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All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

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The K. of P's. At Home

The At Home given by Wild Rose Lodge, No 39, K. of P., on the evening of the 16th, was an enjoyable affair.

Progressive whist was among the entertaining features of the evening. In this tournament Mrs. Huscroft was awarded the ladies' first prize, whilst Miss L. M. Scott won the ladies' booby prize. The gent's first prize was won by Mr. Gobbett, whilst Stan Watson carried off the gent's booby prize.

The music furnished by Geo. A. M. Young and Mr. Beanoff was very good. At the usual hour refreshments were served, after which a short musical entertainment and dance was given, which terminated in the small hours of Tuesday morning.

Another of these entertainments is promised the K.P's. and their friends on the 3rd Monday in February.

Rev. F. J. Rutherford leaves this afternoon for Kaslo, where he will conduct services next Sunday for the Rev. Mr. Winslow, who is ill. On Sunday morning in the Methodist church, therefore, there will be a service of song, and in the evening the W.C.T.U. will have charge of the service. Mrs. Lidgate will also sing at the evening service.

PARLIAMENT OPENS

The Provincial Legislation as announced formally opened for the transaction of the business of the Province on Thursday the 12th inst. Probably the most interesting feature about the opening was that it was the first "white opening" since confederation. The Hon. Price Ellison, finance minister, in bringing down his Budget, will show the splendid surplus of $2,000,000, and actual money resources at his command sufficient if necessary to pay off the entire indebtedness of the province. The present session will be a short one, not exceeding six weeks at the most, but much important legislation will be enacted. The revision and consolidation of the B.C. Statutes under the direction of the Hon. W. J. Bowser, attorney-general, will be a prominent feature of the present session.

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WANT LATEST SERVICE RIFLE

Erickson Rifle Association Holds Meeting and Elects Officers — Next Season's Program Discussed — Has Balance in Hand

The cold winds were blowing on Saturday night, and the members of the Erickson Rifle Association held their meeting around the stove in the Creston Mercantile store. Some fifteen members of the rifle shooting fraternity were present when president Cartwright took the chair at 9 p.m.

Secretary J. H. Hyde read the annual report and balance sheet showing a balance in hand including bills receivable of $15.

On the motion of G. M. Gunn, seconded by J. E. King, the report was adopted.

The report gave the club a membership of 74, with 23 government rifles.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President and captain, A. S. FitzGerald; sec.-treas., J. E. King; committee, J. Stocks, R. O'B. FitzGerald and Geo. Cartwright.

The present range was secured by arrangement with Mr. F. Putnam on the same terms as last year. The captain, secretary and committee volunteered to be responsible for the keeping track of the arms during the ensuing year.

It was decided to write to the Department re changing the name of the club to the Creston-Erickson Rifle Association instead of the Erickson Rifle Association, as at present.

On a motion by G. M. Gunn, the officers of the association were instructed to keep on endeavoring to secure a suitable permanent range for the accomodation of the club.

The treasurer was authorized to order a dozen pull-throughs and a jag-cleaning rod for the use of the members.

The officers were requested to prepare a program for the coming season and submit same to the next meeting to be held at the call of the president.

The club having been handicapped owing to the lack of the latest pattern arm, the Sec. was instructed to write to Major Bennett referring him to his conversation whilst at Creston, and requesting that the club be equipped with a supply of the latest pattern Ross rifle, Mark 3.

The question of a militia corps was discussed, but this being outside the scope of a rifle association, no action was taken.

The meeting adjourned at 10 p.m.

Gent's Clothes cleaned, pressed and mended. Moderate prices. Good work guaranteed by Mrs. J. Hutchinson, opposite W. H. Crawford's residence, Canyon street.

J. B. Moran left yesterday on a business trip to Nelson.

Associated Boards of Trade Meet at Creston

Important Resolutions Adopted. Creston Resolution Amended Kootenay Flats Reclamation Discussed. Grand Banquet at Creston Hotel. A Successful Convention

At 2 p.m., Wednesday, January 18th, the delegates of the Associated Boards of Trade of Eastern B.C. met for their 13th annual Convention in the Speers' Hall, Creston. President F. A. Starkey took the chair, and on the report of the credentials committee, consisting of Messrs. C. O. Rodgers, J. M. Cookle, N. Binns, W. A. Anstie, and A. B. Fenwick, the following members were seated: Nelson, F. A. Starkey, J. S. Buchan, W. A. Anstie and T. G. Procter; Trail, N. Binns, T. M. Bingay, and one proxy; Rossland, J. L. Deschamps, L. Campbell, and A. B. Mackenzie; Kaslo, H. Giegerich, G. O. Buchanan and J. M. Cockle; Creston, C. O. Rodgers, Guy Lowenberg, and R. S. Bevan; Moyie. R. Campbell, J. P. Farrell, J. W. Fitch; Fort Steele, A. B. Fenwick.

After the usual opening resolution the following Resolution Committee was struck off: J. L. Buchan, G. O. Buchanan, president and chairman; L. Campbell; T. M. Bingay, A. B. Fenwick, Guy Lowenberg and R. Campbell.

ANNUAL REPORT AND ADDRESS

It was a weighty document, and in every page gave evidence of the progress of the district and the steps taken by the Associated Boards to help forward that progress during the past year.

This was followed by the report of vice-president H. Giegerich, which was received with loud applause by the convention.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The election of officers resulted: F.A. Starkey, president; H. Y. Giegerich, vice-president; A. B. Mackenzie, secretary, all the old officers of the association being thus reelected unanimously. The salary of the sec.-treasurer was fixed at $150, as last year.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Sec.-treasurer A. B. Mackenzie then read the balance sheet, showing a balance of $2.39, not including certain outstandings to and by the Board.

The Auditing Committee recommended that the accounts be passed as read, and suggested various means of improving the financial status of the Association. It was decided that the proceedings of the Board be printed.

CRESTON RESOLUTION RE COAL RATES

The Creston resolution regarding the recent increase in the price of coal, due in part to the increase in the rate by the C.P.R., was next considered. Mr. C. O. Rodgers spoke very strongly in favor of some action being taken, and was ably supported by R. S. Bevan.

R. B. Haldane, as representing the C.P.R., was requested to enlighten the Convention on the matter of the increase of coal rates. Mr. Haldane was of opinion that there was a misunderstanding. The rates on coal had recently been overhauled and settled by the Railway Commission. The rates as a result and as a whole had been reduced, but Lethbridge being the most distant point of supply, rates were figured out proportionately, and the rate from Lethbridge was raised.

A long discussion followed, well sustained by the Creston delegates. Mr. C. O. Rodgers pointed out that coal is a basic necessity, and that the rate had been raised, resulting in an increase in the price of coal to consumers, who in a few years would be totally dependent upon coal for fuel.

Mr. G. O. Buchanan made a clever speech, giving figures showing that the cost of coal in Kaslo was constantly rising, and something should be done to investigate the matter fully and find out who was benefitting by the high prices of fuel. It was elicited that the coast cities were also being cinched by high prices of coal, and a commission was being appointed by the Provincial government to go fully into the matter. In the end the Resolution Committee were requested to make a suitable resolution for submission to the Convention asking for the appointment of a provincial government commission to investigate the prices at which coal is now being supplied throughout the province, and to report as to by what means a reduction of such prices can be brought about.—Carried unanimously.

TELEPHONE QUESTION

Mr. C. O. Rodgers then moved the second Creston resolution, and said that Creston needed communication by telephone with outside points, especially Nelson, whose merchants are losing trade for lack of such communication. This can only be done by the Government, and the resolution calls upon the Government to take over the control of the public telephones and make the necessary extensions to secure an efficient service throughout the province. Mr. Lowenberg seconded the resolution.

Sec.-treasurer Mackenzie drew attention to the fact that previous resolutions to the same effect had been passed, but the Provincial government seem to be loth to take action in the matter. The resolution was carried unanimously.

After discussion, Kaslo resolution No. 1, relating to the proposed road via Earl Grey Pass, was amended on a motion by T. G. Proctor, seconded by A. B. Fenwick. The remainder of the Kaslo resolutions were unanimously adopted, including the resolution re the Kaslo & Slocan Railway, calling upon the government to either force the efficient working of the railway or cancel the charter.

OVERFLOW LAND

On Kaslo resolution No. 9, relating to the question of the controlling of the overflow waters of Kootenay Lake, Mr. C. O. Rodgers drew attention to the fact that 60,000 acres of land in the country adjacent to the Creston valley, the finest land in the world, would be reclaimed if such a scheme could be carried out. A syndicate of American capitalists raised the necessary funds to carry out the work, proposing to relieve the high water by assisting the water off by workings at the Narrows below Nelson and Proctor. This is a feasible proposition, and some day, sooner or later, the work will be done. It might, in fact, be under accomplishment now but for the difficulties met by Mr. Reeder's syndicate in coming to terms with the the Reclamation Co., the present owners of the Reclamation Farm, who absolutely refused to assist in any way.

Mr. Cookle spoke very strongly in favor of the resolution, stating that if acted upon it would keep the water at a normal level, and that the principal engineers of the country have reported that the scheme is feasible. Carried.

At this juncture President C. O. Rodgers, on behalf of the Creston Board of Trade, invited the delegates and guests to the banquet at 10 p.m. in the Creston Hotel.

The sitting adjourned at 6.15 p.m. to re-assemble at 7.45 p.m.

NIGHT SESSION

At 8 p.m. the Convention again sat for business. Among the prominent Creston citizens present as spectators were Mr. E. Mallandaine, R. M. Reid, F. J. Rose, W. V. Jackson, S.A. Speers, W. S. Watson, A. Miller, and several other members of the Creston Board of Trade.

The various resolutions of Moyie, Nelson, and other of the affiliated boards were proceeded with.

The convention adjourned until 10 a.m. the following day.

At 10. p.m. the delegates to the Associated Boards of Trade, guests and friends, numbering upwards of fifty, were entertained to a banquet. Among those who were seated around the tastefully decorated and over loaded tables being, F. A Starkey, J. L. Buchan, T. G. Proctor, W. A. Anstie, W. R. Haldane, N. S. McLeod, and H. H. Currie, of

[Continued on page 4]

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KEEPNG LARGE CITIES CLEAN.

Method of Clearing Rubbish From the Streets---Paris and Berlin Models.

Paris is one of the cleanest and most beautiful of cities, many of its streets being built in accordance with wise and comprehensive plans. Many of the boulevards which run through the heart of the city are 114 feet 6 inches in width and others are wider. The Avenue de l'Opera, one of the largest streets, is 98 feet 6 inches wide and has a roadway of 52 feet 6 inches. The Avenue des Champs Elysees has a total width of 233 feet and a roadway of 88 feet 6 inches. This may be compared with Fifth avenue in New York, 100 feet wide with a roadway of 40 feet, and Broadway, 80 feet wide with a roadway of 44 feet. Trees, gravel footways and benches are features of Parisian streets.

The street cleaning authorities of Paris are charged with the construction and maintenance of streets and sidewalks as well as with sweeping the streets and sidewalks, sprinkling the roadways, removing house refuse and removing dirt, ice and snow from the streets.

The work is done by a branch of the department of public works. The technical skill required is drawn from the national government's Corps des Ponts et Chaussees, and from a corps of engineers belonging to the city service. Many of the streets are parts of national highways and the total cost of maintaining and cleaning is largely borne by the government.

The street cleaning operations are performed by the city, with the exception of the driving of carts, of sweeping machines and of sprinkling wagons, which, with the horses employed in these operations, are furnished by contractors, but the apparatus belongs to the city. The horses, carts and drivers of the refuse carts are furnished by contractors and the material collected belongs to them.

The streets are generally swept by machines, and the sidewalks are cleaned by hand brooms, between 4 and 7 o'clock a. m., when the vehicular travel is light. The streets are first watered by sprinkling carts and then promptly swept by horse brooms, and then men with brooms or shovels or, if the weather is wet squeegees, pile the material.

ROLE OF THE CONTRACTOR.

House refuse is collected by contract, but with the aid of one ragpicker and two helpers in the employ of the city. Ragpickers, generally women, overhaul the refuse on the sidewalk during the operations of the street cleaning department before the collecting carts arrive. After the carts have passed, the gutters are cleaned of the wastes collected by the street cleaning operations. Street dirt which can be shoveled is hauled away in carts; the rest is flushed into the sewers.

Gutter flushing is one of the most prominent features of Paris street cleaning, the water being obtained from hydrants concealed beneath the sidewalks. When the water is turned on it usually flows in one way or the other along the street according to the grade, but if the grade is insufficient for this purpose, the direction of flow is regulated by temporarily damming the gutter by means of coarse cloths. As the water advances, it spreads out over the dry surface, picking up a large amount of dust and solid matter, which is carried into the sewers by the assistance of an attendant armed with a long-handled, stiff broom, who sweeps into the gutter and from the street for a distance of eight or ten feet from the curb.

The principal cleaning which the streets receive is done by horse-propelled brooms, with bristles of split bamboo which are capable of sweeping 7,175 square yards per hour with the horse walking about 2.5 miles per hour, or an amount of sweeping equal to the work of about ten men.

Horse-propelled squeegees are employed on asphalt and wood pavements. They are of simple design, resembling common road scrapers, with the scraping edge set like a machine broom in an oblique direction to scrape the refuse to one side. These squeegees are useful in rainy weather, and when the dirt on the streets can be softened by sprinkling carts so that it is ready to be moved like mud. Softening by sprinkling followed by squeegeeing or sweeping with rotary brooms is the chief reliance of the city in getting rid of fine dirt which cannot be shoveled away.

AUTOMOBILE SWEEPERS.

Experiments have been made with automobile sweepers and sprinklers of 15 horse power and driven by gasoline, which have proved slightly more economical than horse-propelled machines.

The sprinkling of streets is accomplished by means of hand carts with a capacity of forty to fifty gallons; by carts propelled by horses, with a capacity of from 250 to 350 gallons, and by hose.

House refuse is placed in boxes which the householders are required to provide, which are placed on the sidewalks in time for the early morning collections. The contents of the boxes are sorted on the sidewalks by rag pickers just before the arrival of the collecting carts. These ragpickers are an institution in Paris and are probably the best organized and most efficient body of unofficial scavengers in the world.

A few minutes before the collecting carts arrive, the rag pickers, clad in nondescript garb and powdered with dust, appear and with much speed and system spread a square of burlap or other cloth upon the sidewalk and tip the refuse can over upon it. The contents are quickly overhauled, the gleanings being thrown into large sacks. The refuse which is of no use to the picker is then dumped back into its original receptacle, the burlap is taken up and the worker proceeds to the next house.

When the sacks are full they are taken to some neighboring side street which serves as a kind of central depot, from which they are later hauled away by carts drawn by good looking horses.

The carts for collecting the refuse are large, high, open and built, after the common French custom, with two wheels and provision for horses harnessed tandem. Two or three men accompany each cart, one remaining inside and the others throwing the receptacles in to him to overturn and empty. Even here there is some picking done, desirable matters being placed in separate bags or baskets hanging on the outside of the cart. The refuse is hauled to boats and to depots on the outskirts of the city to be burned or taken to the country to be used as fertilizer.

HOW IT'S DONE IN BERLIN.

The sanitary regeneration of Berlin dates from the purchase of extensive territory in the environs, in 1861, but it was not until the advent of the era of prosperity which followed the wars of 1864-71 and the establishment of Berlin as the national capital that the admirable public works and institutions which now exist, and which are practically self-sustaining, were begun. It is said that the waterworks and gas works more than pay for themselves and that the sewage disposal works bring in a considerable income toward the payment of their operating expenses. Every department seems to be run nearly as well as though it were a private enterprise, in accordance with the German idea of municipal administration.

Berlin has been made a sanitary city in spite of, and not because of, natural conditions. Its situation is peculiarly unfavorable for drainage and a great deal of pumping in a low, sandy plain traversed by sluggish streams is required to supply the city with water and to carry off the sewage. The drinking water is pumped and filtered and delivered under pressure from a considerable distance in the suburbs. The sewage is collected from different parts of the city into a dozen central districts. It is then pumped long distances in the suburbs. The sewage is collected from different parts of the city into a dozen central districts. It is then pumped long distances into the country, where it is used to irrigate farm lands owned by the municipality.

In such works as the construction of streets, sewage and water supply systems the German plan is to keep steadily ahead of the demands so that the city may never outgrow its sanitary requirements. This is in direct contrast to American practice, and is the more remarkable in the case of Berlin, for, since its transformation beginning forty years ago, the city has more than doubled in population.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

The streets of Berlin are long, straight, wide, well designed and generally well paved. The most famous street is the Unter den Linden (196 feet wide), the scene of the capital's most fashionable shops, hotels and restaurants.

Berlin makes an energetic effort to keep its streets clean. The organization is military in type and many of the details of the work are minutely planned and reduced to the form of specific printed directions.

The authority in charge of street cleaning is a joint committee of twelve, made up from paid and unpaid members of the city council, under which is a chief who has direct charge of the operations of the department.

The city does not clean all the streets free of cost; a charge is made for cleaning the tracks of the street cars, private streets and new streets. The sale of waste matters, old apparatus and entrance fees to public comfort stations increase the revenue by nearly an equal amount.

The work of cleaning the streets proceeds from thirty-three depots, attached to which are yards for the storage of apparatus, etc. The streets are swept at night by revolving machine brooms propelled by horses. The streets are sprinkled before they are swept in order to lay the dust in the daytime and at certain seasons of the year to help remove the slimy mud. The city owns the sprinkling carts and lets a contract after public bidding for the necessary horses and men to operate them.

