E ¼ Sec. 35, W ½ Sec 36 W ½ S E ¼ Sec. 36, W ½ Sec. 36, Township 14, Lot 1237, S W ¼ N E ¼, Sec. 36, Township 14, Lot 1237	1000	30	4.12	1.54	2	35.66
William McLaren	In N W ¼ N E ¼ Sec. 2 Township 15, Lot 1237	15.73	1.20	....	.06	2	3.26
F. L. Churchill	S E ¼ N E ¼ and N E ¼ S E ¼ Sec. 1, Township 36, Lot 1238	120	12	1.37	.60	2	15.97
F. L. Churchill	E ½ S W ¼ Sec. 22, E 1-2 Sec 22, Sec. 23, S W ¼ N W ¼ Sec 24, W 1-2 S W 1-4 Sec 24 W 1-2 W 1-2 Sec. 13, W 1-2 N W 1-4 Sec. 13, S 1-2 Sec. 13, N E 1-4 N E 1-4 Sec. 1, W 1-2 N E 1-4 Sec. 1, W 1-2 Sec. 1, Township 36, Lot 1238	2160	64.80	....	2.70	2	69.50
George H. Rothgeham	In Sec. 21, Township 17, Lot 1242	10	2	.14	.10	2	4.65
John Philbert	In Sec 27 and 28, Township 17, Lot 1242	51.20	5.12	.35	.24	2	7.71
F. L. Churchill	N ½ and NW ¼ and SW ¼ NW ¼ Sec. 6, S ½ S W ¼ and part of S½ ¼ Sec. 7, Township 17, Lot 1242	200.32	20	2.75	1.08	2	25.78
Active Gold Mining Co.	In Secs. 22, 27, 28, 29, 32, 33, 34 and 35, Township 31, Lot 1243	1756.3	245.88	33	12 55	2	293.43
Active Gold Mining Co.	Sec. 19, 30, 31, Township 32, Sec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 35 and 36, Township 31, Lot 2381	3169.7	442.77	....	20.01	2	464.78
James H. Cameron	S ½ of N ½ of NW ¼ of SW ¼ Sec. 4, Lot 812	10	10	.56	.48	2	13.04
Robert Turner	[illegible]	10	10	.56	.48	2	13.04
William Searle	S ½ of N W ¼ of Sec. 33, Lot 812	20	6	....	.27	2	8.27
Campbell Blair	N ½ of N ½ SW ¼ SW ¼ Sec. 33, Lot 812	10	2	....	.12	2	5.12
David Rogers	N 10 acres of S½ ¼ N½ ¼ Sec. 32, Lot 812	10	3	....	.18	2	5.18
Mrs. Sarah Fowler	Block 13 in Township 11a and 12a, Lot 1236	5.03	1.50	1.75	.18	2	5.93

Dated at Nelson, B.C., this 5th day of September, 1910

STEPHEN H. HOSKINS,
[illegible] Assessment District

Comfort in the Hotel Dining Room Due to the One Man Who Could Kick

(N. Y. Sun.)

It was Sunday morning, but the dark, airy dining room was well filled. The cool air circulated freely through the room. Plumes on women's hats waved as if on the deck of a ship and wisps of hair tugged at their moorings in near bald scalps. Occasionally there was a sneeze to break the monotony of the whirring fans and a woman would draw up her jacket sympathetically.

"Get me my hat, waiter," said a stout man.

The waiter stared at him in astonishment. Well trained waiters always stare in astonishment when anything is not done in accordance with the way they were taught to do it. Ask one of them to leave the bread and butter on the table when he has removed the salad plates and watch his confusion. That is against his established order of clearing a table.

It was not in the nature of things for a gentleman at a table to ask for his hat in the middle of breakfast, so the waiter stared in dismay first at the guest and then at the hat check held out to him.

"Der Herr will seinen Hut," whispered the head waiter, who had come up back of him, "Geh, hole seinen Hat."

There could be no appeal from the infallibility of this superman's command; so the waiter took the cheque and hurried out to the white capped young women in the hallway. He brought back the straw hat to the guest, who, horror of horrors! placed it on his head and went on quietly eating his broiled bluefish.

Then the excitement began. The waiters looked from one to another. Women called the attention of their escorts to this lack of politeness. Sub head waiters came running from the back quarters of the big dining room to stare at the sight and rush to report to real head waiters.

Youthful omnibuses snickered in secret and exchanged comments in Greek and the other exotic tongues which these sandhogs of the dining room now employ. Men made smothered observations about the nerve of some people, others speculated as to the city of his origin.

If the cause of all this agitation had not been intently feeding with his eyes fixed on his plate, he might have heard one bold comment as to the discovery of a new species of hog. He may have missed that or he may have thought it best to appear unconscious of it. He could not pretend, however, to be ignorant of the hubbub that attended the arrival of the above all head waiter who was approaching from behind accompanied by a man in citizen's dress who from his obviously sleuthful, mysterious and important air could be nobody but the hotel detective. A babe in arms would have recognized him.

Then he stood behind the head waiter to give him aid and comfort while the latter informed the covered guest that it was against the rule of the house for guests to wear their hats in the dining rooms. This oration almost caused an attack of apoplexy to the head waiter, who had been interrupted at his morning meal of onion soup and burgundy and was not in the habit of talking in any language but French so early.

The object of his remarks sat quietly in his chair, while the waiters, the omnibuses, the golf players and the travellers put down knives, forks and spoons to watch. He dropped a lump of sugar into his second cup of coffee.

"I'm perfectly willing to take my hat off," he began, stirring the coffee the while. "As it was I hated to be guilty of any lack of courtesy to the ladies here. But I suffer from neuralgia. The electric fans in this room are driving the cool wind through here at the rate of twenty miles an hour. I can't stand it. I asked the waiter three times to stop one of the things, but he said it was impossible."

The pasty faced detective stepped back. The head waiter looked as if the stroke might fall on him at any moment. The guests still stared. The hat reposed on the bald pate of its wearer, who carefully lifted a slice of fish from his plate and chased the last drop of melted butter about the tiny silver platter.

"Ask that man there," continued this stubborn guest, "if he cannot feel the cold draught," and he pointed to a man whose few thin locks stood in the air like a pennant on a mast. "Or ask that lady there," and he pointed to a woman who had just drawn an automobile veil closely about her neck as she watched the comedy that was going on. "Or ask that man there against the wall who has just tried to shut the window down and has been doing so much talking under his breath about my having my hat on. Ask him if he isn't so cold that he'd like to put on a coat."

Then he pointed out other neighbors who showed every sign of suffering from the whizzing and whirling of the fans, which spasmodically blew gusts of cold air into the faces of the guests or played deliberately and with concentration on their heads or the back of their necks.

In vain some of them tried to avoid the look of the man with the hat. He pointed them out, however, and the waiter went to some of those he had named just to inquire if the room really was too cool.

They could not deny it. The woman who had tried to protect herself with the motor veil, the man who had been caught red handed in the effort to pull down the window and the oldish chap with his hair blowing in the wind—they could not deny that the wind was too much for them. It had been too much for everybody in the room, and yet with the self-sacrifice of Americans who never complain in their own country they were submitting quietly to the danger of cold, to the immediate discomfort and to possible worse effects.

The head waiter motioned to one of the men in the group about the table and slowly the fan ceased to revolve. The detective moved toward the bar where he could stand by the cashier with a toothpick in his mouth and look as if he were waiting to bag a gang of counterfeiters.

As the fans at every second table ceased to fly and the draught ceased the temperature became more comfortable and there was less of the look of strain on the faces of the guests, who no longer had to adjust their features to the wind. The hat had been dropped on a chair so soon as the fans stopped.

"I was perfectly willing to make a martyr of myself," the rebel said to the waiter when he had paid his cheque, tipped him liberally and was moving out of the room. "That is the only way to make Americans feel how uncomfortable they are. In Europe they will never hesitate to kick when they ought to, but here they are very patient and even seem to resent at first the efforts of the man who wants to make them comfortable. But that has been the fate of every man who tried to help his fellow men."

He Had Struck The Weather Fiend

(Pittsburg Gazette-Times.)

One hot day last week a young man dressed in thin clothes entered a Centre avenue car, and, seating himself next to a stout old gentleman, said, pleasantly:

"Pretty warm, isn't it?"

"What's pretty warm?"

"Why, the weather."

"What weather?"

"Well, it is warmer."

"Well, how's this different from any other weather?"

"Wel, it is warmer."

"How do you know it is?"

"I suppose it is."

"Isn't the weather the same everywhere?"

"Why, no—no; it's warmer in some places and it's colder in others."

"What makes it warmer in some places than it's colder in others?"

"Why, the sun—the effect of the sun's heat."

"Makes it colder in some places than it's warmer in others. Never heard of such a thing."

"No, no, no. I didn't mean that. The sun makes it warmer."

"Then what makes it colder?"

"I believe it's the ice."

"What ice?"

"Why, the ice—the ice—the ice that was frozen by—by—by the frost."

"Have you ever seen any ice that wasn't frozen?"

"No—that is, I believe I haven't."

"Then what are you talking about?"

"I was just trying to talk about the weather."

"And what do you know about it—what do you know about the weather?"

"Well, I thought I knew something, but I see I don't, and that's a fact."

"No, sir, I should say you didn't! Yet you come into this car and force yourself upon the attention of a stranger and begin to talk about the weather as though you owned it, and I find you don't know a solitary thing about the matter you yourself selected for a topic of conversation. You don't know one thing about meteorological conditions, principles, or phenomena; you can't tell me why it is warm in August and cold in December; you don't know why icicles form faster in the sunlight than they do in the shade; you don't know why the earth grows colder as it comes nearer the sun; you can't tell why a man can be sunstruck in the shade; you can't tell me how a cyclone is formed nor how the trade winds blow; you couldn't find the calm centre of a storm if your life depended on it; you don't know what a sirocco is nor where the southwest monsoon blows; you don't know the average rainfall in the United States for the past and current year; you don't know why the wind dries up the ground more quickly than a hot sun; you don't know why the dew falls at night and dries up in the day; you can't explain the formation of fog; you don't know one solitary thing about the weather and you are just like a thousand and one other people who always begin talking about the weather because they don't know anything else, when, by the Aurora Borealis, they know less about the weather than they do about anything else in the world, sir!"

A Queer Railway Pass.

An old-time conductor on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad tells a story about James Guthrie. Mr. Guthrie, besides being Secretary of the Treasury under James Buchanan, was also President of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and a resident of Louisville.

In the early days of railroading there were not printed passes as at present, and Mr. Guthrie would frequently write a pass for a friend on a scrap of paper. The conductors on the road would honor these, of course. One farmer carried a piece of paper purporting to be a pass; the conductor honored it, but later grew suspicious, and one day took it up. He carried it to the office of President Guthrie and said:

"A farmer has been riding on this pass for about a year; do you want him to continue to use it?"

