All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

No 11 3RD YEAR. CRESTON, B.C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1910 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

156

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OCT 19 1910

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General Merchant

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COMMUNICATIONS.

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

Equalization of Assessment

To the Creston Review

Gentlemen,

For quite a length of time there has been a great deal of dissatisfaction with regard to the inequality of the assessments in the Creston district. It has been thought that the man who is improving his ranch is receiving a better rate of assessment than the man who holds wild land for speculation; the former paying 3-5 of 1 p.c. while the latter pays 4 p.c. We find, however, that land around Creston a few years ago in its wild state was assessed at just a few dollars per acre, but when the settlers came in and began at great cost to improve their ranches, the assessment, we understand, has been raised in some instances to ten times the former assessment as per wild land, thus making the one who is improving the land pay about 2 per cent. more than the man who is holding the land for speculation; in the one case the speculator making money, and in the other case the rancher spending money. We quite understand that as the land is improved it becomes more valuable, but in this district, the returns do not come nearly so quickly, as where cattle, grain, etc.. are the important factors of the ranch.

I think it a real hardship for ranchers taxes to be thus raised before they are receiving adequate returns for their labor and expenditure.

Again I find what appears to me to be a great deal of partiality shown by way of assessment; that is if we form the basis of our opinitn on the assessment of the blocks which were sold by the Government by auction sale on Oct. 14th, 1908.

I will just give you the names of some of those who are delinquent, the prices paid for the land and the taxes thereunto annexed:

Block 16, purchaser G. Huscroft, 7.10 acres, at $100 per acre, total $710, amount of taxes, $4.83; Block 23, purchaser H. McRae, 12.77 acres, at $16 per acre, total $204, amount of tax $11.31. It will be seen that if Huscroft had paid his taxes at the same rate as H. McRae, his taxes would have been about $34.

Then again I notice that Block 96, purchaser R. Hood, 4 36 acres, at $16 per acre, total $69, and pays $5.18 taxes whilst Block 103, A. L. Farr purchaser, 9.95 acres at $90 per acre, total $895, pays taxes of $4.44.

It will be seen that A. L. Farr's ranch cost over twelve times as much as Hood's yet his taxes are less. These figures show the gross injustice the people are subjected to.

Lack of time and space prevents me from going into the whole matter in detail, but if these 30 blocks of land are samples of the other 185 blocks sold at the Government auction sale it is quite an easy matter to give credence to the statements made by some of our neighbours that they are paying in some instances four times as much as they honestly should. To allow these things to pass our notice without remonstrating would be to cherish a damning evil. To appeal against our assessment would be little better, as no man can afford to be put to the expense of going to Nelson losing time, car fare, hotel expenses and then come back with the proverbial "fisherman's luck."

What Creston needs is a Municipality, and I am glad to know that a meeting is to be held shortly for this purpose. I sincerely hope that every man may come to it, and have a good general discussion as there are at the present time some things of the most vital importance which should be dealt with at once.

Thanking you most cordially for publishing this information,

May I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

THOMAS M. EDMONDSON.

Creston Heights,

Oct. 12th, 1910.

Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

Prompt Attention *Satisfaction Guaranteed*

Let us Figure with you on that Building

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

New Deputy Assessor Visits Creston

Stephen H. Hoskins, the Mining Recorder and Deputy Assessor and Collector with headquarters at Nelson, accompanied by Colin Campbell, Chief License Inspector with headquarters at Victoria arrived here last Saturday on official visits. Inspector Campbell visited the various hotels in the district and left on Sunday for Yahk, while Mr. Hoskins remained over till Monday afternoon, when he left for Nelson. This was the first visit to the Creston District for the genial new Government Assessor, and he made good use of his short stay here in driving out to Erickson, Canyon City and other important points with a view of familiarizing himself with the land values.

Mr. Hoskins was certainly greatly impressed with the future of Creston district and thinks that its residents are perfectly justified in assuming such optimistic ways.

While here the new Deputy Assessor made many friends by his genial and frank manner, who one and all feel sure that the Creston Assessment District will be safe in his hands. In speaking of Assessment matters Mr. Hoskins expressed a wish that if any of the land owners are in any way dissatisfied with their assessments that they should at once communicate with his office and he would try and adjust matters, instead of chewing around to their neighbors behind his back about their greivances

The Creston Assessment district is a large and important one and the appointment of Mr. Hoskins, a man of long service in the Government to this office meets with general approval here.

The Creston Hotel bar was closed on Monday the 11th October, on receipt by Mr. J. B. Moran, the proprietor, of a telegram containing the sad news that his father, Mr. John Moran, had died that day in Pittsburg. Mr. John Moran was a native of Ireland, but had been living for some years with one of his sons who has made his home in the big coal city. Born eighty years ago in county Mayo, he was a representative of that fine type of Irish settlers, who have left such a deep imprint upon the history of the United States, and the Review joins with the residents here in expressing sympatliy with Mr. J. B Moran in his bereavement.

A New Business.

E Johnson, a pratical plumber and tinsmith and fitter, has purchased the stock of E Ryckman and leased the store formerly occupied by Mr Ryckman on Sirdar Avenue, and will open up in business in a day or so.

It is stated that Mr Johnson is an expert workman, and there is no doubt but that he will secure his share of the public patronage.

Mr W Cockle, of Kaslo, will be in town this weekend superintending the preparation of exhibits for the National apple show.

THRILLING VOYAGE GRAPHIC STORY

CRESTON LADY'S MEMORABLE EXPERIENCES ON THE HIGH SEAS

A report reached here this week that the S.S. Royal George which sailed for Bristol recently had a narrow escape from foundering on the voyage.

It is reported that when this noted boat was out two days from Canadian shores the big ship listed, owing to the coal shifting. It is reported that it was impossible to right matters in the hold and the big steamer had to run into Bristol port the last four days of the journey, with a list of 45 degrees.

As it happened, this is the boat that Mrs. R. O'B. FitzGerald and children sailed on and they had a thrilling experience that they will never forget; but all is well that ends well, for Mr. FitzGerald received a cable from his wife a couple of days ago stating that she had reached the English port in safety.

We are requested to announce that a meeting of Ratepayers of the Creston District will be held in the Mercantile Hall on Saturday evening 29th October at 8 p.m. Business To discuss the adyisability of incorporating into a municipality.

The Knockers used to say that potatoes could not be grown in the Creston district. Mr Fred K Hurry was passing the "Review" office on Thursday and our representative made a note of some very fine potatoes which were in the box at the back of the rig. One of these weighed four pounds, and several others averaged 2½ lbs each. If we could only circulate facts like these in Ould Ireland there would be a rush of settlers from the distressful country to the Creston Valley.

Mammoth carrots were brought to town this week that were grown on land owned by J. B. Moran on Canyon Road near the telephone office. These carrots were simply planted, had neither warter nor cultivation and were much larger than other carrots grown by Mr. Moran in his garden near the Creston Hotel where is irrigation. This goes to show that Irrigation is not absolutely necessary to produce large vegetables here.

J. D. Anderson, P.L.S., of Trail, B.C. came in on Monday's train from the West. Mr. Anderson will be here for the next ten days busily engaged in surveying lands around Creston. Among the important blocks of land that he is about to survey is a 640 acre block across the Kootenay River which is owned by P. Burns & Co., R. M. Reid and J. K. Johnson.

Canyon City Notes

Mr. Thos. Mawson is erecting a nice frame house on his ranch.

The powder trust are doing a big business these days, and a large quantity of land is being cleared. Among others Messrs C. Blair, D. Rogers, S. Swanson, Johnson and Samuelson are all busy blowing out the stumps and preparing the ground for planting.

Mr C. Hall has been engaged as cook for winter at the mill.

Captain A S Fitzgerald, accompanied by Jack Hoyden, Jim Stocks and Tom Cobb, have gone up Sullivan creek on a hunting trip of bear and deer. They will hunt along the International Range, and it is expected that they will bag a considerable amount of large game before returning.

Mr. J. Scruton, brother of the Editor of the "Review," arrived in Creston on Friday last from London, England. Mr. J. Scruton is a journalist on the staff of the "Diamond Fields Advertiser," Kimberley, South Africa, and has been representing the Journalists of the sub-continent at the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists in London.

Mr. Scruton expresses himself as astounded at the wonderful resources of Canada, particularly British Columbia, and is delighted with the beautiful scenery and glorious climate of Creston, especially after the chilly winds he struck in the prairie provinces whilst travelling across the continent. British Columbia, with its timber-clad mountains and great river and lake systems is a pleasant contrast to the vast waterless velds and deserts of Africa, and the comparative freedom of Canada from those complicated colour and racial problems which haunt the sleep of the white residents of South Africa is a factor which adds to his favourable impression of the Dominion.

He is of opinion that British Columbia with its wonderful climate, is admirably suited to become the home of a vast, virile white population, and that our mineral deposits and water powers ensure to the province a great industrial future. "The vital thing is," he considers, "To keep clear of Asiatic or other races of people whose ideas and customs are such as to render them elements of discord, and whom it is impossible to assimilate in the general white population, and thus to avoid those racial quarrels which have convulsed Africa and deluged the sub-continent with a sea of blood. If British Columbia can be kept a white man's country the other problems will work out in their natural course, and the prosperity of the country is absolutely assured."

H A French the Port Hill merchant was doing business here on Thursday last. Mr. Frenon was on his way to Sand Point Idaho, on a business trip.

The time is now. The place is the Review Office. The amount is $3.

Evangelistic Services

As previously announced, the evangelistic services will begin on Friday, to-day at 8 p.m. In the Presbyterian church, the Rev. Mr. Beattie, of Coburg, Ontario, will have charge of the meetings, Mr. Robert Symmers, of Hamilton, Ont., soloist and song leader, will be director of music.

The Methodist Sunday School will meet for the next two Sundays at 10 a.m., so that the Methodist congregation may attend the services in the Presbyterian church at 11 a.m. On Sunday evening services will be held at 7.30 p.m. in the Presbyterian church which will be Union Services of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. The Presbyterian Sunday school will be held at the usual hour, 10 a.m, until the 30th of October, when the hour will be changed to 2.30 p.m. for the winter months. Parents sending small children to Sunday School will please take note of this change of the hour.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church announce they will provide a Thanksgiving Day Dinner on Friday, Oct. 28th, dinner from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. After the dinner a musical programme will be rendered, and a lecture will be delivered by Mr. Sarkissian on "Armenia and the Massacres," tickets 50 each.

J D Anderson, P.L.S., sprang a surprise on the citizens here the fore part of this week, when he arrived with his new motor cycle, the first in the town. This machine is a N S U machine, and is 6 horse power. It has 2 cylinders, and is two-geared and has a free engine. Mr Anderson rode all over the valley at a high rate of speed, taking all the hills as if they were level ground. He made a trip to Erickson, a distance of 8 miles, in five minutes.

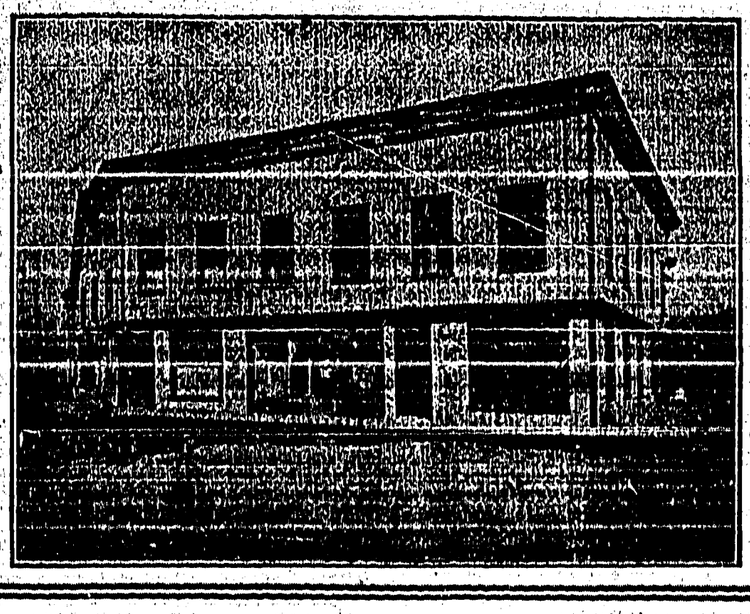
SPRATT--McCOY

On Monday last at the Presbyterian church, Cranbrook, Jack Spratt and Miss Minnie McCoy of Belfast, Ireland were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Main.

On Wednesday evening last Mrs J K Johnson and the Misses Johnson were hostesses at a smart card party. During the evening games of various kinds were played, among which was that old favourite game of "Jenkins Up," at which Mr Baston proved himself an adept. During the evening songs were sung by Misses Cartwright and Danard and Mrs J K Johnson, while Messrs E C Gibbs, R Gowland Scruton and Baston rendered fine selections, much to the entertainment of the guests, after which all joined in familiar choruses. At the usual hour refreshments were served. Those present were Miss Danard and niece, Misses McBain and Cartwright, while the sterner sex were Messrs McBain, J Scruton, R G Scruton, E C Gibbs, Baston and Campbell Dow.

The work on the basement of the Provincial Court House is being pushed rapidly forward.

Headquarters for Ranges Cook Stoves Heaters, Etc.



Heaters from $2.50 up

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Perhaps it was the long, cold spring which influenced the designers of smart millinery this summer, or it may have been only the unquenchable desire for novelty which has caused the utilization of the various materials from which the newest midsummer hats are made up, textures which hitherto have been seen only in the models intended for the height of the winter season. An all velvet toque trimmed with quills or even ostrich feathers, was, for example, never before considered appropriate until almost after the first snowfall, yet such is worn now with a lingerie gown, as though the combination were the most consistent imaginable. Even fur is used as a trimming on one of the very smartest French models, formed of lace and chiffon, but it is not likely that fur will ever have a place in the summer outfit for an American resort. Moth, if not rust, does corrupt too quickly in our zone.

The most charming of all summer hats, however, are bound to be the wide brimmed leghorns, adorned with great French roses, lace and ribbons. There is a suggestion of the cloche, or bell shape, still evident in nearly all the large hats, but the brims are much more spread out than was the case a year ago, giving the effect of not quite so high a hat. This is but an optical illusion, however, as will be seen as soon as the attempt is made to pack the hat of the present season in last year's hat box. The greater width of the crown makes it appear not so high as before, but it is in reality somewhat deeper if anything. The exaggeratedly wide crown—larger than the top of the head could possibly be—is disappearing, and the smartest hats all have now an effect of fitting the shape of the head peculiarly well. The crown, in other words, must never seem to stand out beyond the sides of the head, so that were it not for a bandeau or hair within the hat would fall down and at once smother the wearer.

Flat Hats Also.

There are some few quite flat hats also. These are the hats that are unusually wide, the brim curved down slightly all around, but the hat tilted slightly on one side, so that while one part of the face is almost completely hidden the wearer shall still be recognizable from the view point on the other side. The brim is wide and bent up slightly on the side. In the large hats the crown is generally curved or rounded, seldom flat.

While there is considerable adornment on many of the smartest models, others again of the costliest hats are delightfully plain. A wide brimmed black crin shape which bent down slightly both back and front, but not at the sides, had for its sole trimming an enormous cream colored rose. The medium sized crown was softened by a fold of soft Dfd em was softened by a soft fold of black satin. Carried out in leghorn, with a great pink rose and with tulle instead of ribbon about the crown, this hat was also exceptionally pretty.

Many of the most attractive midsummer hats are veiled in softly shirred net or lace. The crown is left plain, while the brim is softened with either black, white or colored maline.

