All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

ALL THE NEWS of the CRESTON DISTRICT

THE CRESTON REVIEW

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Library Legislative Assembly
JUL 11 1911
VICTORIA B.C.

Prepare For The Hot Weather

Different Shapes in

Mens Fine Straw Hats

Also a Complete Line of

Summer shirts for Men

Including all the latest Patterns and Colors

S. A. Speers

Dominion Day Rifle Shoot

A DAY OF SPORT AND PLEASURE WITH THE MEN BEHIND THE GUN.

Dominion day in Creston passed off quietly, suffering as the result of being sandwiched in between the Coronation day festivities and the big celebration planned for the 12th July.

The big event was the shoot for the club spoon, and the Dominion government cup, commencing at the rifle range at 9.30 a. m., and some thirty members of the Erickson Rifle Association turned out to compete in these events.

The shooting was a fair average, no records being broken, at any rate not before lunch, when the cup shoot took place.

G. M. Gunn finished highest marksman of the day with a score of 84, but E. Botterill, having shot in the previous shoots which count in the competition, is cup winner on the day and also wins the Club spoon with a total of 83.

There is a peculiarity about the Erickson range worthy of notice, namely, that the shooting always improves as the *day goes on, and Dominion Day was* no exception, but the shooting is always better between lunch and sundown. It may be the weather, but credit for this improvement should in our opinion, be given to the ladies of the Methodist church who provide the luncheons on these occasions. The Review man, it may be remarked, was, alas! too late for lunch, but in ample time to be a poor substitute for Tom Crawford, who foreseeing the worst, thoughtfully deposited the losers share of the great afternonon ice cream stakes in the hands of his opponent, and after shooting at the 200 yards, hurried away from the scene of the slaughter of the innocents, and wended his way back to town.

Missing the lunch did the trick and when the two sides had finished, the face of Mr. Hyde was wreathed in smiles, his cheeks were as rosy red with anticipation as the luscious berries over which he later contentedly smacked his lips, whilst the Editor was "stuck."

It was a terrible downfall, after getting a beautiful lead at the 200, we were compelled to watch them piling up the winning score, and subsequently had to sit and listen in silence to their sarcastic remarks, the whilst if you please they gorged themselves at our expense.

But ah, R-R-Revenge is very sweet, and on some future occasion the tables shall be turned.

The shooting and feasting was all over by 5.30 p. m. and after a vote of thanks to the ladies, the riflemen, victors and vanquished, walked home together.

WANTED:—A position as Saw mill foreman, 15 years of experience, or will accept a position as Superintendent of logging camp, or other position about the mill.

Write to C. D., c. o. Review

Sporting Column

PLAY BALL AND CHEER UP

The ball game at Bonners Ferry on the 4th, was alas, another defeat for the local boys, resulting in a victory for the Americans, by a score of 9 to 4.

The 4th. July, is supposed by our cousins across the line, to be an unlucky day for the lion, and the Yanks of Bonners Ferry not only pulled the noble beast's tail most outrageously, but might have got away with the tail, skin and all, had it not been for the youths and the boy scouts of Creston, who came to the rescue, and by licking the young hopes of the Ferry, by a score of 7 to 6, evened up matters some, and atoned to some extent, for the failure of their seniors.

Creston Lined up:—Pitcher Galvin; Catcher Peterson; 1st base Huber: 2nd Potter; short stop Ward; 3rd base Barney McPeak; right field Buff Mc Peak: center field Bundy; l. field J. Cameron.

Bonners Ferry were strengthened, by talent from Spokane, having resolved to take no chances of defeat on such a day.

Creston made a good start, and at the end of the second, had the score 1-0 in their favor. But in the 3rd and 4th. (Notice the unlucky 4th cropping up again,) a series of errors and some wild throwing, let Bonners Ferry ahead, and Creston never had a chance to get even the Americans winning easily.

According to our reporter, Cameron played good ball, but for the most part Creston failed to make good; even the catcher went up, skying the ball away over the basemans head, in a vicious attempt to bring the balloon back to earth.

The umpire gave satisfaction, but he had a snap.

The boys of Creston, who covered themselves with glory, by saving the day for the maple leaf, were the Shamrock Team, composed of the townites, and the boy scouts, and lined up with Billy Burton, C. McPeak, Floyd Rodgers, Tom Midford, Ernest Atherton Bert Arrowsmith, Percy Hendron, Stan. Hendren, Indian Melonsi, and a volunteer from Port Hill as spare man.

The Crestonites had a big tussle, but won out by 7 to 6.

London July 3rd. Eleven aviators crossed the channel from France, and landed like a flock of birds, at Dover today. One machine carried a passenger.

Lost—On Saturday, June 17, between Canyon City and Creston a gold safety pin with a $2.50 piece on it. Finder please notify the Review.

L. O. L. CELEBRATION CRESTON on the 12th.

Sports and pleasures for young and old.

Special train will bring crowd.

Arrangements for the previously announced grand united celebration to be held at Creston on July 12th, by the Orangemen of Cranbrook, Creston and other points, have been completed, and a program of sport and wholesome pleasure has been planned which will mark the day as the most successful celebration ever held at Creston.

The members of these powerful lodges alone would be sufficient to guarantee success, but the provision of a special train, the long and elaborate program including star attractions, such as the Cranbrook-Creston baseball game, and the association football match, the extensive advertising and the guaranteed local support, will stamp the occasion as one which should appeal to the general public, who are always anxious to attend any good thing, and a record attendance is therefore assured.

Following the procession to the park, from the lodge hall, timed to commence at 11.30 a. m., dinner will be served on the grounds, and when the inner man has been satisfied the sports will commence. At one o'clock the boys and girls races will take place, to be followed by sports for men, including 50 and 100 yard dashes, 220 and 440 yard flat races, standing and running high and broad jumps, pole vault, and in fact, all the varied contests usually included in the term Caledonian sports.

The charm of variety will be provided by needle and thread races, nail driving contests, and the ladies will compete in fifty and twenty-five yard sprints.

The return baseball match, Cranbrook vs. Creston, will be played, and the followers of the association game will enjoy playing or watching the football match Huscroft camp vs. Creston.

The full program and prize list will be announced later.

The day will be right loyally and royally celebrated, and the members of the lodge, and the citizens of Creston, invite one and all to join them in a day of record celebration and pleasure at Creston on the 12th.

The ladies who have volunteered to help in the booths on the 12th July, are requested to meet at the Bunce Store, in the evening of July 11th., the refreshments will be stored in the Bunce Store until the morning of the 12th.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. L. Leamy has a wonderful showing of garden truck, on his ranch in the fertile bottom lands, close to town.

The corn, potatoes, melons etc. on this ranch are an eyeopener for this time of the year, and a visitor from Dakota who had inspected this ranch, expressed to the editor, his astonishment at such a record growth.

R. Lamont, is now the proud owner of a well bred mare and colt, the mare is a roadster which has taken prizes in the show ring at Calgary, and when she is harnessed up to the buggy, Bob hopes to almost rival Mr. Staples, who drives the fastest piece of horse flesh that travels in this valley.

Government Agent Teetzel, and Bridge Superintendent Searson, arrived in town on the Wednesday train.

Ranchers are busy cutting clover, and poor dobbin is working overtime hauling in his Winter feed.

Miss Margeret Johnson, teacher of the Primary Department of the Michel Public School, and Miss Florence Johnson, Teacher of the Proctor School, are spending the summer holidays with their brother, Mr. J. K. Johnson.

A Hindoc, employed at the Yale-Columbia camp, had his leg injured, this Tuesday, and was taken to the Nelson hospital.

Mrs and Miss McCarthy, returned on Monday, from holidaying at Cranbrook.

The Loyal Orange Men contemplate building an Orange Hall, on their property in the Dow addition, this Fall.

J. L. Hirsch, the Nelson Real Estate Man, is visiting Creston, investigating at first hand, the facts as to the Garden of Eden.

R. Lamont, the Busy Real Estate man, has added another fruit farm, to his extensive holdings.

Orangemen Attention!

The Orangemen will march in a body to the Presbyterian Church, for service next Sunday EVENING, instead of morning as stated elsewhere in this issue.

Six Months For Italian

COVELLO FOUND GUILTY OF ASSAULT ON DUCK CREEK DAVE. FIGHT WAS CAUSED BY MISUNDERSTANDING.

Sentence of six months in jail was imposed on Toney Covello, who was found guilty by his honor Judge Wilson yesterday, of inflicting actual bodily harm upon Duck Creek Davie, an Indian, at Duck Creek near Creston, on June 4th last. The sentence dates from time of arrest.

Dr. Henderson, and Paul Hagen of Creston, gave evidence substantially the same as at the preliminary hearing.

Covello said that he was chopping wood, when the Italian arrived near the shack where he, the accused, had slept the previous night. He said hello!, and asked Davie what he had got. The Indian was carrying a rifle over his shoulder, and the Italian asked him to sell it The Indian answered in the affirmative, and was offered $10, accused pulling a roll of bills out of his pocket. The Indian then refused to sell.

"He was looking at me pretty bad," said Covello, who explained that he thought Davey was about to attack him. A struggle ensued for the possession of the rifle, during which Covello succeeded in jerking a loaded shell out of the breech. The Indian then pointed the gun at him, and the struggle continued "I was afraid to let him have the gun, and he was afraid to let me have it" said Covello, who explained how the rifle was exploded four times.

The Indian in his evidence, explained that he fired the rifle with the object of emptying the magazine.

Covello then told how he and the Indian struggled on the ground, and how he pounded Davie's head with a rock, which he claimed he pulled out of the Indian's hand.

His Honor, in inflicting sentence, said that it was clear the two men, with their different points of view, had misunderstood each other. The Indian thought he was in danger of being shot, and the Italian feared robbery, The time when the actual crime was committed was when Covello picked up the stone, while the rifle was on the ground 15 or 20 feet away, and beat Davie on the head. Nelson News

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WANTED:—A fresh milk cow, or one soon coming in. State price and particulars to A. B., c. o. Review.

RANCHERS

wishing to display their produce, on July 12th., through the courtesy of Mr. S. A. Speers, can have the use of the show windows of the Speers Store for the purpose.

New Bakery

The "City Bakery" now ready for business,

OPEN MONDAY May 1st

We will carry in stock

Fresh Bread, Pies and Pastry

Bread, 14 loaves for a dollar, 7 loaves for 50 cents, 3 loaves for a quarter, or 10 cts. per loaf. Get a dollars worth of tickets, and have your bread delivered at your house.

Ice Cream

and the best soft drinks, refreshing any time you need it.

CITY BAKERY, Wilson Avenue.

FRUIT PRESERVING

When putting up your fruit

Be sure you have a jar that will preserve it

Buy the Atlas Mason Jar

with the Sanitary Opal Top, we have them in pints, quarts and half Gallons.

These jars are guaranteed to keep your fruit in perfect condition, for any length of time.

We are handling pure cane sugar only

Creston Mercantile Co., Ld.

According to Stebbins

A Story of a Lovers' Spat and an Obstinate Pony

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Luke Prentice carefully reread the letter a second and a third time. When he had learned it quite by heart he tore it into a hundred bits and flung them to the four winds of heaven.

"I reckon there won't another girl git a chance to throw me down," said Luke sullenly as he dug his spurs into the cow pony's flank. "Hump yourself, Stebbins, if you want a rubdown and a bite tonight!"