In washing a street during the day a water cart first passes down the middle of the street, sprinkling a great amount of water. This is followed at once by revolving rubber squeegees operated by horses, which scrape the mud to one side. The cart passes again and again, each time followed by the squeegees, untill six or eight trips have been made and the whole breadth of the street covered, during which time men and boys with hand brooms and squeegees help clean out the car tracks and inequalities in the pavement.

Several types of carts and machines are used to clean the streets, the idea seeming to be to experiment to some extent in the hope of finding the best kind for the work—"Engineering Digest."

Christ Our King.

(By Robert E. Speer.)

Find prophecies concerning the King. Describe the ideal King. Is Christ that? What does our King crave of us

A King now is only a chief of the State, "a man who holds by life tenure the chief authority over a country and people." The Century Dictionary adds to this definition, the statement "the autocratic or despotic power formerly implied by the title King has been almost lost in Europe where a king is now merely a chief magistrate for life, bound by constitutional and statutory limitation equally with his subjects. So hedged in is kingly power now that some heads of states who are not kings at all wield a great deal more power than some who are. The President of the United States, who is no king, has a far greater influence and takes a far more active part in the government of this nation than the King of England does in England. The word king does not mean any more than what it has meant in days past.

But when applied to Christ it means all that it ever meant. No more can a man be an absolute ruler over other men. In due time we shall have no more real kings among men. But Christ is no man. His Kingship springs from a divine kingly right and wisdom and character, and men will realize more and more their need of his sovereign rule and guidance.

And Christ's Kingship involves on His part also the kingly strength. Often in the old days the king was not the wise man ,but the man of action, who gathered the wise men about him as his counselors and listened to their advice and then went forth and by his own kingly strength achieved. But our King is His own counselor. He knows, and no plan can be made for Him. He has His own and they are best. And He is also the great achiever. No arm is as strong as His. All power has been given to Him and against His kingdom the gates of hell shall not prevail. His subjects have the confidence and joy which belong to the soldiers of an invincible leader.

The subjects of such a King owe allegiance to His Guidance and submission to His power, and also that loyal obedience which makes them not only passive subjects but also active and devoted agents to carry out His projects. Are we acting faithfully under His will Are our lives and our business and all our activities and interests and relationships under His control? Is He our real King or only our nominal head and lord?

But He has a nearer and dearer name. He is also our friend. 'No longer do I call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth, but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard from My Father I have made known unto you." Nothing can be greater than such friendship with such a King.

"WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN."

Mr. Yankinton's New England Home Recalled in a Chance Phrase.

"I was born in New England," said Mr. Yankinton, "and not born rich. We were not what you call poor folks. We were comfortable, but we depended upon labor for our support, and while we did live comfortably we did not have many luxuries. Those we were going to have, as we used to say, when our ship came in, to which coming we always looked forward cheerfully and hopefully.

"Yesterday, walking past a toy store which had many pretty things displayed in its window, I encountered a mother and her little daughter, a little girl of maybe 8. They were comfortably and nicely dressed people, but they were not rich; their means, I should say, were about like my own; and though their speech was in clear, good English their accent showed that they came from some foreign land.

"'There's what I would like to have,' said the small girl as they passed, looking up at something in the toy store window: and looking up at the object that the little girl had indicated and then looking down at her, the mother said smilingly:

"'Wait till the ship comes in.'

"It interested me greatly to hear this said like that by a person from another country, for somehow this phrase, familiar as it has always been to me, had always seemed to me peculiar to my own land and region, and at first it did surprise me. But then, to be sure, human hopes and aspirations are the same in all lands, and though around the world they may be voiced in many tongues there are many sayings that we may think peculiar to us that really are ancient and common, and of those expressing a hope that is universal, 'when our ship comes in,' is one."—N. Y. Sun.

Strength of England.

In a letter Sir W. M. Ramsay says: "The strength of the English policy on the whole is the one strong national influence at present working in the world to favor free intercourse. Every other nation tries in its national policy to surround itself with a high wall and impede circulation. Our policy is, in a rough and often unintelligent fashion, the world's life; and so long as it remains true to this principle England cannot die. The country may suffer in one limb or one part, but as a whole the heart of the world beats through our life more free and with less impediment than through any other nation. That is the higher principle which is involved in what is called from a narrower point of view 'free trade'; our policy is at present necessary in order to maintain the world's development, and therefore the world cannot do without us. There lies the future and the safety of England. Our danger lies in the fact that so few of those who are not responsible for our policy understand this sufficiently, and that some of them are violently and ignorantly opposed to it.

Fish of the Great Lakes.

The capture of a thirty-eight pound trout in Lake Michigan by Racine fishermen will recall for old timers the days when fish were more plentiful and when the average haul included many "big fellows" that would warrant the telling of surprising fish stories in these days of smaller fish.

It is one of the traditions of fishing in the Milwaukee River that a seventy-five lb. sturgeon was hooked and then speared from the dock back of the Dabst building, where the old Daily News Building stood at the time. The fishing has been too persistent and heavy during the last twenty-five years and the finny tribes have been so depleted that big fish are now caught only occasionally. Large whitefish are very scarce in Lake Michigan, but they are still caught in Lake Superior, where the fishermen are slowly repeating the performances which reduced this fine fish in the other lakes.—From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.

In union there is strength, but a man never realizes it till he forms a matrimonial alliance with a strong-minded woman.

A WEIGHTY MATTER

A Story of Love and Fish by Evelyn Grogan.

Jack Mansfield was changing a fly, and Kathleen stood watching the preparations for luring the wily trout. Billy, her small brother, lay on the bank amusing himself with buckshot and a catapult, potting a rock lying in midstream. Jack wore a stubborn look.

"Surely, Kathleen," he said, "you are coming in my car to the races to-morrow?"

"It's no use, Jack. I can't. Claud Myles is taking me in his. He offered to include Aunt Jane and Billy, and I could not refuse."

"My car only holds two, so let him take the family and you come with me."

"My dear Jack, be reasonable. Do you suppose he craves for Auntie and Billy?"

"Pretend you have already promised me."

"Oh!" said Kathleen, virtuously, "that would be acting a lie."

"Talk of the ———, there he is!" exclaimed Jack. "I never saw him fishing here before."

Claud Myles hurried up and conversation became general, though confined to matters piscatorial.

Suddenly Jack bethought himself of a wicked ruse, and instead of acting a lie deliberately uttered one.

"What time did you say I had better bring the car to-morrow?" he asked, blandly.

Kathleen raised her expressive eyes quickly to his, and still more swiftly cast them to the ground.

"Whenever you like," she replied, "but I don't want to lose the first race."

Claud Myles looked up sharply from the fly-hook over which he was poring.

"I think you have forgotten, Miss Stewart, that it was arranged I was to fetch you."

"Can there be a mistake?" said Jack. "Surely you promised to come with me!"

"On the contrary," said Myles, hotly, "Miss Stewart, her aunt and Billy have all settled to go in my car."

"Then we both claim you," cried Jack, "so make your choice now."

"This is too absurd, and Kathleen looked first at one and the nat the other. "I must have made a most foolish mistake. Did I really accept your kind invitation, Mr. Myles?"

"Of course, over ten days ago."

"Then I must have forgotten. Jack, can it be possible I thought of coming with you?"

"Yes," he replied, sinfully, "I am quite sure you did."

"What shall I do? In any case it appears I must break a promise."

"Draw lots," suggested Billy, from his bed in the grass.

"Good idea, then neither of you can be offended."

She stretched out her hand to take two clover stalks offered by Billy.

"Whoever draws the longest shall be my chauffeur to-morrow," she continued, gayly.

"No," said Jack, "if chance must decide, let us have a little skill thrown in. We will fish for the pleasure of your company, and whoever catches the heaviest basket of trout shall claim you."

"Agreed," said Myles.

"Agreed," said Kathleen, and when you return I will weigh the fish in your presence."

A time for leaving off having been decided upon, the fishermen got to work.

"I won't stay and watch," said Kathleen, turning away, "but will leave you to your own devices. Au revoir till weighing-in time. Billy, I suppose you are not coming with me?"

Billy shook his head. "I'll watch Jack," he said, and Kathleen felt that Billy knew where her inclinations lay.

In silence the boy hovered beside the fisherman of his choice till a sudden tightening of the line and a cheerful little screech of the reel gave evidence that a trout had met its fate.

Billy removed it from the hook.

"That's one to the good," he remarked. "I'm frightfully keen for you to beat that other chap."

"Why?"

"Because Kathie wants to come with you. Wouldn't it be sport to see his face if he loses and has to cart Auntie and me to the races without her?"

"How brutal you are in your ideas of sport, young man," said Jack, casting his line once more.

The fishermen were lucky. There was a very fair take on and the trout were rising freely. Jack's basket began to feel considerably heavier.

Presently Billy volunteered to walk on and discover how Jack's opponent was faring. He was some distance ahead, and, owing to a bend of the river, out of sight.

"How are you getting on?" shouted Billy, when he came up with Myles.

"Not too bad."

"Jack's got a real nice one, some a decent size and the rest four to the pound. What are yours like?"

Billy looked into the basket.

"Pretty equal, except for Jack's big one. I believe you'll lose, Mr. Myles."

"Wait till we weigh in; time enough then. Run away now, I hate being watched."

"Cross as a weasel," muttered the boy to himself, as he turned and left the unsockable Myles. "Doesn't like being beaten."

Before he had gone far Billy changed his mind, and determined for a little while to watch Myles unseen. He crept through the hedge and quietly retracing his steps peered and witnessed a little scene of which he most certainly was not supposed to be a spectator.

A local countryman was strolling towards Myles equipped with a clumsy rod and rough tackle, evidently homeward bound. Over his shoulder he carried an old fish basket, which he removed when meeting Myles.

"Any sport, sir?" he asked.

"Pretty good. And you?"

"Real lucky sir. I ain't been out long; but just as I was leaving off a grand one took hold."

He knelt down and turned the speckled fish out upon the grass. Among them lay a fine trout.

"Two pounds or more, I reckon, sir."

"Wish I had your good fortune," said Myles, enviously.

"Take him, if you like, sir. I wants some of my missus' tea, but you're welcome to the big 'un. Lots of gentlemen is glad to catch 'em on the bank, so as to make a good show when they gets home."

o do him justice, Claud Myles tried to resist the temptation, but the man pressed, and argued that "it was a real gentleman's fish," and finally when he saw signs of wavering, stuffed it into Myles' basket.

"Don't mention this to anybody," said Myles, looking very uncomfortable. "The fact is—well, ah!—I don't want a soul to know I didn't catch it. Mr. Mansfield is a little higher up, and I would like to have more than he has, just for fun, you know."

"I understands, sir; I've played this game before. Thank you, sir—much obliged, I'm sure, sir," and the vendor of trout pocketed the proffered coin and began to gather up the remainder of his fish.

Billy bolted, and though he had taken up his position with Jack by the time the countryman hove in sight, his lips had been sealed concerning what he had seen.

"Good evening, sir," said the man. "A gentleman down the river has got a fine haul, a real good trout he've creeled. I supose you coudln't do with a few extra ones to fill up your basket? I'd spare some, although my missus do look for them."

"No, thanks," said Jack. "Much obliged; but I don't want more than I can catch myself."

The same blandishments were again tried, but no change was to be got out of Jack. The man went away grumbling, and remarked, "It was difficult to do business with gents, and he"—Jack—'was as bad as the other gentleman, who would buy nothing either."

"The lying old scamp," thought Billy.

"Here, Bill," cried Jack, hoisting the basket off his shoulder; "collar hold of this; I'm beginning to feel the weight."

The boy took it eagerly, for an idea suddenly struck him—how he might possibly get the best of Myles.

"And no one will guess," he thought, "not even Kathie."

He sat down at some little distance under a tree, while Jack continued patiently to thrash the river.

From the moment Myles had transferred his purchase into the basket, the take ceased, and no manner of coaxing would entice the trout again to look at a fly. The rivals fished away till time was up, when they again met.

"Which basket weighs the most?" asked Jack, balancing the two together. "By Jove! it's a jolly close thing. Billy, you were right. I shall bless my small fry, for I believe, after all, it is a eight pounds nine ounces.

Kathleen met them as they advanced toward the house. She also essayed to find out which basket weighed the most.

"Whoever would have imagined it could be possibly be such a near thing?" she cried.

Each fisherman deposited his shining trophies upon a large dish. It was a moment of supreme excitement when the slippery fish slid into the scales. Claud Myles had the greater number, so his were weighed first. Down went the scales, and Kathleen, now adding, now removing, weight after weight, at last declared that they scaled exactly eight pounds nine ounces.

Billy darted forward, begging to be allowed to place Jack's trout into the scale. One by one, he put them in, as if to prolong the agony. The big one first, the medium next ,and so on till only three were left. Slowly he lifted one of these important fish and laid it with its fellows. Surely—surely the scales trembled. Breathlessly the last but one followed, and the weights gently rose, causing the fish to remain balanced mid-way. With an exuberant grin spreading all over his countenance, Billy flung in the little three-inch trout, and down came the scale with a bump in favor of Jack.

"Fewer fish, but better condition," exclaimed the conqueror.

"The prize goes to Jack," shouted Billy, gleefully.

Could there have been a hidden meaning in his words that only Jack and Kathleen understood?

"Fairly beaten," said Myles, gloomily.

The fishermen, after presenting the catch to Kathleen, departed, and the glittering fish lay peacefully at rest on a marble slab.

Billy crept down to the lower regions, seeking a private interview with Maggie, the kitchen-maid, his faithful ally.

"Please, I want you to unlock the larder," he asked, coaxingly, "and let me choose which wish we will have for breakfast."

"What an idea, sir," said Maggie; but all the same she preceded him, and complied with his request.

He sorted the fish over very carefully, picking and choosing as though it were a matter of extreme importance. Jack's largest trout was his first choice, and several others of fair size were laid on one side.

"You've picked the best, anyhow, Master Billy," said Maggie, approvingly; "they are fine, heavy fish."

"Clean them now, ready for cooking," he begged.

With a burst of laughter Maggie raised her head, and taking the selected fish, marched off to the scullery, the boy following in the rear. With a sharp knife she quickly dissected them.

"Well, Master Billy," she said, "I never cleaned fish that fed on shot before, and if for your own purpose you choose to stuff them up with lead, there is no reason why you should lose your ammunition."

So Billy, who was of an economical turn of mind, gathered up his buckshot and returned it to his pocket, whence it had been taken to frustrate the unfair trick played upon Jack.—Evelyn Grogan in Ladies' Field.

A PASSING TYPE.

The "Old Lady" Now Little More Than a Memory.

We of this generation remember her well—the gentle old lady with hair of silver, crowned with honorable years and treasured memories ,and slipping quietly into the shadows. In other days no home seemed complete without her presence, and the very dignity of her gentle grace added an indescribable charm to family life. She wore her years as a badge of distinction and did not begrudge exacting Time his toll. Her journey up the hill of life in the blazing sunlight of youth was replete with incidents with whose memory she loved to enrich her twilight hours. She left no others the activities of the present, the recollections of her day were yea of sufficient importance to absorb her interest, and she went about doing good" in her own unobtrusive way. Her sphere of existence was limited, it is true, but to her retiring nature and old fashioned ideas the familiar intercourse around the fireside appealed as no outside becoming but a memory. The typical "old lady" of a generation or two ago has passed away forever. Here and there, in a few families who have not outlived the delightful customs that prevailed so extensively only a comparatively few years ago may be found some last exponent of her type who is loved and honored by all who know her and who exerts in her own way a more lasting influence for good than do her independent sisters in their more aggressive lives.

We have been taught from early youth to reverence old age, and one of our proudest boasts as a civilized nation is that we have remained true to our teachings in this regard at least. In these more engaging times, however, there seems really to be no old age in the former acceptation of the term. It is true that the years add up just the same, but nature seems to have extended her lease of life and rejuvenated the human system. The dainty lace caps that once set so lovelingly upon the white hairs have given way before the onslaughts of the hair-dresser, and the sombre black bonnet that tied with strings has long since been succeeded by the latest creation of the milliner's art. It is just as well, perhaps, that the period of a person's mental as well as physical activity can be lengthened to an almost indefinite extent, speaking comparatively, of course, for just so much more of life's joy will fall to his share, even at the risk of a corresponding increase of its sorrow.

The onward sweep of events, with its confusion of purposes and noise of struggle and promise of power, attracts with tremendous force those who have hitherto been content to watch from afar. While the sphere of woman's activities is yet somewhat limited it has broadened enough to interest in no uncertain way many of the sex who have heretofore refrained from participation and who now eagerly welcome the opportunities presented in club life, settlement work and even politics. It is sometimes claimed that the monotony of home life and its endless routine of duties makes a woman old before her time, and that getting in touch with other interests, brushing against the outside world, rejuvenates her system and refreshes mind and heart to such a degree that the encroachments of age are not so easily distinguished.

But, after all, a familiar figure in home life passes away with the advent of the "new woman," and somehow the altered conditions do not seem to compensate for the loss of that which has long been dear to us. In a little while, perhaps, with the passing of this generation, there will be none left to illustrate the priceless charm of a real old age, when, sheltered in the heart of her flesh and blood, the loved one, shedding gently all care, and responsibility, dreams and drifts into eternity. Her place can never be filled, but the memory of her quiet figure, dignified in its very simplicity and strong even in its weakness, must over be an inspiration to all those who have been so fortunate as to come under her influence. She moulded well the clay intrusted to her hands, and after her labors were over she found her recompense in the hearts she guided and her joy in the miracle she wrought.—Charleston News and Courier.