Most often it is the yellow straws which are veiled, but the white and the black crins, leghorns and chips are also treated in the same manner. About the crown will be a wreath of green leaves, with three or four great roses or poppies and grass or wheat standing up from the wreath to give height to the hat. Wheat in all colors, even black, is much used in trimming at the moment, and grass of all kinds is cleverly imitated in silk and cotton. The great silk peonies and poppies are also most effective, two or three such flowers being often quite sufficient trimming on one hat.

Black Satin Shade Hats.

There is a return to the idea of the lingerie hat in the morning hats of English embroidery, trimmed only with a wide flaring bow of bright colored ribbon. These embroidery hats, however, are unlike those of former years in that they are attached to a stiff wired frame and there is no soft ruffle edge to fall down becomingly over the brim. Silk and even foulard hats are also seen for morning wear, but it is doubtful if these will ever receive hearty approval from Dame Fashion.

Most desirable of all for morning wear, however, are the perfectly plain hats of black satin trimmed only with a wide bowknot of the same. They are flat, wide brimmed, really shade hats, and so cleverly made that they are no heavier than the thinnest of straw. It is a novel idea for midsummer, but with a simple waist and skirt costume these black satin hats are wonderfully smart.

The all black satin models have also invaded the realm of afternoon dress. With a black and white costume of silk or voile, of lace or lingerie, a really small black satin hat made with narrow brim and high crown, adorned only with a stiff wired bow of the same satin, gives a most perfect finish to the effect of the whole.

Large flower bedecked hats are most worn by young girls, but for older women there is nothing more in vogue than the quite small satin hats.

To American eyes the black velvet hats may seem strange just now, and perhaps while the weather remains at its hottest black velvet toques will not be worn, but at the first breath of autumn velvet is destined to be put on for most formal afternoon wear. It is not necessary, however, to have the entire hat of velvet. Perhaps the brim may be faced with straw or the crown and facingg may be of velvet, while the upper part of the brim is of yellow, white or colored crin. Flowers relieve the larger velvet hats. Lace is also used to soften the black velvet and to make it look lighter. Fortunately, the velvet hats are fashioned in some miraculous manner which makes them really no heavier than the thinnest straw.

Cornflower blue is a favorite shade of the moment and is introduced with every color that will admit of the combination. Thistle is another favorite trimming and a touch of cornflower blue velvet on a white hat veiled in black tulle with a great cluster of full blown thistles as trimming was most attractive.

Black Velvet Sunshades.

There is no real limit for the size of the hats of the present moment—no limit in any direction, it might be said. When large they are so large as to make the widest Gainsborough look like a Scotch cap. When small they are very small and rapidly growing narrower. At the same time a hat of medium size does not necessarily look out of date. Some hats are very high, others apparently quite low and flat, yet if the proportions and lines are correct they will look smart. A high bandeau instead of a flat "halo" is worn in some of the newest hats when it is desired to keep the sloping brim from entirely enveloping the face. The height of the bandeau must depend entirely upon the individual. This means largely the way in which the hair is worn, for upon this depends almost entirely the adjustment of the hat.

No summer costume is perfect without its sunshade, even though the hat is itself wider than the parasol, for a parasol must be carried to give a finished effect to the whole. There are many novelties in the parasols of the present year, but chief among them is the sunshade of black velvet lined with softly shirred white chiffon. Somewhat incongruous, perhaps, a velvet parasol is nevertheless exceedingly effective, and a black velvet is more effective than any other. It must have a very long handle, almost a shepherd's crook, of course without the crook, and it must not be too wide when open, for then it might be heavy. It is absolutely plain save for the lining, but the sticks and the handle may be as costly as desired. As yet a velvet sunshade is by no means cheap, even in its simplest form.

New Satin Scarfs.

Brocade parasols are also smart this year and the silk sunshades so covered, or, to speak more strictly, so cut by open English embroidery as to be not shades at all, are also much in demand. The shapes of many of the newest parasols are strange and curious to behold, every possible design being attempted, even the Japanese umbrella with its numerous sticks being carried out in silk and linen.

The handle, too, is an all important part of the parasol of to-day. Tortoise shell and amber, with monogram or initials in gold, are always in fashion, but now the craze is for the different kinds of costly enamel ware in exquisite shades of mauve and blue. There are curiously carved wooden handles also, and the utility or vanity handles, with tiny powder box and mirror at the top, are approved by all followers of fashion.

Another complement to a costume for late summer or early autumn is one of the new satin scarfs. Black, faced with white, about half a yard in width and two and a half yards long, is the most popular combination, but there are also black scarfs seen lined with cornflower blue, and even raspberry pink, according to the costume itself. There are some scarfs now sold which are wide enough to form regular wraps, and these are seen in both chiffon and two thicknesses of satin.

A. T. Ashmore.

SWEET LAVENDER HAS ITS RIVALS.

Lavender, orris root, fresh rose essence—these are the popular scents of the moment. In summer, when every flower is in keen rivalry to smell sweeter, grow quicker, and distil the sunshine into the color of its petals more brilliantly than its fellows, there is no place for artificial perfumes.

The scent which scents the air around almost indefinably with the breath of the country lanes is, in fact, the fashionable perfume.

The Modern Way.

Every article of the toilet receives its meed. But not by dropping a little essence of "new mown hay," as of old. The woman of the day believes in perfuming everything about her with a faint reminiscence of the hedgerows. By means of sachets among her veils and lingerie, millinery and gloves and house linen she creates an impression of summer in everything which belongs to her.

Making Orris Lasting.

Orris root is a favorite choice. It gives the faint smell of a wood of violets, and is by no means so clogging as even fresh verbena or rose essence. To make it lasting there is but one secret. A sachet of the powder remains fresh but a very short time if it is merely inclosed in a bag of muslin and laid among the underlinen or handkerchiefs. If it is baked in the oven, however, between layers of wadding, there will be a different story to tell. This is an ingenious discovery which answers the problem of preserving the strength for weeks together.

Baking Sachets.

Any powder can be treated on the baking principle, a little being sprinkled on a square of wadding. Another piece of cotton wool over the top incloses it like a sandwich. This is baked in a quick oven for a few moments—not leaving it long enough to singe the wool. The baked wadding forms the nucleus of many little bags to place among the articles of toilet.

OLD AND NEW COLLAR BEAUTY.

Quite delightfully is the old and the new combined in the model of to-day. It might have been supposed that the little Peter Pan collars named after Mr. Barrie's immortal hero, were essentially modern, but these becoming little neck accessories were worn by our great-grandmothers over a hundred years ago. To-day they take first place in women's neckwear. They accompany toilettes made in the finest materials, and they are worn with tailored gowns, their soft whiteness breaking the hard line at the neck.

Following closely on this fashion is the round frill; and these two styles, where not suited to the wearer, give place to the high transparent collar of fine net.

Picturesque.

The new neckwear is not only simple in line, but in decoration as well, and the whole effect is most picturesque. Every imaginable variation is shown in the ornamentation of the Peter Pan collar and the round frill of lawn. The embroidery used on these collars is fine to a degree, and the delicate insets of lace motifs are sometimes very choice.

Made at Home.

The Peter Pan collars at their best are very expensive, but the woman who is clever with her needle will find it a pleasant and easy matter to copy the designs where lace edgings are used in combination with insertions in soft lawn or cambric, provided she had a good pattern for the foundation of the collar.

AUTUMN BRINGS THE SMALL HAT.

Ever and always the small hat is the first choice for certain wear, and it appears every spring and fall. As usual, this same small hat, according to the latest reports from Paris, promises to take first place in the early autumn millinery modes. Already the great Parisian houses are preparing an array of hats in small becoming sizes and shapes for the Trouville season. Among the most notable styles there are small turban shapes, which fit the head closely, with no trimming save a brush aigrette trailing softly on to the coiffure at the side.

These turbans, made of Chantilly lace, are swathed to the head like an Eastern headdress. The folds cross over the front and turn softly back to show the coiffure, and the sides are draped well over the ears. These hats are most becoming and can be worn with almost any toilette.

Close-fitting hats are also being made in Tegal and velvet. The Tegal is used for the frame of the hat, and the velvet is looped in bow effects at the back, the bows standing out and resting on the hair. Velvet is used entirely for a swathed turban hat made something after the style of an old-fashioned bathing cap. This hat, which comes well down on the head, is made of folds of velvet in a rich deep pansy blue tone, and a band of ribbon velvet in the same shade of blue encircles the edge and finishes at the side of the front in a bow with ends left to droop over the coiffure. Some of the hats of this type are encircled with thick silk cord, weighted at the side with two silk tassels.

Ye Lace Frill.

Hats in small shapes are being made in black satin, with an under-frill of thick white lace, the lace coming only about an inch below the edge of the hat. The crown, which is fairly high, is draped with puffed folds of the satin, and the brim is just sufficiently large to frame the face and fit the head closely at the back, while the white lace peeps out becomingly from under this brim, which is made of swathed folds of the satin.

HAT TRIMMINGS

Let them be smart.
Let them be simple.
Let them be becoming.
But cling to the simple effect.

A single ostrich plume may look simple.

It's adding a buckle, a rose, and lace, that makes for fussiness.

But don't wear your ostrich-plumed chapeau with a shirt-waist.

A taffeta drapery and bow, or chou, is a very smart trimming for the midsummer hat.

As is usual with the arirval of August, a simple wing or two, in white, black or a color, trims many a fetching hat.

FOULARD FINENESS.

Nothing Like It for Certain Sorts of Dress.

Foulard is a fabric which lends itself self with special amiability to the making of graceful gowns, and it is procurable this season, woven with a wonderfully soft texture, which gives it almost the appearance of crepe de chine.

A fascinating gown in pale green and white foulard is made in quite a new way with a double skirt, the upper part of which is arranged with long foulard scarves, which are draped from both sides, starting at the waist, and are then knotted loosely together in front, some little distance above the hem.

The bodice is draped with fichu folds of foulard drawn down lightly under three bows of the same silk, and there are very pretty elbow sleeves, trimmed along the outer arm with three little bows to match, and turned back with cuffs of Alencon lace. The space between the fichu folds, both back and front, is filled in with an Alencon lace chemisette, continued in the form of a high collar band.

THE PAISLEY TIE.

Other Items for the Various Sorts of Wear.

With the plain blouses and tailor-made costumes the Paisley tie is one of the latest innovations, while many of the country skirts, and especially those in homespun or Scotch tweed, have huge square patch pockets, the pockets being repeated again in a business-like manner on the coat. As regards headgear, the larger hat simply trimmed with a big, soft Paisley scarf of chiffon or ninon is by no means confined to the country alone, and the very simplicity of these hats makes them charming as a frame to a young face with a complexion of milk and roses. Some of these scarfs are carried out solely in soft blue shades, worked into an Indian pine design and combining the palest tints with bleu roi, but so subtly commingled as to prevent crudity of coloring.

For fine wear the hats are carried out in black crinoline or Tagal, the country headgear being unusually of the burnt straw persuasion. There are, besides, unmistakable signs that the ci-devant Leghorn will be once again more than popular for summer wear, trimmed likewise with a simple scarf or with a wreath of roses, while the sailor hat has grown considerably in proportions, the bow being introduced in the front instead of at the side.

HAT PRICES.

Up?
Perhaps.
A little bit.
"A big bit," did you say?
Just cite an instance or two.
"A Paris hat has cost its owner just $200."
Thats nothing; it might as well have cost $2,000.

A couple of imperial Russian sables might add $1,000, or more.

Any amount of money might be involved with a big buckle set with diamonds.

So it is useless for alarmists and would-be humorists to set up a scare because some princess, or a mere notoriety seeker, has plunged in the millinery market.

FASHION NOTES FROM PARIS SHOPS.

Black satin jackets are finding favor.

Beaded belts and bags are to be worn.

Satins are predicted as the favorite fall fabric.

Some of the new bathing caps resemble motor bonnets.

Chains are superseding leather straps for handbag handles.

Young girls are wearing great numbers of frills and jabots.

Many foulard and pongee suits are made in Russian blouse style.

Paris declares that transparent sleeves are to be a ruling feature.

Lingerie and tailored waists of white seem about equally in favor.

Tailor made suits of silk and satin are the fad of the hour in Paris.

Cottons now come printed in all sorts of Persian and old world designs.

New guimpes are of the simplest order, sheer, untrimmed unobtrusive, and shallow.

Unlined short wraps made of chiffon, voile and marquisettes, are being shown in the shops.

The white linen suit, ornamented with flax embroidery, composed of a jaunty little coat and short skirt, is in great vogue at watering places.

Silk crepe, heavily beaded, is one of the smartest materials for handsome gowns. In fact, the beading seems to be as popular as it has ever been.

"Comet" is the name applied by Paris modistes to the royal blue shade that has come in since the accession of the sailor king to the British throne.

Black chiffon jumpers, piped with Persian silk or with black satin, are attractive novelties.

It is predicted that brown and black furs, especially sable and zibeline, will be worn this fall.

Linings for evening wraps and coats are of contrasting color, either of chiffon or soft satin.

Open work designs are the general favorites in embroideries, Maderia and eyelet designs leading.

Many of the dress fabrics are shown in metallic shades and ribbons of the same tone are to be worn.

Shopping bags of chamois colored suede, mounted in brass, are among the most stylish ones to-day.

Quite novel are colored waists or white waists embroidered in color or trimmed with colored bands.

Children's narrow belts, whether in patent leather or suede, are to be had in a wide range of colors.

Leading waist models have low necks and elbow sleeves; many are made with three-quarter or elbow sleeves.

Table linen is now ornamented with renaissance lace, Venise or drawn work, combined with hand embroidery.

Huge colored enamel hatpins have superseded the rhinestone for the moment, but the former, when of good quality, is always in good style.

Mantles of rich black and fancy silks, elaborately trimmed with chantilly lace, are much worn in Paris, as are also short jackets of soft taffetas.

The new handbags and the most fashionable ones, are of suede, velvet, or patent leather in various shades, and are from six to ten inches square.

Tailored waists continue to make use of linen, lawn and bastite materials. The models most in demand are the side frilled types, with plaited, tucked or plain blouses.

WELL DESCRIBED.

(The Delineator.)

Nine-year-old Lizzie was taken to her first classical concert the other night. "How did you like it, Dot?" inquired papa, who had ben too busy to attend.

"Most of it was tiresome," said the child, "but there was one lady who gargled just beautifully."

CHOICE PEA RECIPES

Peas in Cases—The peas are first reheated, after which enough of the liquor is removed to about half fill an ordinary cup. To this is added a tablespoonful of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter, already rubbed to a paste, and when this has been added to the peas the mixture is allowed to cook slowly for a few minutes, after which it is seasoned to taste with salt and pepper; the beaten yolk of one egg and three tablespoonfuls of cream are added, and the result, when hot, is served in small china or paper cases, appropriately garnished with parsley, or, in the proper season, with small sprigs of mint.

Peas with Eggs—Peas are delicious when served as a filling for an omelet, but they are also palatable when they are combined with scrambled eggs. To cook them in this way, reheat the peas, seasoning to taste, and adding a tablespoonful of minced parsley in addition to the butter, pepper and salt. When thoroughly hot pour all the liquor from the peas, and over the latter pour two well-beaten eggs, stirring continuously until they are properly scrambled. Serve on toast as quickly as possible.

Pea Timbales—These are indeed novel and extremely delicious. Cook a can of peas until they are tender; then mash them through a colander and beat the pulp to a paste. To this add two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and just enough white onion juice, paprika, white pepper, and salt to season acceptably. When thoroughly mixed place in buttered timbale molds and bake until done.

Peas on Toast—To prepare peas nicely for service on toast is one of the simplest methods of cooking them. Take a can of peas and after heating them drain off a little of the liquor and season the balance with butter, pepper and salt. At the last moment before serving add a little rich cream, pour over thin slices of buttered toast, and sprinkle lightly with paprika. This dish is quite as attractive as it is tasty, and easy to prepare for a luncheon course.