President Guthrie put on his glasses, looked the paper over carefully, and said, "Why, this is not a pass. It is a receipt. I gave a fellow for a load of wood about a year ago."

Its easier for a girl to be clever than pretty.

1809 *IN MEMORY OF* *1909*

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Physician, Philosopher, Poet *Born August 29th, 1809*

A Good Man---A Pure Man---A Kindly Man

Such Men Are a Boon to Mankind, and Their Good Influence Does Not End With Their Lives.

THE TWO ARMIES.

(By Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows back between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
At Honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night—
Each answers, 'Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-framing waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lillies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew.—

While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate
To sit beside the Throne.

FROM "THE VOICELESS."

O, hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses.—
If sighing breath or echoing chard
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

FROM "WHAT WE ALL THINK."

That on unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: God is Love!

THE LAST LEAF.

(By Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the cried on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wane,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loves to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My Grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here:
But the old three cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that
Are so queer!

And if I should like to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

HOLMESISMS.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of every town or city.

The more wheels there are in a watch or brain, the more trouble they are to take care of.

We are old fellows from the moment the fire begins to go out.

Nature gets us out of youth into manhood, as sailors are hurried aboard vessels—in a state of intoxication.

As a general thing, I would not give a great deal for the fair words of a critic, if he is himself an author, over fifty years of age.

The next year stands for the coming time. * * * Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity.

Every real thought or every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other.

Good feeling helps society to make liars of most of us—not absolute liars, but such careless handlers of truth that the sharp corners get terribly rounded.

Habit is the approximation of the animal system to the organic. It is a confession of failure in the highest function of being.

I tell you, the higher a man has to carry the raw material of thought before he works it up the more it cost him in blood, nerve, and muscle.

Fit the same intellect to a man and it is a bow-string—to a woman, and it is a harp-string.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Hereditary Traits

(By H. H. Hudson.)

Harry Talcum was on a vacation. He had chosen the haunts of his mother's family in southern Michigan as a suitable place for his summer outing. Once when a boy he had visited his grandfather, who lived near a small lake surrounded by tamaracks. It would be real sport to borrow a gun and hound and chase through swamp and thicket once more.

After sauntering along a sandy road for a time he came to a farm house and stopped to get a drink. A young lady came out in answer to his summons and soon handed him a glass of water. He would ask her for her father's gun and the use of the hound which was eyeing him curiously. The dog was of a dull brick color, with unusually long ears and muscular limbs.

"Say, miss, I want that dog and a shotgun to go out and renew the experiences of my youth," exclaimed Harry.

"Well, you can have the hound and

"HARRY, I KNOW THIS IS YOUR OFF DAY."

the gun," came the answer. "I will vouch for the gun, but not for the hound. It may be his off day. You see, I know the breed. One of the dog's parents was a lazy, good-for-nothing brute, but the other was a very intelligent, active, ambitious animal. Now that dog alternates each day. One day he takes after one parent, and the next day the characteristics of the other predominate. A queer theory, you may say, but the dog proves the theory."

Harry Talcum took the gun, and the hound started off with a bark and a bound. It was the hound's ambitious day, and as Harry followed the leader, he got a shot at many a rabbit. His game bag was soon full. After thanking Flossie McComb for her great kindness Harry returned to the village and put up at the hotel.

The next day he determined to try it out again. He started with the dog as usual, but after entering the underbrush the hound gave one short bark, and that was the last he heard of it until dusk, when he found it asleep in its kennel. That day the traits of the worthless parent had predominated.

"I told you so," was Flossie's answer, as she smiled at the discouraged hunter, "and what's more, we human being are the same. One day I am ma. The next day I am pa."

Harry noticed that the mother was splitting tamarack while the old man slept in a hammock in the front yard. Again he returned to the village in a thoughtful frame of mine.

Perhaps it was all true. He remembered his father and mother. One day he was all nerve. That was his mother. The next day he was lazy. That was dad. He resolved to become better acquainted with Flossie. He called, on his nervy days, and the courtship grew warm. Flossie informed him that her nervy days came on his weak days. So matters went on until he had driven off all the other suitors for miles around.

Then he made a mistake. He called on a nerveless night. He got as far as the gate, and was on the point of turning back, when Flossie, who had seen him coming up the road, sent the hound after him. Then she came to the gate and escorted him to the front porch. As the moon shone through the lilac bushes she said:

"Harry, I know this is your off day. You are without nerve, while I feel strong and ambitious." She took his hand in hers and looked into his limpid eyes. Continuing, she said: "Harry, I have thought you needed a helpmate. I am sure if this was your strong night you would propose. As it is, I shall take the liberty myself. Place your head on my shoulder and consider yourself engaged."

Harry did as requested.

"Don't you think it better by a combination to be strong every day?" continued Flossie, as she slipper her beautifully moulded arm around his waist.

Harry breathed an assent.

"We will go all the way together, won't we, Harry?" continued the stronger of the two, as the grip tightened.

Harry Talcum's "Yes" was clearly enunciated. A new courage seemed to thrill his being. It was the first moment on a weak day that he had felt strong. The hound came around the corner and licked his hand, while the croaking of the frogs from the distant swamp grew loud, as if they, too, understood and approved.

The Gypsies of the Gasolene Age.

Arrayed in khaki, weather stained,
And full of grease and oil,
Their faces tanned with sun and wind,
Their hands begrimed with toil.
With Honk and hoot and siren shriek
They come from near and far,
And travel in a cloud of smoke,
The gypsies of the car.

In limousine and touring car
And lively runabout,
They laugh at indigestion, nerves,
Insomnia and gout.
No dreams of dark and evil things
At night their slumbers mar,
They keep eternal holiday,
The gypsies of the car.

The wanderlust is in their blood,
They answer to the call
Of open road and azure skies,
Green fields and forests tall,
And leaves a trail of gasolene
Among this earthly star.
Those happy cousins to the tramp,
The gypsies of the car.

—Minna Irving.

After a man is old enough to know right from wrong he needs a lot of preaching to.—Dallas News.

Teaching Foreigners in Illinois to Speak the English Language

Pana, Ill., has a free school for the purpose of instructing foreigners in the English language. The coal miners of the community have become enthusiastic over it and are availing themselves eagerly of ts advantages. Many of them have a good knowledge of their native tongue and of the habits of thought and speech prevailing in the old home. But they find the lack of acquaintance with the common language of American life a serious drawback in their daily intercourse with their fellow-citizens. In this particular locality men and women alike have rejoiced in the opportunity afforded them by the establishment of the school mentioned.

In the recent discussion of the Chinese Sunday schools brought out by the murder of a mission worker in New York it was frequently asserted that the interest of the Mongols in their fair teachers was not due primarily to a desire to know the teachings of the Bible. What they wanted was to understand English, and the zeal of the religious workers afforded them their opportunity without expense. With all allowance for the cynicism of the critics of such mission work, there probably is much truth in the declaration.

The eagerness to learn English is apparent wherever foreigners are found. The stories told of the night schools in the large cities often have much of the pathetic connected with them. The eager souls, hungry for a knowledge of English, are present in large numbers. Old, middle aged, and young, men, women, and youth of both sexes, crowd the rooms where instruction is given. Many well trained individuals take their places side by side with the uneducated. A visit to the Chicago Hebrew Institute, for example, is rewarded by the sight of a great class of manly fellows, strong limbed and strong hearted, who are willing to sit for hours at a time after the days' work is done to learn the essentials of English in order that they may be more effective as wage earners and better citizens as well.

Instructions of this nature should be given all over the country, wherever there are foreigners in any numbers. The children of such people are readily cared for in the public schools. They pick up the language quickly. It is no uncommon thing to see a small boy or girl acting as interpreter for grown men and women, whose ignorance of the English tongue they would be glad to overcome. It is for these older ones that the instruction is needed. There are few more faithful students found anywhere. And it is safe to say that no teacher ever gets greater appreciation than that accorded by the grateful men and women who are given insight into the language of the country of their adoption.

Lord Roberts showed an easy way of filling the ranks of the Territorials in a speech he made at Bristol recently in unveiling a jubilee monument to the Volunteer movement.

"I advise girls not to play tennis or croquet or dance with young fellows luntil they join the Territorials and complete their drills," he said. "Then we shall have no cause for uneasiness."

"Many of the people, I think, undervalue the work of the Volunteers and Territorials.

"The supremacy of the navy is challenged. That supremacy must be maintained, and if that is to be done the fleet must not be tethered to our shores, but must have strategical freedom. That can only be if we have a strong land force.

"Every young girl ought to be trained to shoot."—London Express.

Dogs in Germany.

The dachshund is the favorite dog in Germany, and a very useful and pleasant companion he seems to be. The English bulldog is a good second in popularity, and the nearer he is to our standard points the better he is liked. The fox terrier varies a good deal in size and marking and is evidently not so well known in Germany as he deserves to be.

The ladies there are as fond of their little Poms. and their King Charleses as are their English sisters of their pet dogs at home.

Some few dogs in the streets are harnessed to four wheeled trucks. Usually a man and a dog pull. The work seemed too heavy and exhausting for the dogs, which are generally mongrels of the mastiff type. They look in fair condition and are not ill treated.—From Farm and Home.

Asserting Initiative Real Capital

Most employers of young men have occasion to find fault in the fact that the young man is likely to sit back, prepared to do only those things given him to do. This young man, in whatever line of work, is too much disposed to arrange his duties to conform to office "working hours," and within the hours seeks to accomplish his stunts in such a manner as to spare his a calling down. If he succeeds he is likely to be quite satisfied with himself—and his job.

"I've done everything I know to do to stimulate a little origin initiative into my young men," complained an employer of several hundred workers, most of whom are young, "but I find it's the hardest thing connected with my business. In my line of work there isn't an employee in the office who, with his eyes open, wouldn't stumble over an occasional 'tip' that is valuable to the establishment. One year I offered $1,000 in cash prizes for the best suggestions brought in by employees, dividing the sum in first, second and third prizes, with lesser prizes so distributed that at least a dozen employees must profit during the course of the year. But do you think they rose to the chance?

"Every little while we have a sort of cabinet meeting of the force here in which we smoke, talk, and discuss ways and means, with an idea of bringing something out and awakening interest among employees, but some of these are hopelessly dull and trying. Sometimes it seems to me as if the young men of to-day gets 'salary bound' to the extent that he can't work for anything more that he is getting every week in his envelope. I won't admit that I am at fault in the attempt to awaken interest. Any man in the place knows that he is free to come to me in my office any time and tell me anything. But most of them continue to sit outside at desks until I send for them. What can I do about it?"