Stebbins humped himself to such good effect that it lacked an hour of sundown when he loped into the corral of the Three X ranch. His rider dismounted, and, nodding grimly to the circle of cowboys gathered around the fire, he rendered the promised services to Stebbins and then entered the bunk house, where he made a careless toilet.

"Wednesday night's beau night," remarked Fletcher, scanning Luke's blue flannel shirt with a lifted eyebrow. "You know, Luke, we kinder look to you to keep up the reputation of the ranch, you being the most popular courting gent in the outfit. You ain't going to back out and stay home?"

"That's just what I'm going to do," said Mr Prentice, turning a dangerous glance toward his tormentor. "I've heard it said that I ought to stay home and give some of you other fellers a chance with the girls. Of course I don't want to stand in anybody's way. I'm taking a few courting days off, see?"

They all saw and passed the wink to Fletcher. That gentleman pulled at his long mustache, turned it fiercely upward and smiled thoughtfully.

"Thank you, Luke," he said at last in a velvety tone. "I've been waiting a long time for a chance, so as you've dropped out of the game I'll just mope along the Chincapin trail tonight. I got a box of candy laid aside for just such an emergency."

The Chincapin trail led to the Chincapin ranch, and there was where Estelle Blair lived with her brother Frank. It was said that Luke Prentice mounted on Stebbins had worn the Chincapin trail down to bedrock. It was a fact that he had fallen desperately in love with Estelle Blair and that for a time at least she appeared to reciprocate his feeling. Lately, however, Estelle had grown cool and distant, and now their friendship had been severed by the curt little letter she had sent advising him that she would not be at home hereafter on Wednesday nights.

Luke could not understand why matters had turned out this way unless it was that Estelle had learned to love somebody else. He knew that Fletcher occasionally called at the Chincapin to see Frank Blair, and he must at the same time have opportunities of meeting Frank's lovely sister. But both Fletcher and Blair were rival suitors for the fair hand of Miss Gertie Gibbs, the schoolteacher at Lone Tree, and it was not supposed that either ever wavered in his allegiance to the plump little beauty. As a matter of fact, the two rivals were close companions, and it was whispered that in this way each kept track of the other's movements.

Nevertheless Luke felt a fierce stab of jealousy as Bert Fletcher emerged from the bunk house immaculate in a white shirt and wearing in his bosom the large yellow topaz pin he had won from Mexican Pete. His mustaches were twisted fiercely, and his black eyes sparkled maliciously as he looked at Luke Prentice playing solitaire by the light of a lantern.

"Any messages you want to send, Luke?" teased Fletcher as he passed by.

Prentice lifted a dangerous eye and surveyed his companion's getup with contempt. "You might tell Miss Gertie I can't get over tonight, but I'll be around sure thing next Wednesday," he said, lazily gathering up the cards and snapping them into a rubber band.

"Miss Gertie?" Fletcher reddened uneasily. "I didn't say I was going to Lone Tree, did I? Besides, I reckon—I didn't know you'd been prospecting around there."

"All gals is alike to me," returned Luke sententiously. "When one ain't to home another will do just as well so long as they'll sing and play and amoose me. As I was saying, just tell Miss Gertie I'll come around next Wednesday. So long, Bert. You're sure going to have a moon."

Fletcher strode away without a word, his joke on Luke Prentice quite forgotten in his own misery. Frank Blair might take the opportunity of his being there with Estelle to run over to Lone Tree and thus steal a march on his rival. It was a matter that required much thought and delicate handling.

In the meantime Luke Prentice was arguing with himself against his riding forth into the moonlit night and assailing the Chincapin and demanding an explanation from Estelle. There must be some reason for her not caring to see him again, and if the reason was Fletcher—well, Luke would see that Fletcher stopped flirting with Miss Gibbs and gave allegiance to Estelle Blair.

Suddenly he arose and made a hasty toilet. Then he came out, saddled Stebbins and rode away down the moonlit trail. When he came to the place where the trails divided, one leading straight to the town of Perdition, another to the right leading to Lone Tree and one to the left—the Chincapin trail—he hesitated, and then with a sharp sigh he turned into the Lone Tree trail and cantered briskly toward the home of Miss Gertie Gibbs. Here he spent a pleasant evening listening to Miss Gertie's vivacious chatter, enjoying the conventional music she clattered from the tinny piano and even joining in the chorus of that popular melody "Because I Love You So" until old man Gibbs pounded on the parlor door and requested silence that he might snatch a few hours' rest before he arose to pursue his daily vocation of engineering the stagecoach down to the nearest railroad station.

Later in the evening Bert Fletcher appeared, and close at his heels came Frank Blair. When the rivals found Luke Prentice installed as court favorite they unburdened themselves of large boxes of candy and took a gloomy departure, Blair galloping back to the Chincapin to tell his sister of the faithless Prentice. Estelle sneered openly and then flitted off to bed without even a good night.

Back in the Gibbs house Luke Prentice and Miss Gertie opened the boxes of candy and enjoyed the contents hugely, and when Luke departed Miss Gertie tied a handful of chocolates into a corner of his cleanest pocket handkerchief.

Seven Wednesday evenings Luke Prentice called upon Miss Gibbs, and then the following seven Wednesdays he rode down the Chincapin trail, but in every instance, strange to relate, he did not find Miss Estelle at home. The Swedish housekeeper eyed him blankly the seventh time.

"I woden't t'ink Miss Blair be seein' youse. Her says her ain't to home, but her is!" she explained with a world of pity in her light blue eyes.

Stebbins, muzzling the parched grass in the dooryard, brought up his head with a jerk as Prentice passed through the gate. Suddenly he halted and looked back at the ranch house where he had known many pleasant hours picketed under the trees where the herbage was green and succulent and where lumps of sugar were tendered him in Estelle's pink and white palm.

Luke dug his spurs in Stebbins' flanks and flapped the reins about the pony's ears. "Get along, you son of Satan!" he muttered angrily. "You trying to make more kinds of a fool out of me than I naturally am? Hump yourself!"

The pony started forward just as a shutter opened cautiously in a second story window and a low whistle sounded softly across the yard. A soft, seductive whistle it was, and in the old days it always served as an invitation to partake of a lump of sugar from Miss Blair's hand. Luke did not hear the whistle, but Stebbins did and instantly turned and shot through the gate and galloped wildly toward the house, while Luke sawed at the reins, mad clean through at the mortifying spectacle he was making of himself before the round eyed Swedish woman who gaped at him around a corner of the house.

"She says she woden't be to home," she mumbled excitedly as Stebbins curveted and pranced and balked and utterly refused to leave the hospitable Blair doorstep.

Then it was that Luke Prentice brought forth a Mexican quirt from beneath his saddle blanket and cut the balky Stebbins once across the flanks. As a result he found himself sitting on the ground ten feet away with a badly wrenched arm, while Stebbins whinnied sharply near the front door.

Luke dragged himself painfully toward a convenient chincapin and leaned wearily against the trunk and closed his eyes. Instantly he forgot all his troubles. When he opened his eyes to consciousness again Estelle was kneeling beside him binding his arm in strong cool bandages while the Swedish woman held an ice cold cloth to his aching head.

"I can get along all right now, Selma," said Estelle briskly, and when the woman had departed her voice dropped almost to a whisper. "I'm so sorry, Luke! It was all my fault, you see. I whistled to Stebbins. I could see he didn't want to go. He knew better than his master what his master ought to do. Why didn't you come and make me give you an explanation, Luke? I wanted you to just boss me around, only you never, never would, and I thought maybe if I made you stay away from me we'd both find out. There, I'm not going to say it all!"

Luke Prentice said his part with such good effect that he rode away from the Chincapin with a radiant smile on his handsome face.

At the forks Prentice met two dejected riders turning out of the Lone Tree trail. One was Bert Fletcher, and the other was Estelle's brother, Frank Blair.

"Evening," said Luke happily. "How's Miss Gertie Gibbs?"

The two stared unhappily at each other, and finally Fletcher blurted out angrily:

"The little cat! She's gone and married the engineer down to the smelter house. I gave her a ring last week," he added viciously.

"So did I," said Frank Blair bitterly. "I suppose you did, too, Luke?"

"Nary!" protested Luke Prentice. "I've been ringing a bells up to the Chincapin, Frank. That's an old joke, but it's true, brother-in-law!" He reached down a brown paw, and the two others sprang to meet it and shake it heartily, forgetting their own chagrin in the happiness of their comrade.

COCKSHUTT

Dealers sell the best Mowers and Rakes—"THE FROST & WOOD"

BEAVERS AS ARCHITECTS.

Villages Built by Them Are Marvels of Perfection.

Beavers arrange their homes in a neighborly way to form villages and towns. It has been pointed out that they are lake dwellers for the same reason that early races of men lived over the water. The chief differences between the two, however, is that men built over natural ponds, whereas the beaver makes a pond where he happens to want it. The labors of no other animal on earth, aside from man, present so many interesting phases as those of the beaver.

According to Macoun, who has made most exhaustive studies of these little animals, whole tribes of beavers unite to build villages. Houses, invariably of two floors, bear witness to the uniform genius of these architects. The pantry occupies the ground floor, but the upper floors of the beaver's domicle are reserved for his hours of sleep and leisure.

The walls and upper part are remarkably thick, sometimes measuring several feet. Then, at the beginning of hard frost, the exterior is coated with a thick layer of mud which immediately freezes and has the double advantage of perfectly shutting out the cold air and of guarding against the attacks of wolverines.

The smartness of the beaver is also seen in the care it takes not only to lay in provisions in advance, but also in arranging creep-holes to insure its retreat in case of surprise, and for its subsistence in a day of need.

The most extraordinary works of the beaver are, of course, the dams that they throw across rivers and along the shores of lakes. In this matter they are qualified to rank with the best of engineers. Two points especially in their work attract attention, the first being the skill and strength displayed in the construction, and the second being their unerring choice of the best materials.

In examining the construction of a beaver dam, one is at once struck with its extreme simplicity. The wonder is how the mud kneaded and applied by the beaver's paws, unassisted by even the trowel-shaped tail, becomes a hydraulic cement that time hardens instead of dissolves.

The extent of the beaver's works is as surprising as their perfection. Some of them are really colossal, and several chains in length. Artificial lakes of considerable size owe their origin to these dams. The extent of the dams is the most striking proof of the social habits of the beaver, for several families must have combined to carry out the plans, and if individual instinct produces the results of a general government among these laborers, they must be influenced by a sense of common interest as highly developed as that of the bees.

Virtues of the Squaw.

The Indian woman will stick to a drink-sodden husband till he drops dead, or she does. The Government is fighting the whisky evil on the reservations with every weapon it possesses, but the Indian brave will drink when he wants it and can get it just as the white man does. A squaw knows nothing of divorce, she would not listen to you if you told her about it. There is but one method to help the Indian woman; that is to educate her from childhood along industrial lines. Until a few years ago there was absolutely no future for the Indian girl except to marry. That was the first thing, provided she could find a decent, energetic, ambitious husband; only—there are so many of the other sort. Hospitals which have trained Indian girls are making one constant effort to enlist others of the race. She has infinite patience forbearance, generally a magnificent physique and no trace of the "nerves" which so often cause breakdown among overcivilized races. An Indian girl can go through the most trying surgical case with a stoical calm that is extraordinary. She never gets flurried, anxious or worried and she obeys the physician as a soldier does his commander. In caring for cases of severe illness she seems to live on some strange reserve force and is a tender as well as a painstaking nurse.

An Arduous Task.