Peas with Potatoes—Those who have never tried cooking peas with potatoes have a treat in store. When the canned peas are used, the potatoes also must have been previously cooked. To each can of peas allow three or four boiled potatoes, according to size. Cut them into small cubes and put them on to cook with the peas, seasoning liberally with butter, salt, and pepper. Simmer the mixture slowly until the flavors have had time to blend nicely; then thicken by adding white sauce, or white stock to which a sufficient quantity of flour has been added.

Mrs. Samuel J. Huber.

THE PARADE OF PAIN.

English Comments on the Spectacle Produced by the Hobble Skirt.

We are asked to believe with every recurrent mode in dress that where the fashionably dressed congregate there may be seen the parade of pain, which to the serious minded looker on is little less shocking than those scenes which are witnessed at the pilgrimage to Lourdes.

At the present moment we are warned of the approach of an excruciating addition to the deplorable appearances on the parade of pain. Those who must picture the possibilities of fashions as their extremes may end them already foresee the advent of women crippled by the clinging bond of the "hobble" skirt.

Walking with the infantile totter or trippingly, in its most perilous sense, is heralded as the inevitable feature of this season's parade of pain. Pinned about the knees by the ever narrowing skirts woman will neither be able to walk nor sit. Hobbling or standing is the only alternative presented to her, no matter for what freedom of mind and limbs she may yearn.

On the parade of pain there can be no grace, comfort, reason, common sense or liberty! We are to follow our Japanese sisters and acquire the art of hobbling. If this is the doom of the would be ultra-fashionable it is after all not so deplorable as might be the case. There is hope for hobblers in the recollection of those "three little maids" who tripped their way so fascinatingly through the "Mikado."—From the Gentlewoman.

Nasal Dishabille.

Mrs. Dixon had promised her two little sons, Frank, aged six, and Willie, aged four, that she would put them to sleep with a fine story if on that night they would prepare for their beds without complaining. The youngsters had fulfilled their part of the agreement, and were being safely tucked in, when their mother was suddenly compelled to answer the door-bell. Hastening away with the intention of imediately returning, Mrs. Dixon was detained by a caller.

The boys grew restless. Finally, running to the top of the stairs, where he knew his mother could get a perfect view of him, Frank used nearly all his small stock of diplomacy in trying to attract his mother's attention without disturbing the visitor.

After several futile attempts at gesticulations, he drilled out in a loud whisper, perfectly audible to both ladies below:

"Mamma, you'd better come up" then, in a most awe-inspiring tone, he added, "cause Bill's nose is coming un wiped!"

THE MEETING.

(Arthur Stringer in Success Magazine.)

Says She:

'Tis a long way ye've thraveled, my thrue love,
'Tis a long trip ye've made on the sea,
For the sake av a shlip av a gurl lolk me,
For a bit av a kiss
No betther than this—
'Tis a long road ye've thraveled, Machreel

Says He:

'Twas a long way and lone way, Mavourneen,
But it's a millions av miles, as He know
That a hungerin', wanderin' sunbea goes
To be gettin' a kiss
No warmer than this
From the lips av no sweeter a rose!

WOMEN WIN IN REBELLION AGAINST THE RAT.

The back of the head, after a simple, ratless coiffure is arranged.

(By Cynthia Grey.)

The rebellion against the rat—yes, that's the proper word, for woman has rebelled, raising louder each day her protest and demand that this foolish, artificial, hair-destroying toilet aid be banished from Dame Fashion's dresser.

And woman has won. The "rat" is doomed, is already passing from the scene, scampering away when shown up to womankind in its true light.

New styles displayed by "Madam" this fall will show how the milliner recognizes an accomplished fact and is building her creations with smaller crowns, to fit the ratless head.

"Yes, it's true, the 'rat' must go," said the girl at the hair-dresser's to her favorite customer. "And it's all because women have at last come to their senses.

"The rebellion began with some sensible woman upon whom it suddenly dawned one day that the lifeless, lack-luster, falling condition of her hair must be blamed upon her 'rat.' Then she stopped worrying and fretting about her hair long enough to take out the 'rat.'

"Women will readily follow a courageous leader. And, of course, this woman was right. The 'rat' heats the scalp and compels an increased flow of oil. This oil gets into the 'rat' and becomes rancid. The dead oil rubs back on the hair and a daily shampoo wouldn't undo the damage it causes.

"Between you and me, she remembered just in time that her hair is her crowning glory—a thing that many women will recall too late.

"Of course, we are in business to make money, and the more rats, puffs, switches and braids we sell the better we're off, so we say little about this revolution. Puffs and light switches will still be worn, and the hair will be soft and fluffy about the face. But rats—well, confidentially, we're not buying any new rats."

As a result of this timely (?) discovery of a rational woman, milliners are working overtime, making hats with smaller crowns—sizes to fit those ratless heads. This fall and winter there will be a radical change in hats on account of the change in coiffures.

Isn't this a chic little turban—and not so very little after all. It's just the kind to wear with the back-to-nature hair dress. It is made of folds and swirls of black taffeta with nifty little loops of the same at the side-front. And it's new this fall.

Simplicity distinguishes this coiffure—which is the very newest in that line.

Saved From the Sea

Falc put up his horse in a shed (he had ordered the hostler of the Rowdon Arms to come at two and give the animal a feed), and then unlocked the door of the manager's office, and went in to endure the horror—it was nothing less in the man's state of mind—of dead inactivity and waiting for four mortal hours, quivering still under the fierce wrench from his past life, groping in darkness and doubt of the future, torn between right and wrong, remorse and repentance, in this giving up—all yearning in agony for the one worshipped being he clung to, for love of whom he had at last, per saltum, trodden under so much.

How was it possible this miserable, passionate soul could know peace or rest until it could reach that one loved being for whose sake, under whose silent inspiration of moral beauty, he had, in being here at all, once more touched the sublime height of self-sacrifice that emulated hers for him?

Just now he did not even know exactly where she was—with Helen, at Kensington, or Nest Hill—and, even then, how write to her to arrange a meeting? He could not disguise his writing, but the postmark, if by chance Frank or Helen saw it, would look odd to them, since they were aware that the only person at Grass-Rowion Christine knew was himself, and as they also knew why she had left Dr. Clifford's, what more likely than that they should jump to the suspicion that he was the man she had met in the park?

He must wait till she wrote, and then trust to Rahmnee's wits to convey a letter, or see her and arrange a meeting. He must see her alone at first, not as a mere friend before others.

The hours dragged on, but no one came near the open office. He had not expected any one would; but a little before four o'clock, when he fetched round his horse and fastened him up by the door in readiness, he saw that groups were gathering on the Waste.

"One quarter of an hour only, my friends," he said to himself, "and your chance is gone. I am ready for you, although if you interfere—doesn't matter if you do, as far as that goes—the lock-out is the fact, ot a shut or open gate."

He waited in the office till the big clock high up outside in the front began striking four; the nhe came out with the keys in his hand. A glance told him that the group had swelled into a crowd, and as he shut the door and locked it, a shout, half derisive, half angry, mingled with hisses and groans, *friends," he said to himself,* "and your chance is gone. I am ready for you, although if you interfere—doesn't matter if you do, as far as that goes—the lock-out is the fact, not a shut or open gate."

Then there was a surge, and a burst master, slipping the bridle over his arm, and walking composedly across the yard to the gates, passed out, and deliberately shut the open one of the two—it was a double gate.

Then there was a surge ,and a burst of hooting and hisses also, in the midst of which St. Maur locked the gate and leaped to his saddle, checking at once the joyous bound forward of the mettlesome animal.

In that moment a black-browed, forbidding-looking fellow strode a few paces forward, and called out, with a kind of savage derision:

"What if we was to say 'Open those gates, and we'll come in—four advance'?"

"Too late now, my man, if you meant it fifty times!" said St. Maur, with cool emphasis and distinctness. "I told you all four o'clock, and four o'clock has struck. The strike is a lock-out now."

He put his horse to an easy trot, lifting his hat with a grave irony as he rode past the crowd, which broke into a storm of hooting, and, after he had passed, into something of a rush, and a tolerable number of stones, which fell far short of the rider, who, with a contemptuous laugh, went on his way.

His work was done; he would stay a week at the Chase, if he could endure the stagnation so long. If! He little could forsee all that was written to be within that time!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

On the evening of the very same day on which St. Maur had reached Grass-Rowdon his young wife and Helen Addison arrived at Nest Hill; but it was not till the second day after—that is, on the eighth—that Christine could get the opportunity to post a letter to her husband, and that was in the afternoon, riding out with the major and Helen.

"When I received your letter," the few lines ran, "I came here at once with H., to be near you. I have my former room, but how or where we can meet in the country I know not. Let me know, somehow, the minute you return to town, and I will follow. It is easy to meet there; and oh, I yearn so for you, my heart."

The next morning, whilst they were all three still in the breakfast-room, a footman brought in a letter for his master.

"An orderly has ridden over with it, sir; and is waiting for an answer."

"Well, he can do with a rest and a second breakfast, after a longish ride, I dare say," said the major. "See to it, Thomas, and I'll ring when I've written the reply."

The footman retired. Helen looked inquiringly as her husband broke open the letter.

"From Darnley at Lynton," he said, reading; "asks me to go over on Monday to dine with them—a mess-dinner—at seven."

"Not Captain Darnley, is it?" asked Mrs. Errington, looking up.

"Oh, no, his uncle, Colonel Geoffrey Darnley, an old friend and comrade of mine, not long back from the West Indies."

"And old friends are precious," said Christine; "don't dream of refusing on my account, major."

"My dear Mrs. Errington——"

"My dear Major Addison, you will at once accept, or I shall fly south, like the swallows."

"I shall not, ma'am."

"Then, laughingly meddling, I can spare you. Is Lynton a garrison town—surely not—such a small town it looked when we rode through it in August."

"No, not a garrison town at all," said Frank; "but only a depot, and there is a detachment there now. They have had sickness abroad."

"Recruit them with country air—I see. How far do you reckon Lynton, major?"

"Well,' he said, "it is quite six miles by the shortest road that carriage or horse can use. It lies northward, between this and Grass-Rowdon; but Lynton is fourteen or fifteen miles from that la road. Lynton is not on the rail, you know—three miles from it—for the line takes a sweep eastward, after Nest Hill, to take in ——. Why, you'll be as wise in the localities as we are."

Christine smiled.

"All knowledge is useful," she said; and it was not many days before she had reason to recall that reply as almost prophetic.

Addison sent an acceptance to Colonel Darnley, who had also despatched by post another letter of invitation to a former acquaintance—Mr. Orde,—which reached its destination that evening late, when he and his nephew were chatting and smoking cigarettes after dinner.

"Fancy Geoff. Darnley remembering my existence," said Will Orde, evidently pleased. "I knew him some years ago, when you were in Texas, or California, or some wild region. You'd better come, too, dear boy. I am sure I may take you. He would certainly have asked you if he had known of your existence in England."

Falconer shook his head; he was in no mood—nor likely to be—to play the agreeable, and laugh and talk, when his heart ached to an agony of pain.

"No; thanks all the same, Uncle Will, and with the temper of some of those fellows down yonder, it is as well we shouldn't both be quite out of the way. There might be a riot, or an attack on the works to wreck the machinery."

"Well, Falc, if you stop at home, then, Monday, you will have the house to yourself with a vengeance," replied Mr. Orde; "for, except the housekeeper, all the servants have asked leave to go to a wedding-dance at night in Grass-Rowdon—some friend of one of them getting married—so if you don't mind dining at six——"

"Oh, don't keep any of them from their fun for me, Uncle Will. I'll dine at luncheon; and for the rest, Rahmnee and I can take care of ourselves. Let Mrs. Brand go, too, and disport her comely self."

"It is very good of you, Falc, to play caretaker; but I shall be back by twelve, with the coachman and groom, of course. You see, I live so quietly here myself hat I only keep a small establishment, and it's dull for them."

"Certainly. Pack them all off, uncle," said good-natured Falc.

And when the arrangement was made known, Mrs. Bland's gratitude was warm.

It was just like Mr. Falconer, and she only hoped the next wedding would be his; which wish she repeated herself to her young master on the eventfold Monday morning.

He smiled half sadly at the wish; it flight of steps was the tall, graceful figure of St. Maur, the sun glinting on his burnished gold-bronzed locks, and at his side his Indian fidus Achate.

As the carriage disappeared, Falconer turned quickly to him.

"Rahmnee, a sudden thought has struck me—how to get a letter to madame where the postmark will be wide of this place. Ten miles from here, down the line, there is a small place called Gorst: it lies between this and Nest Hill. Well, you can ride over there directly after your tea and post my letter."

"I can start now, if the sahib chooses," said Rahmnee.

"No, no; plenty of time if you start at six or little after. Order the best stayer in the stable to be ready at six. Ride easy, and rest before you start back."

Rahmnee retired, and St. Maur went to write his letter—in a feigned hand, of course—and an hour later his faithful follower rode off with it.

At half-past seven the letter was posted in the village—it was little more—of Gorst; and the Hindoo, leaving his horse at the inn, strolled away to the outskirts, where a fine group of trees skirting, he found the high palings of a cottage-garden, or outhouse, attracted him. Within or behind the paling he heard voices talking—two men and a woman's—but the rough tones and broad native dialect made their talk almost as unintelligible to the Hindoo as his tongue would have been to them.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Was there ever anything so utterly provoking—so maddening? You little brute, I'll have you drowned."

These vehement exclamations in Helen's voice, issuing from Helen's dressing room, made Mrs. Errington, passing by that Monday afternoon, turn quickly to the half-open door, and—tableau!—poor Helen, holding at arm's length an exquisite and especially favorite flehu of real hand-cadee lace—alas! with each end, torn—crouching away in comical piteous terror, the prettiest little pointer pup, perhaps three months old, trembling all over, its funny little tail beating the carpet.

"What's the matter, Nell? Your lace torn?"

"Torn! done for! This set spoiled!" gasped Helen. "That wretched pup has got in somehow from the nursery. That's your gratitude for Falc saving you, is it, you little brute?"

Falconer's wife stopped and caught up the poor little frightened culprit to her bosom, where it instantly snuggled itself to shelter like a child.

"You dear little thing! You poor little baby-dog!" she said. "See how it trembles, Nell."

"Well, it is enough to provoke a saint; but I'll make Frank have it drowned, no matter what Falc may say. Look at my lace. It was made by a woman living over at Gorst, and I've lost her address even, or she should make me another at once."

"Dear Helen, I am so sorry!" Christine's very voice soothed her—was "I will go over to Gorst now at once and find out the lacemaker if you will only give me this dear wee offender," laying her velvet cheek to be frantically licked over, and then her ear-drops, ears, hair, all slyly bitten at, puppy-fashion. "I can't bear it drowned—a dear little brown ball!"

"You're welcome to it, I'm sure, if you like to have everything destroyed; only you shan't bother yourself about the lace. The idea of it," said poor Helen, ruefully regarding the fabric, as she cooled down a little, "that tiresome Elizabeth"—a house maid—"has left the door ajar and that pup has got in. I let Effie have it to play with; it is one—*it's mother died when it was a month* old this August, and it couldn't lap, or it wouldn't, and was starving, and Falc had it a whole week in his room, and taught it somehow to feed; but of course it shan't be touched. I was just so wild——"

"Poor Nell! it is vexing, but I mean what I said. Ring for some tea, order the victoria to take me to the station, and I'll fish out the woman in Gorst this very evening."

Helen refused, protested, coaxed, all in vain. Christine only said, in "that determined way of hers," that she should go.

And go she did, Frank meanly declining to interfere on his wife's appeal.