This criticism is all the more serious from the fact that my employer friend always has favored the college man in general. Not that he turns down the high school youngster who puts up a bright, wide awake front and looks the part of promise. He insists that wide-awakeness is so comparatively rare that no employer can afford to slight that quality in any young man.

From my experience of men who accomplish things I know that this one business man's criticism of his own working force applies in wide measure everywhere that salaried men are employed. I know further that in many cases of marked success in individual men they have made much of that success through wisdom enough to encourage suggestions from office workers who have had suggestions to make. This type of man, knowing an idea when he saw or heard it, has grabbed at it in embryo, developed it, and profited by it to the full.

As a key to his position, every young man beginning his life work needs to consider the individuality of the man to whom he is responsible in making good. This study of the superior in office may accomplish a double good for the employee.

There is a type of narrow, unprogressive employer who, by reason of his own egotism, always discourages anything which in his narrowness suggests "advice." In the narrowness of his egotism he is self-sufficient, always. Anything that appears to him a usurpation of his prerogatives in office is intrusion and offense. He snubs the employee who dares to make a suggestion; or if a board of directors force it upon his attention, he nurses a soreness against that body.

When the young employee with initiative in him and in an impulse to progress finds his employer of this type, he cannot seek another office.

On the other hand, finding his superior in office a man of quick intuitions and judgment, disposed to act at once in accordance with these impulses, the employee must make up his mind to line up with the spirit of his superior if in the end he is not to find himself classed with the "dead ones."

In the case of my half discouraged employer friend, I should say that there are comparatively few positions in his office not threatened with vacancies in favor of the young man who can show initiative and go in him. "I'd rather be jumped on for doing something than be jumped on for doing nothing," has come to be the accepted aphorism among up to date employees. At the same time thousands of workers who hold by the philosophy, weaken when the opportunity for doing something presents itself.

"What if I should fall down on that?" the employee asks himself.

But every day his employer may be taking chances a hundred times greater and losing out on a considerable percentage of these chances. The trouble is that the young man in taking the initiative prompting him to no more than volunteering a suggestion as to ways and means and ends in his work discovers that his own recognized lack of experience in the world tends to frighten him. He feels that if the ripened judgment of his employer prompts the employer to turn it down without a second thought that employer will put a black mark down against him, while if he doesn't venture the suggestion is safe.

With the wise business man, however, this fear is ill founded. He is quite prepared to subject the ideas of the young, inexperienced man to a close inspection in the light of his own judgment and experience. If he finds the suggestion unwise or impossible, he is prepared to charge the fact to Jones' inexperience. If Jones might make irrefutable suggestions on everything appertaining to the business, the employer would put Jones in the position of general manager within twenty-four hours.

As it is the employer under the young man of initiative may hope to develop will say no more than to himself, "Well, that chap Jones is interested anyhow; he isn't a 'dead one.' He'll do something if he just keeps on."

In such an action of Jones' the wise employer reads only that Jones is interested in something more than his set task of the day. Quite likely the Jones suggestion is of a nature indicating that he has been studying the relation of his work to the purpose of the whole organization. This in itself is encouraging to an employer. Jones isn't accepting the idea that merely going through the motions of a day's work alloted to him absolves him of all further obligation and interest in the establishment. He has been getting at the meaning of his individual task.

Altogether it appears obvious that the young man entering business must find capital, not liabilities, in asserting whatever initiative he may have in getting a line on his organization's work and lending his best judgment freely to its end. He need not be afraid of exposing his ignorance in keeping silence. A man may sit through one dinner in dignified silence and keep a reputation for wisdom; he can't do it at a boarding house table for six months, however, and expect such results.—John A. Howland.

Choose Your Words.

A lady who was very plain-looking called on a friend.

This friend's little girl came into the room and her mother introduced her.

"But, mamma, isn't she awfully homely," said the "young hopeful."

"Why, Laura, you mustn't say such things, it isn't polite."

"I meant it only as a joke."

"But, dear, how much more of a joke it would have been if you had said, 'How pretty she is.'"

Our sins have a way of finding us out, which is perhaps better than finding us in.

15b

WATCH THIS SPACE

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Sed G. Chatem, 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. 8531, 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. CHATEM, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, 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 30 chains from the north bank of Summit Creek and about 7 miles from its mouth, thence 40 chains south, thence 80 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 FERGUSON, 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 Chatour'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 FERGUSON, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Ethel Chatem, 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 CHATEM, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, 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 southeast corner of J. B. Ferguson's application to purchase, thence 40 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains south, thence 40 chains east, to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated July 21st, 1910.

ETHEL LUCKWELL, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, 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 southeast 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 FERGUSON, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, J. H. Ferguson, of Rockspring, Ontario, farmer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the southwest corner of Sed. G. Chatem's application to purchase, on Summit Creek, thence 40 chains north, thence 80 chains west, or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 320 acres, more or less.

Dated August 25th, 1910.

J. H. FERGUSON, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

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

Commencing at a post planted at the northeast corner of L 8531, near Summit Creek, thence 40 chains north, thence 70 chains west, thence 40 chains south, thence 70 chains east, to point of commencement, containing 280 acres, more or less.

Dated August 25th, 1910.

FRED GOODCHILD, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, James Chatem, 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 20 chains east, or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 150 acres, more or less.

Dated July 22nd, 1910.

JAMES CHATEM, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, 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 FERGUSON, Agent

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 Creek, 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

Notices of Application for Renewal of Liquor Licenses

Take Notice that I, A. North, of Birdar, B.C. intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by me for the premises known as the Birdar Hotel, situated at Birdar, B.C.

Dated at Birdar, B.C., August 12th, 1910.

A. NORTH

WANTED—A small second-hand Stump Puller.—Write Box 67, Creston.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

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

Commencing at a post planted at the southeast corner of J. B. Ferguson's pre-emption, 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 August 25th, 1910.

MATILDA STEVENSON, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

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

Commencing at a post planted on Summit Creek at the southwest corner of J. B. Ferguson's pre-emption, thence 40 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains south, thence 40 chains east, to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated August 25th, 1910.

FLOSSIE CHATEM, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, Agent

Mr. Guy Lowenberg, official Mining Recorder, has returned to town from his holiday. When asked if the placer claim discoveries had hastened his home coming Guy merely smiled, and pointing to a big bunch of blank record forms said: "That is alright, let 'em all come I am equipped to record five hundred claims right away if necessary, if the prospectors will furnish the claims I will attend to the recording port of it."

A number of the claim stakers have recorded their claims, and Mr. Guy Lowenberg has been kept busy filling up the documents during the last two days.

There will be no Sunday School in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning, but instead the children are requested to be in attendance at 11 a.m., when the Rev. Mr. Sarkissian will deliver a special Sermon for children. Parents and all grown people are requested to attend this service.

Mr. Keith, the popular paying teller the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at Creston has been transferred to the Nelson branch, and Mr. J. B. Luke will replace him here. Mr. Keith made many friends here, and our pleasure at his promotion is tempered with regret at his departure from Creston. We understand that Campbell Dow is likely to be transferred from the Creston branch shortly on promotion.

FOUND—A sum of money. Owner can have same by paying for this advertisement and proving property. Apply W. A. McBeath, the Drug Store.

MURPHY'S LODGING HOUSE

Is now open for Lodgers and Transients

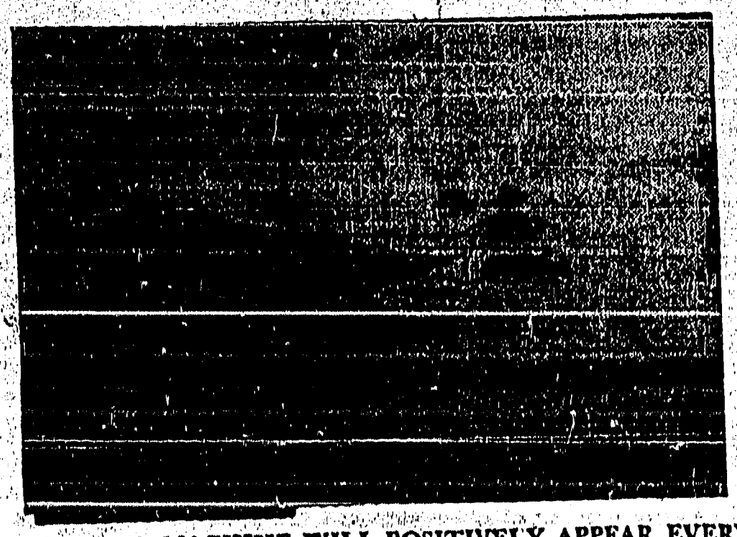
Rooms by the Day, Week or Month at Reasonable Rates

All the rooms are well furnished, and special attention is given to the comfort of our guests. Hot and Cold Baths.

FIRST CLASS HALL FOR RENT

Canyon Street - CRESTON

CURTIS AEROPLANE FLYING AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



THIS SAME MACHINE WILL POSITIVELY APPEAR EVERY DAY AT THE SPOKANE INTERSTATE FAIR, OCTOBER 3 TO 9, 1910.

The star attraction of the Spokane Interstate Fair, the one big feature which the management expect will bring the largest crowds to Spokane the week of October 3d, is the Curtiss Aeroplane. This marvelous flying machine is the same one that won so many prizes in Los Angeles last winter, the one that made the successful flight from Albany to New York, and also from New York to Philadelphia and return.

The contract which the Spokane Interstate Fair management has made with the Curtiss Company of Hammondsport, N. Y., calls for a payment of approximately $1000 a flight, and under the terms of the agreement, the Curtiss Company are to send two complete machines and their most expert aviator. At least four or more flights are to be made every day of the Fair, October 3 to 9, and the machines will also be on exhibition on the ground all the time.

NOTICE

All parties indebted to the undersigned kindly call and settle their accounts at once, as I have disposed of my business and must close up my accounts.

A. W. COULTER

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

Stumping a Lan Clearing

From $50 to $125 Per Acre

Plowing and Harrowing Done by the Acre

All work guaranteed done promptly and thoroughly.

T. W. QUAIFE
CRESTON

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

William Atherton on Monday last assumed the duties of foreman in the Review office, which position was formerly held by Mr. John Atherton.

Miss M. Trotter is now presiding over the candy store in the Conlter Block.

Miss L. M. Scott, Trained Certified Nurse, of Moyie, arrived on Monday of last week from the east. She is on a professional engagement here.

Miss D. Howarth has been appointed agent for the famous Gourlay Pianos, and a sample instrument will shortly be on view in the Howarth home.