To be Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada entails more actual labor than most positions of honor. It means almost continuous traveling, as a grand master keeps in close touch with the whole body of Masonry by visiting the various lodges. In this way he can criticize and suggest and keep to a high standard the tone of the whole order. But it means labor and often late hours. When he was in Toronto recently His Honor D. F. MacWatt, senior county judge of Lambton, the present head of the Masonic order, quoted with approval the recently reported utterance of King George as to the necessity of "early to bed and early to rise," and commended them to the consideration of everyone who has anything to do with the conducting of lodge meetings.

They say that the most energetic grand master Grand Lodge ever had was Mr. John Ross Robertson. It is said that it was not an uncommon occurrence for him to visit four lodges in a day, delivering an address at each, it being necessary, in some instances, to call a lodge together in the morning, so that he could get through with his program.

More So.

Kicker—There is nothing that makes a woman so happy as to get a four dollar hat for three eighty-five.

Snicker—Oh, yes, there is!

Kicker—What?

Snicker—To get an eight dollar hat for seven eighty-nine.

Her Present

"She gave her husband a pocket case for his birthday."

"Anything in it?"

"Yes, the bill."

JUST ONE CURE FOR ANAEMIA

IT IS THROUGH THE RICH, RED BLOOD DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS ACTUALLY MAKE

There is just one cure for anaemia—more rich, red blood. Anaemia is simply a bloodless, run down condition. Then the body becomes weak from overwork, worry or illness, an examination of the blood will show it to be weak and watery. The common symptoms are paleness of lips, gums and cheeks, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart after the slightest exertion, dull eyes and a loss of appetite. Anaemia itself is a dangerous trouble and may pass into consumption. It can only be cured by making the blood rich and red, thereby enabling it to carry the necessary nourishment to every part of the body.

It is a proved fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands and thousands of cases of anaemia. They are really intended to make new, rich blood and are compounded in the most scientific manner with the finest ingredients for the blood known to medical science. These Pills are not a cure-all. They are intended to cure only those diseases that have their origin in poor, watery blood, and starved, weakened nerves, and the record of their success in doing this is their constantly increasing popularity in every part of the world.

Mrs. R. Colton, Golden, B.C., says:—"As a matter of duty I wish to say a word in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for my daughters, one 16 and the other 18 years of age. Both were pale and bloodless and suffered from many of the symptoms of anaemia. They would tire easily, suffered from frequent headaches, were easily discouraged, and often fretful. I saw in our home paper the story of a young girl who had similarly suffered and was cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought three boxes of the Pills and my daughters started to take them. Before they were done they began to feel better and look better, and I got a half dozen more boxes, and by the time these were used, they were enjoying the best of health, with rosy cheeks and not like the same girls at all. I also gave the Pills to my little boy who had rheumatism, and they completely cured him."

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

Only by working does a man get a chance to rest.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

Copper may be cleaned by scouring with a cut lemon dipped in salt.

Minard's Liniment used by physicians

An English cruiser, which had been in the water for seven years, was recently relieved of forty tons of barnacles, mussels and vegetable growth.

Eczema Worse in the Spring

The Blood is Watery—Difficult to Get the Healing Process Started.

But Whatever the Cause You Can Relieve the Itching and Heal the Sores With

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Salt rheum and eczema are usually worse at this time of year because of the sudden change of temperature and the watery condition of the blood.

It is not necessary to refer to the suffering caused from the intense itching nor to the tendency of these ailments to spread over the entire body. The essential point is how to bring about cure, and, if you have been reading the cures reported from time to time in this paper you will already know that there is nothing like Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema, salt rheum, psoriasis and every form of itching skin disease.

This ointment stops the itching almost as soon as applied, lessens the discharge from the vesicles or blisters, cleans out the morbid growth and stimulates the process of healing.

Because other treatments have failed, you may feel discouraged. But in Dr. Chase's Ointment there is a cure for you. We know this because of the reports we have received from so many thousands of cases.

For instance there is the cure of Mrs. Nattie Massey of Consecon, Ont., who had psoriasis or chronic eczema so bad that almost the whole body was covered with sores, and three doctors failed to cure her. One doctor said she could never be cured. Write to Mrs. Massey about her case.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

W. N. U., No. 848.

ROYAL SALUTES.

The Much-Esteemed Greetings Given to Royalty.

Of the various salutations that pass between sovereign and people, the most popular is undoubtedly the handshake. It is pleasant to have felt the grip of a king—an experience to remember and make much of.

A North country miner, whom the King had decorated and shaken hands with for some deed of heroism, was welcomed on returning home by a crowd of friends. They were surprised, however, when he persistently ignored their hands, proffered in congratulation, and kept his own at the bottom of his trouser-pocket.

"How's this, mate?" said a friend. "Hast turned proud?"

The miner cautiously drew his right hand from his pocket, regarded it a moment in admiration, and then returned it decisively to the depths it came from.

"Na, na, lads!" he exclaimed, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Ye canna expect it; I've shaken hands with the King!"

The value of the "big man's handshake" is thoroughly understood in America. A political "captain" will stand for hours shaking hands with the endless file of his supporters. The President himself is not exempt. On the occasion of the Inauguration Ball at Washington, Mr. Taft went through the ceremony, it was calculated, just 4,500 times.

To those unversed in court etiquette, another form of salutation, that of kissing the royal hand, sometimes proves a veritable trap. The poet Longfellow, describing his presentation to Queen Victoria, tells how he unwittingly grasped the hand which the Queen held out to him. He noticed a look of surprise on her face, but did not realize till afterwards that Her Majesty intended her hand to be kissed.

This rather formal mode of salutation, though it enters into many court ceremonies, is not carried to such an extreme in England as at Madrid, one of the most conservative courts in Europe. When the second of the young Spanish princes was born, the little Prince of the Asturias was just twelve months old. But already he seems to have been instructed in court etiquette, for on his baby brother being shown to him, he immediately held out his hand for the infant to kiss!

When king meets king, the usual greeting is a kiss on both cheeks. The two monarchs embrace by lightly holding each others shoulders, and saluting first on one cheek and then immediately afterwards the other.

The raising of the hat and bowing, which are the only forms of salutation that the ordinary mortal can expect to receive from royalty, are most fatiguing operations, if long continued.

Queen Victoria never spared herself in this respect. Even in the Diamond Jubilee procession, when seventy-eight years of age, she bowed almost continuously for by far the greater part of the route.

That the youngest members of the royal family are brought up in the same tradition is shown by an incident which occurred later on that very day. At the moment when the crowd round Buckingham Palace was thickest, the two eldest children of the present King appeared at the open nursery window. Prince Eddy, the elder, who was three years old within a day, in response to the cheers of the spectators, gravely raised his hand to his forehead and saluted.

This action wrought the enthusiasm of the crowd to a high pitch, and the acclamations were so long continued that the little prince concluded that something more was expected of him. Straightening himself, therefore, he again saluted, but this time with both hands at once!

A Bishop In a Donkey Cart.

It was some years ago, when he was Suffragen Bishop of West and Northwest London, that the Bishop of Marlborough was one day seen riding in a costermonger's barrow through a London district. He was due to hold a confirmation, but on arriving at the railway station he found that no conveyance to the church could be obtained. To walk the distance was impossible. The perplexed bishop was about to abandon the appointment, when the humble costermonger's cart appeared. With sudden decision the matter was arranged, the bishop scrambled on to the cart, the costermonger whipped up his donkey, and the episcopal chariot rattled through the High street to its destination.

Sign Courtesy.

While notices to the public are usually made with little reference to politeness, the traveler being likely to meet with a warning or a caution couched in strong but curt terms, there is one place at least where the regard of the passerby is taken for granted and is acknowledged. At the hospital just opposite the East India docks in London notice boards are set up asking drivers, for the sake of those who are ill within, to walk their horses past the building. That is a common enough request, but what gives it peculiar interest here is that the driver, having complied or not with the modest demand, is confronted at the other corner of the building by another board, reading "Thank, you driver."

The Spitting Snake.

A snake found in Africa is called the spitting snake by the Boers. It is between two and three feet long and is especially bold and active, readily attacking every one who approaches it. In confinement it is very savage, opening its mouth and ejecting its fangs, from which the poison may be often observed to drop and even sometimes to be forcibly ejected; whence the name given it by the Boers.

The Way of It

Harker—Didn't I understand you to say he was a tried and trusted man?"

Parke—Not exactly. He was tried after he had been trusted.—Chicago News.

HE'S A CONVERT TO A GROWING BELIEF

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASE

Mr. Renie Moulaison was treated by two doctors, but found his relief and cure in six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Surette Island, Yarmouth, N.S. (Special).—Renie Moulaison, a fisherman of this place, is a convert to the growing belief that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the sure cure for Kidney Disease.

"My trouble started with a cold," Mr. Moulaison states. "My muscles would cramp, I had backache and I had dizzy spells. My head often ached and I had a tired nervous feeling while specks of light flashed in front of my eyes.

I suffered in this way for over two months and was treated by two doctors, but they didn't seem to be able to do much for me. Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and soon started to improve. I took six boxes in all and now I am glad to say I am cured."

If you have any two or three of Mr. Moulaison's symptoms you may be sure your Kidneys are not in good working order. Bad kidneys mean Backache, Rheumatism, Heart Disease or Bright's Disease unless attended to. The one sure way to cure them is to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A man is never afraid to appear foolish until after he is married.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

Silence is the only virtue left for the man whose heart is bitter. But at that it is a big virtue.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Prisoner—"Judge, I'd like to have a little time to think this over."

Magistrate—"All right. Three months. Next case."

A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have affected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

Wife (reading paper)—Here is an account of a man in Yorkshire who sold his wife for five pounds. Isn't that dreadful?"

Husband (thoughfully)—"Well, I dunno. Five pounds is a good deal of money."

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF SKIN DISEASE

After 20 Years of Intense Suffering.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s. psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skilful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. —— treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer.

"My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up said, 'We will try Cuticura.' Home was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

"We hereby certify that we are acquainted with the aforesaid Hiram E. Carpenter, and know his condition to have been as stated. We believe his statement to be true in every particular." L. B. Simmons & Son, Merchants; G. A. Thompson, Merchant; A. A. Davis; Millard E. Joiner, Merchant; John Carpenter; A. M. Lemingwell, Attorney and Counselor-at-law, all of Henderson, N. Y.

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 10, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

Since this cure was made by the Cuticura Remedies, they have made their way to every part of the civilized world. A 32-page booklet describing humors and affections of the skin will be mailed free to those desiring further information by the Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Boston, U. S. A.

A BRIEF for BRIDGET

"Now, what questions have you to ask me?"

SHE is discussed by housekeepers throughout the country. The domestic problem grows more perplexing, and women talk as if they were the slaves of their servants. Perhaps we housekeepers are slaves, but we do much to rivet our chains upon ourselves.

A reformation is needed. Since, for reasons too numerous to mention, it cannot begin with the servants, it must with the employers. We so-called mistresses are largely responsible for the present condition of affairs in domestic service. Such being the case, we cannot expect reform until we start it.

A student of social conditions tells me that the only class of laborers who command the situation are what he terms "the servant-girl class." "They," he affirms, "can make their own terms, can demand a raise of wages, can dictate as to the work they will do, and their employers will accede to their demands rather than dispense with their services."

Much of which is true. But the servant is not alone responsible for the existing conditions. The employer has done a great deal to bring about the state of things which she now deprecates, and, for which she blames the employe.