"My dear," said he, *resignedly,* "Mrs. Errington is as bad as Falconer. When she says 'I will," she will. You saw about the lock-out in Saturday's County News? Well, that pointer pup, Mrs. Errington, is yours. Thomas shall take it to the kennels. When shall Nell send the carriage for you?"

"Nay; I can't tell, major. This Mrs. Henage may be hard to find. I'll take a fly back; there are not many trains to and from Gorst."

So, with the derelict lace in her charge, and orders to make another like it, Christine triumphantly departed to find Mrs. Henage.

How constantly we can trace the gravest, most stupendous issues of human lives to the most trifling thing or incident!

Looking back a few hours later, Christine St. Maur recognized this once more. Only a poor little helpless pup's frail life, saved by patient, tender care; but small as the kindly deed seemed, unconsideerd and probably forgotten by the doer, it was "bread cast upon the waters," and must surely return after many days to the hand that cast it.

When Mrs. Errington reached Gorst station it was nearly a quarter to seven, but she met with greater success than she had expected in discovering the lace maker, a widow, who was only too glad to have an order which she knew would be liberally paid for. She insisted on the lady taking some refreshment, and set out fruit, rich milk, bread and butter.

When Christine left the cottage it was barely half-past seven, and finding on inquiry that no down-train stopped till eight, she turned back and strolled a little way. A turn in the lane brought her in view of the pretty clump of trees where Rahmnee had just seated himself, and the next moment the two, so strangely brought to the same spot, saw each other.

"Rahmnee," the woman said, under her breath, her heart giving a wild bound, "is he near, then?"

"Ah, burra salaam, mem-sahib!" The Hindoo's dark face was aglow with utter surprise and joy. "No, the sahib is alone; he sent me here to post letter to yourself. I do it. I wait to return. The sahib is alone."

"How do you mean, Rahmnee?"

Rahmnee explained that Mr. Orde was dining at Lynton, and the servants all absent at a wedding dance in Grass-Rowdon. While he spoke, the rough voices behind the paling reached them, and some words from the woman that sent every drop of blood back on Christine's very heart.

"Yez, I tell ye; he'll be just caught to-night like a rat in a trap. It's his hand that's locked out, as sure as yer my brother Bill, I'll tell ye, 'cause my man's one that's going."

Christine whispered:

"Hush! I will explain directly; there is danger to the sahib."

The two who loved Falconer St. Maur best on earth, stood like statues, listening, the Hindoo eagerly watching his mistress' face as she listened to the harsh vernacular of the woman's speech.

When it ceased, the woman who heard lifted her hands up with a passionate gesture.

"Heaven above! give me power to save him!"

Then she grasped Rahmnee's wrist, and drew him quickly away round the turn of the lane. It was dark now.

"Listen!" she said in low, quick, but firm tones. "There is no time to be lost. That woman is the wife of the worst of the men on strike. She has come over to see a brother. She tells him that fifty or more of these men, learning that the sahib would be alone to-night, have secretly plotted to go, attack the house, get at him, and, if he will not agree to grant their insolent demands, kill him. They are to go between eleven and twelve in small parties, meeting in the grounds. I must—I will reach him by train or on foot—somehow—and warn him to barricade the house, while you ride off for help. Where is your horse?"

"At the inn, mem-sahib." The Hindoo was avid, his black eyes actually glowed. "But you no—*not safe;* let Rahmnee go back."

"No," she said, stern in her terrible agony; "come what may, I alone must be at his side to save or die with him. The innkeeper will tell you the road to Lynton. Ride there, ask for Colonel Darnley's quarters; go—call for Major Addison, and tell him—save? He will get a troop of the soldiers to ride to the rescue—you with them. Go, but say nothing of me. Never mind me. I shall get to him. Tell me the way from Grass-Rowdon Station to the Chase."

Rahmnee gave her minute directions, and they parted just by the little station—he to ride for life or death to Lynton; she to get a train, and this was the reply to her question:

"Only one more train to Grass-Rowdon to-night, and that don't stop here till nine-forty-five, and the horse at the inn is lame."

For one moment her brain reeled—she felt stunned as by a blow, then she rallied—the woman's love and the strong nature asserted their sway, and she faced the position. Could she walk the distance in less time than by waiting? Ten miles—rather more to the Chase—a stranger to the way, no one to ask, with all the perils which a woman must needs risk in such a night journey. She would be likely to lose her way and be too late. Too late! Those awful words! At best she could not possibly take under three hours o nthe road. Then this last train. It was due to reach Grass-Rowdon at ten minutes past ten; it was then a two-mile's walk to Rowdon Chase, but she could cover that in half an hour.

"I must take the train," was her decision, "but, oh! this waiting—waiting is killing work!"

She went into the booking office and wired to Helen Addison:

"Can't get back to-night. Detained by friend. All well.

"Christine."

That reached Helen at the very time the sender stepped out of the train at Grass-Rowdon, and passed out into the silent, darkly dreary country road, her one dread to *meet any one*—most of all any of the desperate wretches who had banded together to do so dastard a deed to-night.

(To be continued.)

PLAYTIME STORIES.

DUTCHIE'S RIDE.

"Dutchie" was the grandson of the elephant-keeper, and without doubt he was the pet of al lthe circus. His papa and mamma had gone to live with the angels—that was why he travelled with grandpa.

This lad loved all the animals but the elephants best of all, and big Ben was his favorite. They were great companions—these two. Quite often Ben would share the peanuts visitors gave him, with "Dutchie."

One night it was so hot in the tent that "Dutchie" couldn't sleep. At last he crawled out of the cot beside grandpa and stole into the other tent beside big Ben.

"Let's take a walk," whispered the boy, and the elephant flapped his ears approvingly.

Dutchie had often watched grandpa unfasten Ben's chain from the stake, so he soon had the big fellow free.

"Up with me now," commanded the boy.

The elephant held out a front foot and up scrambled Dutchie, seating himself on Ben's head, then out they

quietly slipped and down the deserted village street.

A few minutes later big Ben was pulling trunkfuls of fine clover and thoroughly enjoying himself.

In the morning, grandpa and the others found the runaways. Big Ben was keeping guard over a sleeping "Dutchie" and between times eating the farmer's clover.

LACK OF PURE BLOOD

The Cause of Most Illness—The Cure, Enrich the Blood Supply.

Any illness caused by lack of blood will be benefited and cured by a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills increase the red matter in the blood and enable it to carry to every organ and tissue an increased supply of oxygen, the great supporter of all organic life. This has been proved by cures in thousands of cases not only in Canada, but in all parts of the world. More people to-day owe health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than to any other medicine. One of these is Mr. James Starr, of Galahad, Alta., who says: "A few years ago I became ill and very weak. Some days I would have a hot, dry fever and on others would be bathed in a cold sweat. I grew weaker and weaker until I could do no kind of work and was finally confined to my bed. I tried several doctors, who cost me considerable money, but did me no good, as I was still getting weaker and weaker. I asked the last doctor who attended me to tell me frankly if he could cure me, and he told me my case was so complicated that he did not think he could help me. I told him I had heard a great deal about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and asked if he thought they would help me. His reply was: 'Well, they won't do you any harm, and they may help you.' I sent for a half dozen boxes at once and began taking them. After taking three boxes there was no doubt they were helping me, and I continued using them for some time longer. With the result that I am now as strong and hearty and can do as good a day's work as any man in my neighborhood."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ETIQUETTE LESSONS FOR MEN

(Men's Page in the Delineator.)

When a lady gives you her seat in a street car, thank her, but in such a manner that she will not be emboldened to open a conversation with you.

When some one calls you by 'phone ands says: "Do you know who is talking?" and you answer that you do not, and the person continues to ask if you don't or can't guess, utter a joyous peal of laughter ard say you know it is the sanitarium. Then hang up the receiver.

If you know a fat girl with a slim sister, always mistake the fat one for the slim one, and vice versa.

When waltzing with a lady who steps upon your toes, it is nice, if you have a wooden leg, to keep the foot of that leg where she will step upon it oftenest. You can do this unobtrusively with a little practice.

SASKATCHEWAN LANDS

I own and offer for sale 13,500 acres of land in West Central Saskatchewan, located on the Canadian Northern Railway, Saskatoon, Calgary Branch, twenty miles west of Kindersley. The track on this twenty miles is now being laid and will be completed this month. The land is from two to twelve miles from the railway.

It is free from scrub or brush and is rolling prairie; can be worked by gasoline tractor engines and cropped in 1911.

No Cash Payment Required

Will sell on basis of crop payments. Read Kindersley article elsewhere in this issue. Write

A. B. MACKAY

Bank of Hamilton Chambers, Hamilton

REFERENCES { Bank of Hamilton / Bank of Nova Scotia } HAMILTON

WORSE STILL.

(Catholic Standard and Times.)

"My wife is getting to be very tiresome," complained Groucher; "she doesn't seem to know her own mind from one minute to the next."

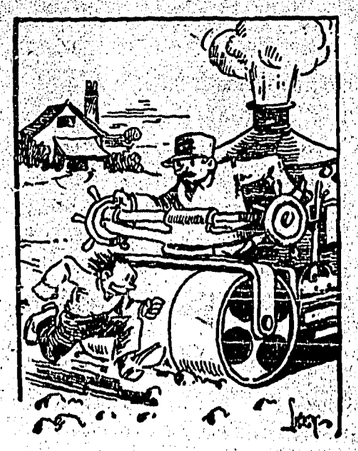
"My wife," said Kratchett, "is the same way. She's as uncertain as the weather."

"Hugh- Mine's as uncertain as the weather forecasts."

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.

"THEN IT HAPPENED."



(Our Daily Discontinued Story.)

Georgie was the toughest boy in the village.

He would do things that no one else dared to do. One day he and his crowd of admirers stood watching the steam roller at work.

"I'll bet I can jump in front of that roller and get out of its way again when it is nearest," said he, as he stuck out his chest.

True to his boast he did jump in front when it was nearest. Georgie is now a part of the macadamized roadbed.

THE END.

LIVE HAIR, CLEAR SKIN.

All who delight in a clear skin, soft white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find that Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment more than realize every expectation in promoting skin and hair health and the bodily purity. A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient to cure tesfuring, disfiguring eczemas, rashes, irritations, scalings and crustings of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, thus rendering them the most economical treatment known for affections of the skin and scalp.

Cupid on the Links.

Love and a maiden played at golf,
All on a summer's day;
The balls they used were maiden's hearts,
The clubs were Cupid's fearsome darts,
And merrily went the play.
Sweet, sweet was the song the robins sung,
And blue was the sky above;
The breeze swept o'er the daisied lea,
And turned it into a rippling sea,
"Ah, love!" the maiden cried in fear,
As Cupid raised his dart;
She watched the ball soar far away,
And all that mighty livelong day
She hunted for her heart.

—Town Topics.

BASEBALL IN HEAVEN.

(Buffalo News.)

The silly season in the churches must be near its height. If it lasts much longer someone will send for the vacationing ministers.

Mattapoisett, Mass., has the latest summer freak—a sermon on "Baseball in Heaven," by Rev. C. Julian Tuthill. Mr. Tuthill interested the fans present, if any, with this:

"Heaven is but an evolution of this world. A Christian may love a ball game, and, loving it, remain a Christian. Why, then, is it not safe to prophesy that even the game of baseball will have its place in some spiritual form in Heaven?"

Theoretically this is very well, but who is going to be satisfied with a spiritual base hit, and just imagine blankety blanking a chump of a spiritual umpire.

HIS CHANCE.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"I wonder if Nero really fiddled when Rome burned?"

"Maybe he did. Maybe it was his first opportunity to hold an audience. He did his specialty while they watched the fire."

The flies that are now in your kitchen and dining room were probably feasting on some indescribable nastiness less than an hour ago, and as a single fly carries many thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating this worst enemy of the human race. Wilson's Fly Pads are without a doubt the best fly killers made.

ALL THIS IS LOST ON THE FAIR SEX.

Boston.—The bald-headed woman is a thing of the near future, if she continues to wear rats in her hair, according to Dr. C. J. ... who has gone to some length in warning against it. And the women, for their part, can be depended upon to ignore anything that slaps at style.

He says wire puffs are not so bad, because they admit of ventilation for the hair, but "rats" heat it and tempt it to degenerate and in time it falls out. Besides, he says, and that may have some little effect, an old face with young looking hair looks ridiculous. This was a protest against the use of hair dyes, which he calls dangerous.

But rats—shun them, girls, if you want to have anything left to wear them in.

The source of all intestinal troubles is the common house fly; his buzz is the first symptom of typhoid. Wilson's Fly Pads are the only things that kill them all.

No Space Gone to Waste.

Dewitt—Does your wife follow the fashions closely?

Jewitt—I should say so; she has one of those "standing room only" dresses.—Smart Set.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., PRESIDENT
ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER

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The Money Orders issued by this Bank are also payable free of charge in the principal cities of the United States, and at the rate of $4.90 to the £ sterling in Great Britain and Ireland.

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PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

Subscription, $2 00 a year, in advance.
30-Day Notices, $5; 60, $7 50; 90, $10

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

One of the most important matters brought before Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his tour through British Columbia was the position of the lumber industry in this Province.

The forests of B. C. comprise what are admittedly the greatest standing timber resources in the American Coutinent. Rivers and lakes provide ample facilities for hauling the lumber to the railway, and the prairie provinces furnish right at our doors a stable and ever expanding market.

With this combination of raw materials, transportation and markets, it would seem that the lumber industry should be in a most flourishing condition. But such is far from being the case and the reason is not hard to see. Under the present Canadian Tariff. lumber from the United States comes across the border into Canada duty free. whilst Canadian lumber manufacturers wishing to ship the product of B.C. labor and capital into the States are compelled to pay a heavy, almost prohibitive duty.

The result is that this year alone 76,000,000 feet of United States lumber were imported into Alberta, whilst the camps in B. C. are closed down, thousands of men and millions of capital are thrown out of employment, and the lumber yards of the premier province are piled up with 200,000,000 feet of unsaleable lumber.

The American manufacturer, supreme in his own market, sure of a big turn over secure against competition, runs his mills at high pressure, and if he overproduces dumps his surplus into Canadian prairie provinces, closes down our mills, and having obtained control of the markets puts up his prices to within the merest fraction of the cost of lumber landed from the big Coast mills over the Rocky Mountains thus tying up alike both producers in B.C. and the consumers of the paairie.

Large numbers of men who would otherwise be enjoying a good living in the B.C. mills, cross the border to work on the American side and the profit on their purchases goes into the pockets of the United States merchant.

Under this unfair system the development of B.C. is being retarded, our own people are losing, whilst residents in a foreign State grow fat on the proceeds of an industry they have diverted by an unfair tariff into their own country.

Why should a worker or capitalist who depends upon a great Canadian industry be exposed to this unfair competition. British Columbia aims at becoming the manufacturing hub of the Dominion, our resources of coal, minerals, and timber, combined with our matchless waterpowers, puts us in a position to attain this end. But we shall never see the goal so long as Eastern Politicians are allowed to play fast and loose with our Manufacturing interests. If Sir Wilfred Laurier were to come forward with a proposal to place the lumber industry of B. C. on an equal footing with its American rivals by placing upon imported lumber a tax equal to the tariff charged on our lumber entering the United States he would be listened to with the greatest respect by the people of B.C. But instead of doing this, he not only allows this unfair competition to go on unchecked, but coolly talks of entering upon a Free Trade reciprocity arrangement with the States which will strangle our lumber and fruit industry and all the infant manufactures in this province.

Sir Wilfred Laurier is no friend to B. C., his attitude on the Tariff, Asiatic Labor and the coast fisheries are absolutely opposed to B. C. interests.

British Columbia is bigger than Sir Wilfred Laurier, and the better representation of Western interests at Ottawa is a matter which will have to be tackled in the very near future.