EARLIEST "DRY FARMERS."

How Navajo Indians Cultivated Scant Patches in the Desert.

Physically, morally and intellectually the Navajo is superior to other nomadic tribes, such as the Utes, Apaches, Comanches, Sioux and Cheyennes. He has always been self-supporting, receiving no rations or other assistance from the Government. When there is work to be had within their capacity the men labor willingly and efficiently, grading on the railroads, constructing irrigation reservoirs and ditches and weeding or harvesting sugar beets in the beet fields of Colorado.

They cultivate their scanty patches of corn and beans on thousands of places in the desert, having been real "dry farmers" centuries before the Campbell system was born of the brain of the Nebraska experimenter or the Dry Farming Congress, that meets in October in Billings, Mont., conceived of. They build their humble hogans or stone or of timber banked with clay, wherever there happens to be water for their flocks and herds.

They are neither nomads, like the wandering tribes of the plains, nor settled agriculturists, like the Pueblos, but rather Bedouins of the American desert, moving when necessary to secure better pasturage or a more abundant supply of water for their live stock. Their blankets, woven exclusively by their squaws, have made their tribal name a household word wherever barbaric beauty or next to everlasting durability is prized.—From the Los Angeles Times.

They who really sympathize know the eloquence of silence.

10

Fun at a French Wedding

I have seen French marriages on the stage many times, but yesterday I went to a real one, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Globe. It was the marriage of a young Englishman born and resident in France with a French young lady, and the ceremony was performed entirely in accordance with French custom.

As the young couple were of mixed religions and the Roman Catholic Church refused to sanction any other religious ceremony than that by a Romish priest, it was decided to abandon the original plan of having the union consecrated at both the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. We all assembled at the house of the bride's mother at half past 10 in the morning and made the acquaintance of each other. We were some forty in all, and as the French are less standoffish than the English we had lots of time, before the bride was ready to make one another's acquaintance over a glass of Madeira.

At 11.30, the hour at which we ought to have been arriving at the Mairie, the bride was still in the hands of the hair dresser and the dressmaker, and two or three of her girl friends, who had come in to see that her dress fitted properly and that her pretty wreath of orange blossom was displayed to advantage. At last the final pin was put in, the two bridesmaids in white each took a corner of the bride's train and we filed downstairs to the landau.

On arriving at the Mairie we were met by a half distracted employee, who implored the master of ceremonies to hurry up the couple who were to be married, for the cortege was nearly three-quarters of an hour late and Mons le Maire had threatened to go off without waiting for the bridal party. But the master of ceremonies had his own idea as to how the wedding should be carried out, and even if Mons. Le Maire was a quarter of an hour late for his lunch, he was determined that the ceremony should be carried out decently and in order.

So when we got out of the carriages all the men were lined up on one side of the porch, and all the women on the other. Then the bride and bridegroom walked through the lane of guests, and as they went by the couples on each side linked arms behind them as if for a dance and followed them upstairs to the reception room.

After a brief halt there for the verification of the necessary papers we all walked into the next room with our partners on our arms. At one end was a raised platform, with a reading desk. In front and on each side were rows of chairs, and the centre of the room was taken up by rows of leather covered benches. I have seen this kind of room on the stage so often that I had no difficulty in recognizing it as the marriage room.

As soon as we had taken our seats—the bride and bridegrom and their sponsors close up to the platform—Monsieur le Maire, with his tricolor scarf across his breast, came in from behind the reading desk, mounted to his place, and bowed to the assembled company. Then he immediately took up the official marriage service and began to read the articles which lay down the law in matters matrimonial.

As he galloped along I caught the phrases stipulating that the husband must be devoted to his wife and furnish her with all that is neceeary to her wants. The wife, on the other hand, must respect her husband and follow him wherever he goes in the interests of the family. I did not hear anything about love, honor and obey."

After the young couple had joined hands the Mayor pronounced them man and wife before the law. The whole ceremony did not last more than ten minutes and directly it was over and the Mayor had congratulated the couple in a curt, official phrase, one of the bridesmaids came round with an alms bag and made the usual "quete" for the employees of the Mairie. Then Monsieur le Maire bowed hurriedly, and hastened off to his luncheon.

A few minutes later we followed his example. The first thing we had to do on arriving at the West End restaurant where the wedding breakfast was served was to be photographed. The group was truly a family one. There were two grandmothers and half a dozen children whose ages varied from seven years to less than six months, and I could not help smiling when, as we mounted the stairs to the second floor, I heard the maitre d'hotel call out to one of the "garcons": "Prepare a cradle up there for a baby."

And when we reached the dining room there, sure enough, was the cradle, a long wicker basket, with a tiny mattress, a clean napkin, and a pillow. The baby was placed in it, and while its father and mother, its uncles and aunts and cousins plied their knives and forks, baby sucked its thumb and crowed with delight in its corner. When I made inquiries I found that the establishment in which we were met made a specialty of wedding breakfasts and dinners, sometimes having as many as eight and nine parties at a time, and as it frequently happens that some of the women fold are obliged to bring their babies with them they always keep a stock of cradles handy.

The breakfast was a very lively one. With their proverbial gayety the French guests were anything but dull, and the grandmothers were by no means the most silent members of the party. On one side of me I had a medical man and on the other a Major in the French army, resplendent in his red and gold uniform. I noticed that the ladies to right and left of me made no objection when I helped them liberally to white wine, and when I asked for a little water—as I was not in the habit of taking my wine neat—both my fair neighbors protested that it was spoiling the wine to mix it with water.

I should have remarked that before any one else was allowed to sit down a "garcon"—in accordance with the usual custom—brought a plate of bouillon "la bouillon de la marice") for the bride and bridegroom. It was served at a separate table, and after the married couple had finished this, the first course in their married life, the bride slipped a five franc piece under the plate. I shrewdly suspect that this bouillon was invented by some artful waiter in search of an extra pourboire.

When we had finished with the dejeuner there was a little music and then we drove out to St. Cloud, where we had more wine, music and dancing. After two and a half hours there the carriages were again sent for and we drove back to Paris through the Bois de Boulogne in the dark—propitious for flirtations. Dinner was another merry meal, and when the tables had been cleared away the floor was given over to dancing. By midnight I had had enough of it and discreetly took my leave.

But I left the majority of the party—including the most aged grandmother—at the restaurant, and the bride and bridegroom were among the most valiant of the merrymakers. I was assured that nobody would think of going home before 6 o'clock in the morning. But after spending twelve and a half hours in celebrating the happy event I considered I had done my duty and deserved a rest.

NOTES FROM THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

The earth's fertile area is estimated at 28,269,200 square miles.

The average crow is credited with destroying 700,000 insects a year.

Java coffee is being successfully raised in an experimental way in Porto Rico.

It is estimated that 60,000 horsepower can be developed from the St. Lawrence River.

The city of Luxemburg will spend about $2,500,000 to develop electric power from the River Sure in Belgium.

If an ironing board be notched to fit the back posts of two chairs of equal size it will be held as firmly as a table.

Boston's shipping district subway, which cost $100,000,000, is the most expensive mile of underground railroad in the world.

It cost $20,000 to produce the French moving picture films of the opera "Rigoletto," the record for that form of entertainment.

The lead pencil makers of Nuremburg, Germany, use about 700,000 tons of American cedar each year.

There are 270 known active volcanoes in the world, but most of them are too small to be dangerous.

A fire caused by an exploding lamp may be quenched with milk, water only spreading the burning oil.

The soil turned up by ants in making their hills in Central Amreica is used by the natives to make bricks by mixing it with water.

The gold output of Alaska since 1880, when placer mining began, is in excess of $161,000,000, according to geological survey figures.

Of the 1,000,000 horse power which the rivers of Minnesota are estimated to be capable of producing, less than one-third has been made available.

The largest wireless station in Europe, that on the Adriatic Sea at Pola, Austria-Hungary, includes a 300-foot tower built on a foundation of glass.

A Glasgow street car company is trying out wheels in which the rims are separated from the centres by a number of coiled springs to afford resiliency.

Of the thirty drydocks in the world large enough to hold battleships of the Dreadnaught type, England and her colonies have ten and the United States nine.

A razor hone which has been spoiled by steel particles filling the pores can be made as good as new by washing in hydrochloric acid and then in water.

The Prussian state railways have built a huge tank, into which a car may be run and sealed for complete disinfection, both inside and out, by formalin gas.

The United States built 3,784 miles of railroads last year and Canada 1,487. Of the former Texas built 606 miles, Nevada 303, California 247, and Washington 162.

Building since 1880, Liverpool only recently completed a grand water supply scheme, including the impounding of a Welsh river and the building of a sev-

MY PUSSIES.

Are you little children all fond of pussies? If you are, I think you would like to hear about mine. How many do you think I have? Two? Five? Ten? Oh my, no! I have thousands—thousands of dear little soft gray pussies.

Maybe you think that is too many, but it isn't. Perhaps you are wondering where I get enough soft warm beds for them, or milk for them to drink, or saucers to put it in; or where I could get enough catnip to give them all a dose if they were sick.

Maybe you think there would be too much quarreling when a hundred pussies wanted to play with the same spool at the same time. Perhaps you are afraid it would make you dizzy to see so many pussies chasing their tails; or deaf to hear them all meowing. And what a jingling and jangling there would be if they all wore bells, and think of the yards and yards of ribbon it would take to tie them on!

But, really, my pussies are no trouble at all. They don't meow. They don't make the least bit of noise. They need no beds nor no milk. They are never sick and never quarrel or chase their tails. My pussies are just the pretty, soft little pussy willows that grow out on the lawn.

Honesty.

I was sitting at my desk when black Sam, who sometimes waits on me at my restaurant, entered by office.

"What can I do for you, Sam?" I asked.

"Ah got a chance to change mah situation, Mistch Clahk," he said. "You' kin say a good wu'd fo' me, cain't you? Tell 'em Ah'm hones' 'n sleh?"

"Of course," I hesitated, "you're a good waiter, Sam, but I don't know anything specially about your honesty."

"Well, tell 'em dat, an' say yo' thinks Ah'm hones'. Dat'll be enough."

So I promised I would.

"Thank yo', thank yo', Mistch Clahk," he said, with a deep bow. "When yo' come over to-morrow, sit at mah table 'n Ah'll give yo' a sho't check."—Success Magazine.

Our bad qualities are the ones that are hereditary. Our good ones are always our very own.

THE SEA-CHEST

BY HAROLD CARTER.

Twenty fathoms beneath the waters of Hawks Gap the Spanish merchantman rested, her side torn out by the rocks that had closed their teeth on her within sight of the port. The salvage tug lay anchored above the wreck, and relays of divers were being sent down to discover what she might hold besides her known cargo of maize.

Briscoe, the second diver, stood impatiently upon the deck, awaiting the return of Lorsen, the big Swede, who had been down for more than his half hour.

"Hurry down, Briscoe," said the chief officer. "If anything's wrong, do what you can. If not, send him aloft."

The helmet with its glass front was fastened over the man's neck and he was lowered into the depths. As the water closed over him the world became

IN THE SLIME AND OOZE THE MEN GRAPPLED WITH EACH OTHER.

a haze of green. Presently he perceived the outlines of the wreck, resting upon the sand some yards away. Then his feet rested on the bootom and he began moving cautiously among the shattered timbers. A great, gaping hole in the side of the vessel, through which a shoal of little fish swam wildly away, served as the door of entry. Now Briscoe was clambering among the ruins of the wreck, seeking for the other diver.

All at once he perceived the connecting cord, like a great snake, wriggling through the green water. He followed it cautiously, into the vitals of the vessel. It lead into the cabin of the captain. There at the far end he saw Larsen's shadowy figure, upright upon its feet, but bending over something that lay before him.

Briscoe crept up behind the Swede. No sound was audible to either man, encased as they were in the strong helmets and he was enabled to approach directly behind the giant and to look over his shoulder. Larsen was bending over a small sea chest. But from its interior, even in that half darkness, there flashed streams and sparkles of light from a magnificent array of diamonds, rubies and other gems, set into bracelets, and necklaces. And hard by was the skeleton of the captain. Evidently he had opened the chest to secure the jewels when his fate overtook him. Briscoe started, toppled, and fell against Larsen. The Swede sprang round.

He stood glaring at Briscoe for one instant; then plunged for his throat. The sight of the coveted wealth, whose existence was unsuspected by the salvage operators, had evidently affected his reason; no other man should learn of that splendid prize. The recognition of the Swede's determination flashed across Briscoe's brain on the instant. Automatically he ducked his head to avoid the crashing blow of the giant's fist against the glass of his helmet. Once this was broken, he would instantly be inundated by the waters. This was the vital point of the diver's organism. The strong air pipe, fashioned to defy the fraying timbers of ships, could not be severed without an axe. It was only the glass that Briscoe feared for.

In the slime and ooze the men grappled with one another like wild animals. All Larsen's efforts were directed to shattering the glass of Briscoe's helmet. His giant strength enabled him easily to overpower the lighter man. But he could not give his fist sufficient momentum, in the encompassing water, to effect his purpose. Suddenly, however, his eye caught sight of an iron bolt that rested almost at the foot of the chest. He stretched out one arm, caught it between his fingers, and, with an exultant cry, that was absolutely inaudible behind the glass of his own helmet, smashed that of Briscoe. Then cautiously disentangling himself from the slain man's body, he picked his way to the outside of the vessel and gave the signal to be pulled up.

Suddenly, just as he began to ascend through the water, he felt his legs caught in an unbreakable clasp. With the last vestiges of his strength, Briscoe, choking and strangling, had flung his arms around Larsen's ankles. In vain were the Swede's struggles to free himself. Upward he rose, until he was deposited upon the deck of the salvage tug, carrying with him the living witness to both his jewels and his attempted crime.

LATE INVENTIONS.

A one-half horse-power electric motor, driven by a lighting current and directly connected with an air pump, is a new convenience for inflating automobile tires in garages.

To prevent a person soiling his fingers when squeezing a slice of lemon at a dinner table a dainty silver implement for the purpose has been invented.

A boxlike utensil with crossed knife blades on the top is a new implement with which a potato may be cut into chips by a simple pressure of the hand.

A Philadelphian who saw a child crushed by a trolley car wheels has patented a fender which may be dropped to the rails by a latch under the motorman's feet.

After three years of experiments two English opticians have perfected a lens which, mounted on the top of a submarine periscope tube, enables those within the vessel to see on all sides for a distance of eight miles.

Propelled in the same way as a skyrocket, but by powder that burns more slowly, an aerial torpedo to carry life lines to wrecked vessels has been perfected by a Swedish army officer.

A sort of combination sun dial and compass, the invention of an Englishman for aviators, consists of a celluloid dial to be inserted in an overhead plane, the shadow from the pin in the centre of it indicating the course the machine is taking.

ANIMALS' CLEANSING HABITS.

Frog's Weekly Wash—How Snakes Keep Clean—Birds' Bath.

The snake casts off its clothing. The form of reptiles is not adapted for allowing them to clean themselves, but they do not allow a trifle like this to trouble them. They simply change their skins as convenient.

Snakes shed their coats several times a year. Toads lose only their epidermis, or merely the mucous that covers it, but this suffices to render them clean. Frogs are said to moult every eight days, which amounts to a weekly washing.

The aquatic birds bathe in the open, and while disport themselves in the water they take some of the liquid in their bill and besprinkle their entire body with it.

The swallows skim the surface of ponds and dip their outspread tails into the water, then they afterward turn the tails under the belly by an abrupt motion, in order to sprinkle the body.

After the bath all birds shake themselves vigorously and then proceed to smooth the feathers one by one with the bill. Finally, the head is cleaned by rubbing it in all directions upon the breast and the wings.

Birds that live in families or gregariously share with each other these important operations. This fact easily is verified in the domestic geese and ducks of a poultry yard.—Chicago Tribune.

The Appetite for Hot Mince Pie.

The fact that Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou is fond of hot mince pie and eats it standing up in a quick lunch room opposite the White House has set the Washington correspondents to going.

We don't know why a place in the President's Cabinet should change a man's taste or in any degree affect his appetite.

Why shouldn't Secretary Cortelyou relish hot mince pie? Almost everybody else does. Of course the brand that one gets at a quick lunch counter is not the meaty, juicy and luscious article that mother used to make, stuffed with Malaga raisins and stimulated with cider squeezed out of old fashioned apples gathered from the orchard out back of the house.

But mince pie is mince pie, and there is no other pie to take its place. Custard pie is good and so is apple pie, but neither has the uplifting power and the soothing, gratifying power possessed by mince pie when served hot, with a crisp brown crust.

We applaud Secretary Cortelyou for the high quality of his gastronomic judgment and congratulate him upon the possession of a digestive apparatus tht is capable of taking care of so toothsome a product without giving its owner discomfort.

The time comes in the lives of some men when they are obliged, for the sake of other members of the family afraid of nightmare, to refrain from eating mince pie, but the knowledge that there are others who appreciate it and who can eat it with temerity and a knife, ought to give them some joy, whether it does or not.—Trenton State Gazette.

The Edwards.

England's King was the seventh (1841-1910).

He was anmed chiefly Albert Edward.

His mother desired him to be King Albert.

But he did not choose to have his father's name.

Edward I. was a man "with a head of good length, as well as very long shanks" $1239-1307).

Edward II. (1284-1327) was an unworthy successor, and was brutally murdered at Berkely Castle.

Edward III. (1312-1377) became King in 1327 and ten years after the Hundred Years' war with France began.