In dealing with the domestic problem are not we women lacking sometimes in sincerity and in the courage of our convictions? There are exceptions, I acknowledge, and I sat recently near such an exception in an intelligence office. She was interviewing a stalwart Celt, telling her what she required of her, just what her duties would be, etc. Then she fixed the woman with a clear gaze and said, "Now, what questions have you to ask me?"

"Ma'am?" was the startled response.

"I say, what questions have you to ask of me? I have asked all I wish of you; I have told you what I shall expect of you if I engage you. But before this matter is definitely settled I want you to make any inquiries you wish, and to raise now any objections you have in mind. This is a business matter, and before it is closed both sides should know all about it. I have told you of the difficult points in your work, and if you have any protests to make, this is the time to make them. For when you agree to perform my work I want you to know just what it consists of."

She did not speak harshly, but decidedly, and I found myself wishing that all women dared be as frank and outspoken.

In studying the employment agency, the applicants for domestic service and the would-be employer I have concluded that the agent, like many persons in other walks of life, regards as her first consideration the fee to be obtained by supplying a servant. But it must be borne in mind that dealing with the agent is the employer, and if she would demand good service, and would refuse to apply where she does not get such, the careless or unscrupulous agent would not flourish and make money from dishonest or inconsequent practices.

One error we women make is that of occasionally engaging a servant who cannot supply satisfactory references. As only one who has sinned knows the sinfulness of iniquity, so only the employer who has made mistakes along these lines is competent to judge of how serious such mistakes may be. I have, in my younger days, taken into my household more than one maid whose only "reference" was a letter signed by a name which, the bearer claimed, was that of a former employer. In one case I learned too late that the applicant's sister-in-law had made out her certificate and signed it with a fictitious name. In another case I was too careless to notice that the recommendation was dated two years back, but I discovered afterward that since it was written the bearer had got into bad company and become a hard drinker. That worse results did not follow upon my negligence must be because there is a special providence that cares for fools, of which class, to quote the Latin historian, "I was a part."

Since those early experiences I have learned to investigate thoroughly every reference, and to refuse to engage the maid whose former employer has "just sailed for Europe," or has changed her place of residence and cannot be communicated with in person, by mail or by telephone.

"I have learned to investigate every reference."

I have not many complaints to make as to results. Few employers have had more faithful or trustworthy maids. I record gratefully that one was in my service for six, another for eight and another for eleven years, and that not one of the three left with hard feeling on either side. One of them did not wish to spend another winter in the country village in which I was making my temporary home, another had an illness which demanded a surgical operation and six months of rest, while the third girl's mother went blind, and the daughter had to return home to take care of her. And these maids are but a few of those from whom I have received faithful service. It is such as they who elevate their work to a standard that makes it impossible for one to speak of their station or labor as "menial." They dignify their work.

My readers may think that I claim to be an exceptionally easy person to live with. Far from it! In fact, I have exacted of my servants every bit of work for which they were paid. But in my dealings with them I have tried to be sincere. And right here, I believe, lies the point at which the trouble in domestic service begins. We housekeepers are not sincere with our servants, or with other employers. We are afraid of our servants, or we have a feeling of resentment toward them. When they do well, we sometimes hesitate to tell them so for fear they may think that their efficiency warrants their demanding higher wages. When they do wrong, we are afraid to find fault honestly and frankly, lest they leave us. (Unless we get angry and speak impulsively—and this is just the time when we should hold our peace.) When we discharge a maid because of some evil habit she possesses, we have not the honest courage to refuse her a certificate of good character, or to tell her prospective employer who applies to us for this, that the girl is unsatisfactory.

"But," said a housewife to me, "would you have me take away a poor girl's only chance to earn an honest living?"

She is not earning "an honest living" when she takes money for that which she does not perform, or for being t at which she is not. If she drinks, you have no more right to give her clean papers that will admit her to another woman's family, than you have to put a menace to safety in the house of that woman. If she is loose in her morals, what right have you to send her into a home where there are young girls and boys? Would I prevent her earning a living? Yes!—if in earning it she is endangering other people! It is time we understood that sincerity and truth are the standards by which we must work. We women sometimes let weak sentimentality get into the way of our sense of justice. An honest man would not recommend to his neighbor the office boy who had stolen from him. If he is a fair man, he will let his principles of truth and honor come before his consideration of the individual. Until we women do that, we cannot expect to get from our employes such service as men get from theirs.

I do not mean that one should not be lenient and charitable with one who has erred and is striving to do well. But the maid who drinks, or steals, or is insolent, or slothful, does not belong to this type. Give her a fair chance and take time to prove her, but when you find that she is unworthy of trust, do not allow her to impose upon your neighbor armed with a certificate of good character signed by yourself.

The conscientious reader may not believe that this kind of thing is done by employers, but it is. I know good women who declare that they will not tell a disagreeable truth about a former employe. They are fearful of suit for libel, perhaps, or they are, I fancy, more in fear of their own distorted ideas of true kindness.

But, with the honest maid once in our employ, what mistakes do we make? In the first place, we are alternately lax and severe. We do not run our households on business methods. If a maid is engaged to do certain work, she should be expected to do them well, and regularly. When she neglects them she should be reminded of this fact, not severely, but certainly not in a truckling, half-propitiatory manner. One may say with perfect kindness, "Bridget, the silver is not looking as bright as I like to see it. Try to be more careful about cleaning it." In the depths of her heart the servant will respect the woman who will speak thus frankly. But remember that it is only kind and honest to utter a sentence of commendation when the girl tries to please you. I recall the look of gratitude on the face of a new maid who had served her first company dinner after she came to me. When the guests had departed I went to the kitchen and told her of how well cooked everything was, adding, "You did extremely well." The quick tears sprang to the blue Irish eyes. "Oh, ma'am!" was the surprised exclamation, "thank you for saying it. I did my best, but I didn't suppose as you would speak of it!"

Long afterward I learned from her former employer, with whom she had lived for two years, that she "did not believe in praising a servant." But I also learned that she did believe in reprimanding sharply when one did ill. It is a very poor rule that does not work both ways.

After all, our servants do not have as easy a time as we employers like to fancy. To be sure, there is the sheltered home, and, sometimes, a comfortable room; and, usually, good fare. But there is the labor which, while not exactly lasting "from sun to sun," begins before breakfast in the morning, and is not finished until the last dish is washed after the late dinner at night. Against this, one may place good wages, no expense of board or lodging, kind treatment, and one afternoon and evening "off" each week.

"I wish I had as easy a job!" sighed a literary worker in talking of this matter.

Does she? Would she ask no other recreation for six evenings in the week than to sit in her room and read, write or sew? I question it.

Still every kind of work is largely what the worker makes it. The maid who performs her tasks faithfully and well, receives often favors that are not "nominated in the bond," and she should. When you engage her, you do not stipulate that when you are ill she is to wait upon you, cook dainties for you, and arrange the family meals without disturbing you. Yet she often does this, and scores of little tasks that you did not hire her to perform. It is, therefore, perfectly right that you should allow her to go out occasionally in the evening when it is not her "day out," or give her a whole Sunday off when you and your family run out of town for a week-end. Again, this is but honesty and justice.

This is an age of specialties, and the maids who are willing to be "general houseworkers" are few, and growing fewer. We cannot blame the class for this. Who would cook, wait on table, wash dishes, make beds, sweep and dust if she could get a position to do only cooking, or only waiting or chamber-work? Yet, when we try to find housework, and fail, we complain bitterly against the genus maid. Had not some housewives insisted upon and paid for "specialists," the conditions we regret would not exist. So do not blame Bridget. She is but doing what you and I would do—looking for a position that brings in the highest pay with the least exertion. Are you or I above such considerations? You may be an altruist. The ignorant girl who has not had your advantages is not, nor would she know what you meant if you used the word in her hearing.

But she do s know what it means to be "kind hearted." If you are inclined to doubt it, treat her fairly, and then wait until you are ill or in great sorrow, or sitting at the sickbed of one of your dear on s. If your maid is like most of her class, she will sacrifice her "afternoon off" or, maybe, a night's rest to "help you out." Of course, there are maids who leave in time of trouble, but they are the exceptions, not the rule.

I am not shutting my eyes to the evils that exist. I have seen them, and I have suffered from them. My china, too, has been broken; my house, too, has been neglected; I, too, have had servants who have lied, some few have stolen, some have been ill tempered, many of them have been ungrateful. But that does not alter the fact that the employers of these same girls are much to blame for their faults. As long as you, my reader, pay your maid more than most of your friends can afford to pay; as long as you "tip" her to keep her in a good humor when you have company; as long as you spoil her and allow her to neglect her duties; as long as you are afraid to speak the truth to her when she does wrong, so long will her class give unsatisfactory service. Try to bear in mind that her training, her ideals, her aims are different from yours. Do not let a matter of "feeling" enter into your dealings with her. But be just and kind. If you would have her honest, straightforward, dutiful, treat her with strict honesty, sincerity and justice.

When we housekeepers appreciate our duties along these lines, a better time will come, and it will be a better time for Bridget as well as for her nominal mistress.

Marion Harland

"She will sacrifice her afternoon off to help out."

Useful Hints

MAHOGANY or any other colored wood may be darkened by polishing with cold drawn linseed oil.

To quickly cloud the windows in bathroom, etc., apply with a brush a solution of epsom salts mixed in vinegar. This gives a capital frosted appearance, and becomes permanent if white varnished over.

When two glass tumblers or dishes stick together so that there is danger of breaking in getting them apart, put cold water in the inner one and hold the outer one in warm water, and they will separate at once.

Milk will clean piano keys satisfactorily. It will take out ink spots of long standing. Used in starch, it will give a satisfactory gloss. It will remove discolorations from gilt mirror and picture frames. Used with bluing for lace curtains, it will make them look like new.

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

IMPORTANT NOTICE

BECAUSE of the enormous number of letters sent to the Exchange, I must ask contributors to limit their communications to 100 words, except in cases of formulas or recipes which require greater space. I want all my correspondents to have a showing in the Corner, and if my request in this respect is complied with, it will be possible to print many more letters.

Attention is called to the fact that Marion Harland cannot receive money for patterns, as she has no connection with any department that sells them.

Javelle Water

WILL some one tell me how to make Java water, used for washing clothes? It is diluted with water before the clothes are put into it. It is excellent for removing fruit stains, iron rust and the like. It contains either chloride of lime or potash—I forget which.

And is there any way of preventing spider webs from accumulating in corners? I sweep them away every few days, but they return in force. They are not nice to see, and look like slovenly housekeeping.

Permit me to give a recipe for

Almond Bread

Two and a half cups of flour, 1½ cups of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a quarter teaspoonful of salt and 6 well-beaten eggs should be mixed into a soft dough. Add then a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and washed, but not cut. Lastly, work in 3 teaspoonfuls of the best salad oil. Knead the dough faithfully. Do not have it too stiff. Flour the kneading board well. Cut the dough into pieces about as large as a medium-sized potato, and roll these on the board into lengths. These should extend from one side of the baking pan to the other. Flour—not grease—the pan. Bake in a brisk oven to a light brown. As soon as the pan is removed from the oven, cut the strips into two or into four inch pieces. If this is not done at once, while the almonds are soft, you cannot cut the rolls neatly.

The recipe allows for 5 dozen pieces of almond bread. You may make half the quantity if you like.

The oil used as shortening is not tasted at all in the bread when the latter is baked. You may keep it a long time, without finding it soggy, or anything but crisp and good. ROSE (Atlanta, Ga.).