HYOMEI (PRONOUNCED HIGH-O-ME)
CURES CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or money back.

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J. B. Moran - - Prop.

Scotch and Irish Whiskies
that have won a place for themselves in the temple of fame are to be found in this stock of
Wines and Liquors
Those who can appreciate stock of fine flavor and high quality will thoroughly enjoy these liquors.

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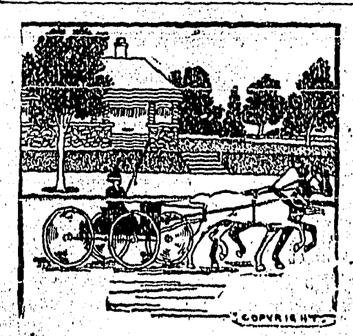

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you can indulge yourself by engaging a team from this livery stable for as long and as short a time as you desire.
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is also prepared to sent a carriage to meet trains, to take you shopping or calling, or to convey you to any June weddings you wish to attend.
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ANYTHING YOU NEED
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WALTER V. JACKSON, Agent, Creston, B. C.

SEND IN YOUR
Subscription

160

TAX SALE OF MINERAL CLAIMS

I Hereby give notice that on Monday, the 7th day of November, A.D. 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon at the Court House Nelson, I shall offer for sale by public auction the mineral claims in the list hereinafter set out, of which Crown Grants have been issued, for taxes remaining unpaid and delinquent by said persons on the 30th day of June A.D. 1910, and for costs and expenses of said sale, if the total amount due is not sooner paid.

Owner	Claim	Lot No.	Tax	Cost and Expenses	TOTAL
Herbert J. Wilson	Ash	4218	5.25	2.00	7 25
Ark Mining & Milling Company, Ltd.	Ark	3449	9 25	"	11 25
A. Goyette, et al	Belle	2461	10.50	"	12 50
B. A. Isaacs and Frank Fletcher	Bryan	1699	7.75	"	9 75
A. Goyette, et al	Bully Boy	3238	9.00	"	11 00
Sol St. St. John's, et al	Bellarophon	3680	8.25	"	10 25
H. J. Wilson	Bird's Eye	3278	13.00	"	15 00
Delight Gold Mining Company	Balmoral	3944	28 00	"	30 00
H. L. A. Kellar, et al	Blye	2924	13.00	"	15 00
E. C. Arthur, M. D.	Belle	2353	5 00	"	7 00
Western Coal & Oil Co.	Big 2	4637	3.50	"	5 50
Western Coal & Oil Co.	Bonanza	4638	6.50	"	8 50
J. S. C. Fraser, et al	Blind Canyon	3771	7.50	"	9 50
Trail Creek Hidden Treasure Gold Mining Co.	Courtland	3436	10.00	"	12 00
Baltimore Gold Mining & Development Co.	Copper Queen	3429	11 50	"	13 50
Golden (5) Mines, Ltd.	C & K	3927	12.75	"	14 75
Duncan Mines, Ltd.	Comet	3273	10.50	"	12 50
A. W. Powys	Cashier	4399	26.50	"	28.50
Chas. P. Hill	Czar Fraction	5833	1.75	"	3 75
Chas. P. Hill	Czar	5796	12 50	"	14 50
J. S. C. Fraser, et al	Centre Star	3766	21.00	"	23 00
J. S. C. Fraser, et al	Crowfoot	3770	13.00	"	15 00
Eldorado Mines Ltd.	Carmencita	5201	26.50	"	28 50
Dundee Gold Mining & Smelting Co.	Dundee	7241	8.50	"	10 50
Dundee Gold Mining & Smelting Co.	Dundee Fraction	7242	1.50	"	3 50
Geo. W. Coppen	Evening	103	5.25	"	7 25
H. J. Wilson	Emily	2020	13.00	"	15 00
G. A. Kirk and J. A. Turner	Evening Star	2014	10.00	"	12 00
St. Clair Gold Mining Co., Ltd.	Escuminace	3118	20.50	"	22 50
J. McLatchie, S. Johns and W. G. Robinson	Elk	3677	11.00	"	13 00
C. P. Hill	Emerald Fraction	5834	8.75	"	10 75
C. P. Hill	Emperor	5797	13 00	"	15 00
C. P. Hill	Emerald	5798	13.00	"	15 00
Mrs. R. S. Lyon	Editor	5881	11 75	"	13 75
The Pilot (Ymir) Gold Mining & Milling Co.	Exchange Frc.	3451	8.25	"	10 25
Eldorado Mines, Limited	Eldorado	5181	26.00	"	28 00
G. A. M. Young	Edith	6633	13.00	"	15 00
Alex. Goyette, et al	Florence	3237	12.50	"	14 50
J. M. McLatchie, W. G. Robinson & S. Johns	Florence G.	3676	12.75	"	14 75
Golden (5) Mines Limited	Freemont	3928	8.75	"	10 75
Western Coal & Oil Co., Ltd.	Franklin	4635	6.00	"	8 00
H. J. Wilson	Great Boulder Fraction	2022	4.50	"	6 50
J. McLatchie, W. G. Robinson & S. Johns	Gerald Fraction	3683	3.75	"	5 75
G. H. Green	Good Enough	5466	11.25	"	12 25
C. P. Hill	Golden Crown	5543	10.50	"	12 50
C. P. Hill	Golden Cap	5544	11.00	"	13 00
C. P. Hill	Golden Eagle	5545	12 25	"	14 25
H. Wright and C. J. Detter	Gray Mouse	5578	21.50	"	23 50
A. V. Powys	Golden Gem	4400	26.50	"	28.50
H. J. Wilson	Huron	2019	13.00	"	15 00
Baltimore Gold Mining & Development Co. Ltd.	Humming Bird	3428	6.25	"	8 25
H. J. Wilson	Haddo Fraction	4221	8.75	"	10 75
L. E. and J. E. McFarlane, and A. Sostad	Henry Clay	4200	9 25	"	11 25
Golden (5) Mines Ltd.	Humboldt	3929	13.00	"	15 00
W. B. Townsend and J. W. Moore	Hungry Man	4083	17.00	"	19 00
New Erie McCon Company	Houlton	4626	11.50	"	13 50
J. A. Turner and G. A Kirk	Happy Jack	2555	5.50	"	7 50
British Lion Gold Mining Development Co...	Highland Chief	5620	11.25	2.00	13 25
J. McLatchie, W. R. Robinson and S. Johns.	Invincible	3682	13.00	"	15 00
H. J. Wilson	Inverness	3935	10.50	"	12 50
Ark Mining & Milling Co,	Interprise	3450	9.50	"	11 50
W. J. J. Hughes, C. I. Archibald, et al	Independence	4776	12.75	"	14 75
G. A. M. Young	Ibis	6068	10.00	"	12 00
Estate of W. J. Nelson	Jubilee	3026	15.50	"	17 50
Golden (5) Mines Ltd.	Josie	3925	7.25	"	9 25
J. S. C. Fraser, T. Flynn et al	Johny	3768	10.25	"	12 25
G. A. M. Young	Jennie	6632	5.75	"	7 75
H. J. Wilson	Last Chance	2021	13.00	"	15 00
H. J. Wilson	Lady Aberdeeen	3936	10.25	"	12 25
Duncan Mines Ltd.	Lily Fraction	4220	7.50	"	9 50
J. McDonald, Estate	Little George	5121	12.25	"	14 25
G. W. Copen et al	Minnie	246	.25	"	2 25
Maple Leaf Mining & Development Co. Ltd...	Morning	104	4.75	"	6 75
H. J. Wilson	Maple Leaf	3262	23.00	"	25 00
E. C. Arthur	Minto Fraction	4219	9.50	"	11 50
New Erie McCon Mining & Milling Co.	Marble Edge	2354	5.00	"	7 00
New Erie McCon Mining & Milling Co.	M. S. C.	4623	12.25	"	14 25
Chas. A. Owen	Mabee	4625	7.50	"	9 50
C. P. Hill	Martha Washington	5031	19.50	"	21 50
Dundee Gold Mine Co.	Morning Glory	5836	12.75	"	14 75
Duncan Mines, Ltd.	M. S.	7243	2.75	"	4 75
Western Oil & Coal Co.	Nevoda Fraction	3933	4.75	"	6 75
G. H. Green	Nebraska Girl	4636	8.00	"	10 00
Golden (5) Mines Limited	Ontario	3659	9.25	"	11 25
Picton Dev. Syn.	Onix	3926	6.00	"	8 00
H. J. Wilson	Picton	3134	20.50	"	22 50
Golden Strand Mining & Development Co. ..	Princeton Fraction	2937	10.50	"	12 50
New Erie McCon Mining & Milling Co.	Pug	1363	12.50	"	14 50
Western Coal & Oil Co.	Princess No. 1	4627	13.00	"	15 00
Duncan Mines Ltd.	Porcupine	4634	13.00	"	15 00
Pilot (Ymir) Gold Mining Company	Planet	3271	13.00	"	15 00
Portland Gold Mines Co. (Foreign)	Pinlot Fraction	3452	2.50	"	4 50
J. A. Coryell	Portland	1445	39 00	"	41 00
Trail Creek Hidden Treasure Co.	Rosa	2460	12.25	"	14 25
J. McLatchie, W. G. Robinson & S. Johns...	Rockford	3435	12.75	"	14 75
C. P. Hill	Royal Arthur	3681	12.25	"	14 25
C. P. Hill	Rattler	5837	13.00	"	15 00
E. C. Arthur	Rambler	5838	7.50	"	9 50
J. S. C. Fraser, et al	Rapid	5302	5.50	"	7 50
M. S. Davys	Redman	3769	25 00	"	27 00
G. F. Tull	Royal Charter	3205	13.00	"	15 00
C. J. Detter and H. Wright	Selkirk	784	12.75	"	14 75
Bruce White & Harry Wright	Sampson	5376	23.50	"	25 50
J. McLatchie, W. R. Robinson and S. Johns..	Tamarac	3802	13.00	"	15 00
J. S. C. Fraser, et al	Trumpet	3678	10.00	"	12 00
D. G. and J. C. Porter	Twilight	3767	24.50	"	26 50
Robt. S. Day	Utopia Fraction	6298	8.00	"	10 00
C. McElroy	Victoria	248	4.75	"	6 75
Trail Creek Hidden Treasure Gold Mining Co.	Vancouver	5476	13.00	"	15 00
J. McLatchie, W. G. Robinson and S. Johns..	W. J. Bryan	3434	8.25	"	10 25
C. J. Detter, H. Wright	Willie	3679	7.25	"	9 25
Ark Group Mining and Milling Co.	Widow	5377	23.50	"	25 50
	Wooloomooloo	897	13.00	"	15 00

Dated at Nelson, B.C., this 19th day of September, 1910.

STEPHEN H. HOSKINS, Deputy Assessor and Collector, Nelson Assessment District.

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. 8631, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south, or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated July 22nd, 1910.

SED G. 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 20 chains east or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to Cecil Goodchild's southeast corner, thence 30 chains west to point of commencement, containing 100 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 southeast 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 east, thence 40 chains south, thence 40 chains west, to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated July 21st, 1910.

ETHEL LUCKWELL, Applicant
EDWARD 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 8631, 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 80 chains east, or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated July 22nd, 1910.

JAMES 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

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

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

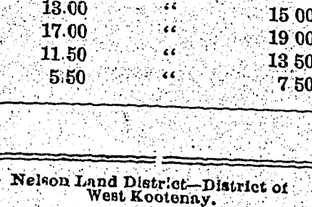
Take notice that I, Ethel Elsie Moore, of Creston, B.C., occupation married woman, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted at the N.W. angle of Lot 8072, G.I., thence west 20 chains thence north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains to the point of commencement and containing 120 acres more or less.

Dated this 1st day of Oct., 1910.

ETHEL ELSIE MOORE
CHAS. MOORE, Agent

0-16



A House on Your Hands

Did you ever figure out how small a percentage of our population pass your house where they could see a "To Let" sign; or how large a percentage read our paper? Good tenants are not the kind that have time to waste in going around looking for signs. They look in our Want Ads.

If you have a house on your hands, a "House to Let" ad. will bring them to you.

MURPHY'S LODGING HOUSE

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.

Large Well Lighted Hall on Ground Floor to rent for Dances and Concerts.

Canyon Street - CRESTON

Creston Tailor Shop

Men's Garments of all Styles made on short notice. Call in and select your cloth from our large Stock of Samples

WE ARE ALSO SPECIALISTS IN LADIES TAILORING

In our clothes cleaning department we excel. Clothes cleaned and pressed while you wait

EUGENE CASERTA - - PROPRIETOR

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

Read the Review

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the business of hotelkeepers at Creston, B.C. at the Creston Hotel under the firm name of Moran & Mead, is hereby by mutual consent dissolved. All debts due the said firm shall be collected by J. B. Moran, who shall also pay all accounts owing by the said firm.

Dated at Creston, B.C. this 1st day of October, 1910.

JOHN B. MORAN
GEO. MEAD

0-13

A FORTUNE IN IT

If you could place an ad in the Moon millions of people would read it.

Even then it would only be valuable a few nights each month, whereas a Want Ad in this paper while more limited in its scope will cover this particular locality every day in the year.

IT PAYS TO

ADVERTISE

Say a GOOD Word

It is wise to say a good word for yourself or your business, whether your stock in trade be merchandise or labor, Want Ads. are the most direct line of communication to the best buyers.

STUNS CUSTOMS MEN BY GEORGEOUS GOWNS.

HALLIE ERMINE [illegible].

New York.—Mrs. Post Wheeler, wife of the charge d'affaires of the American embassy at St. Petersburg, formerly of the diplomatic service at Tokyo, has returned from St. Petersburg with a bunch of gowns the value of which tied a kink in the adding machines of the customs office.

Mrs. Wheeler, who goes by the name of Hallie Erminie Rives when writing novels, believes that each gown she owns should reflect some particular mood or "flash of thought." She receives at home in a kimono a la Tokyo.

Here is a partial list of the costly gowns admired by Collector Loeb's men:

Item. Harebell blue linen, embroidered in white daisies and chrysanthemums. Sand colored hat drooping with huge blue and pink roses.

Item. Botticelli gown, white satin and mousseline de soie. Scads of embroidery; silver roses. Front of tunic holds big roses.

Item. Doucet dinner gown of hyacinth blue set in crepe, gold embroidery, old Venetian point lace.

These are only samples. There are plenty more.

Note—Catalogue not sent on request.

PLAYTIME STORIES.

BRAVE DONALD.

George and Sammy were sitting on the back doorsteps with Donald, their city cousin who had come to visit them. Donald was showing them just how his fine new rifle worked, and telling some wonderful shooting tales: He liked to see the boys open their eyes in astonishment, and he began to tell what great things he could do.

"Let's go down to the woods and hunt for wild animals," he said as he jumped up. "I would like to kill a lion or a bear."

"There aren't any lions or bears in our woods," said the boys.

"Aren't there any wolves or wildcats, maybe?" asked Donald.

"No," the boys couldn't think of any wild things in their woods except the wild flowers that blossomed in the Spring.

"Aren't there any old animals on this farm that need killing," asked Donald.

"Why yes," cried Sammy, "mother wants the old setting hen killed. You can shoot her."

From a lion to a hen was quite a come down, but it was better than nothing; so they started for the barn. The old hen's nest was under the stairs in the dark, so Donald began to poke around with the rifle to find out if she were there. The old hen didn't like this at all, and began to flutter and cackle and flew right up into Donald's face.

Then, what do you think this brave hunter did? He threw down his rifle and started to run to the house, crying and screaming for his mother. And George and Sammy wondered what he would have done if he had met a lion or a bear.

Quaint.