Edward IV. (1442-1483) was the son of Richard, Duke of York, succeeding the Lancastrian Henry VI., whom he defeated.

Edward V. (1470-1483) was murdered with his brother in the Tower, having been deposed by the Duke of Gloucester after a reign of but three months.

Edward VI. (1537-1553), the son of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, also had a very brief reign, though in it he gained a victory over the Scots at Pinkie.

Before the Edwards here mentioned there were monarchs thus named, notably Edward the Elder, King of the West Saxons (901-925), and Edward the Confessor (1004-1066), in whom perished the royal Saxon line.

From White to Black and Back Again.

In the West Indies and in most of the slave state in slavery days the proportion of black blood which made a "negro" was defined exactly by law and custom. No white could be held as a slave, and the law defined just when the halfcaste offspring became white. The old law in the West Indies and the names of the offspring follow:

White and negro, mulatto, one-half black.

White and mulatto, quadroon, one-fourth black.

White and quadroon, octoroon, one eighth black.

White and octoroon, quinteroon, one-sixteenth black.

White and quinteroon, griffada, one-thirty-second black.

White and griffada, mustafee, one-sixty-fourth black.

White and mustafee, mustee, one-one-hundredth-and-twenty-eighth black.

White and mustee, sang d'or, one-two-hundred-and-fifty-sixth black.

White and sang d'or, white again, not a negro, and could not be held as a slave.

"What sort of a chap is he?" "Well, he kicks for Waldorf service at a 15-cent lunch."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Praying may not bring all the things prayed for, but it never keeps them away.—Washington Post.

HOW TO ACT IN CASE OF FIRE

Perhaps no single ejaculation is capable of producing so instantaneous an so widespread an alarm as the cry of "Fire!" Nor is this surprising when we remember that the fire fiend is each year responsible for an almost incalculable loss, both of life and of property.

Yet of all emergencies, none more than an outbreak of fire imperatively demands a preservation of one's power to act with coolness and decision. Often, by prompt and well-directed action, the threatened catastrophe may be averted; the loss of property, and, what is still more important, the loss of human life, may be avoided.

Fire drill nowadays has its place in the routine of every well-conducted scholastic establishment; nor can it be doubted that the capacity for prompt and intelligent action thus inculcated in the minds of young people of both sexes has, in emergency, proved the means of preventing appalling disaster. But while this capacity for combined action is very desirable, there seems to be a danger of fostering it at the expense of what one may term "fire-education." Every child should be taught, by means of precept and experiment, what to do when a fire breaks out in his own house. He should be instructed how to go to work coolly and methodically, either to extinguish the flames, or—if necessary—to escape from the building. Lessons of this kind, imparted by practical methods, would become a source of strength in after life, and would go far to check the recurrence of fire outbreaks, with their entailed loss of life and capital.

Take, for example, the case of an overturned oil lamp. There is a sudden and alarming blaze; but if action is taken at once, the damage may be confined to the carpet, cloth, or whatnot upon which the lamp actually lies. To throw water on the conflagration is useless. The burning oil will only be forced over a larger area. The aim should be to absorb the oil and smother the flame as much as possible, and this may best be done by means of some non-inflammable powder—such as flour, sand, earth from the garden, or anything of the kind.

Another point worth remembering is the use of the soda-water syphon as an extinguisher. Suppose that a lamp or candle has ignited a curtain and that the flame has run up the fabric. A syphon of soda water, squirted over the flames, will work wonders. Not only does the force with which the liquid leaves the tube allow of its being directed well above the operator's head, but the carbonic-acid gas with which the water is charged helps to deaden the flames.

How to act for one's safety, or to assist another, in the case of burning clothing cannot be better told than in the words of Prof. John Marshall. He says: "If the dress of a woman catches fire, she should at once lie down on the floor, and should crawl in this position either to a bell-pull or a door, and call for assistance; or she should roll herself in a rug or blanket. In the event of a man rendering help, he should at once lay the patient down, take off his coat and roll her in it, unless he can obtain a blanket or rug, or roll her on the carpet. If a woman renders assistance, she must be careful not to allow her own clothing to touch the victim, but to hold a rug or blanket in front of herself while approaching the flames."

Prompt action without rashness or self-balking hurry, is the keynote of success in fighting the fire-fiend. This applies especially to those who wake from sleep to find the house on fire. Not a moment should be lost, but there should be no wild rushing from a window to a door and back again. First an attempt should be made to get down the stairs. To escape through passages filled with suffocating smoke, tie a wet handkerchief over the mouth and nose, then crawl on the hands and knees, for the smoke tends to rise with the hot air, and will be less dense close to the floor.

But if the whole of the lower part of the house is burning, and escape by means of the stairs is impossible, preparations must be made for leaving through the window. Tie all the sheets and blankets together by means of "reef knots," which will not slip, no matter how much strain is put upon them. Then drop the bedding or mattress from the window, in order that there may be some kind of break in the event of a possible fall. Finally, make one end of your improvised fire escape fast to the bedpost, drop the other end from the window, and after making sure that it reaches to, or almost too, the ground, go down it boldly hand over hand. It should be added that in the case of inexperienced persons, there is always considerable risk of a dangerous fall resulting from this means of exit; therefore it should be undertaken only when all other means of escape have failed.—Scientific American.

STREET LIGHTING NOVELTY.

Plan of a German Village to Make Pedestrians Pay for Their Light.

Why should sober minded citizens who are in their homes and safe in bed by 10 o'clock at night pay lighting taxes for others who, being of a jovial turn of mind, prefer to stay in cafes, clubs or bars until midnight and do not return home until the early hours of the morning?

Manifestly it is unfair, but in Germany this question has now been answered in a way which will please the earnest taxpayers, and probably prove a terror to the late night birds. To the village of Zarkau, near Glogau, in Silesia, must be given the honor of installing a system of automatic electric lighting for the streets. The electric lights burn every night from the outskirts of Glogau through the village of Zarkau, a distance of about a kilometer, until 10 o'clock at a mutual cost to the community in general. Then they are switched out.

At each end of this kilometre stretch, on an iron pillar, stands a small iron cupboard lighted by a tiny electric light. Those persons who are out after 10 o'clock wishing to have their way lighted must insert a ten pfennig piece into a slot in the side of the iron cupboard. Then the nine lamps placed along this stretch burst forth into a twelve minute life, thus enabling the passenger to find his way in lightness to his or her house.

The scheme is working in a satisfactory way, and it seems quite probable that other German villages and towns will follow the example of Zarkau and install the automatic lighting system to be put into operation after 10 o'clock.—Berlin correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

A DRINK IN THE DESERT.

The Barrel Cactus Almost as Good as a Water Barrel.

Srangers lef alone in the desert often die; native animals and native races do not. For the natives know that there is water in all deserts and that the receptacles for this water are plants which by means of their roots absorb water from the soil when the rains come and store it up like reservoirs for use in time of drought. An examination with the microscope shows how this is done. The interior of a plant that holds water consists of myriad water storage cells, and according to the Strand a determination of the water in a sample of the storage tissue of the barrel cacus has shown over 96 per cent.

One specimen recently kept in the conservatory of the Department of Agriculture at Washington weighed 179 pounds. A specimen weighing a ton and measuring nine feet high and three feet in diameter was once received at Kew, but soon died owing to injuries in transit.

Some years ago when Frederick V. Coville of the Department of Agriculture at Washington in company with D. T. MacDougal, of the New York Botanical Garden, was in Mexico seeking a location for a desert botanical laboratory for the Carnegie Institution of Washington he made a special study of the barrel cactus.

Happily for the investigations there was at hand in the person of Mr. Coville's guide—an intelligent Papago Indian—one who from old time practice was able to show how deftly and quickly the traveller in the desert may quench his thirst. He first picked out a cactus a little over three feet high and twenty inches in diameter. He then sliced off the top and exposed the white interior, raising the top from the rest of the plant as if it were a lid on hinges.

Inside could be seen a pulpy structure, evidently saturated with water, although it was noticeable that the water did not exude from the pulp when the cut was made. The guide then cut a stake about three inches in diameter at the blunt end an dbegan to mash he flesh of the cactus into a pulp.

By this means he made in the top of the cactus a sort of bowl and soon had collected a suitable quantity of this pulp. Then taking it up handful by handful he squeezed out the water into the bowl and tossed the useless pulp away. The flavor of the water was slightly salt.

The Georges.

A new George is on England's throne.

This brings Britain's Georges into the limelight.

St. George is the patron saint of chivalry and of England.

The earliest of them introduced the Hanoverite line into Britain.

George I. (1660-1727) could not speak at all the language of his kingdom.

George II. (1683-1760), also elector of Hanover, joined his father in the struggle against Louis XIV.

George III. (1738-1820), grandson of the preceding, was a moral King. He was subject to fits of insanity. His reign was noted for brilliant statesmen and writers. He had 15 children.

George IV. (1762-1830), eldest son of the preceding, became regent in 1810, owing to his father's insanity. He "cut up high jinks" at various times with various charmers.

George V. (born June 3, 1865), married Princess Mary of Teck in 1893. She had been betrothed to his brother. He had been previously morganatically married to an admiral's daughter, and had a family. They have five children, one a girl.

Where Titles Are Cheap.

The cheapest country for buying a title used to be Portugal. When a man is made a baron or a count there his patent recites the service for which the grant is made. I was once in Portugal, and I had some curiosity to discover what were the services for which an Englishman of my acquaintance had been made a Portuguese baron. I therefore looked the matter up and I found that it was for having introduced into the country a new tree. There used to be another plan for becoming a baron. It appears that there is—or was then—a convent which once had large possessions. All its tenants were, by the fact of being tenants, barons. But the convent had lost its possessions with the exception of one farm. It had an agent in London. For a very moderate consideration the agent let this farm to a would-be tenant. He therefore became a baron and when he resigned the farm to the next applicant he retained the title.—London Truth.

DOESN'T ALWAYS WORK.

(Judge.)

Knicker—It is said that you can keep a donkey from braying by attaching a weight to its tail.

Bocker—Nonsense! The Democratic donkey has had Bryan tied to it for 12 years and brays as loud as ever.

NEED THE ROOM.

"I suppose that they will be letting eggs and meat and other things out of cold storage now."

"How's that?"

"To make room for the fur coats."

"So he never brought you candy or flowers?" "All he ever brought me was a bag of peanuts the night he proposed." "I suppose you rejected him without a qualm?" "Not entirely. It is something of a jolt to have to refuse a man who is so economical that he is just bound to become a millionaire."—Washington Herald.

Mrs Newlywed—You are not a bit interested in my new dress Mr Newlywed—"Indeed, I am! How many hooks has it —St. Louis Post-Despatch.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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

CAPITAL, - $10,000,000 REST, - $7,000,000

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

Issued by The Canadian Bank of Commerce are the most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are negotiable everywhere, self-identifying, and the exact amount payable in the principal foreign countries is printed on the face of every cheque. The cheques are issued in denominations of

$10, $20, $50, $100 and $200, 235

and may be obtained on application at the Bank.

In connection with its Travellers' Cheques The Canadian Bank of Commerce has issued a booklet entitled "Information of Interest to those about to travel", which will be sent free to anyone applying for it.

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER, CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

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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 [illegible] of paper will be promptly attended to. Address all communications to the editor

Associated Boards of Trade

[Continued from page 1]

Nelson; A. B. Mackenzie, L. A. Campbell, J. T. Deschamps, of Rossland; A. B. Fenwick of Fort Steele; W. J. Uren, of Cranbrook; R. Campbell, J.W. Fitch J. P. Farrell of Moyie; Noble Binns, and T. W. Bingay of Trail; J. W. Cockle Geo. Buchanan, H. Giegerich of Kaslo; J. V. Murphy of Calgary; C. O. Rodgers, P. B. Fowler, R. S. Bevan, G. Lowenberg, W. H. Crawford, R. J. Long, J. Atherton, R. Walmsley, Geo. Huscroft, W. V. Jackson, A. Miller, R. Fitzgerald, G. M. Gunn, W. Burton. R. M. Reid, J. F. Rose, S. M. Hatfield, H. S. McCreath, G. A. M. Young, S. A. Speers, J. Arrowsmith, F. G. Little, W. S. Watson, W. E. Metcalf, E. J. Klingensmith, R. G. Scruton A. Orell, E. Mallandaine, P. B. Fowler, J. B. Moran of Creston. Mr. C. O Rodgers, President of the Creston Board of Trade filled the onerous position of Toastmaster, and a lengthy programme of toasts was honored.

After the Loyal toast had been enthusiastically received, Mr. J. S. Deschamps proposed "Our Province," coupled with the name of Premier McBride, suitably responded to by E. Mallandaine and A. B. Fenwick. Chairman C. O. Rodgers then proposed "Our guests," replied to on behalf of the visitors by J. A. Campbell and H. Ciegerich; "Mining and Lumbering," introduced in an eloquent speech by J. W. Cockle, was no less eloquently responded to by T. G Proctor, W. A. Ainstie and J. P. Farrell; F. A. Starkey and J. W. Cockle responded in a manner worthy of the important toast of "Agriculture and Commerce," which Mr. G. O. Buchanan had proposed in one of the best speeches of the evening "Transportation," proposed by G. A. M. Young, was dealt with by experts in the persons of W. J. Uren and W. R. Haldane; the "Cities and towns of our Association," proposed by R. G. Scruton was responded to by Noble Binns, A B. Mackenzie, T. W. Bingay. The "Press" proposed by R. S. Bevan, ably responded to by H. H. Currie of The Nelson News, and R. G, Scruton; Mr. P. B. Fowler proposed the last toast of the evening "Our host of the Creston Hotel Brock Moran, the man with the biggest heart in Creston. Everyone jumped to their feet to second it, the strains of "See him smiling," swung into "God Save the King," and at the first note of "Auld lang Syne," all hands and voices were joined, bringing the Banquet to a close amid a scene of enthusiastic good fellowship.

Piper G. M. Gunn assisted with selections on the bagpipes, and several of the guests rendered impromptu songs.

RESUMED BUSINESS.

At 10 a.m. Thursday, the Convention resumed business, looking a trifle sleepy after the celebrations of the previous evening. The most important resolutions dealt with were those relating to Forest fire protection, and the imposition of a duty on rough lumber from the United States. On these, the Creston delegates, led by Mr. C. O. Rodgers, who spoke from a wide practical knowledge of the subjects, made themselves effectually heard, and the resolutions asking for these great interests to be adequately protected, were unanimously adopted.

The next Convention will be held at Rossland, in January 1912. After the usual complimentary resolutions, and a very able closing speech by President Starkey, the Convention closed at 12 noon.

This convention ranks as the most successful ever held in the history of the Associated Boards. To Creston the chosen meeting place for the distinguis- business men who comprise the Association, in particular, it has been of the greatest value. Our satisfied guests will return to their home towns bearing with them the specimen apples presented by the Board, and speaking in the highest terms of the reception accorded them in the glorious valley. This is the best kind of publicity, and the President, Secretary and members of the Creston Board of Trade, have well earned the thanks of the entire valley community which has benefitted so greatly as the result of their public spirited action in securing for Creston the privilege of entertaining the Associated Boards of Trade of Eastern British Columbia.

New Bank Block

Another addition to the business blocks of Creston will shortly be erected, the Canadian Bank of Commerce having decided to erect a large new building to accomodate the increased business.

Body Arrives Today

The body of the late W. S. Ryckman will arrive on today's delayed westbound. The body arrived at Cranbrook from Mexia, Texas, on last night's flyer. Nothing definite is yet known as to the date of the interment. We understand that efforts will be made to inter the deceased gentleman with semi-military honors.

LATER.—The body has arrived, and the funeral will take place to-morrow (Saturday) from the family residence at 2 30

The Boy Scouts

The picturesque Boy Scouts uniforms have arrived from Vancouver, and tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon the full organized patrols will parade. Creston Boy Scouts are numerically and physically strong, and the citizens will have an opportunity tomorrow of watching the future generals of our Empire giving an exhibition of their drills and scout work, which they have been practicising since the patrols were organized here.

A breakdown on our large press is the cause of our late appearance this week.

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.

A Cure for New Year Bills

FEELING DESPONDENT

Blue and out of sorts from overwork or from business worries or ill health? There is nothing that will brace you up and put backbone in you like a good, pure beer. It invigorates the nervous system while strengthening the body and mind.

Sold at all the Creston Hotels.

Nelson Brewing Co., Ltd. Wm. Gosnell Manager.

BOOKS

BOOKS

We carry a large stock of books, and if out of your favorite author, or any kind of reading, we will try and procure same for you. Copyright Books always kept on hand, also a good stock of magazines.

Creston Drug & Book Co.

A Long Smoke

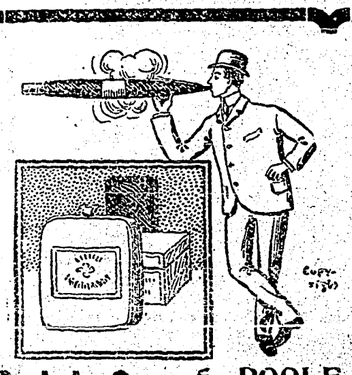
a strong smoke, a short smoke, or any kind of a smoke but a poor smoke can be obtained here

We carry a very complete and assorted stock of Imported and Domestic Cigars and Cigarettes, Smoking Tobacco, Pipes and Smokers' Articles.

These Cigars

are made of fine leaf in First-class factories.

From the cheapest to the most expensive they will give satisfaction



Creston Wine & Spirit Co. S. POOLE Prop.