I think "Javelle Water" is what you would like to get. This is my recipe, taken from my latest cookbook, "The Housekeeper's Week":

Put 2 pounds of baking soda into a large stone or porcelain-lined pot and pour over it 2 quarts of warm—but not boiling—water. Stir with a wooden spoon until the soda has dissolved, when add half a pound of chloride of lime. Set the pot in a wide pan of warm water, and let it stand, covered, on the range until the mixture is quite hot. Then take it off and let it cool, keeping it covered all the time. When cold, draw off the clear liquor carefully; strain through cheese cloth, and bottle. Cork closely, and never leave the stopper out for a moment longer than necessary.

The cloudy residuum left in the pot may be bottled for clearing kitchen sinks of grease, as it is a powerful alkali.

A small teacupful of javelle water, added to a boiler of water, will aid materially in keeping the clothes white and will not injure the fabrics.

The only remedy I know for the accumulation of spiders' webs is to kill the spiders when you brush down their webs. Even in the days of wise Agur, the son of Jakur, the spider "took hold with her hands and was in king's palaces." Destroy her, and do not give her time to deposit eggs in the nest.

Christ-Like Work

We live in the country and have for a neighbor a widow who is very poor in this world's goods. Her 4-year-old grandson has been blind from his birth. He can just see when a lamp is lighted, and when a window shows the sunlight outside. I am told that an operation would help him to see, but they cannot afford the expense. Can you or your readers direct us to a hospital where such cases are treated free? His mother is dead, his father is worse than dead, and will do nothing for his child. A COUNTRYLITE (Prentiss, Ky.).

The information will be sent you as soon as we get it. Some compassionate reader will surely let you have it. It is a Christ-like work to let the light into a darkened life.

When Cooking Tripe

In a recent issue of the Exchange I saw a recipe for freezing creams without ice. I put it aside for future use, but I cannot find it. Will you kindly reprint it?

May I pass over to you my father's recipe for cooking tripe?

Materials: Two pounds of tripe, 1 can of tomatoes, 3 onions, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 tablespoonful of sugar.

Boil the tripe for half an hour. Pour off the water and put in the can of tomatoes. Cut the onions into quarters; add the sugar and pepper, and salt to taste. Cook slowly for an hour. Blend the flour into a smooth paste with a little water before adding it to the contents of the pot.

It may be warmed over into a good "second-day dish."

C. A. M. (New York city).

Having already published a request for a repetition of the recipe for self-freezing ice cream, I am hopeful that your wish will be granted sooner than if I were to ask for it now. Keep a bright watch upon the Exchange until you see it.

Your inherited recipe for tripe is appreciated. Tripe is so often and so egregiously misused in the cooking that it has a bad name with those who have had no opportunity of tasting it at its best estate.

Have You Any Pieces?

Will you mercifully make room for this request of your—of "our"—Exchange?

I know a little child whose mother, having five other little ones to care for, has neither time nor money to expend upon clothes for her.

Dear fellow-members of the Exchange, which means so much to us all! Will those of you who have, after spring dressmaking is over, remnants of muslin, ribbons, laces, or any bits of dress goods, which you do not need, send them to me? I will utilize them in making for the wee creature the pretty clothing her beautiful disposition deserves.

My own "baby" and only child being a lad of 14, you see, I have time to sew for the girlie, if I had the materials.

I have over 2000 recipes gathered along the way of my housewifely life. I should be only too happy to send you a few of which we are particularly fond.

Mrs. L. T. (Brooklyn, N. Y.).

Select the favorite recipes for us by all means!

I have no right to insert a request for clothing. It is in direct violation of my own rules. If I skulk behind the equivocation that I ask for odds and ends of stuffs large enough to make baby aprons and skirts and hair ribbons is not begging for "clothes"—the grandmothers and fond aunts and "foolish" mothers among my beloved constituents will forbear to blame me. Will they prove their forgiveness by writing to me for the address of the member from Brooklyn?

Some Briefiets

I inclose several "briefiets" that may be of use to other housemothers.

I have a number of books which I should be glad to put into our informal circulating library. Any one who will send for them is welcome to them. I have taken the Saturday Evening Post for two years. I should like to pass it on to some one else when I have read it. It must be called for in the evening and regularly, an easy matter after one has called once.

Milk will remove discoloration from gilt picture frames.

2. Household ammonia will put out a gasoline fire quickly.

3. Grease with butter the saucepan in which rice is cooked, and the rice will not stick to the sides and bottom.

4. To remove the odor of onions from a dish, boil strong soda water in the dish for ten minutes.

5. If nuts of any kind get dry and tasteless, they may be freshened by soaking them in lukewarm water.

6. The sputtering of frying fat when eggs are cooked in it may be prevented by putting a very little flour into the fat before the eggs go in.

7. If the pan in which milk, custards and salad dressing are to be cooked be first wiped with a soft cloth, greased with a little lard, they will neither stick nor scorch.

8. When cutting freshly baked bread or cake, dip the knife in boiling water for a minute and the task may be more neatly done than with a cold, dry blade.

Mrs. G. M. (Oak Park, Ill.).

Your briefiets are unexceptionable. We thank you for them, as for the generous offer of reading matter. I hold your address.

An Ear Trouble

Let me say to "M. M." (New York city), concerning the discharge from her ear that I had the same trouble for many months. I took no fewer than sixty treatments from an eminent ear specialist, none of which did me any good. At last a friend told me to use peroxide of hydrogen. I poured a little into a teaspoon and added the same quantity of water, and, warmed the mixture and had an assistant pour it into my ear daily.

Result: I have not had the discharge since, and that was many years ago.

SYMPATHIZER (Louisville, Ky.).

Instead of forwarding your letter by mail to the one to whom you come with sympathy and advice, I insert it here that others may profit thereby. Peroxide of hydrogen is one of the best antiseptics for family use. It should be applied to a (res) cut where there is danger of blood-poisoning from rust or other foreign substance.

A Summer Beverage

A recipe for ginger ale is asked for by a member from St. Nicholas, Pa. I cut this from your Corner a few weeks ago. I think it is what she wants.

Ginger Ale

Powdered sugar, 20 pounds; lemon or lime juice (fluid), 18 ounces; honey, 1 pound; bruised ginger root, 22 ounces; water, 18 gallons.

Boil the ginger and 3 gallons of the water for half an hour. Add sugar, lemon juice and honey with the rest of the water. Strain through cheesecloth. When the mixture is perfectly cold, add the beaten white of 1 egg and an ounce of essence of lemon.

Let it stand four days before bottling it. E. K. K. (St. Joseph, Mich.).

From a Shut-In

I have been confined to my bed for fifteen years. I have neither father, mother, brother nor sister. My only solace is reading. I read a portion of a story of yours, published years ago in serial form. I am to get the book, if it has been published in book form. There was a [illegible] incident in it.

M. L. J. (Gallatin, Tenn.).

The question relative to the book has been answered by mail. My object in printing thus much of the pathetic scrap of a letter is to enlist the sympathies of the Exchange in the lonely shut-in. Send to me for her address, and send her interesting books to beguile her solitary hours. Her story brings to mind vividly just such a one other shut-in who died last year after six years' residence in a hospital for incurables. She was an orphan and an only child, and so far as she knew, had not a relative upon earth. Our thoughts leap forward eagerly to the hope of the home in which abundant compensation shall be made for the awful isolation of fifteen barren years. Meanwhile, let our shut-in be remembered in prayer and in deed. "Inasmuch as ye did unto one of these, ye did it unto me," is a sure promise.

For Varicose Veins

Recently "M. A. G." one of your correspondents, mentioned rhubarb root as a cure for varicose veins. I am much interested in this, and wish to know how and where rhubarb root is obtainable; in what form it is taken, at what time and in what quantity.

In answer to a query on the subject, you told me that the signature is confidential. I now make my appeal directly to "M. E. G." P. E. B. (Ilion, N. Y.).

The request for particulars of the alleged "cure" has already been made to "M. E. G.," who will answer through the Exchange. The rhubarb is that known as "Turkish rhubarb," and it may be had from the druggists.

An Endless Chain

Dear Queen Mother of the Exchange: Please desist. This poor creature has had her eyes opened to the fact that that same Exchange is an "endless chain."

I have answered thirty-five (!) letters, sending in each the cure I found efficacious for "scabies." Not having heard again from a single one of the writers, I cannot tell whether or not they were benefited by the recipe.

Here is the condensed formula. You may print it if you like. But, oh, don't send my offer (which some parasite in calling an "ad") to anybody else.

Cure for Scabies (i. e. Itch)

Mix with pulverized sulphur enough vaseline to make an ointment. Rub this thoroughly into the pores of the skin at night, while standing before a hot fire. Then sleep between woolen blankets. In the morning take a hot bath, cleansing the skin well, using plenty of soap.

Repeat the process three times to be certain of perfect eradication of the disease. Then cleanse all clothing and bedding to prevent a return.

Mrs. A. K. (North Brookfield, N. Y.).

You shall have no more letters upon the much-beaten-out matter. The recipe is so simple and concise that every brain should be able to retain it.

Helpful Offers

If "R. C. M." (Pittsburg, Pa.) wants recipes for canning beets and string beans, I can give them to her. I can also send trustworthy recipes for packing eggs, which I have used for years.

Do you want a formula for "sauer kraut" to go with your German recipes? And I can tell you how to make German dill pickles.

And does anybody want to know how to use a bread mixer?

Lastly, will the member who offered directions for fireless cooking please let us have them?

Mrs. C. B. (Chesterton, Ind.).

It goes without saying that we shall be delighted to get such valuable additions to our stock of trustworthy recipes. Please let us have them at your convenience. Canning and pickling time will be here before we are ready for it.

As to the fireless cooker, minute directions come with each patented cooker. You can hardly go amiss. The custom of using the labor-and-fuel-saving machines is rapidly growing and the warm weather will make them yet more popular.

Preserving Eggs

Some weeks ago in the Exchange you gave directions for preserving eggs in water-glass.

May I add a few words to those directions? You said, "Put down a large number of eggs at once, and pour the solution over them."

It often happens that one cannot get many eggs at one time. My plan has been to prepare the solution in a large jar, and if it is set in the cellar, to put a board between it and the floor. Then I add the eggs from day to day—six, eight, a dozen—just as I can spare them.

I have some now that were packed last May, moved them in June, and again in November. They were taken from the solution, packed in a pail and transported over a hundred miles on the train. They were out of the solution for two weeks at a time. We were waiting until we could get more water-glass. In spite of all this, the eggs are still in good condition.

You have conferred a genuine benefit upon us by relating your experience in the matter of preserving eggs. I own to surprise at the story. I have never packed down eggs in water-glass, but I have reported favorably upon the process; and without asking questions, I had the idea that, once packed, they should not be disturbed or taken out of the solution except when a few were removed at a time for immediate use. What you say simplifies the process materially. As you remark, few housewives gather dozens of eggs at a time for packing, wherefore every housewoman (as the English call them) can add to the store under the solution a few daily. We are your grateful debtors for setting us right.

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, Wilson Avenue, Creston.

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

Subscription, $2.00 a year, in advance.
30-Day Notices, $5; 60, $7.50; 90, $10

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

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

The Officers and members of Wild Rose Lodge No. 39 K. of P., wish to express their appreciation of the eloquent sermon preached by the Rev. S. H. Sarkissian, in the Creston Presbyterian Church on Sunday July 2nd., being the occasion of the Lodge Annual Memorial Service, and which sermon will live long in the memories of those members who were privileged to be present. The thanks of the Lodge are also tendered to the ladies who so kindly decorated the Church with flowers.