That's the word.
We must be quaint!
What if we weigh 300 pounds?
Nothing matters—we are simply quaint.
We insinuate ourselves into baby frocks.
We hide our heads under "flowerpots" and "mushrooms."
We wear quaint scarfs and fichus as in the dear old days.
And we simply dote on the funniest of little sashes and girdles.

FLATTERED.

(Columbia Jester.)

First Fly—Have you seen that new encyclopedia?

Second Fly—No. Is there anything about us in it?

First Fly—Certainly. An entire page is devoted to us—the fly-leaf.

Mrs. M. Barrett, 602 Morgan St., Montreal, says:

"A horrid rash came out all over my baby's face and spread until it had totally covered his scalp. It was irritating and painful, and caused the little one hours of suffering. We tried soaps and powders and salves, but he got no better. He refused his food, got quite thin and worn, and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, or eruption, or eczema, or burning sore. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health."

Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for $2.50. A certain cure for all skin diseases, cuts, burns, etc., and for piles.

Zam-Buk

Sister's Trip.

Sister's home from her trip,
And she's panting for breath,
She's unpacking her grip,
Talking us all to death!
What she did, what she saw,
What she heard, what she said,
Sis is working her jaw—
How she slept, how she fed!
How she danced, how she sang,
And was encored again;
Thus she ends her harangue
"I met four dandy men."

Sister's home from her trip,
Father, mother and I
Haven't opened a lip
For a "nay" or an "aye,"
It was fine, it was great,
All the meals were immense,
And she tipped as she ate,
What cared she for expense!
Everybody was kind,
And so good, but O then,
That brings back to mind,
She met four dandy men.

Sister's home from her trip,
All the neighbors have heard
What she saw on the ship,
And all things that occurred:
And I fear many days
Will have come and have passed,
Ere her paean of praise
Shall be silenced at last;
Sister's home from her trip,
Let me tell you again,
And while on the ship
She met four dandy men.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

ODD FISH.

Brought to the Surface Through Repair of Government Cables.

Strange monsters the like of which have seldom been seen by man were dragged up from a depth of 8,500 feet by the crew of the cable ship Burnside when they repaired the Alaska cable of Mount St. Elias last month.

The Burnside is moored at its buoy in Elliott Bay after two months of repairing and relaying the cables of the United States Army Signal Corps system. On board were a score of huge flasks filled with alcohol. In them floated strange shapes which it was hard to believe were living creatures.

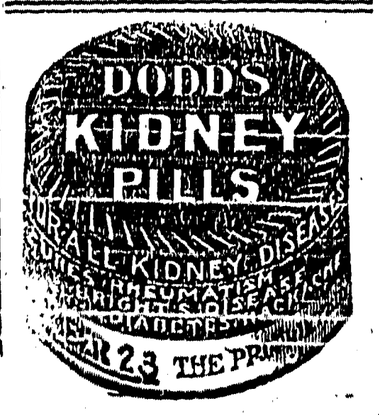
Balls of red hair which looked like tousled human heads proved upon dissection to be a strange kind of deep water crab. Flesh colored round masses were found clinging to the cable by minute tentacles. One creature is shaped like the diablo toy, narrow in the middle with big concave white disks at either end by which it catches hold of any object. The sailors on board the Burnside have named it the spool.

Another strange marine creature is shaped like an octopus but has at least two dozen tentacles instead of eight. Many octopuses were found clinging to the cable, but they were thought too common to preserve. Whole sections of the cable pulled up for inspection were found covered several feet deep with strange plants and animal life. Seaweed, black instead of green, sponges and sea urchins predominated.

Probably the strangest creature found on the cable was a flesh colored fish not more than four feet long which was found enveloped in the tentacles of a young octopus. When brought to the surface its body was swollen like a balloon. Dr. J. E. Maloney, the ship's surgeon, who examined it, said he believed the fish was choked by the hold of the octopus.

The section of cable upon which all this strange life was found had been down ten years at a depth of a mile and a half. The specimens which have been preserved and which are now on board the Burnside are to be handed over to the Smithsonian Institution for scientific study.—From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The rich man who gets into society generally discovers that society also gets into him.



A CONDUCTOR ON THE JOB.

How to Run a Street Car With Comfort for All and Without Delay.

Some street car conductors don't care, some take an interest; some make their passengers and themselves miserable and delay traffic; some are helpful to their passengers, while at the same time they expedite traffic.

In this last class was a conductor who was running a cross seat open car. Some conductors on such a car stand on the footboard with a hand on the bell cord, saying sharply: "Step lively now, please, step lively," this for instance to a bunch of harried looking people standing on the ground, or maybe running along the ground at the car's side, vainly looking for a place where they can squeeze into a seat. General irritation here, on the part of those wanting to get aboard and on the conductor's part, and also delay. Now see the way things are done by the conductor on the job.

As this coolheaded and capable conductor walks along back and forth on the footboard collecting fares he takes note of every cross seat and carries it as it is at the moment in his mind, and when somebody halts the car to get aboard this conductor knows what to do with him, just where to place him if the newcomer doesn't know himself. Now the alert conductor says "Seats forward," or he may say "One in the rear," or wherever seats or a seat may be; and he speaks it with a calm certainty that inspires confidence. The man looking turns instantly in the direction indicated, and there he finds a seat and promptly he steps aboard and clang goes the bell and the car rolls on its way, with no running back and forth in confusion, with everybody pleased and satisfied.

Refreshing person to meet, the cool, efficient conductor on the job.

HOW COULD HE DO IT?

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

Out at Reno a prominent New York woman is suing her husband for divorce on the ground that he married her for her money. Shame on him. No woman ever did such a sordid thing.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30. Cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE.

Hotel Keeper, St. Phillipe, Que.

LOVELY WOMAN.

(Harper's Bazar.)

Smith—She makes her boy wear long curls.

Jones—But she makes her husband get up to cut the grass before he catches the 7.05.

LOCATION AND MORALS.

(Rochester Herald.)

The ban on one kind of baseball on Sunday, while the other kind remains undisturbed, illustrates the habit of legislation in New York. For a goood many years it was unlawful to bet on one side of a fence, though lawful to bet on the other. In the course of time the absurdity of this state of affairs became apparent to the brilliant intellects at Albany. Some day, perhaps, it will dawn upon this same intelligence that a condition of morals does not depend upon the gate receipts.

A JOB FOR THEM.

(Kingston Whig.)

If the King would only appoint Mrs. Pankhurst and a few of her sister suffragettes to the House of Lords, there would be some compensation for the troubles of the peers.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

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

LOVE HIDING.

Love was playing hide and seek,
And we deemed that he was gone,
Tears were on my withered cheek
For the setting of our sun;
Dark it was around, above,
But he came again, my love!

And our melancholy frost
Woke to radiance in his rays,
Who were the look of one we lost
In far-away dim days;
No prayer, we sighed, the dead may move
Yet he came again, my love!

Love went to sleep, but not for ever,
And we deemed that he was dead;
Nay, shall aught avail to sever
Hearts who once indeed were wed?
Garlands for his grave we wove,
But he came again, my love!

—Roden Noel.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

(Philadelphia Record.)

She—This bathing suit of mine doesn't come up to my expectations.

He—Well, you couldn't bring it up much further and have anything left of it.

DOMESTIC AGREEMENT.

(February Young's Magazine.)

Husband—Whew! Twenty dollars for that hat? It's outrageous!

Wife—Quite true, love; but I knew you wouldn't afford a decent one!

THE MOST MELANCHOLY DAYS.

(Baltimore Sun.)

The end of a summer vacation is the most melancholy period in the life of man.

PAIN ALMOST DROVE HIM WILD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Late Inventions.

One of the newest wave power motors, the invention of a Californian, consists of a small truck running on a track with a broad tail. The wakes strike the tail, push the truck up the track, and compress air in a tank by a piston on the head of the truck.

An attachment for acetylene automobile headlights has been invented by which the gas may be lighted by short-circuiting the regular sparking system with a switch from the driver's seat.

A Georgia man claims to have discovered the secret of producing a black rose and is seeking a patent for his process.

Two California men have patented an electric flatiron with an automatic cut-of, so that the current is used only when the iron is in actual operation.

An automobile foot warmer which receives its heat by the circulation of hot water from the cylinder jacket of the motor is a recent English invention.

The French navy claims to have obtained the sole rights to an invention which will stop leaks in submarines automatically.

A Nevada inventor has patented a power driven rotary hoof parer, to take the place of the horseshoer's tongs, knife and rasp.

A acetylene heating stove has been invented in England which is said to be explosion proof and to be capable of temperature regulation.

A recently patented door closer is made adjustable, so that it will close a door completely or return it to any desired open angle.

A New Yorker has invented a monkey wrench provided with a detachable toothed jaw, which may be inserted and fastened with a loop over the head for holding pipes or any other round objects.

A hog's habit of scratching itself against a post has led to the invention of an automatic disinfector for animals, which it sprays as they rub against a supporting column.

A new putty knife, the invention of a New Yorker, has a scraper attached to remove the surplus putty.

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

HE HAD NO EYE FOR COLOR.

(Everybody's Magazine.)

There came to the home of a negro in Tennessee and addition to the family in the shape of triplets. The proud father hailed the first man who came along the road and asked him in to see them. The man seemed greatly interested in the infants as he looked them over, lying in a row before him.

"What does yo' think?" asked the parent.

"Waul," pointing to the one in the middle, "I think I'd save that one."—

OLD COUNTRY HUMOR.

Insurance Agent—Why don't you insure your life? You can't have a better company than mine. Victim—No, thanks, old man. I don't seem that I'd like to feel as though I was worth more dead than alive, don't you know.

Kitty—How beastly rude that fellow is in the pew on the right! Elsie—That's nothing, dear! He's my husband, but he's so awfully short-sighted that he thinks I'm some other woman!

Jeames (announcing the arrivals at the Duchess of Grandolling's bal masque) —What characters do you represent, please? Guest—Oh, none in particular. Jeames (loudly)—Two ladies of no particular character.

Mrs. H.—I see there's a man in France who has murdered three of his wives in succession. I'd like to see the man who would murder me. Mr. H. —So would I, my dear.

Adolphus, very much smitten, asked an experienced friend if he thought a young man should propose to a girl on his knees. "If he doesn't," promptly replied the other, "the girl should certainly get off."

A Charity Worker.

Benjamin C. Marsh, New York's charity expert, was discussing a notorious fraud.

"As charity workers," said Mr. Marsh, "those people remind me of little Tommy Sands.

"'My Tommy,' said Mrs. Sands one July morning to a neighbor, 'has become a wonderful charity worker.'

"'Indeed! How so?' the neighbor sniffed.

"'Why,' said Mrs. Sands, 'he's worked three charities for Fourth of July picnics and two Sunday schools for free sandwiches and fireworks.'"

Let the minister gather together what little of this world's goods he can muster and, to supplement those meagre resources, take a flyer in real estate occasionally.

Oh, Those Women!

The Duchess of Connaught is a charming and kindly woman. But she has a keen sense of what is due to her royal rank, and when at the coronation durbar at Delhi, the late Lady Curzon, as wife of the viceroy, was put beside her in such a way as to convey the impression of equality of rank she deliberately, in the sight of all the assembled vassal rulers and feudatory princes of India, allower her handkerchief to drop to the ground for Lady Curzon to pick up.

Lady Curzon, who was Miss Mary Letter, of Washington and Chicago, thoroughly understood the object of the duchess. For the latter already had given signs of displeasure at being relegated to a place in line with the viceroy's wife instead of preceding her.

There was a momentary hesitation on the part of Lady Curzon when the handkerchief dropped, and both women looked at one another, not in an altogether particularly friendly manner. Then Lady Curzon bent down and picked up the handkerchief from the ground and handed it to the duchess, the deep flush, succeeded by an intense pallor, plainly indicating how she felt about the matter.

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

Fortunes in Flowers.

In the Channel Islands it is estimated that an acre of daffodils should yield over 500,000 flowers, and if they fetch three halfpence a dozen—they often fetch considerably more—the gross value of the crop would be over £260. Though English growers, coming later into the market, must be content with a lower price, there should still remain a very handsome profit. Indeed, it would be difficult to suggest any other crop which would be likely to show an equal profit for the same outlay.—London Graphic.

Three packets of Wilson's Fly Pads cost twenty-five cents, and will kill more flies than twenty-five dollars' worth of sticky paper.

Sprinkling a Trestle.

A wooden trestle on the Klamath Lake Railroad, in Oregon, is protected from fire in the dry season by a system of sprinklers which keep it continually wet. A pipe runs the entire length of the trestle between the tracks, and at short distances are holes through which the water is sprayed over the structure.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Sunshine.

The great sunlit square is silent—silent, that is, for the largest city on earth. A slumberous silence of abundant light, of the full summer day, of the high flood of summer hours whose tide can rise no higher. A time to linger and dream under the beautiful breast of heaven, heaven brooding and descending in pure light upon man's mere loveliness overcome every aspect of dreariness, why shall not the light of thought, and hope—the light of the soul—overcome and sweep away the dust of our lives?—Richard Jeffries.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

THE MOTHER'S HAND.

(Woman's Home Companion.)

Teacher—Jimmy, you look very pale this morning. Are you ill?

Jimmy—No, ma'am. Ma washed my face this morning herself.

ISSUE NO 34 1910

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED, EITHER SEX,

for new patent musical instrument; requires no teacher; anyone can play the tunes at sight. No experience required. ADDRESS M. STRAKOSCH, KENORA, ONT.

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

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

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

C. D. SHELDON Investment Broker
A specialty made of investments in Standard Railroad and Industrial Stocks.
Write for full particulars regarding plan of investment.
Room 101, 108, St. James St., Montreal.

THE TORONTO LOAF.

(Toronto Globe.)

The question to be decided by the Toronto Magistrate is whether a loaf divided into four parts is a loaf or four loaves. A decision on the point has already been given in St. Thomas to the effect that the divided loaf is one loaf and subject to the law in that regard. If the Toronto decision ignores this and is different it will cover only the jurisdiction of the Magistrate, and there will be different interpretations in different counties. This will necessitate a new act closing the loop-hole.

COULDN'T SAY IT.

(Metropolitan.)

A Wall street broker has a boy who stutters badly. One day a neighbor wanted to send a note across the city, and borrowed George to carry it for him. The trip was a long one and the boy was gone quite three hours. When he returned the broker asked him how much he had charged for his services.

"F-ff-ff-fi-fi-fi-fifteen c-c-c-c-cents!" was the gasping reply.

"Oh, pshaw! Why didn't you make it a quarter?"

"I-I-I c-c-c-couldn't say it s-s-s-ay it," replied George sadly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Had Snakes in His Hair.

The hair of the Indian yogi or religious medicant, owing to long years of neglect, becomes matted together in a fashion more easy to imagine than to describe, and certainly could not be brushed out. It is of very great length, and when allowed to hank down trails on the ground. "On night," writes a correspondent in the Wide World Magazine, "one of these yogis was sleeping under a tree, when a snake wormed its way into his tangled coiffure, and he had quite a difficult task to get rid of it in the morning."

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 $00 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.

THE NIGHT STREET HABIT

(Brantford Expositor.)

The Chief of Police, Ottawa, has issued an edict requiring all newsboys in the city to be off the streets at nine o'clock. The order is based upon an old curfew by-law, which, of late, has been more honored in the breach than the observance. The police have noticed, which needs very little close observation to perceive, that the presence of young boys on the streets at nights leads to the acquirement of vicious habits.

HEAD ACHE

Stop it in 30 minutes, without any harm to any part of your system, by taking "NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers 25c. a box, at all druggists'.
NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED, MONTREAL. 27

2-PIECE SAFETY MUZZLES APPROVED BY GOVERNMENT

PATENTED

The Best in the Market

Made of aluminum, light and strong, safe and humane. Dog can drink with muzzle on. Cannot get muzzle off. Hold in mouth by bit back of tusks. Does not worry the animal. Price 60 cents, any size. Enquire from your dealer.