FOR SALE.—Lots 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, Block 3, Dow's Addition. Send offer to owner, Mrs W. Wilson, 551 Fifth Street, Brandon, Manitoba.

Sold by the Creston Drug and Book Store, Creston

Dinner Set, 112 pieces, $7.75.—C C S.

For Rent.—100 acres of land suitable sim Dairy, Poultry and Hog Farming mnated within 1½ miles of five large Mines. House, Barn, etc. Easy terms Apply C. P. Hill, Hillcrest Mines, Alberta. 15-tf

SEND IN YOUR

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

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

Turbans, Hats and Bonnets in the Latest Styles. Fancy Mounts Plumes and Flowers in all the new Winter Shades

Children's wool and bearskin hoods, jackets, mitts, gloves, overalls, etc. in great variety.

MRS. M. YOUNG
Millinery and Fancy Store
Fourth Street, Creston, B.C.

The Riverside Nurseries, Grand Forks B.C.

Is the NEAREST NURSERY to the CRESTON DISTRICT. Stock arrives in FRESH, HEALTHY CONDITION

For Prices, etc., write to—
WALTER V. JACKSON, Agent, Creston, B. C.

NEW CUTTERS, SLEIGHS and BOBS

Our shipment of CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, and BOBS that arrived last week have nearly all been sold, and we have wired for a second shipment, which will be here in a few days.

Get your Order in Early before the Second Shipment is also taken up . . . . . .

H. S. McCreath, Prop
Phone 56

$50 REWARD

Fifty dollars reward will be paid to the person or persons who will furnish the necessary information to effect a conviction of the party or parties who broke down and destroyed twelve of my apple trees at my ranch on Block 12, in September last.

JOHN MORGAN

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

A $45 Stock Saddle raffle will take place in a few days at Sam Hatfield's pool rooms. Have you got a ticket?

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

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

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

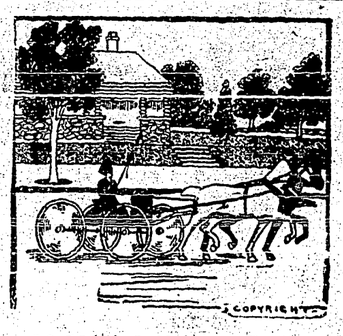
YOU will make no mistake when you get off the train if you sign the register at the Creston Hotel. Travelling men will substantiate this. We study the comfort of our guests. The rooms are well furnished in a manner up-to-date.

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

J. B. Moran - - Prop.

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



If You Like to Drive

you can indulge yourself by engaging a team from this livery stable for as long and as short a time as you desire.

This Livery Stable

is also prepared to sent a carriage to meet trains, to take you shopping or calling, or to convey you to any June weddings you wish to attend.

Cameron Bros.
CRESTON LIVERY

CANADIAN PACIFIC

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS

Fare and One-Third for the Round Trip

Between all stations on the Main Line, Port Arthur to Vancouver and Intermediate Branch Lines

Tickets on Sale December 22, 1910 to January 2, 1911 Final Return Limit, January 5th, 1911

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

Don't overlook the new plumber on Sirdar Avenue, Ed F. Johnson. See his ad. elsewhere in this issue.

WANTED. — An experienced Dressmaker. Apply Creston Clothing House, Box 59, Creston, B.C.

Beef Beef Beef

We carry a choice stock of Beef,

Mutton, Pork and Veal

Our Beef is fed on the famous Kootenay Flats. All kinds of

Lard, Cheese and Hams

Always in stock

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

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Blanche Sabine, of Toronto, Ont., married woman, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:

Commencing at a post planted about 400 feet and in a northerly direction from Summit creek, opposite road post No. 552, 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 16th November, 1910.

18.27 BLANCHE SABINE, 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 about 100 feet southerly from road post No. 580, on north bank of Summit creek, 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 16th November, 1910.

VINA GOODCHILD, Applicant
1827 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 200 feet southerly from road post No. 650, 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 150 acres, more or less.

Dated 16th November, 1910.

1827 JAMES CHATEM, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, Agent

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that I, Laurel Goodchild, of Toronto, Ont., spinster, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about one half mile easterly from road post No. 582, and on southern bank of Summit Creek, thence 40 chains east, thence 40 chains north, thence 40 chains west, or to Summit Creek, thence along Summit Creek to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated 16th November 1910.

1827 LAUREL GOODCHILD, Applicant
EDWARD FERGUSON, Agent

Linoleum, 12 feet wide, 63½ cents square yard.—C.C.S.

Facts about Creston, B. C.

Location

ON the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, where the line leaves the enclosing mountains and comes out into the broad fertile valley of the Lower Kootenay.

Area

BETWEEN 30 and 40 thousand acres of bench Fruit Lands, the best in British Columbia for growing Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, etc. In addition to the above are the broad, flat-bottom hay meadow lands of the Kootenay Valley, consisting of 35,000 acres—the largest continuous area of good fruit lands in the Interior of B.C.

Soil and Climate

UNEXCELLED Not in the Dry Belt. Owing to the large bodies of water in the vicinity the annual precipitation is large, the average being 29 inches. Summer frosts absolutely unknown, owing to the excellent air drainage through the valley. Produces the highest quality of fruit and vegetable products, as is evidenced by the 9 special prizes out of 14 exhibits taken by Creston fruit at the Spokane Apple Show, 1908, in competition with the principal Apple Growing Districts of the U.S.A. an also a "clean sweep" of first prizes at the Garden Produce and Fruit Show, Cranbrook, 1909

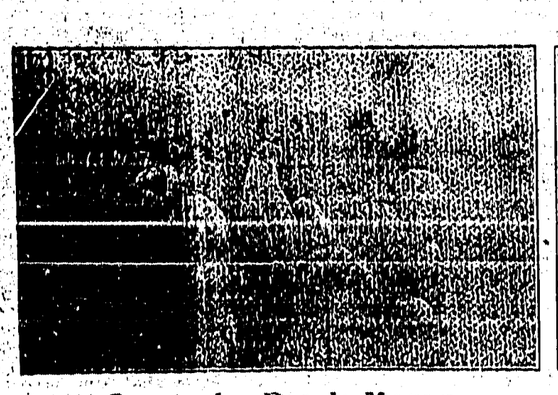
Shipping Facilities

CRESTON is 6 hours nearer the market than any other fruit-growing district in South-East Kootenay, and products can be placed on the markets in the Coal and Wheat Fields of the Canadian North-West without transhipment. Strawberries shipped at noon arrive at coal towns and parts of prairie country the same day.

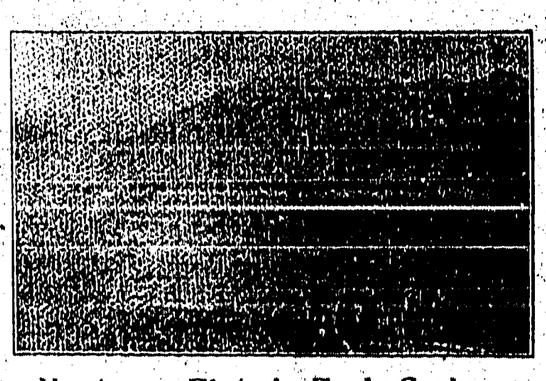
Social Advantages

THREE Schools, four Churches, four Fraternal Lodges, good Hotels, first-class Stores, up-to-date Telephone System with lines all over the district, Chartered Bank, four Saw Mills, Town Waterworks.

Grown in the Creston Valley



Grown by Brock Moran



Kootenay Flats in Early Spring

Write to the Secretary of the Creston Board of Trade for any further Information

OLDtTIMERS TO HOLD BANQUET

The recently formed Old-Timer's Club of Creston will hold a banquet in the Burton Hotel, on St. Valentine's Day (Feb. 14th).

An able committee, consisting of Geo. Young, Tom Harris and Jas. Compton has been appointed to superintend the arrangements, and this banquet promises to be one of the most successful functions ever held in the valley.

The very name "Old Timers" is itself a suggestion of that spirit of comradeship and good feeling which has always been an attribute of the pioneers of all countries. The sturdy, self-reliant settlers who in the old times blazed the trails through the wilderness of what is to-day, thanks to their efforts, the cultivated valley of Creston, were the best type of pioneers, and at the banquet we shall expect to see revived, if only for one brief evening, the real old-time atmosphere.

A LADIES' BANQUET

The banquetting fever has struck the burg of Creston, and struck it hard.

But the banquets seem to be confined to "mere men," so a brilliant idea has been conceived by Mr. Geo. Huscroft. Why not a Ladies' Banquet?

An active committee of prominent citizens has been formed, and we understand that some $150 has already been promised for the purpose of entertaining the ladies of Creston to a banquet worthy of the beautiful and charming guests it is intended to honor.

The difficulties in the way are very great, but we believe they can be overcome, and if the capable organizers who have the matter in hand stay with the project we prophesy the affair can be so staged as to be a tremendous success.

TO RENT.—A three roomed cottage, at $8 per month. Apply to the REVIEW Office.

Flannelette, one yard wide 12½ cents C.C.S.

NOTICE

Practical newspaper and Court Stenographer, holding Pitman certificates under examinations of the Isaac Pitman Shorthand Teachers Association for theory, 80, 100, and 120 words a minute, is prepared to take pupils for high speed shorthand during the winter months. Apply R. G. Scruton, A.L.A.A., Box 38, Creston.

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More Sleep in Open Air

City Dwellers Taking to the Outdoor Bedroom

(New York Sun.)

Outdoor bedrooms are becoming more common in New York. They would be more popular were they easier to get. This has been made plain since the opening of the tuberculosis exhibit at the Museum of Natural History.

Persons who never before had anything to say on the subject are beginning to compare notes. Not that the majority of outdoor sleepers have tuberculosis or ever expect to have it. Nervousness, insomnia, a delicate throat, a tendency to catch cold are among the reasons given by men and women for sleeping on extension roofs, balconies, fire escapes, housetops and cots projecting half way out of a window.

How many of these persons there are in New York nobody knows. It is agreed, however, that in the aggregate the number of outdoor sleepers is large and growing fast. Conditions make a certain amount of secrecy about the practice desirable. Sail a woman who is planning to sleep on a narrow fourth storey alcove balcony between two bow windows:

"For mercy's sake don't give my address or I shall have a crowd of the curious opposite my house every night watching my preparations for bed."

This woman's house is in a fine residence street of the upper West Side, which gets a good sweep of river breezes. Like other houses in the block it is finished with an occasional balcony in line with the fourth storey windows. A stone balustrade perhaps thirty-four inches high guards the front of the balcony, and the roof coping forms a partial protecting cover.

Rolled out of sight under this coping is a heavy awning which is let down at night if the weather is stormy. Here on a cot, which is put out at bed time and taken in at daybreak, the owner of the house is acquiring the habit of sleeping soundly, and incidentally gaining in strength and good looks.

It is the gain in good looks, in fact, which encourages her to keep right on with an experiment begun last February to an accompaniment of no end of good natured chaff from her family. A mild snowfall once or twice in the night has failed to drive her indoors. She allows nothing short of a hard rainstorm to send her to cover.

Her example has been followed by three of her friends living in Manhattan. More of her friends would sleep out of doors, she is sure, were there more houses which include an outdoor projection big enough to hold a cot, the average woman being too timid to sleep on a housetop.

An official of the

TUBERCULOSIS EXHIBIT

is certain that the exhibit will have a strong influence on the future architecture of city houses and that the straight up and down boxlike variety of house will go out of fashion. Sooner or later, this man thinks, extensions and balconies of various sizes will be an adjunct of every modern city private dwelling or apartment house, and as a result New York may one day furnish the interesting spectacle of fringes of sleepers decorating the facades and the rear walls of buildings in the best residential as well as the tenement districts.

Just now it is the well-to-do classes that are giving most attention to demonstrating the healthfulness of sleeping in the open air, and it is city dwellers rather than residents of the country who show the greater enthusiasm on the question of outdoor bedrooms. As an illustration of the lukewarm attitude of the average country dweller toward the teachings of the exhibit the official already quoted repeats the comments of a motherly old lady, hale and hearty in appearance and obviously from the country, who strolled in one morning in the wake of a very citified young granddaughter breezily chatting about a camping out experience she enjoyed last summer. The old lady listened without saying anything until she came opposite a large placard on which were printed conspicuously these directions:

Sleep with your window open.

Don't be afraid of night air.

Don't be afraid of cold air.

The old lady took off her glasses, polished and put them on again and carefully read the directions a second time. Then in the tone of kindly tolerance one uses toward misguided, ignorant adolescence, she remarked

"Dear me, how the

FASHIONS DO CHANGE!

When I was a girl our family doctor gave very different advice from that. Whenever I had a cold my mother was told not to let me breathe the night air at all, and father, who suffered a good deal from catarrh, was warned by the doctors not to go out after sundown and to keep his bedroom window tight. To sit out on a piazza late at night was not considered prudent when I was a girl, let alone to sleep on one," and the old lady shook her head disapprovingly as she eyed a picture of a hospital piazza lined from end to end with cots.

There are several families living in the suburbs of New York keen enough as to the possible health advantages of outdoor sleeping to be willing to spend considerable money to provide it by adding outdoor extension bedrooms to their houses.

One house, a picture of which is shown, had a year ago merely the usual front piazza not adapted for a private sleeping room. The owner and his family decided while they were about it to provide three outdoor bedrooms arranged so as to secure a certain degree of privacy.

The result was the topping of the front piazza with a room of the same width and eight feet long and two rooms eight feet square, built one above the other near a rear corner of the house, each room guarded on three sides with a railing a yard high. The work was completed early last spring, since when three members of the family have seldom slept indoors, and two of them, semi-invalids for years, are gradually getting well.

The cost of the additions, in the opinion of the owner, will before long be offset by the saving in doctor's bills, to say nothing of medicine and nurse hire.

There have been occasions of late when fresh air enthusiasts have been the cause of embarrassment to themselves and to others. For instance, out in the Kingsbridge section are two houses not far apart and under one management which constitute a large boarding house and include a piazza reached only by way of the living room and a piazza reached via the dining room only. Either piazza is raised several feet above the street level and has a high railing.

A YOUNG FRESH AIR

enthusiast who last spring applied for board no sooner saw the piazza adjoining the living room than she went into ecstasies, offering to pay extra for the privilege of sleeping there at night. After some hesitation and with the proviso that not until all the other guests had vacated the piazza for the night must the cot put in an appearance the landlady gave her consent. Before long, the evenings getting warmer, sitters began to linger on the piazza longer than was pleasing to the fresh air enthusiast, who, as a hint, began to have her cot brought on before the piazza was vacated.

At this some of the guests demurred. Early risers also protested at finding the piazza turned into a bedroom.

Finding herself getting unpopular, the lady changed her room, moving to the other house, where she prepared to sleep on the piazza of the dining-room. This worked all right until early breakfasters made complaint. Then the landlady cut off the outdoor sleeping privilege and her boarder found quarters in a nearby apartment house which, like many of the newer apartments built lately in the Kingsbridge section, provides a real piazza for each tenant. There she can sleep out of doors without interfering with anybody's comfort.

In one such fourth storey apartment not far from the 225th street station live two young women stenographers, both narrow chested, pale and overworked looking six months ago. They have slept regularly on their piazza ever since a two weeks trial resulted in better digestion and complexion. These young women intend to continue sleeping out of doors all winter.

IN ONE OF THE EIGHTIES,

not far from Central Park, is an outdoor bedroom arranged on the roof of an extension butler's pantry, which every night is occupied by a business man who spends from eight to ten hours a day in an office. At the further end of the extension are a couple of poles, between which and the house wall is stretched an adjustable awning.

Last August this man, forced to take a month's vacation, spent most of it at a modern fashionable hotel not a great way from New York which advertised outdoor bedrooms in deference to the growing popularity of the fresh air cure. The architecture of this hotel provides outside alcoves or niches in connection with at least one-half of the sleeping rooms. These alcoves or covered balconies are guarded with a high rail and furnished with suitable cots.

Five weeks' trial of outdoor sleeping convinced the New Yorker that it was the best medicine for him. Therefore on his return home he at once set about converting the pantry extension into a bedroom.

Not far from this man lives a physician who after nearly one year's stay in an Adirondack sanitarium, returned to New York restored in health to resume his practice. To sleep indoors after his mountain experience he found depressing. Therefore after consulting with friends who had mastered the difficulties of setting up an outdoor bedroom in the city he had put up on the roof of his butler's pantry a sort of shack, made principally of wood, which can easily be taken apart and by means of sliding doors may be used wide open or partly closed. In this the doctor sleeps.

One of the first extension roof bedrooms put up in New York is attached to a house in West Fourteenth street. In this case the roof is enclosed in a high wooden railing and poles support a roof canvas and side flaps.

COSTLIEST OUTDOOR

bedroom built to date in Manhattan is included in the new house of Dr. H. F. Lange Ziegel, which is on the upper West Side. It is unique in fact among the outdoor sleeping outfits of New York.

The house, a five storey grey stone structure of the American basement style, includes a large extension butler's pantry on the second floor rear, and it is on top of this extension that the outdoor room is built, an iron stairway connecting it with a door leading into the third storey room directly over the dining room.

The doctor says that in building this bedroom he had a twofold object—to gain a breezy hot weather bedroom and sitting room in view of the fact that he spends most of his summer in New York, and to provide a solarium and outdoor bedroom good for winter use. Instead of an ordinary wooden railing a three foot brick wall bounds the roof. From this at each corner rises a square brick column and connecting the columns at the top is a wooden beam. Two slender transverse beams form a skeleton roof covered when desired with a waterproof awning operated with pulleys. Green wooden blinds screen the east side without keeping out the air. The south and west sides are left open.