The Editor is in receipt of a communication, dated at Boy Scouts Headquarters in British Columbia, July 1st. reading as follows; Editor, Creston Review; Dear Sir, We should be much obliged to you, if you would inform your numerous readers, that all information with regard to boy scouts, can be obtained from us on application for same.

Thanking you in anticipation,
Yours truly,
Victoria, B. C. T. R. Heneage, Hon. Sec.

School closing day June 30th., was marked by a very enjoyable afternoon to the parents of the children, and other invited guests, when Miss Opie, school-mistress at Alice Siding Public School, and Miss M. Moore, of Douglas Villa, entertained them to a very pleasant "At home."

Miss Opie, dressed in a neat costume of delicate yellow material, assisted by Miss More wearing a gown of white net, ushered the guests into a parlour artistically adorned with wild marguerites. Music and conversation whilst enjoying the views from the casement windows, made the time fly on winged feet, after which the visitors were invited into the dining room, where a bounteous spread table, centered by the old fashioned pink Sweet William met the view. Justice having been done to the good things provided and after more music and songs by some of the guests, we strolled home in the dusk of the peaceful evening, having spent a most enjoyable afternoon and evening, a pleasant memento of a first visit to Creston. "A summer visitor."

Mrs. M. B. Long, of Pincher Creek, Alberta, has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Pease, enjoying a summer holiday in the glorious valley.

Mrs R. Sinclair Smith, returned home from the hospital on Tuesday train, and her many friends will be pleased to learn that she is well on the way to complete recovery from her recent illness.

The members of the Loyal Orange Lodge, will march in a body to attend the morning service, at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday Morning next.

The Agricultural Department of the Provincial Government, announce that they will shortly supply this district, with a gasoline power spray outfit, and which will be accompanied by an expert, who by practical demonstrations, will show the fruit-growers of Creston, what can be done in the way of spraying, by the use of the most up-to-date methods

Tony Covello, the Italian charged with assaulting Duck Creek Indian "Dave," as previously fully reported in the Review, was sentenced to six months in jail, sentence to date from the day of his arrest by P. C. Gunn.

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.

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

J. B. Moran - - Prop.

New Crop For Creston

Now is the time for those fruit growers who are desirous of growing tobacco as well as fruit to communicate with Mr. L. Holman of Kelowna, B. C. We publish the following extract from a recent issue of the Daily News which will be read with interest by all intending tobacco growers:

L. Holman, the Kelowna tobacco expert, who was engaged by the provincial government last spring to give a course of lectures on the subject at various points in the province reached the city last night and is a guest at the Hume.

Mr. Holman has been engaging in tobacco culture all his life, at first in Wisconsin and for the past 18 years at Kelowna. Near the Okanagon city he has under cultivation 32 acres of land, from which he raises many hundreds of pounds of Havana and Wisconsin tobacco every year. He also operates a factory where the raw product from his own ranch and from those in the vicinity is manufactured into cigars.

"I think from what I have seen and been told," said Mr. Holman last night, "that tobacco can be commercially grown in this district. The climate is certainly suitable and I have no doubt that the soil would grow tobacco well. Of course the most suitable soil is black or sandy loam, but the plant can be raised on many other varieties."

Asked concerning the modus operandi at his ranch at Kelowna, Mr. Holman said that the seed was first sprouted and then sown in cold frames between April 1 and April15th.

About June 1 the Havana plants are set, when they are about four inches high at a distance of three feet by eighteen inches apart, while the Wisconsin plants are set out at a distance of three feet by two feet apart. They are cultivated for three weeks and at the end of four or five weeks the flowers appear. These flowers are then picked off and thrown away, while the leaves are thinned out until there are from 18 to 22 on the Havana plants and from 12 to 15 on the Wisconsin variety. From 12 to 20 days after the flowers are taken off the plants are ripe for the harvesting and they are cut and taken to a shed, where they remain for three months. They are then graded and taken to a sweat house, where they are kept for three months in artificial heat and then allowed to cool off for six months. The leaves are then ready to be manufactured.

"I have a great belief in the future of tobacco growing in this province," said Mr Holman. "There is a great market for the manufactured product and the soil and climatic conditions are in many districts well suited to the industry."

Mr. Holman does a large business in home grown cigars in the interior and has reached a very high stage of perfection in manufacturing the 'smokes.'

Hazelwood Ice Cream at the Wigwam Cafe.

DEPARTMENT OF WORKS.
Notice to Contractors.

Columbia Gardens School.

Sealed Tenders, superscribed "Tender for Schoolhouse, Columbia gardens," will be received by the Hon. the Minister for Public Works up to noon of Wednesday, the 14th day of June, 1911, for the erection and completion of a large one-room frame school-house at Columbia Gardens, Ymir Electoral District.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tender, may be seen on and after the 25th day of May, 1911, at the offices of the Government Agent at Nelson B. C., or F. H. Drake Esq., Secretary of the Schoolboard, Columbia Gardens, B. C., and at the Department of Public Works, Victoria B. C.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank check or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Hon. the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of $150, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer
Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B. C., May 22nd., 1911
48 47 5

NOTICE

Public notice is hereby given that under the authority contained in section 131 of the "Land Act," a regulation was approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council fixing the minimum sale prices of first- and second- class lands at $10. and $5. per acre respectively.

This regulation further provided that the prices fixed therein should apply to all lands with respect to which the applications to purchase were given favorable consideration after the date of said regulation, namely April 3rd. 1911.

Further notice is now given that by virtue of a regulation approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council on the 10th. of May 1911, that the regulation dated the 3rd. April, 1911, be held not to apply to applications to purchase vacant Crown lands which were received by the Assistant Commissioners of Lands on or before the said April 3rd, 1911, and with respect to which the required deposit of fifty cents per acre had been received by said Commissioners on or before the said April 3rd, 1911.

ROBT. A. RENWICK,
Deputy Minister of Lands.
Department of Lands,
Victoria, B. C., 16th of May, 1911.
34 47 51

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. MUNGRAM, 2040, Columbia street, Vancouver, B.C.

Fourteen loaves of good bread for a dollar, at the City Bakery. Also cakes of all varieties, try them.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching from Martin's Famous Regal Strain of White Wyandottes. Two dollars per setting of fifteen. Mrs J. Boyd, P.O. Box 4.

All changes of ads. must be handed in at the Review Office not later than Wednesday noon in each week.

'Oh! Mercy! Has Anybody Seen My Cat?'

This particular cat, so the story goes, having found a bottle of N. B. C. Beer, preferred its joy-bringing qualities to a place by "his own fireside." But you don't need "to wonder" to taste the pleasures of N. B. C Beer.—Sold at all hotels in Creston.

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

Seasonable Horse Remedies

We Stock

International Colic Cure	in .50 bottles
International Absorbent	in $1 bottles
Dan Patch white Liniment	in .50 bottles
International Stock Food	in .50 pkges
Intern'l Distemper Cure	in .50 pkges
International Heave Cure	in .50 pkges

All guaranteed by The International Stock Co

Creston Drug & Book Co.

THE PIPE OF PEACE was so called because of the soothing effect of a smoke of good tobacco. If you would enjoy the effect to the fullest try any one of the tasty brands of our large assortment of SMOKING TOBACCO which is made of better tobacco than was ever smoked by the Indians. Come right in when you are around our way, and smoke a pipe with us. Find out the brand you like the best

Creston Wine & Spirit Co. S. POOLE Prop.

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

Transfer, Livery and Feed Stables

(Best equipped Livery in Town)

All class of TURNOUTS supplied at short notice. The latest styles of CUTTERS and BUGGIES for sale and hire. Saddle and pack horses a Speciality.

Feed for sale. Agent for the McLaughlin Manfg. Co. Horses for sale

I am prepared to fill all orders, both by wire and mail, and meet all trains at any hour of the day or night. Commercial men and landseekers, will receive prompt attention

H. S. McCreath, Prop

Phone 56 Sirdar Avenue Box 14

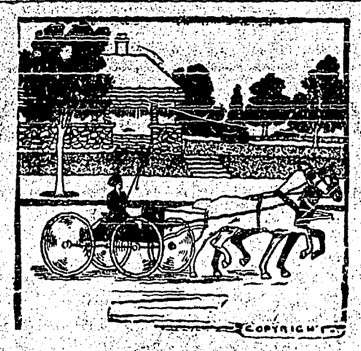
... THE ...

BLACKSMITH SHOP

AND CARRIAGE WORKS

Buggies, Democrats, Gigs and Cutters for sale at rockbottom prices
We do all kinds of repairing and wood work with dispatch
Our shop is located near the Creston Mercantile Co.
We are also agents for the Oregon Nursery Company and handle First-class Fruit Trees

W. K. BROWN



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 send 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

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

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

Always on Hand

A complete stock of
Fresh Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb and Pork.

Sausage, any kind.

Hams and Bacon, Butter and Eggs, Lard, Beef Dripping, Etc.

Fresh Fish every Friday.
Smoked Fish all the time.
Our Smoked Salmon and Halibut is choice.

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

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

Buggies and democrats at cost, at W K. Brown's carriage works.

For Sale.—320 acres of crown-granted excellent Fruit Land on Kootenay Lake Lot 913. Apply, C. P. Hill, Hillcrest Mines, Alberta 15-th

Fruit Ranch for Sale—Fifteen acres in good state of cultivation, planted with 1300 trees consisting of apple, plum, peach and cherry trees. Good five room house and stable one and a half miles from Creston. Apply to Walter V Jackson Phone 91 Creston B. C.

Subscribe to the REVIEW today.

PUBLIC SERVICE ACT

The qualifying examinations for Third-class Clerks, Junior Clerks, and stenographers will be held at the following places, commencing on Monday the 3rd July next:—Armstrong, Chilliwack, Cumberland, Golden, Grand Forks, Kamloops, Kaslo, Kelowna, Ladysmith, Nanaimo, Nelson, New Westminster, North Vancouver, Peachland, Revelstoke, Rossland, Salmon Arm, Summerland, Vancouver, Vernon and Victoria.

Candidates must be British Subjects between the ages of 21 and 30, if for Third-class Clerks; and between 16 and 21, if for Junior Clerks or Stenographers.

Applications will not be accepted if received later than the 15th. June next.

Further information, together with application forms, may be obtained from the undersigned.

P. Walker,
Registrar Public Service
Victoria, B. C., 27th. April, 1911. 39-46

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

See W. K. Brown and get a new coat of paint put on that old buggy, and make it look like new; best work, and lowest prices, at the W. K. Brown carriage works.

British Columbia imports each year something like $6,000,000 worth of butter and all the cheese she consumes. This could all be produced here and much more if the farmer decided to do so. But the price of land steadily advancing, the market for hay and grain increasing, and the labor problem becoming more acute, the outlook for an increased dairy output is not hopeful.

The Mountain trout continue to come in from Summit, Corn Boundary, Goat and other mountain spring streams adjacent to Creston. At this time of the year Creston is the angler's paradise.

The government road gang under Superintendent Benney, have been doing good work the past few days grading McLeod avenue.

J. B. Moran, the proprietor of the Creston hotel, always enterprising, is installing both upstairs and down, lavatories of a most modern design.

The good work of road grading that is being done by the provincial government on all sides of us is quite apparent. These roads that were only a few years ago mere pack trails, will in the near future, be up to date automobile roads leading in all directions.

First class job printing at the Review Office.

Nelson Land District, District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that I Rosie Hunz, of Spokane Washington, occupation Spinster, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands;—Commencing at a post planted at or near the Southeast corner of lot 8693 thence West 40 chains. South 80 chains East 80 chains, North 80 chains, West 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres more or less.