J. J. Atherton left on a business trip to Nelson yesterday.

This week the school trustees furnished the police with the names of certain children who have been playing truant of late. The parents of these children have been notified, and unless the children referred to make their appearance at school regularly from now on the parents may expect the visit of the police to be followed by "Blue papers."

ISSUE NO. 32, 1910

Recipes

BAKED TRIPE—SPANISH STYLE.

Boil four pounds of fresh tripe till tender. Drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and arrange in a well-buttered pan. Pour over it one quart of chopped tomatoes, one large onion sliced very thin, half a cupful of chopped parsley, and, if it is liked, the skin of a large red pepper, minced fine. A teaspoonful of Tabasco sauce may be used if more flavor is liked. Pour over all one-half cupful of melted butter and bake for one hour. This is equal to the finest fish.

NEVER-FAIL HAM OMELET.

Never-fail omelet might be a better name. Six eggs beaten separately, adding whites last. One cup milk; six teaspoons cornstarch, one teaspoon baking powder. Pour mixture into buttered spider, sprinkle with chopped ham and roll when it begins to cook through.

BOILED TRIPE WITH RICE.

Put two pounds of fresh tripe to boil in two quarts of water. Add one chopped onion, a bit of garlic, three tomatoes sliced, salt and pepper, and when half the water has boiled away put in a small cupful of rice. Simmer gently and serve when the rice is dry.

TOMATO SOUP WITH MACARONI.

The left-over macaroni of yesterday's dish may be used in the soup. If there is none left, rice may be used, as it is not patricularly desirable to have macaroni or any other foodstuff two days in succession, unless there are left-overs to be utilized.

FRIED FLOUNDERS.

Two hours before wanted, cleanse nicely and rub all over with salt. Wipe dry and dip into beaten egg; sprinkle with cracker, pounded, or crumbs. Fry about ten minutes in boiling lard.

WAFFLES.

One pint sour milk; put in flour until batter drops from spoon; add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs beaten separately, one tablesponful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, half-teaspoonful salt; add whites last.

STUFFED TRIPE.

Select long strips of fresh tripe and boil in salted water till tender. Prepare a dressing as for roast chicken or turkey, spread it thinly on the strips of tripe, roll them and secure with a wooden skewer—a toothpick answers nicely. Arrange the rolls in a buttered pan and bake till done. This is an excellent luncheon dish and is very dainty served cold, the slices cut round the rolls like jelly cake.

NIGHT NOISES OF FORESTS.

Animals and Birds That Seldom Move About in the Daytime.

Nothing can be more weird, more mysterious, than night in the forest. Well versed in hunting lore though he be, a man will hear sounds at night which he cannot identify. The hours of darkness are not hours of silence, for there are birds and beasts whose day begins only after sundown, who seek their food in the black night while the diurnal creatures are sleeping.

One of the very commonest animals in the East, the porcupine, is so completely nocturnal in its habits that it is rarely seen. Perhaps as you ride by moonlight your pony shies at a whitish, rustling something which crosses the track just ahead of him, says a correspondent of the Field, or your favorite terrier, after a marauding expedition, will return with a stout and cruel quill embedded in the muscles of his chest. The silent watch over a kill for a goal stealing leopard is full of eeriness and mystery. Ears are intensely on the alert, so that no sound in the vicinity is missed. Then is made startlingly manifest the strange double life of the jungle, the life of the night as opposed to the much more familiar life of the day.

Everywhere around are strange movements and rustlings, while those creatures which move across such of the foreground as is illuminated by the uncertain rays of the moon seem to take on fantastic shapes, until after many nights of watching it is almost easy to believe in pixies and goblins, or even the strange beings of native legend.

In Kashmir on a spur overlooking the Lolab Valley we had pitched our dining tent under a huge walnut tree. Every night strange rustlings and chatterings used to come from its ample foliage and walnuts detached by busy teeth would tumble from the tree. We took our visitors to be flying squirrels and made attempts to shoot one of them; but though we had a big log fire close to and illuminated the walnut tree with pine torches as well, we never actually saw one of the animals nor established their identity for certain.

In the plains of India and Ceylon the great fruit eating bats are no doubt responsible for many of the night sounds heard among the tree tops. Then there are huge insects of many kinds, whose crawling among the dry leaves adds largely to the noises which come from the ground. Crocodiles become very active at night and make considerable excursions from their watery haunts.

I have known a crocodile to walk 200 yards from the edge of a lake in which it lived in order to reach the carcass of a dead pig. On its return it dragged the pig with it to the lake; the broad trail told the whole story next morning as clearly as though we had witnessed the entire performance. Sambhur and sloth bears are also creatures of the night, the deer particularly so in Ceylon, probably because they are so incessantly harried by hunters. On the Neilgherries and in Wynaad I used to see sambhur come out to feed comparatively early in the evening, while they did not retreat to their midday haunts till some time after sunrise.

Bears in Ceylon are so seldom seen by day that it is customary to sit over water holes for them in the hot weather. There are plenty of them in the island, and they [illegible] shillings such as they [illegible] numerous rocky hills which are a feature of the Ceylon forests.

Though it is hard to know who or what are the makers of the incessant movement which is going on all night in the woods the actual voices of birds and animals are by no means equally difficult to identify. In the hills, even in a big station like Mussoorie, are constantly heard the loud calls of barking deer; the little creature's resonant bark is almost indistinguishable from that of a dog. The muntjac is said to be particularly vociferous when there is a leopard about. I have, however, often heard these tiny deer barking a most excited way when there could have been no leopards within many miles.

A very familiar warning of the approach of night is the squawk of night herons as they sail overhead. In most Indian compounds is found a family of quaint little brown owls who come out of the hollow tree where they spend the day as soon as dusk descends and begin their voluble chatter. Natives are very superstitious about the big gray-white owls and consider them to be the harbingers of evil, but no bad odor attaches to the merry little brown fellow who is everybody's friend.

Hindoos have all sorts of beliefs regarding trees. If you want a man to tell the absolute truth you take him beneath a pipal. Under the shadow of the pipal every Hindu is supposed to become a George Washington. In the Madras hills the natives always regard large trees as the abodes of devils. Near a bungalow I lived in at Wellington, 10 miles from Ootacamund, there was a large hollow tree. In the hollow pious hands had erected a miniature altar of bricks, and on this were usually to be seen one of those little classically-shaped clay lamps to burn mustard oil and a few tiny coins to propitiate the devil who lived in the tree.

On the other hand there are aboriginal tribes in Wynaad who never leave the shelter of the pathless forest. I have stood on a hill and looking over the vast jungles of Mysore have seen thin smoke wreaths ascending far away from the centre of the forest, the fires of those jungle men cooking their evening meal.

No More Sour Catsup

PARKES' Catsup Flavor and Preserver

Is a concentrated extract of spices that flavors catsup and preserves it for all time. Many people have given up the making of catsup because it always spoiled. You can now make better and nicer looking catsup than you ever made before if you insist on getting Parke's Catsup Flavor from your grocer. It leaves the natural red color of the tomato and imparts the most delicious flavor. Sent post paid on receipt of 30 cents.

PARKE & PARKE
HAMILTON DRUGGISTS CANADA

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Scowls vs. Smiles.

(By Cynthia Grey.)

There is just as little excuse for a frown on a woman's pretty face as there is for the man in the moon to think he can frighten the people on earth by frowning.

A scowl on milady's face is fully as distressing as would be a scowl on the man in the moon's face, too!

No man with a spark of life in his veins but thaws at the sight of a pretty woman. We are all cheered by the pleasant-faced man in the moon.

There is no more justification in a woman's frown than there is in a mild little house cat trying to roar like a lion.

It is absolute idiocy for anybody to try to impress others with their importance or learning by frowning—and many of them pucker their pretty brows for this very reason.

One can conceive of only one personage who has anything like a legitimate right to frown: the very old philosopher who has earned his place in the world of knowledge. At that, genuine philosophers usually smile!

But the young man, or the young woman, or the pretty girl, or the baby, cherishes a fond delusion if any of them hope to impress the world with their importance or intelligence by copy-catting the heavy-headed old philosopher whose labors have soured him.

Frowns do not pay. Smiles win friends and conduce to good blood circulation.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, E.c.

Carnegie's Business Types.

Andrew Carnegie, at the luncheon to Prince Tsai Tao in Mr. Schwab's vast and splendid mansion in Riverside drive, says the Washington Star, is reported to have administered a smiling rebuke to the twentieth century type of business man.

"In my time it was different," said Mr. Carnegie, "but nowadays there are too many business men who may be described like this:

"Positive—They get on.

"Comparative—They get honor.

"Superlative—They get honest—sometimes."

Some Truth In It.

Discussing the proposed laws against scorching motorists, Raymond Hitchcock, the actor, said to the New York Tribune man:

"It is time to check these men. They are getting quite reckless. There was more truth than humor in a burlesque dialogue I read in a manuscript play the other night.

"'If there's one thing more than another I hate to run over,' said the burlesque chauffeur, 'it's a baby.'

"'Quite right,' his companion agreed. 'Those feeding bottles do play hob with a tire, don't they?'"

Making our money in oil doesn't always have a refining influence on us enough to do to keep her busy. Slobbs—[illegible] she has married a man to reform him.

SMOKE'S EFFECT ON BRIDGES.

Instances of Structures Which It Materially Injured.

When a locomotive is making speed against a grade with its full complement of cars and tonnage behind it the blast from the smokestack may attain almost explosive force. But regardless of how many pounds dead weight might be blown from the stack, its corrosive and heat effects in passing under bridge and viaduct structures have been under careful study by the engineers.

The "Cotton Farm" bridge in Boston was built in 1896 with a clearance of only fifteen feet above the line of the Boston & Maine road. The floor of the bridge was supported by hollow tile arches, resting upon flanges of steel "I" beams. These steel beams were protected by heavy lead plates and above were rendered rust proof by cement tiles.

In ten years the locomotive blast had eaten into the lead sheeting and into the tiling to such an extent that much of the coating fell to the ground and all of it had to be torn out.

At another point in Boston is a bridge spanning the road where locomotives in one direction take a heavy grade in passing. The height of the clearance is eighteen feet, while the bridge has only wooden stringers.

On the up grade end of the bridge, where forced blast is necessary, the stringers are eroded and burned to a depth of a quarter inch; on the down grade end damage is not noticeable. The judgment of the engineers is that eighteen feet clearance allows of a cheaper bridge and a longer life to it than the more costly structure at the minimum of fifteen feet.—From the Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

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

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

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN.

Schr. "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

Philosophy of Work.

CHANNING.

Labor is discovered to be the great, the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more sure than the proudest battles.

CICERO.

What is there that is illustrious that is not also attended by labor.

EPICHARMUS.

The gods sell everything good for labor.

JOUBERT.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.

LIVY.