The place has a

MOVABLE WOODEN

flooring of fine boards and is lighted with electricity. Next spring Japanese blinds will be put at the west side and an awning to shade the south side, also flowering window boxes to trim the edge of the brick railing, thus converting the place into a pergola as well as an outdoor sleeping room. Probably by another winter the room will be enclosed with movable glass sashes to carry out more fully the idea of a solarium.

A drain pipe connects the room with the house main, so that a hose may be turned on the interior to cool it off in summer and to keep it clean.

A contrast to this room is the outdoor sleeping room of a young woman who by spending of late most of her days and nights on a fire escape is slowly getting a grip on health and a more permanent clutch on life than was thought possible five months ago. The rooms occupied by this young woman's family are at the top of a five-storey flat house, and the fire escape which is bedroom and sitting room combined is wider than some of the fire escapes in more modern buildings. It holds easily, for instance, a wide rocker which the invalid prefers using during the day and a cot which she uses at night.

Before long this patient will go back to her work in a store but she will continue to sleep out on her fire escape protected partially by an awning for the next three months by advice of her doctor.

OVER ON THE EAST SIDE.

Between Thirty-fourth and Fourteenth streets, the fire escape bedroom is getting to be almost common in connection with the poorer tenements, the fire laws permitting the use generally of top floor fire escapes for this purpose. Five years ago, said a physician who practises in that neighborhood, to ask a man or a woman to sleep or to sit out on a fire escape in cold weather would have been useless; but now that well off folks are doing practically the same thing fire escape bedrooms are getting to be almost popular in some of the better tenement districts, and a feature which has helped along their popularity is the supply of comparatively cheap blankets and sleeping bags, made largely of newspapers between flannel, which cost only a dollar or two and are warm enough to use in a much colder climate.

In one of the downtown houses populated mostly by bachelors and which has neither balcony nor extension roof bedrooms live two young men who are both victims of poor digestion and weak throat. Last summer they shared a tent in a suburb and commuted, with such improvement to their health that soon after coming back to the city for the winter each invested in a window tent and sleeps with his head out of doors protected by what at a distance looks like an ordinary window awning, covering, however, only the lower half of the window.

In each case an ordinary cot was built up to the height of the window sill by adding square blocks of wood to the supports at the foot, and the front end was slid out of the window about two feet or so to rest on the awning supports. A heavy screen put around the foot of the bed stopped all draughts. When a stormy night arrives the cot is put alongside the window, the head of the sleeper being close to the window.

BEAR HUNT IN JAPAN.

Inexperience and Rusty Guns Led Nimrods to Disaster.

It happened on the 18th ult., shortly before sunset, that some surveyors accompanied by laborers, were still surveying a field at Uyenai in Esashi-gun, Hokkaido.

While engaged in this work a bear made its appearance from a cave near by and ambling threateningly toward the puarty sprang upon one of the workmen who was in the act of running away. The man escaped with a lacerated arm and the bear was left victor, the field being cleared of its human occupants in a remarkably brief space of time.

The incident came to the knowledge of some local Nimrods, and some days later bruin was traced to his lair. One of the gallant hunters fired, but there was something wrong with his gun. Unfortunately it did not go off; that is went off, but in a rather irregular way, the gun being rusty and the powder damp. All these things, however, only served to enrage bruin, who attacked his enemies. The other hunter took the opportunity when the bear's attention was centred upn his companion and fired his gun, but this weapon too was useless. The bear apparently now had both men at his mercy and in a short time they were lying seemingly lifeless and managled on the ground. A passing mail car carried the vanquised hunters to the nearest village, where one of the men seems to be on the way to recovery under treatment, but the other died of his wounds. —Hakodate correspondence Japan Advertiser.

THE JOY OF THE CROSS.

It is a serious misfortune that the Christian teacher is inclined to dwell rather upon the cost of self-denial than its rewards. It is the province of religion to convert the wilderness into a fruitful field and to make the desert blossom as the rose.

It is quite true that religion requires one to "take up the cross;" but it is none the less true that the cross is a source of joy such as the world can give or take from one. And the first element in this joy is freedom from the sting of sin. The well man passing through a hospital where the suffering lie, says to himself, "What a blessed thing is health." "To feel one's life in every limb" is a joy. And to get out from under the burden of sin, he bore was to Bunyan's Pilgrim a joy as heavenly as to view from Beulah's heights the Celestial city.

It is a joy of religion to be conscious of strength. Underneath all the passion for athletes is the joy which a strong man knows who strips to run a race. What a joy the soul knows when it has learned to sing, "O my soul, thou has trodden down strength." The joy of conscious power, the joy of victorious strength, is a part of the joy of life in which Jesus calls us, although the way to it lies by the sea.

And then to crown all is the joy of hope. Always "more to follow." Always happier fields and larger delights await us. But these lines before the young Christian and not simply the the gate.—Selected.

WHICH IS IT?

(Punch.)

"Father?"

"Well, what is it?"

"It says here, 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' Is that so, father?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"Well, father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, and is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?"

THE COIN

(By H. H. Hudson.)

Public institutions are much alike, and each has a character all its own. It was so at the Home for Friendless Boys. Willie Hope was unlike the other rough gamins gathered from the streets of the city. He was pale, sickly and diminutive. There was a strength, forbearance and cheerfulness about him, however, which distinguished him from all the rest. The lad was never known to complain. When visitors came, the masters and matrons showed them the buildings and talked about modern methods of management; but somehow these visitors ivariably went away impressed by the happy face and manner of a weak little boy who amused himself alone, as the games in which the others engaged were beyond his strength.

One morning the teachers announced that there would be no school as the governor of the state was to visit the institution. The flag was run up on the main building and a holiday declared, while outdoor sports, including baseball, were arranged. After his arrival the quick eye of the governor took in every feature of the spirited occasion. Later the great man went over and talked with the little fellow who had not joined in the games. He patted him on the shoulder and said: "Willie, I am glad I met you. Write me a letter now and then, and I will find time to answer." Before they parted he gave the boy a coin.

A few weeks later a great political campaign was on. The governor was making his greatest fight. His every move was watched by his enemies, and his strength was taxed to the utmost. It was the turning point in his career. He was not fighting for self alone, for an army of followers had cast their fortunes with him. After the battle, while the votes were being counted, the candidate for re-election sought rest and solitude in his private office waiting for returns from outlying districts. His fate would be known by midnight. If the election went against him he would be ruined. He had neglected his business interests; his health was broken; and his private fortune had been swept away.

At last the message came. He placed

DONE UP IN A PIECE OF BROWN PAPER WAS A COIN.

the receiver to his ear and heard the word, "Defeated." The nerves of steel relaxed, and a quer light cam into the tired eyes. He opened a drawer in the desk before him and taking out a revolver, eyed the instrument of death. He cast a lingering look about him. His glance was attracted by an envelope lying unopened among his papers. It was small and soiled. He tore it open and a parcel fell to the floor. He stooped and picked it up. Done up in a piece of brown paper was a coin. He opened the letter and read the rough scrawl:

"Dear Governor This is from Willie. I wanted to send you something, and all I have is the coin you gave me a year ago. It will help you to remember me. I may not be here when you come again, as I heard the doctor whisper to the nurse that I would not live long; but I am glad and thankful for every day. I often wished I might become a great and brave man like you. I am in bed all the time now, but I am very happy because everybody is so kind."

Tears gathered in the eyes of the defeated candidate. He quickly placed the gun back in the drawer. Then he stood erect and the old gleam of courage came back into his eyes. He wrapped the coin in the piece of brown paper, and placing it in the corner of his wallet, walked from the room to meet the world again, his face flooded with peace and happiness.

The coin was the beginning of a new hope which in future years blossomed into renewed greatnes and success.

If You Want to Keep Young Mark Well These Essentials.

(By Elizabeth Henry.)

Hold young thoughts persistently.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression.

Simply refuse to grow old by counting your years or anticipating old age.

Don't allow yourself to think on your birthday that you are a year older.

Refrain from all kinds of stimulants and sedatives; they will shorten your life.

Keep in the sunlight; nothing beautiful or sweet ripens in the darkness.

Nature is a great rejuvenator; her spirit is ever young. Live with her; study her; love her.

Avoid excesses of all kinds; they are injurious. The long life must be a temperate, regular life.

Keep mental cobwebs, dust and brain ashes brushed off by frequent trips to the country, or by travel.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Cultivate the spirit of contentment; all discontent and dissatisfaction bring age furrows prematurely to the face.

Think beautiful thoughts—harmony thoughts, truth thoughts, thoughts of innocence, of youth, of love and of kindness.

Keep your mind young by fresh, vigorous thinking, and your heart sound by cultivating a cheerful, optimistic disposition.

Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to overeating, to eating the wrong things, and to irregular eating.

Don't be too ambitious; the canker of an overvaulting ambition has eaten up the happiness of many a life and shortened its years.

Take regular exercise in the open air every day in all weathers, walk, ride, row, swim, or play; but, whatever you do, keep out of doors as much as possible.

Put some beauty into your life every day by seeing beautiful works of art, beautiful bits of scenery, or by reading some noble poem or selection in prose.

Keep busy; idleness is a great friend of age, but an enemy of youth. Regular employment and mental occupation are marvellous youth preservers.

Pure air both indoors and outdoors is absolutely essential to health and longevity. Never allow yourself to remain in a poisoned or vitiated atmosphere.

Never compare yourself with others of the same age or think that you must appear as old as they because you have marked the same number of years.

Don't let anyone interfere with your regular hours of work and rest, but get plenty of sleep, especially what is called "beauty sleep," before midnight.

Refuse to allow the mind to stiffen the muscles by the suggestion of age limitation. Age is a mental state brought about by mental conviction. You are only as old as you feel.

Love is a great healer of all life's ills, the great strengthener and beautifier. If you would drink at the fountain of perpetual youth, fill your life with it.

Avoid anger, discord, hurry or anything else that exhausts vitality or overstimulates; whatever frets, worries or robs you of peace or sleep will make you prematurely old.

THE TWO ESSENTIALS OF RELIGION

Throughout the scriptures two things are joined together as the essentials of religion; belief in God and obedience to His commandments. The two have been often separated in human thought. It has been taught that mere belief in the Lord is saving, without keeping the commandments; and on the other hand it is often said, "It does not matter what a man believes, if he lives a good life."

Now, the saying that it does not matter what a man believes if he lives a good life would be true if it were possible. The difficulty with the saying is that it assumes that one can live equally well whatever his belief, or if he has no belief in God and heaven. This is not true. One cannot live a genuinely good life simply from motives of policy, or from any other motive than duty to the Lord. No other motive is always present, whether acts are known to other men or not; no other motive is to be trusted always in this world; no other holds hereafter when all mere care for appearance is stripped off. No other motive than duty to the Lord goes deep to the correction of evil thoughts and feelings; and what is more, no other motive than duty ot the Lord brings the power of the Lord in resisting evil and doing good. Without this motive, which involves acknowledgment of the Lord, it is impossible to live a life that is really good; real keeping of the commandments makes one with such acknowledgment; they cannot be kept without it. It was the lesson of the Lord to the young man who claimed that he had kept the commandments; he must sell all, take up his cross, and follow Him. It was the lesson of the Prophet Micah, when to the charge to do justly and to love mercy, he added, "And to walk humbly with thy God." This fact that a man cannot resist evil alone, in his own strength, the scriptures repeatedly declares, hence the insistence of our doctrines upon the necessity for shunning evils as sins. To shun them for any other reason is not to shun them, but only to prevent their appearing. In our own strength we cannot conquer evil thought and feeling which are behind it; we cannot overcome the influences which press into the mind stirring up the evil; but the reverse of this is true; that resisting evil because the Lord forbids it, and looking to Him for help, we can conquer, we cannot only refrain from the wrong action, but can overcome the wrong thought and feeling; we can resist the influences from the world and from hell, which arouse the evil.

This is the advantage, the privilege, of one who acknowledges the Lord, who shuns and resists evil because the Lord forbids it. He has at his command the power which is able to resist and overcome. Such a one may say within himself, Through God I shall conquer. And he supplicates Divine aid and prevails. Thus and not otherwise does man receive power to resist evils and fight against them. This is to shun evils as sins; this is to keep the ten commandments; this is to live a good life, and it is possible only to one who acknowledges the Lord (that is, the Lord Jesus Christ in His glorified humanity), and fights in His strength. It does matter in a most momentous sense what a man believes, for this strength can nowhere else be found except in this acknowledgment and obedience.—Helper.

The Plumber (After Longfellow).

Beside the leaking bath-room tap
 The local plumber stands;
The plumber, lazy man is he;
 With large and grimy hands;
And the puzzle is, the less he does,
 The more his bill expands.

Week in, week out, all day to eve,
 I can hear each hammer-blow,
I can hear him fling his tools about
 From my sitting-room below;
And he keeps on ringing the bed-room bells,
 So the floor is up, I know.
He comes each morning to the house
 With one—or two small boys;
And when his tools are out of reach
 One hears his raucous voice,
Shouting for what he may require,
 And it makes one's heart rejoice.

Spoiling, rejoicing, soldering—
 Not where the leakage shows;
Each morning sees the job begun,
 Each evening, goodness knows.
Something's attempted, nothing done!
 At 6 o'clock he goes.

Thanks to thee, unworthy friend,
 And the mess that thou hast wrought,
They're ruined, our hot water pipes,
 And new ones must be bought.
Bother Clonfound!!—I can not shape
 Each burning word and thought.
—Tit-Bits.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN'S PLAYTIME.

THE NEWSY'S REWARD.

(A True Story.)

"You get out, this is my corner!" And the older newsy slung his bag at the newcomer.

The newcomer, a slender undersized boy, didn't want to get in any other fellow's territory, and yet what could he do? Leaning back against the building and blinking hard to keep the tears back, he was accosted by a passing gentleman.

"Why didn't you stand up for your own rights?" he asked the lad.

The boy's chin quivered as he made reply: "You see, mother was took to the hospital yesterday and she asked me to promise not to fight—anyways till she comes home again. You see, it's this way: The kids call me names 'cause I help her with the washings, and I fight 'em, and ma don't like it. Now that I didn't have to help her I thought maybe I could earn money selling papers to buy flowers for her."

"Well, boy, I'm going to lunch at the club, and you come with me. We will sell those papers," said the man.

Sell them they did, and the following morning the boy was ordered to report at the man's large mercantile house, where he was given a position.

Some years have gone by, and we find this boy, now grown, the junior partner of the firm. He has risen, the men say, because he can always be depended upon. If he says he will, he will. If he gives a promise, one may rest assured he will keep it.

Preserving Don'ts.

Don't make a mistake and wait until the special fruit in season is nearly over and then pay the highest prices for it.

Don't think overripe, soft fruit makes good preserves or jellies. Don't ever use anything but the best materials for good results.

Don't use what is called "A" or "soft" white sugar or brown; use granulated white sugar for all preserves or jellies.

Don't use granulated white sugar for spiced fruit; use light brown only.

Don't make spiced fruit too sweet; four pounds of light brown sugar to seven pounds of fruit is a good proportion.

Don't use an overabundance of spices; too much makes it taste bitter.

Don't cover preserves or jellies while cooking; they are apt to boil over.

Don't use cold sugar for jellies; measure the strained fruit juice; to each pint allow one pound of the best granulated sugar; put it on a platter in a warm oven to heat, and add it to the boiling liquid.

Don't allow preserves to stand about after they are col; put melted paraffin on cover with lids, wash off every trace of stickiness, and put in a cool, dark, dry place for future use.

Don't expect preserves to cook over a hot fire and not expect them to stick and scorch.

Don't let them cook without stirring, even when the fire is slow.

Don't cook preserves on a gas range without an asbestos mat.

Don't use a thin agate sauce pan; an old fashioned porcelain lined iron preserving kettle is best.

Don't think you can hurry preserves; it is out of the question to do so and yet have them perfect.

Don't forget to rub the bottom of the preserving kettle freely with olive oil to prevent sticking.

Don't pare peaches, pears, pineapples or even apples with a steel knife; it darkens the fruit; use a silver knife.

Don't neglect to drop apples, pears, peaches and all light colored fruit into a bowl of cold water as you do them to prevent discoloration before cooking.

AS WELL TO MARRY YOUNG.

A number of gentlemen were discussing the question of early marriages in the lobby of the New Howard.

"In the great majority of cases," said Judge W. T. Chapman, of San Francisco, "is is just as well to encourage early matrimony. Some time ago my oldest son, who had just attained his 21st year, came to me and wanted my approval of his union with a sweet and sensible girl a year his junior. I looked at him hard, for the proposition did not appeal to me, and then I said: 'You talk of marriage when you are only a boy; wait till you get older and wiser.'"

"'I am nearly as old as you were when you got married.'

"'Yes, but I was a full-grown man, while candidly, my boy, you are yet not much more than a child.'

"'That is just what grandpa told you when you went to him for his consent.'

"'But how about supporting a wife; it doesn't seem that you have reached the point where your ability as a revenue-producer warrants your possession of a bride.'

"'Well, sir, grandfather gave you a home and took care of you and mother for two years, and I thought you might do as much for me.'

"This last shot from my young man was so penetrating and true that I had no more to say, but joined the rascal in the laugh against myself. I got even by telling him that the only reason I yielded was that the girl was so much better and smarter than he and that he got so much the best of the bargain, I feared she might throw him over for another suitor."—Baltimort American.