Rosie Hunz, Applicant.
J. Fisher, Agent.
Date April 21st. 1911 42-49

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that I Stephen Jeffery of Arrow Park B. C., occupation rancher, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about 20 chains West of the Northeast corner of lot 8028, thence North 80 chains, West 40 chains, South 80 chains, and East 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing 320 acres more or less.

Stephen Jeffery, Applicant
J. Fisher, Agent.
Date May 6th. 1911 42-49

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I Charles H. Jeffery of Arrow Park B. C., occupation Rancher, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at or near the Southwest corner of Lot 870, thence South 80 chains, West 40 chains North 80 chains and East 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing 320 acres more or less.

Charles H. Jefferey, Applicant.
J. Fisher, Agent.
Date May 5th. 1911. 42-49

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that, under the authority contained in section 131 of the "Land Act," a regulation has been approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council fixing the minimum sale prices of first and second class lands at $10 and $5 per acre respectively.

This regulation further provides that the prices fixed therein shall apply to all lands with respect to which the application to purchase is given favorable consideration after this date, notwithstanding the date of such application or any delay that may have occurred in the consideration of the same.

Further notice is hereby given that all persons who have pending applications to purchase lands under the provisions of Sections 34 or 36 of the "Land Act" and who are not willing to complete such purchases under the prices fixed by the aforesaid regulation shall be at liberty to withdraw such applications and receive refund of the moneys deposited on account of such applications.

WILLIAM R. ROSS,
Minister of Lands.
Department of Lands,
Victoria, B. C.' April 3rd, 1911. 45

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

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

INFORMATION is desired as to the whereabouts of Margaret Jane Fish, nee Brown, last heard of in Halifax, England. Please communicate with A. B. "Advertiser" Office, Kimberley, S. Africa.

Hyomei
A Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an anteseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler costs $1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or post-paid from The R. T. Booth Co, Ltd, Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by he Creston Drug & Book Co.

YOU PAY WHEN CURED
Drs. K. & K. TAKE ALL RISKS

Cured by the New Method Treatment

NO NAMES OR PHOTOS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through Early Indiscretions, Excesses and Blood Diseases. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes, with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat, etc.

YOU WILL BE A WRECK

Our New Method Treatment can cure you and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified, so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear, the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency vanish, the eye becomes bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. We will cure you or no pay.

EVERYTHING PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

READER: No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Books Free—"The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated) on Secret Diseases of Men. QUESTION LIST FOR HOME TREATMENT SENT ON REQUEST

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE

All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows:
DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.
Write for our private address.

Stop off and take a Look at Sunny **CRESTON** If You Want to see the Choicest

Fruit Lands *In British Columbia's* Best Climate

Creston, B. C.

Has never had a crop failure.

Has no damaging frosts.

Minimum temperature 1911, 3 degrees above zero.

Grows apples that are first prize winners every year in competition with the world.

Has an ideal and mild climate.

Has the most favored location, close to markets, ample transportation facilities, two railroads and a navigable river.

District comprises the largest area of genuine, proven fruit lands in the province, 90,000 acres in one block.

Has the quality and quantity of land to compete favorably against the commercial orchards of the world.

Investments

A 1280 Acre Block

Best Soil, Level, Abundance of Water, Good Roads, Suitable for

Colonizing or Subdividing

20 acres one half mile from town, simi-improved; dwelling. 160 acres one mile from town, finest soil and situation in the Glorious Kootenays

Also other tracts improved and unimproved high grade fruit lands at lowest prices, all genuine propositions

Creston, B. C.

Is situated in the Kootenay Valley between Kootenay Lake and the United States Boundary Line, 70 miles Southeast of Nelson, 70 miles Southwest of Cranbrook, and 100 miles Northeast of Spokane.

What Lord Justice Grantham said: For a safe investment I prefer Creston to any other place in British Columbia.

What Hon. Thos. Taylor said: Creston District is the garden of British Columbia.

What Andrew Carnagie said: The wise man invests his money in good real estate.

What Jacob Astor did, made $50,000,000 in real estate in 30 years.

Gain health and wealth, and prove your wisdom by buying fruit lands in a proven fruit climate, and where no irrigation is required.

Apply to the Owner

R. LAMONT

Creston British Columbia

References: Canadian Bank of Commerce, Creston, B.C., and Bank of Montreal, Rossland, B.C.

THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

By GASTON LEROUX,
Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room."

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY BRENTANO'S

(Continued.)

The unhappy woman sobbed. She struck with desperate hands at the door which Bernier opened to us.

She motioned me to enter the little parlor at the right, which was just outside the bedchamber of Old Bob.

She took both my hands in hers and said in a voice which I shall never forget:

"You are my boy's friend. Tell him that he is not the only one who has suffered." And she added with a sob which shook her whole frame:

"Why will he insist on not telling me the truth?"

I had not a word to say. What could I have answered? I had breathed the perfume of the Lady in Black.

Yes; she treated me as an old friend. She told me everything that I already knew in a few sentences as piteous and as simple as a mother's love itself, and she told me other things which Rouletabille had kept a secret from me. The relationship between them had been guessed by the one as surely as by the other. Led by a sure instinct, Mme. Darzac had resolved to take means to learn who was this Rouletabille who had saved her from death and who was of the age of her own son and who resembled the lad whom she had mourned as dead. And since her arrival at Mentone a letter had reached her containing the proof that Rouletabille had lied to her in regard to his early life and had never set foot in any school at Bordeaux. Immediately she had sought the youth and had asked for an explanation, but he had hurried away without replying.

"Why did he not throw himself into my arms when I opened them to him?" she moaned. "Ah, my God! If he refuses to be Larsan's son, will he never consent to be mine?"

I was almost beside myself. I kissed her hands and entreated pardon for Rouletabille. Here was the result of my friend's schemes to save her pain. Under the pretext of saving her from Larsan he had plunged a knife into her heart. I felt as though I had no wish to know any more of the story. I went out of the square tower cursing Rouletabille roundly. I went to the court to look for him, but found it deserted.

At the postern gate Mattoni had come to take the 10 o'clock watch. I saw a light in Rouletabille's room, and I hastened up the rickety stairway of the new castle and quickly found myself outside his door. I opened it without knocking. Rouletabille looked up.

I told him all that I had heard and my opinion of him for his actions.

"She didn't tell you everything, my friend," he replied coldly. "She did not tell you that she forbade me to touch that man. Do you know what she said to me yesterday? She ordered me to go away. She would rather die than see me take issue against my father."

And he laughed, laughed! Such laughter I hope not to hear again.

His face was not a pleasant sight to see as he uttered the words, but suddenly it seemed to be transformed.

"She is afraid for me," he said softly. "And I—I am afraid for her—only for her. And I do not know my father. Ah, God help me!"

At that moment the sound of a shot rang out on the night, followed by a cry of mortal agony. Ah, it was again the cry that I had heard two years ago in the "inexplicable gallery." Rouletabille tottered; then he bounded to the open window with a despairing burst of anguish:

"Mother, mother, mother!"

I leaped after him and threw my arms around his body, dreading what he might attempt. Quickly he turned on me, threw me off and precipitated himself wildly through corridors, apartments, stairways and courts toward the accursed tower from which had come that same death cry that we both had heard a moment ago and also two years before, when it had resounded through the "inexplicable gallery."

I was still there when the door of the square tower opened, and in its frame of light there appeared the form of the Lady in Black. She was standing upright, living and unarmed in spite of that cry of death, but her pale and ghastly visage reflected a terror like that of death itself. She stretched out her arms toward the night, and the darkness cast Rouletabille into them, and the arms of the Lady in Black closed around him, and I heard no more, only sobs and moans and again the two syllables which the night repeated over and over, "Mother, mother!"

Strange to say, I found no one in the Court of the Bold when I crossed it. No one, then, had heard the pistol shot! No one had heard the cries! Where was M. Darzac? Where was Old Bob? And the Berniers? I saw neither of them.

Rouletabille and the Lady in Black went into Old Bob's parlor.

And they were there alone, clasped in each other's arms, repeating over and over again, "Mother!" and "My little one!" And then they murmured broken sentences, phrases without end, with the divine foolishness of a mother and her child. And then how they embraced each other, as though to make up for all the years they had lost! I heard him murmur, "You know, mamma, it was not true that I stole!"

But where was Bernier? I entered the lodge from the left, for I wished to know the meaning of the cry and of the shot which I had heard.

Mere Bernier was at the back of the room, which was lighted only by a tiny taper. Her features were distorted with fear.

"Some one fired off a pistol!" I said. "What has happened?"

"I do not know," she responded.

And at that moment I heard some one open the door of the tower, and Pere Bernier stood on the threshold.

"Bernier! What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing very serious, I am glad to say. An accident without any importance whatever. Darzac while placing his revolver on the stand beside his bed accidentally fired it off. Madame naturally was frightened and screamed, and as the window of their room was open she thought that you and M. Rouletabille might have heard something and started out to tell you that it was nothing."

"Darzac has come in, then?"

"He got here almost as soon as you had left the tower, M. Sainclair. And the shot was fired almost immediately after he entered his bedroom. You can guess that I had a pretty fright! I rushed to the door. Darzac opened it himself. Happily no one was injured."

"Did Mme. Darzac go to her own room as soon as I left the tower?"

"At once. She heard M. Darzac when he came in and followed him directly to their apartments. They went in almost at the same moment."

"And Darzac—is he still in his room?"

"Here he is now."

I turned and saw Robert Darzac. Despite the gloom of the place I saw that his face was ghastly pale. He made me a sign and then said very calmly and quietly:

"Listen, Sainclair! Bernier told you about our little accident. It is not worth mentioning to any one unless some one should speak of it to you. The others perhaps have not heard the shot. It would be useless to frighten all these good people. Don't you think so? Now I have a little favor to ask of you. It is only to persuade Rouletabille to go to bed. When he is gone my wife will calm herself and will try to get the rest that she needs. Every one of us has need of rest—and silence."

I pressed his hand with a force which attested my sentiments toward him. I was persuaded that both he and Bernier were concealing something from us—something very grave.

Darzac re-entered his room, and I went to find Rouletabille in the sitting room of Old Bob.

But upon the threshold of the apartment I jostled against the Lady in Black and her son, who were passing out. They were both so silent and wore an expression so unexpected to me, who had overheard their exclamations of love and joy only a few moments before, that I stood before them without saying a word or making a movement. The extremity which induced Mme. Darzac to leave Rouletabille so soon under such extraordinary circumstances as those which had attended their reunion puzzled me greatly. Mathilde pressed a kiss upon the lad's forehead and murmured "Good night, my darling," in a voice so soft, so sweet and at the same time so solemn that it seemed to me that it must resemble the leave taking of one who was about to die. Rouletabille without answering his mother took my arm and led me out of the tower. He was trembling like a leaf.

It was the Lady in Black herself who closed the door of the square tower. I was sure that something strange was passing within those walls. The account of the pistol shot which had been given me satisfied me not at all.

We were at that moment not far from a window in which a light was still burning and which opened upon the sitting room of Old Bob and sloped out upon the sea. This window was not closed, and it was this, doubtless, which had permitted us to hear so distinctly in spite of the thickness of the walls of the tower the pistol shot and the cry of agony that had followed it. The storm was past, but the waters were not yet appeased, and the waves broke on the rocks of the peninsula with a violence that would have rendered the approach of any vessel impossible. The thought of a vessel crossed my mind, because I believed for an instant that I could see the shadow of a vessel of some sort appearing or disappearing in the gloom. But what could it be?