SAFETY MUZZLE CO.
230 Barton Street East, Hamilton, Ont.

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.

AMONG THE JEWS

Interesting Items Concerning Them From Far and Near.

The stand taken by the New York Kehillah (United Jewish Communal Organization) in the matter of the slanderous charges preferred in McClure's Magazine as to a large and organized traffic in women by Jews, has now been proved correct. Immediately upon the appearance of the articles the Kehillah issued a statement characterizing the writer's allegations as exaggerated and libellous, and forthwith instituted a thorough investigation. The results of this investigation showed conclusively that the article was not based upon facts. The investigations of the Grand Jury of New York County upon the white slave question has also found that the above-mentioned articles were without any justification in actual fact. The Kehillah is now considering the advisability of requesting the publishers of McClure's Magazine for a formal retraction of its statements, and it is almost certain that this course will be followed.

Appalling accounts of the cruelty of the Russian authorities towards Jews continue to arrive from all sources. At Pensa, a Jew suffered exile because he leant on the table while addressing a police officer. The superintendent of the police in one of the Sarafoff districts has invented a new method of banishing Jews. He invited several of them to his home, gave them a sound beating, and ordered them to leave the district. At Kieff, a notice has been issued to the Jewish exiles that the authorities will not consider further petitions from them. The state of affairs in the Caucasus is also very unsatisfactory. An officer of the army has been placed at the head of a commission entrusted with the examination of the ailing Jew visitors, and he is using all the means at his disposal to keep the Jews out of the local spas. The recommendations of the greatest medical authorities in the Empire have no effect with him, and the sufferings of the ailing Jews are grievious. Two doctors who were attached to the commission have resigned their positions on account of the irregularities exercised by the officer.

A disastrous fire broke out at Salonica on the night of the 13th of July in one of the Jewish quarters. Twenty-one buildings owned by Jews fell a prey to the flames. The damage is estimated at six hundred thousand francs, of which about three hundred and fifty thousand francs only are covered by insurance. Severe distress has been caused to the sufferers, all of whom are Jews.

The French General Moinier's recent military operations on the frontier of Chaoula, with a view to expelling the agitator, Ma-El-Ainin, have drawn considerable attention to the settlements of Jews in the regions of Bou-El-Djad and Tadla, which form a sort of autonomous territory, where the feudal system is still in vogue, and where the people do not recognize the authority of the Moroccan Government. The Jewish colony in Bou-El-Djad numbers over two hundred families, and that at Tadla approximately one hundred and fifty. Isolated as they are from the rest of their nationality in Morocco, and having mere relations with those of Casa Blanca, the Jews in this country have so assimilated the language, the customs, and the patriotic and warlike sentiments of their compatriots that it is difficult to single them out from the Arabs among whom they dwell. They are not segregated in special Mellahs, like the Jews in the rest of Morocco, and are placed under the protection of the Arab chiefs, who make it their business to defend them, and to obtain justice for them, whenever called upon to do so. In the recent battles, the Arabs of Tadla forced the Jews to take up arms against the French with the result that their homes were either destroyed or pillaged. Some families escaped to Bou-El-Djad, when General Moinier was able to enter without having resource to arms, and they are now there in terrible poverty.

General Dumbadze, who has just vacated the post of prefect of Yalta (where he made himself notorious as a pronounced anti-Semite), in order to assume the position of commandant of the local imperial palace, has succeeded in transferring all the Jews from the Yalta regiment elsewhere.

At a largely attended conference held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, England, in connection with the national social purity crusade, the president, the Right Hon. Alfred Emmott, P. C. (Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons), presided. Dr. MacNamara, M. P., the bishop of Ripon and others were present, the chief rabbi was represented by the Rev. Professor Dr. Hermann Gollancz, who, together with the archdeacon of London, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, was asked to take part in the opening proceedings. Several of the speakers were most sympathetic in their reference to Jews and the part Judaism played in the promotion of social purity. Dr. Saleeby instanced the Jewish people as a case in point of his contentions; Dr. Garvie, New College, referred to help from the Jewish side, as shown by the presence and remarks of the Jewish representative; and the bishop of Ripon spoke of the manner in which Jews understood the meaning of the terms "fatherhood" and "motherhood."

Large portions of Shalat, Derevna, and Bayev, have been destroyed by fire. At Dedevna three synagogues and a Jew also perished in the flames. Owing to the severe distress caused at Bayev by the recent conflagrations, the Government has sanctioned the formation of a committee to establish a fund for the sufferers. Shalom Aleichem has issued an appeal to all Jewish writers, calling upon them to publish collectively a book, the proceeds of which to be distributed among those Jews who have lost their property in the fires.

The Russian Black Hundreds have invented a new method of combating the Jews. Instead of organizing pogroms they now practice incendiarism. One by one vast Jewish communities are deprived by conflagrations of all they possess. For example, at Mohileff, as the result of their work six hundred houses were destroyed by force. Not finding their work sufficient they caused a second conflagration, which destroyed another hundred houses. A Jewish woman and her six children were burned to death.

The director of the Jewish school at Casablanca has been authorized to visit the scene of the troubles and to endeavor to raise the moral and intellectual status of these Jews by the establishment of a school.

The epidemic of cholera is raging in the Pale, and is causing great distress everywhere. Trade has stopped in many places, and the more well-to-do people are abandoning their residences in favor of non-infected districts. The Austrian and German Governments have ordered that all Russian emigrants should be subjected to quarantine at the frontiers.

BRITISH LABOR NOTES.

Owing to the railway strike, Tyne and Blyth coal shipments were down 104,000 tons last week.

At a meeting held at Hucknall on Saturday, the Linby Colliery workmen agreed to postpone their notices for a fortnight.

The Federation of Master Cotton Spinners, at a meeting in Manchester, confirmed the settlement of the wages question for five years.

Seven thousand Cleveland miners, who were rendered idle owing to the strike of North-Eastern Railway employees, resumed work on Saturday.

Northumberland miners have appointed Messrs. W. Straker and J. Cairns as their delegates to the International Congress of Miners at Brussels in August.

The men in the metal industry at Budapest having come to an agreement with their employers the threatened lock-out of 25,000 hands will not be put into operation.

A settlement of the Bristol dock dispute was arrived at on Saturday night. The men accepted the terms offered them, and returned to work on Monday.

The Blyth engineers' dispute was settled on Tuesday, the Cowper Colliery Company having reinstated two men under notice for alleged insubordination during the North-Eastern strike.

On Saturday 100 workmen employed in the Trenchard seam of steam coal at Norchard Colliery, Lydney, were paid off after notice, the reason being the unremunerative working and the depressed condition of the market.

The National Executive of the Moulders' Union have agreed to support the demand of Sheffield members for an advance of wages. The demand has been sent to the employers, and if it is not conceded there may possibly be a strike.

The Yorkshire Federation of Trades and Labor Councils met on Saturday at Hebden Bridge, when it was resolved to protest against the language used by Justice Grantham at the opening of the Durham Assizes last month.

An important deputation representing the Lancashire cotton industry waited on Lord Morley at the India Office on Wednesday to urge him to encourage the growth of cotton in India. Lord Morley asked them to be patient, and promised to consult the experts of the Indian Agricultural Department.

LACK OF PURE BLOOD

The Cause of Most Illness—The Cure, Enrich the Blood Supply.

Any illness caused by lack of blood will be benefited and cured by a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills increase the red matter in the blood and enable it to carry to every organ and tissue an increased supply of oxygen, the great supporter of all organic life. This has been proved by cures in thousands of cases not only in Canada, but in all parts of the world. More people to-day owe health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than to any other medicine. One of these is Mr. James Starr, of Galahad, Alta., who says: "A few years ago I became ill and very weak. Some days I would have a hot, dry fever and on others would be bathed in a cold sweat. I grew weaker and weaker until I could do no kind of work and was finally confined to my bed. I tried several doctors, who cost me considerable money, but did me no good, as I was still getting weaker and weaker. I asked the last doctor who attended me to tell me frankly if he could cure me, and he told me my case was so complicated that he did not think he could help me. I told him I had heard a great deal about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and asked if he thought they would help me. His reply was: 'Well, they won't do you any harm, and they may help you.' I sent for a half dozen boxes at once and began taking them. After taking three boxes there was no doubt they were helping me, and I continued using them for some time longer. With the result that I am now as strong and hearty and can do as good a day's work as any man in my neighborhood."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Food for Fun.

"Mary," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your woman friends."

"Yis, mum, I know," was the apologetic reply, "but she couldn't help it. I was a-tellin' of how you tried to make a cake one day."—Harper's Magazine.

THE BLESSING OF IT.

(Catholic Standard and Times.)

"George!" whispered Mrs. Krotchett in the dead of the night. "I'm sure there's a burglar down in the dining room."

"Good!" replied her husband, sleepily "If we keep quiet maybe he'll take away that chafing dish of yours."

"Name the principal industries of Nevada," said the teacher. "Prize fights and divorces," replied the boy who reads the newspapers.

Short Weights and Measures and Tricky "Trade Customs" Steal Millions from Consumer.

Destroying thousands of crooke d scales, short measures and crooked weights in City Hall Park, New York.

TO THE LADY OF THE HOUSE:

When you pay to have 50 pounds of ice put into your refrigerator, does the ice man put in 50 pounds or only 47?

When the store sells you a roll of ribbon marked "warranted 10 yards," are you getting 10 yards or only nine and one-half?

When you buy a barrel of potatoes from the grocer, don't those potatoes you get weigh nearer 140 pounds than the legal 174?

Do you pay for the carton on the pound of butter you buy; the wooden skewers in th roast the butcher sends you; the canvas or burlap jacket on the ham?

Read how Commissioner Clem Driscoll of the New York bureau of weights and measures saves the metropolis $13,000,000 by six weeks of hard and intelligent effort.

New York despatch: Clem Driscoll was a New York reporter. He got a Tammany sinecure under Mayor Gaynor, and turned it into a regular job.

He took office as commissioner of weights and measures June 1; salary $2,500 per. In two months he has done work enough to save New York city from being swindled out of $13,000,000 during the balance of the year 1910.

CLEM DRISCOLL,

The man who's making New York merchants be honest.

Mr. Driscoll's latest move is to propose selling eggs and bread by weight. He has found an old ordinance providing for it, and the housewife's order soon may be: "Send up three pounds of eggs, please."

Present salary $5,000. Which shows New York is not ungrateful to an efficient public servant.

Nice place, the weight and measures office, when Driscoll looked in for the first time. Quiet, and restful. Swell mahogany desk. Velvet carpet on the floor. For years New York had been paying $31,000 per year to maintain the bureau. Few New Yorkers had ever heard of the place.

Driscoll, though, had gotten used to work while he was a reporter. He couldn't get over the habit. The very first mail brought in a batch of complaints of short weighing and short measuring.

Driscoll took his perfectly ornamental set of 10 detectives and sent them out into the healthful sunshine. The revelations in the first week of work made New York gasp. The people were being fleeced to the tune of millions and millions of dollars annually—getting less at stores than they paid for.

The swindling was not being done only by pitiful little hucksters and peewee green grocers, but almost everywhere, in swell retail markets and dry goods stores and in the counting rooms of some great New York wholesalers who have their summer homes at Newport.

More than that this game of fleecing the public had gone out broadcast over the country to western merchants dealing with New York houses.

The annual skinning literally amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars annually in the United States. Solve the problem nationally, as Driscoll is solving it in New York, and you have done much to reduce the high cost of living. So Driscoll says.

Driscoll's inspectors began with the hucksters. They confiscated false weighing scales, double-bottomed measures, weights bored out and filled with paraffin and cork, dented-in liquid measures and a host of other contraptions.

Then they went after the middle class retailers. They found scales so clogged with dirt they couldn't register correctly. Retail dealers were buying milk from wholesalers in cans so battered they wouldn't hold within two or three quarts of the registered forty.

Driscoll's men piled up thousands of these fraudulent weights and measures in a hug heap in City Hall park. Then, for an object lesson, men with axes destroyed every device. The fragments were towed down the bay and dumped in, to give the fishes new scales.

In the big shops the inspectors, some of them women, had to act as detectives. The scales were accurate, but the butchers, htrowing a chunk of meat into the pan and then steadying it to stop the registering needle from dancing, would bear down with thumb and finger, adding half a pounds to the weight.

The detectives found that women who telephone orders for meat and groceries are often short weighted.

Finally the crusade worked up to the big felolws—the wholesalers. Then Driscoll bumped into the trade custom.

The ribbon bolt not as long as labeled. The marked 72x90 sheets that measure in reality irom 65 to 68 by 86 and 88 inches. The legal 174-pound potato barrell holding but 140 pounds. The carton weighing in with the butter, the canvas with the ham, the half pound wooden spreader with the meat. The lace not so wide as marked. All trade customs. Honest because everybody does it.

"Why, it's been the custom for 40 years," they gasped when Driscoll informed them that sheets had to measure up to labels or be confiscated.

"They may be trade customs, all right," said Driscoll. "But I've noticed the milk can are never dented out to hold more."

"Well, give us time," they said.

"You'll get time," said Driscoll enigmatically.

Driscoll had given some of the cheating hucksters time—30 days on the island—and he might be likely to repeat, even at the expense of a millionaire importer.

Driscoll meant time both ways. Time for the wholesalers to change their trade customs into honest methods and time in jail if they didn't.

The wholesalers had extended the practice even to Europe. They had ordered the foreign manufacturers to label good falsely, and the foreigners, ever willing to obligo an American, had complied.

This revelation stirred up another set of men who had been shirking their jobs. The tariff law provides against false labels. So the men under Collector Loeb looked around a bit, and found $1,000,000 worth of falsely labeled goods in the New York custom house. They promptly seized them.

In his investigations Driscoll found one New York manufacturer annually selling 100,000 fraudulent scales in the city. He found other scales manufacturers sending -a-year salesmen around explaining to merchants how to falsify accurate scales.

MICA AXLE GREASE

is the turning-point to economy in wear and tear of wagons. Try a box. Every dealer everywhere.

The Imperial Oil Co., Ltd.

PROSPECTING FOR HOMESTEADS

Has anyone heard of Kendersley? I know I had not until a breath of the western land fever caught me about a month ago, and I looked it up on a homestead map from Ottawa. Kendersley is at the far western end of the steel on the new Canadian Northern line from Saskatoon to Calgary, and since the fall of 1909 one of the centres of the homestead rush.

How do you get there? From Saskatoon as far west as Rosetown, the Canadian Northern runs a train once a week. This spring every train was packed—the usual motley crowd—four or five small youngsters packed in one seat; handbags, wraps, lunch and so on in another; a few tired-looking settlers' wives—and a large majority of bachelors after land.

At Rosetown, where the train stops for the night, the hotel accommodation is always short. All the restaurants have tiers of bunks where you can try to get to sleep (with emphasis on the try), and sometimes you may even get a shakedown on the floor. The night I came through, and it was no exception, practically all this space was gone before the train came in, and we were fortunate to be allowed to sit up all night in the passenger coaches, which were left-standing on the track. One could not help pitying the children who had to go through this, even though they did keep the car awake all night.

Next morning a construction train—all freight except two passenger coaches—was scheduled to leave for Kendersley. (The Canadian Northern has not yet taken over this part of the line). "The Kendersley Express" runs when and how it feels like it—taking, as a rule, anywhere from ten to fifteen hours to make the trip of 55 miles. It rocks along over the sleepers like a prairie schooner, and when it stops—or starts—the jolt almost breaks the windows. When I came out, it was supposed to leave Rosetown at 7 a. m.—it left at 10. But once it did get started it kept going fairly steadily, only taking a siding once for an hour to let a gravel train go past, and stopping again for a similar length of time at the gravel pit for lunch, besides long stops at water-tanks and stations in between.