Toil and pleasure, in their natures opposite, are yet linked together in a kind of necessary connection.

MAZZINI.

Labor is the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide.

Your Druggist Will Tell You Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain. And Sells for 50c. Try Murine in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation

Change in English Prayerbook.

The accession of a new sovereign in Great Britain brings about many changes, but none, perhaps, so full of sentiment as the changes necessary in the Book of Common Prayer. The name Edward, wherever it appears, must now be changed to read George. In the litany is a prayer for the welfare of the royal personages close to the sovereign. This now reads "our gracious Queen Alexandra, George Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the royal family." The plates from which the book is printed are being altered, and the following will appear: "Our gracious Queen Mary, Alexandra the Queen Mother, Edward Duke of Cornwall, and all the royal family." With every change of sovereigns an alteration similar to this is necessary.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The Country Weekers.

Jerome S. McWade, addressing a children's country week association, of Duluth, says the Washington Star, cited many striking similies and metaphors in unaccustomed pastoral surroundings.

"A boy," he said, "had his attention called to the sunset.

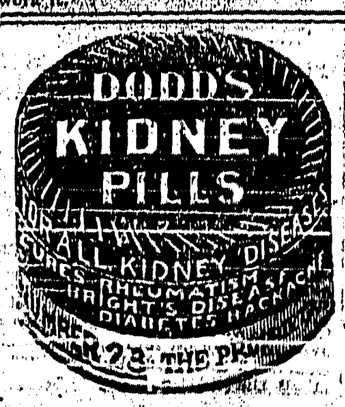
"'Look!' said the missionary. 'Isn't the sunset beautiful—the round, yellow sun sinking in the midst of white clouds?'

"'It's fine,' the boy agreed. 'It's just like a fried egg.'

"In the same party was a little girl. She rose at dawn one morning and her eye was caught by the sparkle of the dew on the grass.

"'It's water in a thousand,' she said. 'The grass is all covered with prespiration.'"

Any bartender will tell you there is a difference between knowing how a cash register works and knowing how to work it.



MISERABLE WITH DYSPEPSIA

Another Wonderful Cure By That Wonderful Fruit Medicine —"Fruit-a-tives."

Mr. Mathias Dery, of 225 Church street, Ottawa, Ont., was treated for years by physicians for Painful Dyspepsia. He spent so much money for doctor's medicines without getting much relief that he had about made up his mind that his case was hopeless.

Seeing "Fruit-a-tives" advertised, however, Mr. Dery thought he would invest 50c in a box of these wonderful fruit juice tablets.

And this famous fruit medicine did for Mr. Dery what all the doctors could not do—it cured him.

He writes:—"Fruit-a-tives" positively cured me of severe Dyspepsia when physicians failed to relieve me."

"Fruit-a-tives" makes the stomach sweet and clean, insures sound digestion and regulates bowels, kidneys and skin.

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

Lord Kelvin's Religious Views.

The scientific man in looking at matter, wondering what it will do, thinking over the results of certain combinations which he can impose upon it, declares that there is something beyond a mass of dead matter. His very thought is in itself a contradiction to the idea that there is nothing but dead matter. Science can show that what we see in the world of dead matter and of life is not a result of fortuitous atoms. St. Peter speaks of scoffers who said that "all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation," but affirms himself that "all these things shall be dissolved." It seems to me that even physical science absolutely demonstrates the scientific truth of these words. In science, as in morals and politics, there is no periodicity. Whatever we prophesy of the future it will be unlike the past. Everything is in a state of evolution and progress. The science of dead matter, which has been my chief life study, is strenuous on the point that the age of the world is definite.

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.

Road History Illustrated.

A novelty at the Brussels International Exposition is a graphic history of roads from the Roman road to the most perfected modern form. An average about a third of a mile in length leads up to the pavilion of civil engineering, and is divided into sections, each two meters long, representing all the different types of roads that have been employed by civilized nations. Thus the visitor is enabled to make a direct comparison showing the peculiarities and advantages of all the various kinds of highways that man has devised to enable him to move about easily on the surface of his planet, on foot, on horseback and in carriages and wagons.

If every housekeeper would use Wilson's Fly Pads freely during the summer months, the house fly peril would soon be greatly diminished.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Once upon a Time a Royal Family, having suffered a sad Bereavement, received Condolences from its Neighbors, both Royal and Republican. A Republican Neighbor sent a Favorite Son, with Credentials, believing that the Solemnities of the Occasion would keep in Check a Precocity which had often caused Consternation at Home and Abroad. In a reasonable Time after the Burial (during which the Irrepressible One actually kept quiet) the Bereaved People courteously honored the Restless One with the Freedom of the City, in a precious Casket, notwithstanding that the Great Man had already taken some Egyptian Liberties without being asked. Having noticed in the Domestic Affairs of his Hosts a Serious Race Problem, and having settled the Race Problems at Home, the Frank One put the Freedom of the City in his Pants Pocket, when he drew a Prepared Lecture showing the Perplexed People exactly what to Do. The surprised Hosts did not show their Guest the Door, with a Passport in a Soap Box; they simply Considered the Source.

Moral:—One is Enough.—O. B. Server.

A Diplomatic Rebuke.

A neat turn of phrase is that quoted of Lord Palmerston in a recent book. It seems that some young gentlemen in the foreign office amused themselves quite frequently by flashing the rays of the sun by means of a mirror into the eyes of some young ladies who lived across the street.

The father of the ladies complained to Palmerston, who thereupon issued this order:

"The Secretary of State desires that the gentlemen in his department will not cast disagreeable reflections on the ladies opposite."—Youth's Companion.

Overheard at Atlantic City—Slobbs—That girl who came down yesterday brought the biggest trunk I ever saw. Slobbs—I saw her in the surf this morning, and she didn't need it for her bathing suit.

PISCATORIAL DON'TS.

Rules for Those Who Fish With a Pole and Those Who Angle With Rod.

Don't walk right up to a riff and fish it, stay above it and let your line float down to it, and if you don't get a strike hold your pole still and reel your line in and let it run out again two or three times; then swing your pole from side to side.

If using red worms don't put on a big bait. One nice worm is enough. Start about three-quarters from head and string worm on the hook, let the head stick out so there are ends to wabble. Pull point of hook out so the worms can't come off.

Don't jerk hard to hook a fish.

Don't pull too quick. Don't let the line slacken.

When a fish is hooked don't get excited; if a big fish is hooked give him time. Time is golden.

Don't take any intoxicating drinks.

Again, don't stand so your shadow is on the water if it is a still day and nothing is moving, and don't forget that time and patience make the best fisherman.

Don't swear if you lose a nice fish; it's no use—he is gone.

Don't use lead on line when fishing for trout.

Don't use a heavy line.

Don't use white lines and a good many more things too numerous to mention here.—Fur News.

ZAM-BUK CURES SUNBURN.

Neglect of a sunburn on face, arm or neck often leads to the after growth of skin which is freckled or course; and this is particularly distressing to ladies. Timely application of Zam-Buk will prevent this. Zam-Buk is a herbal balm, which soothes and cools the burned skin, and assists nature to replace the damaged tissue with soft, velvety skin.

Zam-Buk is also good for stings, scratches, heat sores, blisters on hands or feet and all skin injuries. Applied to these it quickly stops the smarting, and ensures quick healing. As it is free from animal fat, and mineral coloring matter, it is particularly suited to the delicate skin of babies, suffering from heat rash, chafed places, etc. Sold everywhere by druggists and store-keepers. Beware of harmful imitations, and see the name "Zam-Buk" on the box before buying.

Beyond the Reach of Law.

Dr. Pigou, the Dean of Bristol, has for long had the reputation of being one of the brightest humorists in the church.

One of his stories turns upon the deceased wife's sister. It appears that a vicar of Dr. Pigou's acquaintance had, in ignorance, solemnized such a marriage, and he interviewed the old verger whose business it was to look after such things.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the old man, "I knowed the parties. I knowed them."

"Then, why in the world didn't you tell me?" exclaimed the vicar.

"Well, vicar, it was this way, you see," replied the old fellow. "One of 'em parties was 83 and t'other was 86. Says I to meself: 'It can't last long; bother the laws and let 'em two wed!'"—From M. A. P.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Oregon Man's Insect Catcher.

In the country all sorts of homely devices are used to catch the bugs and kill them, and an Oregon man, who probably had his apple orchard overrun by some destructive species, patented a trap for the pests. A barrel has pieces cut out of the upper portion, and is half filled with rotten or bruised apples or some other odoriferous fruit. On top of the barrel is placed a pan partially filled with water, oil or some poisonous liquid. From the apex of a tripod that keeps the basin from falling off the barrel hangs a lantern.

In the daytime the insects will be attracted by the odor of the fruit, and in flying up to feast many of them are likely to fly into the water. At night the lantern is lighted and bugs will come from afar to flutter against it and meet their death in the liquid below.—From the Chicago Tribune.

Spiced Beets.

Use young, tender beets. Boil, peel and chop fine. Put in a pan with a tablespoonful of butter, two of vinegar and salt and pepper to taste. These are nice served with salt cod and mashed potato. If the beets are small use four to each tablespoonful of butter.

AGENTS WANTED.

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

START 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.

GLADSTONE'S FACE.

Who can ever forget that unforgettable face of Gladstone—the beaked, strong and yet perfectly proportioned nose, giving with its slight aquilineness an impression of strength of domination and of scorn; the face white as ivory and yet not fragile; the large, sinuous mouth, that seemed to be as quick to express every emotion as though it were an Aeolian harp; the strong, square chin; the eyes, brilliant and shining, and as pure black as a piece of coal shining in the darkness; and, lastly, the melodious voice that could give every tone, every half-tone, every semi-quaver of a long gamut of perfect elocution! And then the wondrous vitality of the man! I would give a word of counsel to young orators, which is that their effectiveness in speech, as in every other pursuit of life, is largely dependent on their state of health. I have seen very fine speakers quite ineffective, below their ordinary level, simply because they were tired and their vitality was exhausted. To be able to vitalize others you must be vital yourself; and a part, at least, of the enormous power of Gladstone as a speaker was that inexhaustible strength of lung and limb and nerve which lay behind that strangely pallid and white skin.—T. P. O'Connor, in T. P's. Weekly.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhœa, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 5, Windsor, Ont.

Seasonable Notes.

You can't keep a good thermometer down.

Smite a fly on one cheek and he returneth to the other.

This is thirsty weather. Even the mercury is filling its glass higher these days.

If you want a high time on your vacation lie to the mountains.

Undoubtedly many of our sweet girl graduates will make good fudge.

A hook in the jaw is apt to finish both the fish and the fighter.

Henry asks what is good for mosquito bites. Human cuticle is considered very good.—Henry—Boston Transcript.