Blobbs—Miss Giddigirl says her bathing suit this summer is going to be out of sight. Slobbs—As I remember it, the one she wore last year was nearly so.

THE RADIUM POWER

Most Concentracted Form Of Energy Known.

London.—Speaking at the Authors' Club last Monday night on the subject of radio-activity Sir William Ramsay about radium and its emanations.

Starting with a definition of the terms concentration and energy, he traced briefly the discovery of radium by Mme. Curie and the methods of its extraction from uranium ores. Then after a description of the cathode rays and the discoveries of M. Becquerel he pointed out how all material human progress really consists in the first place in the concentration of energy, and in the second place in raising what was termed the ecoonmical coefficient.

Becquerel found that there were three different kinds of rays given out from radium. First there are rays which can be easily kept in a glass tube, which are known as Alpha rays. Then come a second kind, called Beta rays, which can pass through glass and which turn out to be the same as the cathode rays of Lenard. The third kind, or Gamma rays, are very penetrating and appear to have some analogy to light, except that unlike light they can pass through non-transparent substances.

These rays can pass through about six inches of lead, and possess the power of discharging an electroscope. Lead, in fact, is moderately transparent to the Gamma rays. It was not quite clear whether the word ray was quite applicable to these rays or emanations, as there was a doubt as to whether they were really given off or were simply undulations or waves in the ether.

He should say that the Alpha and Beta rays were something like minute particles shot out from the radium, whereas the Gamma rays corresponded more to waves in the medium which surrounds us and which is termed ether. As regards the Alpha rays, Prof. Rutherford was the first to point out that these were due to a gas, but a similar observation was made by a German, Dr. Schmidt, in connection with thorium, another element discovered by the speaker to be capable of discharging the electroscope when placed near it.

The fact remained that radium was continually giving out gas. That was why the Alpha rays could get out of a vessel containing radium. The Beta rays were also particles—smaller than the Alpha rays, and travelling at an enormous velocity. The Gamma rays were not particles but waves or undulations in the ether. These latter rays were still being investigated.

It was possible in some degree by means of calculation to measure the wars of the particles of the Alpha and Beta rays. Suppose a cannon to be pointed horizontally and loaded with a certain known charge of powder and a shot, if the cannon was fired the shot would not go in a straight line, but would describe a parabola, and the distance to which the shot would travel would depend upon its mass, upon the explosive force of the powder, and upon the attraction of the earth in dealing with the Alpha particle, and find out how much it was deviated from a straight line by the attraction of the electric field, and ascertain the rate at which it was propelled, they could calculate how heavy it was, and what its mass was.

Prof. Rutherford and Sir J. J. Thomson made such an experiment, and found that while the Alpha particles—that is, the gas which escapes from radium—have a very considerable mass, something about twice that of an atom of hydrogen, the mass of the Beta particle was exceedingly small, and was only equal to about one-thousandth of the mass of a hydrogen atom.

The Beta rays were being investigated and it had been found that they play an important part in the composition of matter. If matter was not made up of Beta particles revolving round each other like the planets of the solar system these particles were revolving around something or other or, according to Sir J. J. Thomson, like small suns or planets revolving around each other. Returning to the Alpha particles Sir William proceeded to say that when radium emitted these particles it lost energy. It was always losing energy and it could not be stopped from doing that. It was true it went on very slowly and it was an interesting question how long it would take to emit all the Alpha particles which it contained. The first question was: What were these Alpha particles? The second was: Into what did radium change after emitting these particles? The third question was: How long did it take to undergo these changes?

The first change appeared to be into this gas—the so-called Alpha rays. Quite two-thirds of the energy of the radium was transferred to the gas which it gave off. This raised the question of the transmutation of an element.

It was long believed to be possible to change one element into another. He was not going to throw cold water on the ancient alchemists, because it was possible by the addition of small quantities of certain substances to change altogether the appearances of certain metals; for instance, by the addition of a small quantity of arsenic you could change copper into a white, brittle substance altogether unlike the malleable copper which was there before, and by the addition of a very small quantity of yeast you could change a large quantity of sugar into alcohol. These were changes of an alchemistic nature and radium went on continually doing what the alchemists of old tried to do when they attempted to change various elements into gold or silver. Radium went on changing and you could not stop it.

Prof. Rutherford gave the name of emanations to the rays given off by radium because he did not recognize them as gases, but it really was ordinary gas, or rather quite an extraordinary gas. It came off radium at a regular rate, and that brought him to the question, How long would radium last? His answer was, forever.

The amount of gas was always proportionate to the amount of radium present. Suppose he took a slice of bread and cut it in two, taking a minute to do it, and then he cut the half in two again, and so went on continually cutting each piece in half, how long would it take him to cut that bread entirely up? He could never do it. He would be always halving to infinity, and the operation would take him an eternity to perform. That was the case with radium. The amount of gas produced was always proportionate to the amount of radium there and it was always being produced.

When would radium be half gone? They had just measured it in his laboratory, and it would take 1,750 years, so that if any one invested in radium he would retain at least half his capital at the end of 1,750 years.

The Austrian Government some time ago entrusted him with about half a gramme, or one fifty-fifth of an ounce, of radium for private use. It did not belong to him, but its value was about £9,000. Less than a year ago Dr. Gray and himself performed the experiment of isolating the Alpha emanation of radium and they enclosed it in a fine glass tube—much finer than the finest thermometer tube that ever was made. They completed it and liquified it.

When liquified it shone with a purplish light, though it was quite transparent, like water. It shone with a light of its own. When reduced to a temperature of minus sixty centigrade it solidified, and then it glowed with an extremely brilliant light like a miniature arclight. The quantity they had was extremely small, but they ascertained its boiling point, its melting point and its specific gravity, and all this was done with a smaller quantity than the point of the finest needle. Of course they used a microscope.

This substance was the most concentrated form of energy known. It was a substance which went on changing into other things, to which various names were given. These substances were named radium A, radium B. radium C, and so on up to radium F. Some of them had a very short existence, lasting only half an hour or three-quarters of an hour, and he had never seen them. He had seen radium D—a substance which would be gone in about forty years. That gave one time to look at it. It was a substance rather dull looking, like lead, and that was nearly all he could tell them about it. There were other substances, probably like the polonium discovered by Mme. Curie.

During these emanations radium gave a great deal of energy, generally manifested as light, but as a matter of fact radium kept itself hot. There was a great deal of heat generated. It could be calculated, and it was found that it gave off about 3,500,000 times as much heat as would be given off by the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, which gave a temperature of over 2,000 degrees Centigrade. There they had, surely, the greatest concentration of energy ever ksown. He doubted if ever they would get anything greater.

What did this energy do? It sent out the Alpha rays at a velocity of about 40,000 miles a second, and these particles naturally carried a great deal of energy. The Beta rays, although only about one-thousandth the size, also carried great energy, owing to their enormous velocity, which was still higher than the Alpha rays.

There were plenty of things they could do with this energy. They could decompose water and metallic substances, and in these decompositions they found elements produced which they did not imagine to exist in the substances so treated. For instance, in decomposing ordinary copper sulphate they were surprised to discover lithium in what remained and no trace of the copper salt. He had repeated this experiment five times. The experiments were still going on.

The phenomena which he had described were hardly capable of explanation. He had nothing to do with it. He could only describe it as an act of God. An act of God had been described by an eminent lawyer, who was a Scotsman, as an act which no sensible man would believe God would have performed.

Dealing with the therapeutic properties of radium, Sir William remarked that it had been said that radium cured cancer. He did not believe it to be by any means certain. It was exceedingly doubtful, though it had never been rightly tried, and all one could say was that there were things which had been favorable to that suggestion. In this week's Lancet there was an account by Sir Lauder Brinton of a case of cancer which was at least ameliorated and life prolonged by radium emanations. The Radium Institute was making inquiries of that kind with large quantities of radium and under efficient control. He thought they might postpone their decision as regarded the cure of cancer, but there was no necessity to postpone it with the regard to the cure of rodent ulcer. It was a certain cure for that.

Making Love to the Family.

Not long ago, the question was asked concerning a household where there are several unmarried daughters, women of undoubted charm, "why these Blythe girls had remained single?" The answer given by a neighbor was: "In the eyes of their mother they are children still although their girlhood is long past. She overshadows them on every side. She dictates what they shall do, where they shall go, with whom they shall associate, and what they shall wear, precisely the way of her daughters' development as she did when they were in their teens. If a man happen to call at the house, he can never see Lucille, Cornelia or Dorothy by herself. He is obliged to meet a phalanx of women with Mrs. Blythe at their head, and the ordinary masculine caller is frightened away at once." The mother is tenderly loved, yet her selfish and gentle tyranny has stood in the way of her daughters' development. A feather-bed tyranny may be in reality as depressing in its results as the tyranny of an iron hand.—The Christian Herald.

THIS ONE GOT AWAY.

"Say, Georgie, did yer ever ketch a fish what wuz big enough fer yet ter eat?"

"Yep, Benny; once."

"How did he taste?"

"I dunno; the cat ate him."

THE EGYPTIAN CROCODILE.

Its Cunning and Wonderful Noiselessness—Its Enemies.

One of the reasons given by old writers for the crocodile being worshipped in Egypt was the somewhat cryptic one that it "laid threescore eggs and lived for threescore years"; but from twenty to thirty is the common number of eggs found in a "clutch." In the reptile's easy code of ethics, however, its parental responsibilities end with the act of oviposition, for having covered the eggs with a layer of sand it leaves the sun to do the rest (whence doubtless Shakespeare's "your mud and the operation of your sun") and leaves it also to the ichneumon to do its worst. In some places it seems that water tortoises too eat crocodiles' eggs; but the ichneumon is the real desolator of crocodile homes, snatching up the nests and eating or breaking the entire "sitting" at a meal. Crocodiles' eggs, however, are absurdly small, a mother twenty feet long being content with an egg no larger than that of a goose, and the newly hatched young hardly more formidable than a common newt, are preyed upon by birds, which a little later the rapidly growing crocodile would like nothing better than to get within its reach, as well as doubtless by many other things, including old crocodiles themselves.

The real horror of the members of the crocodile tribe lies in their usual noiselessness. "They swim with great silence, making scarcely even a ripple on the water," says M. Du Chaillu, and the terror of the stealth of their approach is well conveyed in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Ripple Song":

"Wait, ah! wait," the ripple saith;
"Maiden, wait, for I am Death!"

The first sight of an alligator or crocodile, however large sunning itself on a mudband and pretended to be a stranded log is usually disappointing, and if it is lying with its mouth open, as in the sunshine they all love to do (wherefore, seeing them remaining so immovably in what looks like so strained an attitude, many visitors to the gardens go away declaring that the crocodiles are stuffed), it becomes almost absurd. But when you have come upon one unexpectedly with its head and forequarters out of the water, and have seen it slide noiselessly back until it disappears, and then even while you still watch the place where it vanished, not a movement having so much as made the surface of the water quake, the hideous thing suddenly, still in complete silence, thrusts itself out upon the bank many yards away— it may be further off or nearer to you— to lie a mere snag at the water's edge, waiting for whatever may come within its reach, whether you or another, the dreadfulness of the thing is very chilling.

Sir Samuel Baker tells of the cunning of crocodiles, which advance at an animal without any concealment, and then, as if in disgust at their failure, turn and swim away, still in sight, only at last to sink below the surface and returning without a ripple to betray them rise immediately below the quarry, which has by this time returned to drink in fancied security. By this trick he saw them again and again catch birds which settled on branches overhanging the water. The chief food of most members of the family, and probably the entire food of some, is fish; but now that we know that a full grown rhinoceros can be pulled into the water and killed by a crocodile, we may believe that few living things do not at one time or another fall victims to them. "Horses, oxen, buffaloes, bears, mules and camels" is a list which one writer gives of animals which are known to have been eaten by crocodiles in Egypt. In South America jaguars and tapirs have been seen being seized, pulled into deep water, and drowned; while as for man, consider the Mugger of Mugger Ghaut in Mr. Kipling's grewsome tale, "The Undertakers."

According to old writers the ichneumon, besides eating crocodiles' eggs, would run into the full grown animal's whence, after revelling for a while amid Leviathan's vitals, it ate its way out of the dead carcass victoriously to day light. The "hydra," it seems. did the same. But the dolphin's method was with a knife edged dorsal fin, it swam underneath "the encased crocodiles,, and sliced clean open the soft, unprotected parts below.

The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold; the spear, the dart nor the habergeon.

"Canst thou draw out Leviathan with any hook?" asked the sacred writer. Herodotus says that in his day they could use a pig for bait. In India we know that they have been caught with Africa the Anengue "harpoon them with a rude jagged spear." Diodorus, however, averred that they could only be taken in iron nets, and the general belief that they were byond the power of man to capture is reflected in the medal which Augustus struck to commemorate his conquest of Egypt, with the crocodile chained to a tree, and the proud legend, "No one has bound me before."

If in Egypt they bound the crocodile at all it seems to have been with garlands of flowers and chains of gold and gems, a proceeding which probably interested the crocodile only in so far as it offered a chance of a succulent gallander coming within reach. The promiscuous beatification, which was shared with such things at cats and beetles, was after all but an indifferent compliment, nor even so was it seemingly universal among the Egyptians. "Those about Thebes and Lake Moeris consider them to be very sacred, * * * but the people who dwell about the city of Elephantine eat them." Which fairly redressed the balance; but we must conjecture that whether for worship or for the table the crocodiles were caught young.—London Times.

A FAILURE.

(Cleveland Leader.)

"Do you think, sir,' asked the waiter, helping the guest on with his coat, 'that lightning ever strikes twice in the same place?"

"Yes, I guess it does," answered the departing diner.

"Well, sir—the gentleman who sat at this table before you came in gave me a 50-cent tip, sir."

"Ah, indeed. And you think that there may be a chance that he'll come back to-morrow? I doubt it. Good night!"

Lady (looking for a cradle)—"I want to see something just large enough to hold a small child." "New Clerk—"Safety-pin counter, first aisle on the right."—Montgomery Advertiser.

Architect—And how would your wife have this six-room house designed? We must please the ladies, you know.

Mr. Badd Lee Hacked—On the first floor she wants a large living room, a den, a dining room, a pantry, a kitchen, a reception room, a conservatory and a retiring room; on the second floor she wants four bedrooms, a bathroom, a sewing room and a nursery.

Architect—Great heavens, man, all that is impossible in a six-room house.

Mr. Bad Lee Hacked—I know it, I know it—but you tell her.

ATTITUDE OF THE HOUSE WIFE TOWARD "HELP."

(By Bertha Kobelt.)

When cook has taken French leave, and has slammed down the lid of her trunk, and your feelings are outraged to the insufferable limit, and you sigh and hold your brow over the impossiblity of making your help "come to time," just for a change turn your searchlight of reason selfward, and if you observe any such dusky characteristics as vitriolic temper, maniacal neatness and shrunken sympathy, make a note of it.

Then reason with yourself in this manner: A certain evolution has taken place among the handy domestics. They know and are impressed with the fact that all men and women are created free and equal and have certain inherent rights. They have read about the ten hour a day law. They can't adore "missus" as they did back in the romantic and feudal ages when they had no one else to depend on. They know that the world is wide and chances various. They have minds of their own; they read the newspapers and watch for better opportunities.

The woman who would have faithful and competent help must consider this. Then act accordingly. If she would solve the servant problem she must begin with herself. She must rid herself of that traditional semi-despotic attitude that was probably the height of fashion in the days of Rameses and other barbarous ages. She must know that petty tyrannies and tantrums do not promote harmony. We are all familiar with the woman who kept a servant for the first time and who seemed to experience a profound delight in being served by somebody, and spared no efforts to show the same her vast superiority. Needless to say that hired help receive these unkind insinuations with rankling displeasure. And how can they discharge their duties with enthusiasm under such conditions?

WHAT CRITICS MUST EXPECT.

If you belong to the class of women to whom contrariness and criticism are the meat of life, do not expect your help to take it all with the pasivity of mummies. Expect them to collapse and bolt out.

If you are one of those high strung, nervous phenomena who are the sworn enemies of Gen. Dirt even in his most microscopic manifestations, and who will, when the tiniest crumb lies on the Kermanshah, start off with a heaving bosom and flaming eyes to deliver a piece of mind unto the maid, do not be surprised if she doesn't last longer than pay day.

Should you fit into that class of household despots who think that "no way is as good as my way," and who will not allow their help no indulge a single idea of their own, don't expect them to fall over themselves in their eagerness to please you.

If some of your work is so heavy that it takes horse power to do it, don't feel out of sorts when your girl should lie abed in the morning with a "crik" in her spine. If you excitedly mention a dozen other tasks when she is barely through with the first one, so that she can never sit down to relax her muscles a bit except with fear and uncertainty, do not wonder sometimes when her work is finished in a spiritless manner.

AGE OF CRINGING LONG PAST.

If you have the impression that your servants lack the finer sensibilities that chafe at dinginess and dinkiness, and you don't care whether their little attic room is pretty or just habitable, prepare yourself for occasional frowns of dissatisfaction and a listlessness in dusting the more luxurious appointments of your own room.

The age of cringing and right angled courtesies and prostrations are past, and if you expect your servants to pattern after the faithful retainers you read of in the romantic novels you are behind the times and out of tune with democracy. If you are such a crank on cleanliness and good order that your servants are constantly haunted with presentiments of coming storms and verbal cross words, you are likewise behind the times. The truly modern woman who is abreast of the age will not waste thought and emotion on such a decidedly earth earthy trifle as a speck of wayward dirt. She can look at this philosophically and without going to that extreme of indifference to dirt as exampled by Socrates and Whitman.