Kendersley calls it "The Hub of the Last and Best West"—with six lumber yards, as many restaurants, a good-sized hotel, four general stores, and two blacksmith shops. It is quite a complete western town, and everyone busy—so busy that they can hardly get all the work done. Settlers are constantly being outfitted—many of them going as far as sixty or one hundred miles into Alberta, often by ox-team and wagon. In one day I saw as many as thirty such teams following the western trail along the railroad grade, or returning empty for another load. Kendersley is the terminus now. When the steel is pushed farther on it may be different. Now it is the "hub," both for actual homesteaders and for those who are still seeking.

Of the latter, each train brings its quota of seekers, and each train also takes out its portion of the disappointed ones. The town is full of "locators" who will show you a good quarter-section—absolutely the best left—for $25 and their expenses at $10 a day. The lambs are many, and they get properly fleeced. People who come out here with little or no capital expecting to get rich by taking up land are doomed to disappointment. One cannot make even a small beginning without capital enough to pay a locator or to hire a team of horses for a week or two, or buy them—all expensive ventures. The homesteaders who are coming into this country are bringing capital. They have expensive outfits—fine horses, gang-ploughs, harrows, and other implements in plenty, while steam and gasoline ploughs are not infrequently seen.

Will this country come up to the expectations? The Goose Lake district—50 miles farther east—has been tried and proved. The Kendersley country is almost similar. There is the same "chocolate" loam, and heavy "hummocky" land covered with sage brush in the valleys and plains; no stones to break off; and, once in a while a quarter-section of the coveted "loose top" will be run across.

The most pressing problem at present is not land, but water—both in the wells and in the form of rain. As to the former, much difficulty has been experienced. In Kendersley water sells at 50 cents a barrel, and pretty poor stuff at that. This condition will probably improve with time as more wells are being sunk. The same is to be said for surface water. It is everywhere claimed out here that when the country is broken up a little more there will be plenty of rain. The territory around Regina and the Canadian Pacific Railway was the same ten years ago, they say. It is true, Kendersley is yet improved; but, given favorable weather and a little time it will prove up. At all events, the stakes are big; every homesteader is taking a "sporting chance."—Toronto Globe.

FARM AND GARDEN

A DANGEROUS TREE PEST.

The brown tail moth, which was introduced into Massachusetts from Europe in 1890 has found its way into several of the Eastern States. In 1907 it made its first appearance in King's county, N. S. Fortunately the Department of Agriculture of Nova Scotia instituted a campaign against the pest and thousands of its nests have since been destroyed each year in King's, Annapolis and Yarmouth counties. Specimens of the moths have been found in New Brunswick also, but their propagation has so far been prevented.

In 1909, the Division of Entomology in the Dominion Department of Agriculture at Ottawa learned that the winter webs of these caterpillars had been found in took steps to have all nursery stock imported from France. It immediately took steps to have all nursery stock imported from Europe carefully examined. Over a million and a half plants were gone over, and nearly 200 of the webs were found on French stock. The inspection has been going on this season, and a large number of the caterpillars have been found. The horticultural departments of New York and of the several Provinces are co-operating with the Dominion authorities in the endeavor to exclude this pest.

The brown tail moth is very common in Europe, but is only occasionally injurious there because of the presence of parasitic insects which keep it in check. It is capable of increasing with astonishing rapidity, and the absence of the parasitic checks here render it important to prevent it establishing itself in our orchards. It is an omnivorous feeder, and is capable of doing much damage to the forests of oak, maple, elm, ash, etc., as well as to the orchard trees. In some of the eastern States, it appears to have obtained such a foothold that the only hope of successfully combating it lies in the importation from Europe of its parasitic enemies. Some of these have already been released in the United States, and it is hoped that they will bear the climate and increase to such a degree as to checkmate the destructive moths. We may have need for their services in Canada.

THE CROP THAT PAYS.

No farmer can make the broad statement that one crop pays better than another. The amount of the return depends largely upon the character of the land on which the crop is grown. One kind of land brings the greatest return from a certain crop; another piece of land of different quality would perhaps yield a very small return if sowed to the same crop. Finding out the particular class of crops the land is best suited to growing is therefore a very important matter for the wide-awake farmer.

A splendid example of what can be gained by the intelligent adaptation of crops to soil conditions is to be found in the county of Norfolk, Ontario. In certain parts of that county there are considerable areas of sandy land that cannot hope to compete with heavier, richer soils in the growing of wheat and other staple grains. Thus, farmers who attempted to grow these crops found that their profits were not as satisfactory as might have been desired. Some years ago, however, a few men noted that the soil and climate of the county were well suited to growing fruit, especially apples. The Norfolk Fruit Growers' Association was formed and forthwith started on a reputation-making campaign. All members agreed to care for and spray their orchards as stipulated by the rules of the Association. Incidentally, too, all fruit was to be marketed through the central agency. The results have been little short of phenomenal. The orchard acreage has been largely increased, Norfolk apples are now held as second to none in the markets of the world and the profits have been most gratifying. As a consequence, land values, in the last six years, have doubled.

And this has been accomplished mainly by selecting the crop best adapted to the soil. The work that the Commission of Conservation has undertaken, of classifying lands according to the character of the soil to determine what crops can most profitably be grown, is therefore a task of no small importance. If the Commission points out the crops that pay the best on different soils, both the farmer and the nation will be the richer for it.

WESTERN CROPS SMALLER THAN EXPECTED.

After the brilliant prospects for a large grain harvest in the Canadian Northwest and the Dakotas, those hopes have been largely frustrated by the abnormal hot, dry weather that obtained during the past month or six weeks. The yields, as a result, are not likely to reach much over fifty or sixty per cent. of the amount that was looked for in the early computation. Crop damage has been especially heavy in the northern sections of the three western Provinces. The hay crop is so badly burned up in many districts that not a few of the farmers are shipping their cattle rather than attempt to fatten them. In consequence of this state of affairs several of the buyers of manufactured goods in the west are cancelling their orders in anticipation of a very poor demand during the winter months. Of course, reference is made more particularly to articles of luxury or such as are not absolutely needed. A half crop of somewhere in the neighborhood of 80,000,000, which it is expected will be the output of the Northwest this year, will, however, bring in considerable revenue at existing prices, as the greater part of the wheat will have to go for export. The winter wheat on the American side is turning into a much better crop than was expected some time ago, and, on the whole, the Americans are likely to have a considerable amount for export.—Toronto Saturday Night.

THE PLOWMAN'S WAY WEARY, INDEED.

To turn a single acre of ground with a 12-inch plow requires eight and one-fourth miles of heavy furrow travel. In plowing one square mile of land, the solitary plowman and his horses must walk 5,280 miles. It would be easier (and the distance is less) to walk around the earth at the equator (if there were no ocean) than to follow a plow turning a prairie of five square miles. To equal our national tale of plowing—the work of myriads of teams, each using force sufficient to move seven tons over a good stone road—it would take an army of 4,550 plowmen to travel as far as from the earth to the moon and back again. For the world's yearly labor of this kind, it would send about 80,000 men an that same half-million-mile journey.—Worlds' Work.

FISHING EXCURSION.

(Buffalo Courier.)

"I was so busy to-day that I was obliged to go without my lunch."

"That's nothing. I once went a week without a bite."

"Gracious, where were you?"

"On a fishing trip."

PROFESSIONAL

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

CHAS. MOORE, C.E.
B.C. Land Surveyor and Architect
Plans and Specifications
CRESTON - - - B.C.

J. D. ANDERSON
British Columbia Land Surveyor
TAIL - - - B.C.

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

GUY LOWENBERG
Consulting Engineer
CRESTON - - B.C.

R. GOWLAND SCRUTON
A.L.A.A.
(Diploma London Assn, Accountants)
Auditor and Accountant
Balance sheets prepared and verified
Books balanced, opened and closed
Partnerships and company auditing
CRESTON - - B.C.

With a Local Flavor

C O. Rodgers returned on Sunday last from attending the Spokane fair.

Mrs. G. M. Benney left for a trip to Cranbrook on Monday last

Wash prints, 11c. per yard —C. C. S.

Born—On Friday, the 7th inst., at Canyon City, to the wife of A. D. Pochin —a daughter.

Manager Doyle, of the P Burns co., of Nelson, paid Creston a visit last Wednesday.

Ladies' cashmere hose, 29c —C. C. S

For sale cheap—Sitting room suit consisting of couch and center table as good as new—apply to Review office.

T M Edmundson this week sold three onions to a resident of Cranbrook for $5. These three onions were 16, 17 and 18 inches in circumference, while one weighed 3lbs and the others 2½lbs each.

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

Jas. Richard and family left for McLeod on Monday last. It is understood that a good business opening is awaiting him in that town.

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

James McArdle, a prominent Real Estate man of Grand Forks, stepped off at Creston on Tuesday to see the sights. He was on his way to Cranbrook.

Sam Hatfield and wife returned on Monday from Spokane, where they took in the fair. Mrs. Hatfield has just returned from a six week visit to friends in the East.

Music —Miss Johnson is prepared to take a limited number of pupils for tuition in music. For terms apply to J. K. Johnson, residence on Victoria Avenue

For Thanksgiving Day, October 31, 1910, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are authorizing a rate of fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale October 28 to 31 inclusive, final return limit November 2, 1910.

Wash prints, 11c. per yard—C. C. S.

A recent visitor to Creston after seeing some sample apples grown in the valley remarked "I have travelled half round the world in the last four months, passing through some of the most famous fruit districts in Europe, Africa and America, and I have never seen apples anything like equal to these. Some of that fruit would fetch 25 for each apple if placed on the market in London where it could be seen by wealthy people who will have the best, irrespective of price."

Liquor Act 1910
(Section 49)

Notice is hereby given, that on the 1st day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for the transfer of the license for the sale of liquor by retail in and upon the premises known as the Creston Hotel situated at Creston, B.C., from Moran & Mead to John B. Moran, of Creston, British Columbia.
Dated this 14th day of October 1910

Moran & Mead
Holder of License
John B. Moran
Applicant for Transfer

Liquor Act 1910
(Section 35)

Notice is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for the grant of a license for the sale of liquor by retail in and upon the premises known as the Creston Hotel, situate at Creston B.C. upon the lands described as lots 2 and 3 in Block 20, townsite of Creston, B.C.
Dated this 14th day of October 1910

John B. Moran,
Applicant

Liquor Act 1910
(Section 42)

Notice is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for renewal of the hotel license to sell liquor by retail in the hotel known as the Erickson Hotel situate at Erickson in the Province of British Columbia.
Dated this 14th day of October 1910

Walter W. Hall
Applicant

Liquor Act 1910
(Section 42)

Notice is hereby given that on the first day of December next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquor by retail in the hotel known as the Sirdar Hotel situate at Sirdar in the Province of British Columbia.
Dated this 14th day of October, 1910.

A. North
Applicant

Liquor Act 1910
(Section 42)

Notice is hereby given that on the first day of December next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for a renewal of the Hotel License to sell liquor by retail in the hotel known as the Burton Hotel situate at Creston in the Province of British Columbia.
Dated this 14th day of October, 1910

William Burton
Applicant

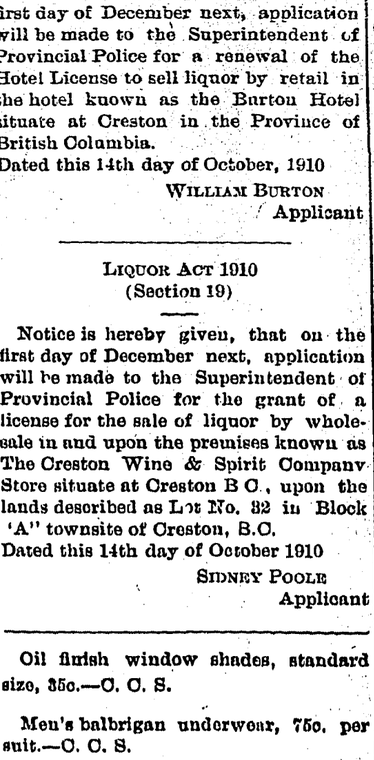
Liquor Act 1910
(Section 19)

Notice is hereby given, that on the first day of December next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for the grant of a license for the sale of liquor by wholesale in and upon the premises known as The Creston Wine & Spirit Company Store situate at Creston B.C., upon the lands described as Lot No. 32 in Block "A" townsite of Creston, B.C.
Dated this 14th day of October 1910

Sidney Poole
Applicant

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

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



JOB PRINTING

We have a First-Class Job Printing Department and your orders will be in the hands of experienced printers

Letter Heads, Bill Heads
Envelopes, Cards
Circulars

In fact, anything and everything in the way of High-Grade Commercial Printing at the

Review Office

Services Next Sunday.

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

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, Pastor.

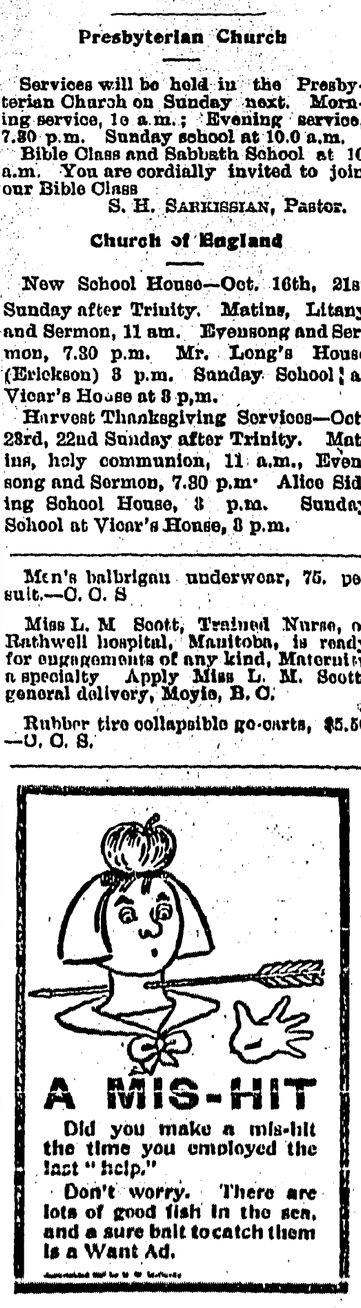
Church of England

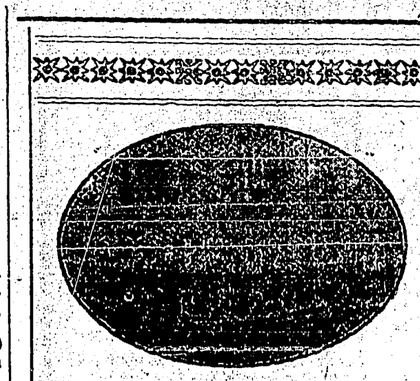
New School House—Oct. 16th, 21st Sunday after Trinity. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 am. Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Mr. Long's House (Erickson) 3 p.m. Sunday School at Vicar's House at 3 p,m.
Harvest Thanksgiving Services—Oct. 23rd, 22nd Sunday after Trinity. Matins, holy communion, 11 a.m., Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Alice Siding School House, 3 p.m. Sunday School at Vicar's House, 3 p.m.

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.





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

GUY LOWENBERG
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE
MINING
Office—Telephone Central Block. Phone 1.

The Creston Barber Shop

Billiards and Pool Room
Cigars and Cigarettes
Hot or Cold Baths At Any Hour
Razors Ground and Set

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 128, 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 Doan'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.

Subscribe