Don't experiment with unsatisfactory substitutes. Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made and will kill many times more flies than any other article.

The Other Extreme.

"Well," sighs the man with the wash tie; "now that the aeroplane is becoming popular the women won't spend so much money for automobile hats and veils."

"No," growls the man with the ingrowing mustache. "But they'll blow in just as much on silk stockings and high-heeled shoes."—Judge.

My love of God is wrong unless it makes him more lovely to others.

That Splitting Headache will vanish if you take "NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers

Give quick sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Photography Taught Free

Your name on a neat card will secure for you a Free and Complimentary Membership in the Dominion Camera Club, and will entitle you to all the privileges and advantages of this club, including free instructions, advice and latest information as to advances made in the Art of Photography. Write to-day and take advantage of this special offer.

CLUB DEPARTMENT OF

Dominion Photo Supply Co., Limited

194 YONGE STREET TORONTO.

At the Outset

Young married couples should start their housekeeping careers aright. Remember, Mrs. June-Bride, that

Eddy's Indurated Ware

is the BEST on the market. Also that Eddy's "SILENT" Matches are absolutely safe and harmless. Matches, Paper of all descriptions, Woodenware, Pails, Tubs and Wash Boards.

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AMONG THE JEWS

Interesting Items Concerning Them From Far and Near.

There is a great deal of excitement in the Jewish community of London (England) over the question of a suitable memorial from the Jews of London in general, and the east end of London in particular, to the late King. The east end Jews wish to build a Jewish hospital and call it the King Edward Memorial Hospital, but the west enders, at a largely attended meeting, passed a resolution that the memorial was not to take the form of a Jewish hospital, the exact form of the memorial to be left to His Majesty the King's decision. The rich Jews have so far subscribed only a few hundred pounds towards their memorial fund, but the east enders have already collected nearly four thousand pounds towards a Jewish hospital to be erected to the memory of the late King.

The police officials have commenced a vigorous search in the summer resorts around Riga, Tchernigoff, and Ethkaterinoslav, with the object of detecting illegal Jewish visitors. One case in the Province of Ethkaterinoslav is particularly striking. The Governor's Council permitted Jews to reside there during the summer. The Governor, however, altered his mind, and despatched a few officers to expel the Jews. The petitions of the peasants and ailing Jews were ignored. The latter were informed that they only got ill when it suited them. The authorities declined to wait even a day. And on Saturday morning the Jews were compelled to hire conveyances and leave the villages. An old woman, aged seventy, refused to ride on Saturday, and decided to walk to town. She fainted, however, in the middle of the journey and was compelled to break her Sabbath.

The Budapest courts have just had before them a libel case of the utmost interest to the community. Proceedings were taken against Herr Max Szabolcsy, the editor of a Jewish paper, at the instance of Dr. Bela Maka, formerly head of a department in the Ministry of Public Worship. The defendant had courageously attacked the plaintiff in his journal for his anti-Semitic bias in dealing with matters affecting the Jewish community, whereby the community had sustained material damage. In his evidence, Herr Szabolcsy showed that during the term of office of Dr. Maka—and neither before nor after—Jewish congregations and institutions had been subjected to a regime of petty officialdom, which found expression in the refusal of sanction synagogue by-laws and other species of red tape. Baron Josef Satvany-Deutsch, president of the Budapest Seminary, gave evidence in confirmation of the defendant's story, and mentioned some ridiculous instances of official interference with the affairs of the Seminary. The defendant was acquitted. It should be stated that Dr. Maka was dismissed from office some months ago.

General Botha, on behalf of the Union Government of South Africa, has accepted Mr. Solly Joel's gift of Barnato Park at Johannesberg, of eleven and a half acres, with buildings, which will be used as a girls' school.

The annual Zionist Conference opened in Berlin on Monday, June 27. Over 40 members of the actions committee were present. It was resolved that the debate on the report of the inner actions committee should be regarded as confidential. The various questions under consideration since the Ninth Congress were thoroughly debated, and the situation in Turkey was discussed. Dr. Ruppin presented a report of the work of the Palestine office at Java. Among other interesting matters mentioned in his report are the following: The differences of opinion as regards to the use of the national fund has been solved by the creation of farms through the agency of the Palestine Land Development Company and the Olive Tree Fund Society on the land of the national fund. By aid of the national fund a new quarter has been built up in the city of Jaffa, which forms one of the most successful achievements of Zionism in Palestine. The Bezalel, whose business affairs are carried on by the Palestine office, is developing satisfactorily. It now employs four times as many workmen as it did before, and is capable of bringing a small industry into existence.

The feeling of confidence among the Black Hundreds that the Pale Bill is not likely to make any progress, has given way to a violent agitation against the Jews. The reactionary organs openly call the anti-Semites to arms against the Jews, in order to force the withdrawal of the measure. Several provincial reactionary organs have issued ultimatums to the Jews, threatening them with a renewal of assaults, if they persist in promoting the masure; and it is anticipated that the threats will be fulfilled. The "Novoe Vremya" has begun to publish protests from Octobrist branches in the provinces against the support given by some of the members of the party to the bill. The Etkaterinoslav Real Russians have decided to petition the Czar against the bill. The bitterness in the ranks of the Black Hundreds can well be illustrated by their demand that the Upper Chamber should institute legal proceedings against the 166 singatory deputies for giving their approval to the bill.

Many important resolutions were passed by the conference. It was decidd to hold the 10th congress in Vienna next summer (1912). A large number of amendments to the constitution of the movement will then be submitted to the congress.

In Jewish circles in Germany the marked increase in mixed marriages is causing great alarm. In 100 the percentage was 15.58, whereas in 1908 it rose to 28.28. The latter year saw 2,623 Jewish marriages, against 742 mixed marriages in Prussia.

A special despatch to the New York Morning Journal from London contains the important news that the Government of Jerusalem signed all deeds for real estate purchased by foreign Jews. It will be remembered that only a few weeks ago the governor refused to do that, which created considerable alarm in Zionist circles.

A touring party of orthodox Jews from Hungary landed in Palestine recently. It comprised 70 persons, including fifteen from outside Hungary. Ten members of the party will take up their permanent abode in Palestine. The Hungarian committee of the Chaluka has recived 40,000 francs from the touring party for the erection of twenty houses. A tourist from Hamburg handed a sum of 8,000 francs to the German committee.

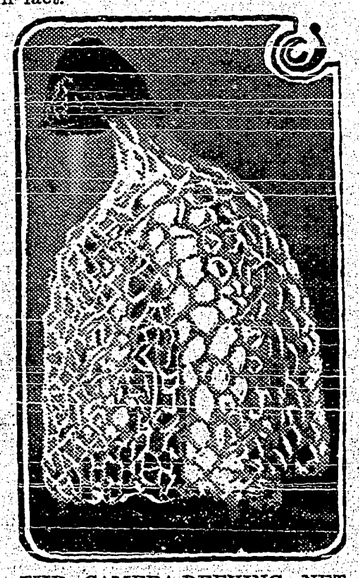
Can Any One Tell?

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few;"
And the fashioner of verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard;"
"Cord" is different from "word;"
"Cow" is cow, but "low' is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of 'hose," and "dose" and "lose;"
And of "goose," and also of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb," and "bomb;"
"Doll" and "roll," and "home" and "some;"
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood," and "food," and "good;"
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone," and lone"?
Is there any reason known?
—Ladies' Home Journel.

SPROUTS TO BEAT THE CAMERA!

David Fairchild, in charge of the department of foreign seed and plant introduction, department of agriculture, while exploring in the jungles of Java, ran across this queer looking mushroom.

He immediately focused his camera on it, but before he could take a time exposure it had grown so rapidly that only the outlines were blurred on the plate. He finally had to catch it by a quick exposure—almost a snap-shot, in fact.



THE CAMERA-DEFYING NET-BEARING MUSHROOM.

This wonderful fungus, which goes by the laborious name of "dictyophora," or "net-bearer," grows about six or eight inches high. The net is white in color and attracts flies and other insects, which come and feed on the cap, a greenish, slimy substance, eat the "spores" or seeds, and deposit them elsewhere. In this way the plant propagates itself.

This is believed to be the first photograph ever made of the dictyophora.

Brevities.

It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how thes strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly, who errs, and comes short again and again because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds, who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat. Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop into a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing the rough work of a workaday world. Among the free people who govern themselves there is but a small field of usefulness open for the men of cloistered life, who shrink from contact with their fellows. Still less room is there for those who deride or slight what is done by those who actually bear the brunt of the day; nor yet for those others who always profess that they would like to take action if only the conditions of life were not what they actually are.—Theodore Roosevelt

Antiquity of Gold Leaf.

According to a writer in the Magazine of Commerce, the origin of gold leaf, like the first use of gold itself, is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is found, for example, in connection with the most ancient known mummies, having been used for covering teeth, tongue, skin, etc. Sometimes it is also found on coffins. Gold leaf was also used on the tombs and monuments of ancient Egypt. The process of making gold leaf has thus bene known since the eighth century B. C. In the eleventh century it seems to have attained as high a degree of perfection as to-day. The gold leaf on some ancient Grecian pottery, indeed, is as thin as that now used.

OWNERSHIP DENIED.

(Lippincott's Magazine.)

"In your advertisement you stated that you have no mosquitoes."

"So I ain't. Them pesky critters you see flyin' around here don't belong to me, by heck!"

AURORA ORDERS

No Excuses For Dodging Tub or Shower, Says Health Board.

Take a bath once a week.

Do not spit on the floors, even of your own house.

Sinks, wash bowls, etc., must be kept strictly clean.

Keep out the flies.

Sweep the floors thoroughly each day and scrub them at least once each week.

No more than two persons may sleep in a small room and not more than five in a room of moderate size.

All rooms, especially sleepink rooms, must be kept clean and well ventilated.

Windows must be kept open in all bedrooms.

Bed clothing must be thoroughly aired at least once a week.

Yards must be kept free from disease breeding rubbish and refuse.

Place garbage in regulation cans and set them out on day of colection.

Chicago report—Publication of the above rules yesterday by Aurora's board of health was accompanied by a notice from Dr. A. R. Reder, health officer, that they would be strictly enforced and that violations would invite prosecution "to the fullest extent of the law." Moreover, Frank Mitchell, chief of police, signed his name below Dr. Reder's as a warning that seekers for leniency need not look to him.

"Those rules go," said the police chief, grimly. "Every one must take his bath and do the rest of the stunts. And I want to say right now that we are not working in the bathtub trust, either."

Dr. Reder further announced that he or some other attache of the health department would visit every residence each week to see that the new rules were being observed.

British Labor Notes.