Again, if you take up with modern thought you will feel and express a certain fellowship or sisterhood with your servants and maybe recognize some truth in the idea that their souls and your soul are a fraction of the same Infinity, but with the sense of servitude finite. Anyway, you are not going to and inferiority; you will emphasize the sanctity of work and show them that all great souls reveled in it. Perhaps it may occur to you that if they had your extensive education they might have the same capacity for culture, and if you are the noble-minded woman you would like to be, your sympathies will often exceed your scruples.

This does not mean, of course, that you must provide a flowery bed of ease for your servants; it only means that if you assume the kind and considerate attitude you will be rewarded with better service.

WAYS OF WISE HOUSEWIFE.

Here are a few specific methods of promoting good will and enthusiasm and pleasant relations between yourself and hired help.

When you first interview the applicant for housework inquire definitely into her qualifications and experience, even to the point of requesting a written list of the various things she can do. Such definiteness will diminish the chances of a misunderstanding, and you will know exactly where in she excels and wherein she needs coaching. Decide on the wages at once so that she will be saved distressing trouble.

Carefully explain your little systems and show her the respective places of the various movable articles used in her daily work. Also decide on the average number of hours she is to be on duty each day, and ask her if she is willing to do certain incidental tasks out of the regular routine work. Name an afternoon that she can have to herself. Then do not swerve from these arrangements, and if there should be a little mistap do not boil over with indignation and scorch out her good will and intentions. Much depends on how nicely and smoothly you get her started.

An important matter when you wish faithful and interested service is comfortable accommodation. In no way can you better show your consideration and good will toward your household help than by fitting up their rooms in a homelike style so that it will be a pleasant retreat instead of merely a sleeping box. Allow for a few cozy accessories besides the regulation bed and dresser. A shirtwaist box, a small folding screen, a foot stool or a tabourette and book shelves with some choice romances on them would certainly help to forestall that feeling of being a stranger in a strange land which so often attacks a girl in new surroundings. The room should have a cheerful paper and be well heated.

LITTLE FAVORS LOOM BIG.

If you have no individual servant's bath you can appoint a day each week when she can have the use of your own. If you find her a tidy and careful servant she will appreciate this kindness and try to square up with little favors on her side. When you give late dinners and entertain frequently humane attitude would prompt that when she must work overtime, as a customary thing you allow her a few hours to tend to her own little interests at least every alternate afternoon. Because you could get willing servants who would drudge from sunrise to moonrise in 1870, doesn't mean that you will have the same assortment to select from in 1910.

The sympathetic "missus" who would rather praise and humor her household help than subject them to the mercy of her temper and her various caprices and idiosyncrasies, seldom has any difficulty either in keeping her servants or getting them to work for value received.

HISTORY OF THE KISS.

Some Say It Began With Our Monkey Ancestors.

The further away we journey from the days of Eve, the more assiduously the world seems to have cultivated the habit of kissing; in other words kissing is a mark and a test of civilization. Before the coming of the white man it apparently was totally unknown among the Indians of America and the savages of Africa and Australia; but who shall trace its beginning among the peoples of Europe and Asia? As far as we may go among these ancient white nations we shall find no age when this highly unhygienic practice was not popular. Indeed, Darwin attempts to trace it back to the habit of our belated ancestors had of grasping prey with their teeth.

This business of osculating became so popular among the Greeks that it is said many husbands, before starting out for the day's work, compelled their wives to eat garlic—a most effective preventive, we cannot doubt. The Romans attempted to be more cold-blooded and dignified. They were at least more systematic, for they divided all kisses into three kinds: the osculum, the kiss of friendship; the basium, the kiss of ceremony; and the suavium, the kiss of love. All of which simply implies that the Romans had three chances to our one. The ancients, however, were not in favor of a public display of the business; spooning was decidedly bad form. Plutarch says that Cato expelled the Senator Manlius for kissing his wife in the daytime and in the presence of his daughter.

This same Plutarch is our authority for the statement that Rome founded the now antiquated custom of wives saluting their husbands with a kiss. The women, after sailing many seas and reaching this place, refused to follow their husbands further, and under the leadership of Roma—a "new woman"—burned the ship. Then says the historian, Roma invented this pleasant method of appeasing the wrath of the husbands; and the remedy has been used with considerable efficacy until comparatively recent years.—Carl Holliday in June Smart Set.

WEB OF MADAGASCAR SPIDER.

Its Great Strength—An Experiment in Weaving.

"It is interesting to know the practical uses to which the webs o fa large Madagascar spider might be applied to replace silk for woven fabrics," said Fisher S. Williams, of London, who is interested in the manufacture of silk.

"I know from visits to the interior of Madagascar that the webs spun many feet across the walks or shady avenues of gardens are sufficient strong to hang thereon a light bamboo walking cane. At the Paris exposition of 1900 a whole piece of fabric eighteen yards long and eighteen inches wide was exhibited which was woven out of this web, for which it was necessary to provide 100,000 yards of spun thread of twenty-four strands.

"For its manufacture 25,000 spiders had to be brought into requisition, and these were procured by offering the natives so much a hundred; but not knowing or ignoring the purposes for which the insects were required and having a get rich quick desire they brought them in by basketfuls, mostly dead. It was found necessary for the winding off machines to go to the spiders instead of calling in the spiders to the filatories. However, the piece of cloth was completed and was of a shimmering golden yellow color.

"The idea of obtaining silk from the spider is an old one, as distinguished men in France discoursed on the subject as long ago as 1710, but the first study of this Madagascar spider came up some ten years ago, and the spinning of its web was then undertaken. It is only the female that spins. The first difficulty in obtaining the thread direct from the insect consisted in contriving how to secure the living spider so as to wind it off by some mechanical process from the insect. This was originally performed by confining spiders in empty match boxes, with the abdomen protruding. The extraction of the web does not apparently inconvenience the insect, although care has to be taken not to injure them."—From the Washington Herald.

Many a man has been caught at his own game by people who let him think he was fooling them.

A summer girl is merely one you can propose to without any serious danger of being accepted.

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Partnerships and company auditing
CRESTON - - B.C

CRESTON REALTY
AND INSURANCE CO.
Fruit Lands, Town Property and Insurance
CRESTON - - B.C.

With a Local Flavor

We regret to announce that Mrs. J.W. Dow has been very ill the past few days, but is now reported to be rapidly improving.

Have you seen the assorted stock of Enamel ware at Ed. F. Johnson's hardware store on Fourth St ? If not drop in and inspect for yourself.

Mr. J. G. Johns, of Spokane, has accepted the position of assistant bookkeeper for the Canyon City Lumber Co.

The Board of Trade of Newspaper Publishers of Eastern B.C. will meet in Nelson on the 21st inst. (tomorrow). J. K. Johnson left yesterday to attend this convention.

Hendren & Boyd have completed the work on the Sirdar schoolhouse.

Have you joined Wisler's "Creston Suit and Pressing Club ?" of which full particulars are given elsewhere in this issue.

Mrs. C. O. Rodgers and son Floyd left for Spokane last Monday, as young Floyd is returning to school.

A suite of four comfortable rooms to rent. Apply at the Creston Clothing House.

F. B. Hawthorne, representing the K. & H. Cigar, of Nelson, accompanied by Mrs. Hawthorne, paid Creston a visit last Monday.

We will give 20 per cent. discount off any of our China until the 25th of January. This is a chance to get good China at very reasonable prices. Creston Drug & Book Co.

Chas. Faas returned last Sunday from a few week's trip to Toronto and other eastern cities.

The snows of the past two weeks have been the heaviest for many years. King Winter has descended in all his power on the transportation lines which cross the mountains. Trains have been snowed up and traffic blocked for days, despite the efforts of men and their machinery, and the block still continues in many districts. The deep snow covers the mountains and valleys, and we have realized at last our wish for a White B.C.

Floor Oilcloth, 35 cents square yard —C.C.S.

Stocks & Jackson are wintering three hives of bees, and report that they are all doing well. From these hives they expect nine hives next summer. These enterprising ranchers state that no branch of horticulture will turn off a better profit at the end of the season than will bees, and they wonder that more people don't take up this industry. They state that when the bees come out for exercise occasionally a few old bees will fall into the snow, and becoming undoubtedly chilled will die, but they are only a small percentage of the hive, and such loss is always expected.

W. K. Brown, of the Creston Carriage Works has a fine selection of cutters on hand for sale cheap for cash. If you need a cutter, get it now at bargain prices.

Meals at all hours at the Wigwam Cafe on Fourth St., a short distance from Sam Hatfield's pool room.

The balloon ascension, as announced in our last issue to take place, did actually occur last Saturday afternoon, but it was simply the balloon itself sent among the air currents by Mr. Glenn Wisler, of the Creston Clothing House for advertising purposes.

Have you got a ticket yet for the saddle raffle at Sam Hatfield's ? If not, drop in and see the saddle at Sam Hatfield's pool rooms.

The raffle for the stock saddle, we ar authorized to state, will take place at Sam Hatfield's Pool Room, on Saturday (tomorrow) evening. Have you got a ticket ?

Credit to whom credit is due. The large lights have now been placed on the lamp posts by the C.P.R., and while we have seen better lights in our time, they are very useful, and a great aid to pedestrians crossing the track at the head of Fourth street. Well done, Mr. C.P.R.!

Mr. T. D. Bunce and family have moved into R. M. Reid's cottage on Fourth street.

There will be a session of the Small Debts Court of this district on Monday afternoon next.

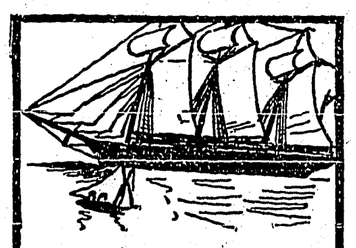
Have you tried the "Rising Sun" flour at the Cheap Cash Store. Bunce & Ingham.

TO RENT.—A three roomed cottage, at $8 per month. Apply to the REVIEW Office.

Flannelette, one yard wide, 12½ cents C.C.S.

Ring up phone No. 85, Ed. F. Johnson when you need an experienced plumber.

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.



"Vessels Large May Venture More, but Little Ships Must Stay Near Shore."

The large display ads. are good for the large business and the Classified Want Ads. are proportionately good for the small firm. In fact many large firms became such by the diligent use of the Classified Columns. There example is good—start now.

PIANO.—Now at railway station near Creston, will be sacrificed for $250 cash. Never been used. Lady unable to keep it.—Apply in first instance Mrs. A. G. MUNGEAM, 2040, Columbia street, Vancouver, B C.

Walter V. Jackson returned on Monday last from Victoria, where he has been attending the Provincial Farmer's Institute convention. He says it was a very successful convention throughout. Mr. Jackson will make his official report at the Farmer's Institue meeting this evening. During his stay of 3½ days in Victoria the weather was cold, snowy and windy. He says travel on the main line was very slow owing to the continual blockades. At nowhere on his trip did he see such mild weather as Creston has been favored with.

Mrs. F. J. Rutherford and little daughter Margaret left on Tuesday last for a six month's trip to relatives in the east. Barring blockades they should reach their destination in a week's time.

Mrs. Stocks has been on the sick list for the past week or so. We hope that she will be about again soon.

The REVIEW now has a large stock of various kinds of Letterheads and Envelopes, also Ladies' Visiting Cards. Call and give us your order for Fall Stationery.

Ladies' Cashmere Hose, 30 cents.—C.C.S.

Port Hill News

The "beautiful" has fallen here to a depth of one and a half feet.

Lumbering on this side of the line is quiet this winter, but across the border the Yale-Columbia camp is quite active getting our logs.

The Bonner's Ferry Lumber Co. are making preparations for starting up their camps in the early spring, and will probably employ 75 or more men.

The usual epidemic of la grippe is prevalent here now, as a result, no doubt, of too much dissipation during the festive season.

See the new ad. of Bunce & Ingham, of the "Cheap Cash Feed Store" in this issue. They are located in the McPeak block on Sirdar Avenue, and have come here to stay. With a good clean, fresh stock of flour and grain they invite public patronage.

Canyon City Notes

The mill is running full blast these days, and the company have six or seven teams hauling logs ~~in~~ from around the lower camp.

Mr. Murt. McCullongh, the man who broke his leg last week, is getting along nicely.

The Canyon City Lumber Co. are expecting another log hauling machine of the caterpillar family to the place of the one now out of commission at the mill. If this machine is a success it is understood that in the spring Mr. Rodgers will carry out some experiments in subsoil ploughing, employing a special heavily-built steel subsoil plough with the caterpillar to pull it.

The much discussed Methodist organ has found a temporary resting place in Mr. Pochin's store pending a meeting of the settlers, another election, or an earthquake, when it is expected something will be done. Meanwhile we are given to understand that any musically inclined settlers whose fingers wish to "wander idly over the noisy keys," are welcome at A. D. Pochin's store.

John Johnson, brother of Otto Johnson, recently purchased ten acres of land from Mr. Lyons. It is situated immediately west of Messrs. Johnson and Samuelson's ranch.

There is a report around to the effect that settlers are going to plant mulberry trees this spring. This is a new one on us, unless some of them have got caterpillars and silkworms mixed up a bit.

The REVIEW has the best Staff, best Plant and best Stock
In this Corner of the World to execute Orders for
JOB PRINTING

Presbyterians Meet

The annual meeting of the Presbyterian church was held on Tuesday evening last as announced

After the meeting had been called to order at 8.30 o'clock F. J. Rose was elected chairman of the meeting and S. A. Speers secretary. The meeting then heard the report of secretary G. B. Henderson on the finances for the past year, also the report of the Ladies' Aid Society, which was read by Dr. Henderson for the ladies. This report reflected great credit on the ladies of the church, as they made nearly $500 by various entertainments during the year.

The report of the Bible class was then read by Miss Gertie Gilpin, while Miss Jeannie Cameron read the Sunday school report. It was then decided to elect six new managers, which resulted as follows: Dr. Henderson and J. K. Johnson were elected for three years, S. A. Speers and R. M. Reid for two years, and Geo. Broderick and W. K. Brown for one year.

Dr. Henderson as secretary of the Board of Management made an informal report on the finances of the manse building fund, which was shown to be in a healthy condition. The meeting then adjourned.

Farmer's Institute Will Hold Meeting Tonight

There will be a meeting of the Farmer's Institute on Friday (this evening) at 8 o'clock in the old schoolhouse.

Business : Arranging for spray material. Regular meetings will be held the third Friday of every month without further notice.

Mr. Philip Copsey

Mr. Philip Copsey, late of Creston, is requested to communicate with the "Creston Review," when he will hear of something to his advantage. Cranbrook papers please copy.

OH YOU BEAN SOCIAL

The Annual Bean Social of the Methodirt church, which would have been held last Friday evening but for the bad weather, making the roads impassable, will be held, weather permitting, at the home of Mr. George Cartwright at Erickson, this evening, Jan. 20th. Sleighs will leave the Methodist church shortly after 6 o'clock. The sum of a paltry 50c will pay for the drive, supper and entertainment, which includes a good program of local talent.

Out On Bail

Colin Smith, of Port Hill, who shot at Geo. S. Hewitt of the same place, a few days ago with a rifle, the particulars of which were reported in our last issue, has been released by the U.S. authorities on bail, himself on a $500 bond, and two other sureties of $500 each.

The first hearing of this case is set for Monday next, the 23rd, at Sand Point. It is understood the charge against Smith is "shooting with intent to kill."

RECENTLY OPENED
The Cheap Cash
Flour and Feed Store
Our Stock is New and Fresh
Our Flour and Feed is the BEST.
Also Graham Flour, Oat Meal, Etc.
CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF
Bunce & Ingham
PROPRIETORS
McPeak Block Sirdar Avenue

A Word for Ourselves...

It costs $2.00 a Year
For the REVIEW

Subscribe Now

Wigwam Cafe
Opened WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21st
First - Class Short Order Restaurant
Meals at all Hours. Ladies are invited to our Afternoon Teas, which we make a specialty of. Our Cooking is Superb. NO CHINESE HELP ON THE PREMISES
E. F. PLATT, Prop.

Services Next Sunday.

Church of England

In the New School House—Jan. 22. 1st Sunday after Epiphany. Matins, Litany, Sermon, 11 a.m.; Schoolhouse at Erickson, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon 7.30 p.m. Sunday School 3 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar.

Presbyterian Church

Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next. Morning service, 11 a.m.; Evening service, 7.30 p.m. Sunday school at 2 30 p.m. You are cordially invited to join our Bible Class.

S. H. SARKISSIAN, Pastor.

Methodist Church

Services on Sunday, next: Service at 11 a.m., Sunday School and Bible Class at 2-30 p.m.; Evening Service, 7.30 p.m.

F J RUTHERFORD, pastor

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take Notice sixty days after date, I, Emeline White Lodge, widow, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands in west Kootenay.

Commencing at a post planted at the S.E. corner of lot 7717, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

Dated this 18th day of Sept., 1910

EMELINE WHITE LODGE
Perkobt, Laurie, Agent

2-190

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 Booth's Kidney Pills and am pleased to say, found them an excellent remedy. They have relieved me of the miserable pains and soreness in my back and have also cured of my other kidney trouble."

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

A Stock of various kinds of
STOVES
will arrive in a few days at
JOHNSON'S HARDWARE STORE
We have on hand a full stock of the most up-to-date Enamel Ware, also a stock of Plumbing Goods. Try me for your next requirements in this line. My work is guaranteed, and my prices are right.
Fourth Street - Phone No. 85

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