Because certain men who remained at work during the recent strike are employed there, the workmen at Avonmouth docks refused to start work on Tuesday morning.

As a result of petitions presented to the admiralty skilled laborers in Government dockyards have had their maximum pay increased at the rate of 2s. weekly.

The clickers employed at the Northampton Lecoing Company's factory came out on strike on Tuesday owing to the dismissal of one of their fellow-workmen.

In connection with the extraordinary wood yard strike which took place recently at Bolness twenty of the men are to be arraigned by the High Court of Justiciary on a charge of mobbing and rioting.

A large pit-gate meeting of the miners employed at Earl Fitzwilliam's Elsecar Main Colilery was held on Saturday, when it was decided that a ballot should be taken as to whether they should accept the earl's price list or not.

The shipbuilding wages conference in Edinburgh on Tuesday concluded at 7 o'clock, when the following official communication was made to the press: "Proposals were put forward by both sides, which it was ultimately agreed should be referred to the respective constituents, that is, the whole body of the employers on the one side and the whole body of the workmen on the other."

Practically all work is again stopped at Avonmouth dock, Bristol, the laborers having again come out on strike. It appears that one of the conditions on which they recently resumed work was that the four foremen who had not struck should be stopped. These men were put on again, yesterday, in consequence of a decision arrived at on Monday evening, but on Tuesday morning, as a result of a further meeting, the dockers refused to work.

The King and the Painter.

Whatever may be said against the late King Leopold of Belgium, at least one act of charity and friendliness must be recorded opposite his name. The story as told by the Washington Star is that a French artist, quite unknown, was sent for by King Leopold. The King had admired the painter's work, and desired him to bring to the palace a certain picture. The artist came at the time appointed.

King Leopold praised the picture. Then he said to the young man:

"I'll buy it. What is its price?"

The poor artist hesitated, thought of demanding a thousand francs, then boldy said:

"Two thousand francs, your Majesty."

Thereupon Leopold, tactfully and delicately, taught the young man his real worth—saved him from selling for a song for many years pictures that in his old age he would, like Whistler, see sold for fortunes.

"Ten thousand francs," said the King, feigning to have misunderstand. "That and no more," he added firmly. "If that is satisfactorily, my secretary will write you a cheque."

"Pardon me, your Majesty," stammered the young artist, "I said two thousand francs, not ten thousand."

But the King again feined a slight deafness.

"No," he said, "I never bargain. Ten thousand or nothing."

Sermons Boiled Down.

No man is old enough to be another man's conscience.

The see-me-suffer saint is a twisted sign on the Zion road.

Many fail to do any great good because they will not do little kindnesses.

Many preachers would reform if sentenced to read their own sermons.

You cannot really love men unless you are making it possible to live with them.

No man can long be content to measure his possessions by the poverty of other people.

It seems to make some folks wonderfully comfortable to tell the Lord just what they think of one another.—Chicago Tribune.

COMBINING ITS ATTRACTIONS.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

There's a chance for some ocean resort to get one over all of them by advertising the spectacle of an airship towing a sea serpent.

MOLE'S POWER OF SIGHT.

Subject Concerning Which There is Much Discussion.

There has always been much discussion as to the mole's power of sight, says Nature. Dissection has shown that the size of the eye is greater in the embryo than in the adult, indicating that the sight of the race has deteriorated. From numerous experiments the writer is convinced that the adult mole is practically blind. Moles encountered in the day time have taken no notice of a human being waving a hand close in front, nor at night do they show signs of consciousnes of a light waved before their nose; but, if the slightest sound is made, the greatest excitement is instantly shown.

The writer tells us further that he has often thrown down worms before a captive mole. The animal shows at once that he knows the worm is there, but the haphazard way in which he pokes about indicates that he is guided by scent or by hearing, not by sight. Excitement causes the fur to radiate round the minute eye, and it has been suggested that the animal thus clears his eye to see; most probably, however, this is only an inherited relic of a lost function. To quote again:

When, after a hurried and blundering search, the worm has been located, the mole holds it down with his forepaws and eats it from end to end with quick, jerky bites. When the animal's immense appetite is at length satisfied and worms are still being supplied, the mole will often give the worm several bites to disable it, and will then cram it into the earth, presumably to bury it for future use—after the manner of the dog with bones and the squirrel with acorns.

The sense of smell and hearing must be very acute to enable the mole to locate a pheasnt's or partridge's nest above his run. That this is the case is testified by two gamekcepers in different parts of the country, both of whom state that the nests are often entered from below and the eggs eaten.

PLAYTIME STORIES.

Ralph started out one morning to go fishing. He was going to spend all day in the woods. He went of whistling with his rod over his shoulder and his lunch basket in hand.

When Rover saw him he started on a run. He hadn't been invited, but then

Rover always went where Ralph did.

They both had such a pleasant morning. Rover chased rabbits and squirrels, and Ralph paddled around in the brook and fished.

When the sun was high, Ralph took out his lunch and ate it. Rover sat near him and watched every mouthful. He was hungry, too, but Ralph ate and ate until everything was gone. He hadn't given even a scrap to poor Rover. The afternoon wasn't nearly so pleasant as the morning had been. Rover was too hungry to enjoy himself, and I think Ralph's conscience troubled him a little.

They went home around the gravel pits. Ralph knew he oughtn't to go this way, because his mother thought it dangerous, and had forbidden him to go there.

He was trying to see how near the pits he could go without falling in, when, of course, in he went. There was no one working there that day, and, call as loudly as he might, he could make nobody hear.

Rover barked and whined for a while, and then ran home. When he got there, there was nobody at home for him to lead to the little boy. Rover knew it was supper time, and what do you think he did? He took a basket of apples that he found on the porch in his mouth, carried them back, and dropped them down the pit to Ralph. Then he went back to look for the family again.

Before Ralph's father came and rescued him he had time to think things over and be ashamed of the difference between Rover's generosity and his own selfishness.

A Literary Dispute.

Richard Le Gallienne, the noted poet, said at a dinner at the Hotel Westminster, in New York:

"Literary disputes are interesting if properly conducted. Too many of them, however, are suggestive of the Shakespearian dispute in Tin Can.

"Professor Bill Billus, of the Tin Can Dancing Academy, delivered a decture in the Lone Hand Saloon, and in the course of his argument recited 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck,' a gem, he declared, from Shakespeare's 'Othello'

"But an interpreter arose and strode forward.

"'I am a Boston gent,' said thee interrupter, 'and I certify that no Shakespeare never wrote that piece.'

"'Friend,' said Professor Billus gently, 'I can convince you that he done so.'

"'Convince away,' said the Bostonian, skeptically.

"So Professor Billus led off with his right foot and followed up the argument with a brass cuspidor, falling in the subsequent clinch on top.

"'Who writ the piece?' he shouted, as he pummeled his opponent steadily.

"'Shakespeare,' the Bostonian answered in smothered tones from beneath.

"'Are you sure?' asked the professor.

"'Dead sure,' was the reply. 'I seen him do it.'"—New York Tribune.

Hoax—I attended an amateur theatrical entertainment last night for the benefit of a starving family. Joax—Was the starving family benefited very much? Hoax—Well, they didn't have to be there.

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FOR THE FARMERS.

A Veterinary Not Always Necessary--Cleanliness and Disinfectants Essential.

(By Dr. H. G. Reed, Georgetown, Ont., in Canadian Farm.)

While an animal that has sustained a severe wound ought always to receive competent veterinary treatment, yet in many cases of minor wounds home treatment can be adopted with success, provided the owner has a fair knowledge of the care necessary in such cases. Wounds are divided into four classes, namely, incised, punctured, lacerated and contused. An incised wound is made with a clean cutting instrument, the tissues are divided evenly and smoothly without any tearing or bruising of the parts. Such wounds are usually very easy of treatment and unless the incision is very deep, need only to be kept perfectly clean with an application, twice daily, of a four per cent. solution of carbolic acid or creolin or other disinfectant when the healing process will take place readily and quickly.

PUNCTURED WOUNDS.

Punctured wounds are made with a more or less blunt instrument and are often of a serious nature, more especially if the puncture is comparatively deep and likely to have injured some of the deep seated structures such as the arteries, nerves, veins or any of the internal organs. A wound of this nature will never heal without the formation of pus, and it is always of the utmost importance to see that the pus has a free chance to escape, if such care is not taken and the pus allowed to gather in a sac or pocket of the wound a vast amount of local inflammation will be set up and serious conditions result.

Lacerated wounds are those in which the tissues are torn asunder in a rough and uneven manner. The treatment is much the same as in the case of punctured wounds. See that the pus (which is sure to form) has a free avenue of escape, being careful also to remove any splinters or dirt or other foreign bodies which are quite likely to be found in such wounds. A contused wound is one in which the tissues are bruised and injured without any breaking of the skin. If the contusion is only slight the application of a warm poultice or bathing the parts in warm water will soon overcome the inflammation, but if the contusion is severe an abscess is likely to form in which case an incision has to be made to allow the pus to escape. In the case even of a trivial wound where no disinfectant is used, serious complications such as erysipelas or tetanus (lockjaw) are liable to set in, but where a good disinfectant such has been noted above is used, the worst cases are likely to heal without any untoward results.

A CAULK WOUND.

A caulk wound or the wound made on a foot by a cut from the shoe of another foot is one of the most ordinary wounds in farm life. In such cases care should always be taken to see that any of the hairs which may have been pushed downwards inside the top of the hoof are removed. Intense lamness and great suffering often follow if this is not done. The hairs or other dirt set up an inflammation inside the hoof, the pus cannot escape and an animal is often laid off work for weeks because of a little carelessness on the part of the attendant in not properly cleaning the wound when it happened. Also in the case of a horse treading on a nail and puncturing the sole of the foot, it is not sufficient to merely pull out the nail, but the hole left in the sole by the nail should be rimmed out to a considerable size to allow the pus to escape and the foot be kept in a warm poultice every night for a few days to allay the inflammation. A pleget of tow soaked in tar might be put in the hole during the day when the animal is at work in order to keep out any dirt.

The sole of a horse's foot grows quickly (much more so than the outside walls), and such a hole will grow up again in a week or two, and the animal be all right again, whereas if the precaution just mentioned is neglected serious consequences often result.

THE HEAD OF THE HORSE.

(Farmers' Advocate.)

Much emphasis is properly laid upon the head of a horse, no matter of what breed he is. Besides entering largely into the whole sum of a horse's beauty, from a practical standpoint, the head has a great deal of significance regarding the breediness, the disposition, the stamina, and vitality of its bearer.

A neat, trim, proportionate head is desired, if beauty is to be attained. A large head is ungainly, and indicative of underbreeding or mongrel breeding. This is especially true in the lighter breeds. Yet, a large head is preferable to an unduly small one, it being pretty largely accepted that a horse with so small a head lacks in vigor. In heavy-draft horses, the head is preferred to be always quite large, yet in proportion to the scale of the entire animal.

It is especially desirable to have the forehead broad, and the eyes prominent, full, clear, placid and fearless. Width between the eyes denotes courage, and bespeaks the intelligence of the animal. Much is to be learned from the eyes. A small, sunken eye usually accompanies a vicious, sullen, unreliable disposition. The cheerful, free, generous horse shows it in his bright, full, lively, yet not excitable eyes.

The full front view of the horse's head should show the greatest thickness at the jaws, with the head tapering towards the muzzle. The profile should show full between the eyes, but not bulging, and straight from the eyes to the nose. A dish-face is not attractive, if at all pronounced, though a slight dish is often seen in the lighter breeds, and is not a serious objection. In light breeds, a Roman nose is not liked, although it is usual in the Shires, common in the Clydesdales, and frequent in other heavy breeds. It is usually believed to be associated with a rather wilful and enduring disposition. In light breeds it is associated with a lack of refinement, which is associated with the straight or slightly-dished face.

The lips should be strong and neatly carried; the nostrils large, dilating and fine. The ears lend much to make or mar the beauty of the horse. They must not be too far apart, and, while carried slightly forward, must chiefly be erect. It is very desirable to have them nicely pointed.

The attachment of the head to the neck is very important. Throatiness or thickness at the juncture of these members is not desirable. The jaws should be wide apart at the angle, and curve well upward at the rear. A coarse setting of the head results in an awkward carriage, resulting in a plain- appearing horse.

STORY OF POINTLESS JOKE.

There was once a Joke. And the point of it was that it had no point; so that everybody could see it as well as his neighbor.

It was hatched by a Cynic with an established reputation for saying funny things. But the Cynic was furious with the world because it refused to take him seriously, regarding him as a Humorist and not as a Philosopher. So he determined to have his revenge, and hatched the Joke.

He let it loose upon the Town at a frigidly calculated moment, and it was received uproariously. It went the round of the clubs, and no dinner-party was complete without it. After a time not to have heard it was to argue oneself on the wrong side of the Fringe. People were now more convinced than ever that the Cynic was a Prince of Humorists; but the Cynic only laughed in his sleeve, now the left and now the right; which was bad for the fit of his clothes. At the summit of its success it was told to a young Colonial at one of the greatest gatherings of the season. It was told to him within the hearing of a galaxy of distinguished men and women. They had all heard it before, and they now crowded round to see how the new arrival would take it. In anticipation of an accident, a young doctor was in attendance; many were prepared to see the Colonial leave the room on an ambulance.

But a strange thing happened. Not only did he fail to see the joke, but he said so.

They told it to him again and again, and still he didn't see it. He even asked them to explain it to him. Gently and with due consideration for his colonial disabilities they explained that it was one of those Jokes that could not be explained; you either saw it or you didn't. "But what is there to see?" he asked.

They could not answer that, and they gazed at one another in embarrassment. Then one of them, whether stricken in his conscience or our of pure courtesy, confessed that he never had seen anything in it, and several others reluctantly testifed to the same effect. To clear the matter up it was resolved to send a deputation to the Cynic. A select few of the older spirits waited upon him in the small hours of the morning and stated their case. The Cynic regarded them with a malevolent smile, and slowly answered:

"The point of it was that it had no point. I made it like that on purpose. The Joke was mine. Good-night."

The Cynic achieved part at least of his desire, for he ceased to be accepted as a Humorist. But when he found that he was no longer received in the best houses his philosophic stock-in-trade dwindled to nothing. So he became merely a Cynic, which is a dog's life.—Punch.

Manholes No Longer Evident.

Not only have the electric poles been dispensed with on the streets of Rochester, but the almost objectionable manholes in the street been overcome. These have been heretofore necessary for the purpose of making proper connection with the residences but, in this instance, the wires are run back underground to the rear of the house and the connection established by means of a pole in the back yard, where its unsightliness is not such a serious matter.

Tests of Mining Cages.

Tests of mining cages were made recently at the Moodna pressure tunnel of the Catskill aqueduct to determine the efficiency of the safety devices before allowing their use. One of the cages was suspended from the head frame by a hemp rope instead of the wire cable regularly used. This rope rope was then cut with an axe; the safety dogs allowed the cage to descend only a couple of inches.

If every man has his price, lots of them are marked down below cost.

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With a Local Flavor

Mr. J. P. Baston has arrived in Creston to take up a position with the Canadian Bank of Commerce here. Mr. Baston comes direct from Scotland.

The Spokane Turk left on Tuesday's train for Sirdar. He returned on Wednesday.

Special pickling vinegars in bulk malt and white wine at the Creston Mercantile Co.

Percy Sherwin, the only curly headed boy in the family, has gone to Nelson for a few days. There were quite a number of young ladies waving their farewells as the train pulled out.

Mr. and Mrs J. Arrowsmith will leave here tomorrow for Utah, where for the next four months they will visit relatives and old friends.

Wash prints, 11c. per yard—C. C. S.

Sam Hatfield continues to do extensive improvements on his 12 acre plot near the town limits. As soon as the house is completed it will be occupied by Mr. Miller, who will conduct an up-to-date chicken ranch on this land.

Ladies' cashmere hose, 29c.—C. C. S.

Gentle reader.—Your subscription to the Review for the current year is now due, and the management of this paper would like to commune with your collateral to the extent of a $2 00 bill. So please bring in the two spots.

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

A bull belonging to one of our local ranchers has for the past week been keeping various people guessing to keep out of its way. On Tuesday last it chased a man on horseback some distance, and only ended the chase to take after a ranchers boy, who to save his life took refuge in a small outhouse but for the shelter of which would long ere this have been numbered among the angels It is stated that Provincial Constable Gunn was notified and will see that this bull is put in safe keeping or something will be doing.

Wash prints, 11c. per yard —C. C. S

The Review was of opinion we were all agreed about the merits of Creston Fruits Lands, but this subject was the cause of a hot argument, which finally led to a fight between two of our well-known citizens on Wednesday night. But there is nothing very strange about this when we remember that ever since the Garden of Eden mankind has been quarrelling about apples.

Rev. Samuel Sarkissian was among the many Crestonians to visit Nelson this week.

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

Find the Finder

If you found a purse your first impulse would be to look in the "Lost and Found" columns of our paper.

If you have lost a purse don't you think the finder would do the same.

If you wish to find the finder use our Classified Want Ads.

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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

Ladies' cashmere hose, 29c —C. C. S.

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

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.

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

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. Bible Class and Sabbath School at 10 a.m. You are cordially invited to join our Bible Class

S. H. SARKISSIAN, Paastor.

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Nelson Fruit
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Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sept. 28, 29, 30.

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"THE FIVE FLYING BANVARDS," engaged at enormous expense lately featured with Ringling Bros. The Aerial Marvels in long leaping and casting act, 50 feet in the air

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Amateur athletic sports under auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Drilling Contests, Log Sawing, Log Chopping Contests and numerous other attractions. See daily program.

Excursion rates on all transportation lines

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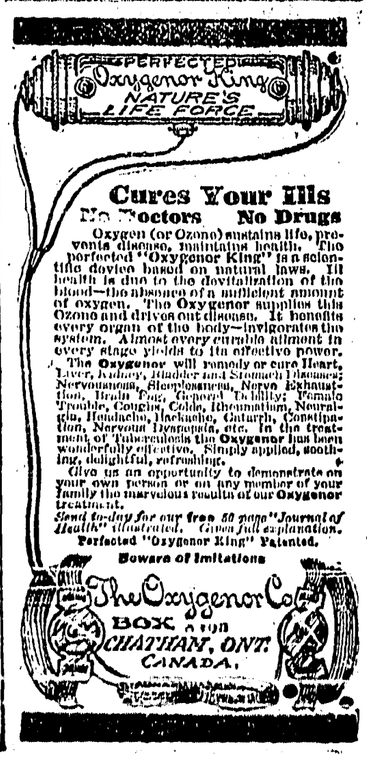

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Review Office

Fighting Bob Evans declares that he had more trouble with his sailors getting drunk in Maine than anywhere else This is another illustration that a man wants what some one says he can't get.

Miss Florence McBean arrived from Montreal on Tuesday last to pay a prolonged visit to her brother, W. A. McBean, the popular druggist.

Another milestone on the road to progress was marked by Canyon City when the pioneer store was opened for business on Saturday last. The store is located in a large well finished building erected by the Canyon City Lumber Company near the mill, and Mr. A. E. Mutton late of Speers' Store, Creston, will take charge of the business. There will be a full stock of goods suitable for the country trade and the new store opens with a very large assortment of entirely new offerings. The growing population and importance of Canyon City warrant the opening of a general store there, and we wish apple town's pioneer business establishment every prosperity.

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

A well attended meeting of the Creston Dramatic Club was held in the Creston Hotel parlour on Wednesday Evening. The following officers were elected for the coming season: A. S. Fitzgerald President; R. O'B. Fitzgerald, Secretary Treasurer; H. Leonard, Stage Manager; J. J. Atherton, Acting Manager. It was decided to proceed with the rehearsals for the well-known American Play "Butterflies" which the club intend to stage at an early date. The first rehearsal takes place on Tuesday evening in the Mercantile Hall.

Services Next Sunday.

Church of England

Divine Service in the NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE:—Services, Sunday, Oct. 2nd (19th Sunday after Trinity): Matins and Litany, 11 a.m.; Sunday School in the School house, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.

Evensong at Mr. Kemp's house, Erickson at 3 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar.

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

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SAM HATFIELD, Prop

Women's Woes

CRESTON WOMEN ARE FINDING RELIEF AT LAST

It does seem that women have more than a fair share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity; they must "keep up," must attend to duties in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, bearing-down pains; they must stoop over when to stoop means torture. They must walk and bend and work with racking pains and many aches from kidney ills. Kidneys cause more suffering than any other organ of the body. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Read of a remedy for kidneys only that helps and cures the kidneys.

Mrs. Edward Calwood, of 123, S. Harold street, Fort William, Ont, says:

"I suffered with dull, miserable pains, soreness across my back back and in my sides, for months. They would catch me so badly at times that I could scarcely move around. The kidney secretions had also been of a heavy color and contained a sediment. Then, I would have dizzy spells and altogether, felt generally run down. After using a number of remedies without finding relief, I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and am pleased to say, found them an excellent remedy. They have relieved me of the miserable pains and soreness in my back and have also cured of my other kidney trouble."

For sale in Creston by Creston Drug and Book Co. Sold by dealers. Price 50 cents. The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont., sole Canadian agents.

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