We stood there motionless for more than five minutes before we heard a sigh—a groan, deep as an expiration, like a moan of agony; a heavy sob, like the last breath of a departing soul—which reached our ears from that window and brought the sweat of terror to our brows. And then nothing more—nothing except the intermittent sobbings of the sea.

And suddenly the light in the window went out.

My friend and I grasped each other's hand as if instinctively commanding each other by this mute communication to remain motionless and silent. Some one was dying there in that tower! Some one whom they had hidden. Why? And who? Some one who was neither M. Darzac nor Mme. Darzac nor Pere Bernier nor Mere Bernier nor—almost beyond the shadow of a doubt—Old Bob; some one who could not have been in the tower.

CHAPTER XII.

The Quivering Body in the Potato Sack.

LEANING against the parapet, our necks stretched toward that window through which there had come to us that sigh of agony, we listened. Rouletabille pointed out the window of his own room in the new castle, which was still illuminated. I understood it was necessary to extinguish this light and return. Five minutes later I was back again with Rouletabille. There was no other light in the Court of the Bold than the ray which told of the vigil of Old Bob in the basement of the round tower and the light at the gardener's postern where Mattoni was sentinel.

I had scarcely time to steal back to Rouletabille before we distinctly heard the door of the square tower moving softly upon its hinges. As I attempted to lean farther out of my corner and see farther down into the court Rouletabille pushed me back and allowed only his own head to look over the wall. But I looked over his head, and this is what I saw:

First, Pere Bernier, perfectly recognizable in spite of the darkness, who came out of the tower. In the middle of the court he paused, looked up at the side where our windows were and made a signal, which we interpreted as a sign that all was well. To whom was this signal addressed? Rouletabille leaned still farther over, but he quickly retreated, pushing me back with him.

When we dared to look out in the court again no one was there. But in a few moments we again beheld Pere Bernier. And then we heard something which climbed under the arch of the gardener's postern, and Pere Bernier reappeared with the black and softly rolling form of a carriage beside him. We could see that it was the little English cart, drawn by Toby, Arthur Rance's pony.

Pere Bernier, reaching at length the oubliette, raised again his face toward our windows and then, still holding Toby by the bridle, came to the door of the square tower. Leaving the little equipage before the door, he entered the tower. A few moments passed by, which seemed to us like hours, particularly to Rouletabille, who was seized with a fit of trembling which shook his frame like a leaf.

Pere Bernier reappeared. He crossed the court alone and returned to the postern. A beautiful moon had arisen, which stretched its radiance across the court. The two persons who came out of the tower and approached the carriage appeared so surprised that they almost recoiled at what they saw. But we could hear the Lady in Black repeat in low, firm tones: "Courage, Robert! You must be brave now!"

And Darzac replied in a voice which froze my blood, "It is not courage which I lack!" He was bending over something which he dragged before him and then raised in his arms as though it were a heavy burden and tried to slip under the long seat of the cart. Rouletabille's teeth were chattering. To move this sack Darzac was making the greatest efforts. Leaning against the wall of the tower, the Lady in Black watched him without offering any assistance. And suddenly, at the moment that M. Darzac had succeeded in loading the sack into the cart, Mathilde pronounced these words in a voice shaken with horror:

"It is moving!"

"It is the end!" said Darzac, wiping his forehead with his pocket handkerchief. Then he took Toby by the bridle and started off, making a sign to the Lady in Black, but she, still leaning against the wall, as though she had been placed there for some punishment, made no signal in reply. Darzac seemed to us to be quite calm. His figure straightened up; his step grew firm. One might almost say that his manner was that of an honest man who has done his duty. Still, with the greatest precaution, he disappeared with his carriage at the postern of the gardener, and the Lady in Black went back into the square tower.

(To be continued.)

Black China a London Fad.

Though the women of London are having their gowns made up of the same brilliantly colored stuffs as their fashionable sisters in other countries, they are surrounding themselves with a setting of black. For some time black wall papers have been a fad of the wealthy English women, but more recently carpets and upholstery in the same sombre color have become the craze and now follows the latest development in a fancy for black china. Black tea services are being made by London firms. The cups are lined with white and have gilt edges. Other tea services are lined with color.

About 30 years ago black china was exceedingly fashionable. Then came the demand for china in lighter colors. The black china then in vogue used to be lined with a color to harmonize with the scheme of the room. If there were turquoise curtains and upholsteries the cups were blue inside and black outside. In the same way bedroom sets of black were sold. These frequently had the name of the owner engraved on the outside in gold or some color. These black bedroom sets will probably come into use again if the fad for black tea sets continues.

They Come Back.

"Yes, I had ten children. They all grew up and married off."

"I suppose it is lonesome now at home?"

"Oh, no. Every once in awhile one of them gets a divorce and wanders back."

Not a Question of Comfort.

"I thought you were trying to economize on coal?" said the perspiring tenant of an apartment.

"Only in the winter," said the janitor. "Now, we're trying to burn up what's left, 'cause we need the room it takes up."

The Eternal Feminine.

Servant (announcing caller)—Mrs. Dabbington Dibbs.

Mistress—Not at home.

Servant—She's got a new dress on, mum.

Mistress—Show her in

LOOKING TO PALESTINE

CLARENCE DE SOLA HEADS ZIONISTS IN CANADA.

Montreal Man Inaugurated the Movement In This Country to Repopulate Jerusalem and the Holy Land With Hebrews—He Is Belgian Consul and Represents a British Shipbuilding Firm In Canada.

Mr. Clarence I. de Sola of Montreal is the head and shoulders of the Zionist movement in Canada, the movement to repopulate Palestine with members of the Hebraic faith.

A little less than twelve years ago the first Zionist convention in Canada was held. It took place on a bitterly cold stormy winter night in 1898, in the old Cadieux street synagogue, Montreal. The thermometer registered 28 below zero, and there was a blizzard blowing. The gas had frozen, and the building was but dimly lighted by a few candles stuck in the mouths of old bottles. Amid such dim and discouragin, surroundings the Zionist movement was born in Canada. Mr. de Sola proposed the

CLARENCE I. DE SOLA.

motion which gave birth to the society. There was a handful of Hebrews present, many of them newly arrived immigrants, but it was not many months before the movement had spread to Toronto, to Hamilton, to London, to the Northwest.

Mr. Clarence de Sola, the president of the Federation of Zionist Societies of Canada, is one of the most representative Jewish citizens in the Dominion. The son of one Jewish rabbi and the brother of another, Mr. de Sola is a Hebrew of the Hebrews, of the uncompromising orthodox school; broad minded, but with the unfaltering faith in the destiny of his race, and with the Zionist movement very close to his heart. But Mr. de Sola takes the stand that the Jew, like the Englishman or the Scotchman in Canada, should hold his own as a Canadian citizen and not as a member of a certain race.

When Mr. de Sola is not propagating the Zionist cause he is filling the chair of the Belgian consulate in Montreal or representing a famous firm of British ship builders in Canada. While loyal to his race and his religion, Mr. de Sola is a patriotic Canadian, and, above all, a good citizen.—Canadian Century.

Why the Burglar Laughed.

One of the most interesting collections of burglars' tools is that possessed by Canon Horsley, rector of St. Peter's, Walworth, England, who years ago was chaplain at Clerkenwell and Pentonville. A short time ago he took to a bazaar a big assortment of skeleton keys, jemmies, crowbars, and a photograph of Charles Peace, once a member of his "congregation." The canon is an authority on burglaries, and tells a good story of a burglar who used to carry pieces of doctored liver for silencing dogs. One night he entered a house, saw a dog's staring eyes in the hall, and at once produced the liver. The animal did not move, and on close inspection the burglar discovered that the dog was stuffed. "Here's a joke!" he thought, and laughed so uproariously that the members of the household awoke and he was caught.

Transatlantic Record.

Mr. J. W. Alexander, chief engineer of the Oceanic, and the senior chief engineer in the White Star Co.'s service, who has just retired, crossed the Atlantic 912 times. During the thirty-eight and a half years of his seafaring life he has never missed a voyage. The whole of his seafaring career has been spent in association with the White Star fleet. It is computed that he has traveled 3,000,000 miles at sea. Mr. Alexander commenced and ended his seafaring career in vessels named Oceanic.

Not So Bad.

"Poor man!" she said, stooping over the victim who had just been dragged out from under her automobile. "Have you a wife?"

"No," he groaned. "This is the worst thing that ever happened to me."

The Fixed Charge.

"How do you go about ordering a dinner?" inquired the man from a rural district.

"Well, I see how much money I have, take out the waiter's tip and then spend the change on myself."

How to Restore Color to a Turquoise.

A turquoise which has lost its blue color and become green may be restored by soaking it in pure alcohol for two weeks and drying carefully in sawdust for a week. If the color changes again repeat.

"Who" Left the Auto?

Among the articles left by forgetful passengers on the South Eastern & Chatham Railway are a motor car, forty bicycles, 3,000 umbrellas, four sewing-machines, carved stone idols, and theatrical scenery.

VARSITY'S QUEER LEGACY.

President Falconer Got a Pleasant Surprise and a Handsome Gift.

At the Alumni dinner in Toronto recently, President Falconer related an interesting story about the way Toronto University received its latest legacy. He was getting ready one afternoon not long ago to leave the city and, like most men who want to catch a train, had very little time at his disposal. A visitor was announced—a Mrs. Marfleet, whose name was quite unfamiliar to him. The president told the maid to ask her if she could not come to see him later in the week. However the lady insisted that she wanted to see him then and now. "I've come a thousand miles to meet the president of Toronto University," said she.

So President Falconer went down to the reception room to interview his visitor. The lady explained that she was an American, whose husband had died recently. "My husband," said she, "was during his lifetime greatly interested in Canada and was particularly impressed with the fine work being done by the University of Toronto. He followed its progress with the deepest interest and often expressed the wish that he could do something to associate his name with it. He died intestate, but, knowing his wishes in the matter, I want to offer you some money, which might be used in any way you thought well to perpetuate his memory in your university. Will you accept $5,000?"

The president promised to lay the matter before the board of governors, assuring her that the board would hardly be likely to refuse so generous an offer. It has been decided that the money thus romantically donated shall be used to found a lectureship to be known as the Pearson-Kirkman-Marfleet lectureship. Every three years some prominent man, preferably an American, will be secured to deliver a series of lectures on some phase of public or international life. The first lecture will probably be given next year.

Canada's Trade Commissioner.

The report issued in 1907 by Mr. Richard Grigg, the Trade Commissioner to Canada, on the trade of the Dominion attracted a great deal of attention. A further exhaustive report by Mr. Grigg on the same subject was recently issued by the Board of Trade as a Bluebook. This, also, says the English publication "Canada," British exporters and others would do well to read, mark, and inwardly digest. For while, as Mr. Grigg remarks, increased experience has confirmed the opinion already expressed, that there exists throughout Canada a keen desire both on patriotic and business grounds to better understand differing points of view, and to draw closer the bonds of commercial union, "although a marked improvement has occurred in the attention given to the Canadian market by British manufacturers, the impression still remains that British knowledge of the Canadian market and appreciation of its great future, is much less extensive than in the case of our friendly American rivals." The Canadian market, Mr. Grigg points out, as a field for present and future British trade, is governed by certain conditions which give to the economic life of the Dominion a character of its own. Canada has for a decade past been undergoing and seems destined to undergo for a considerable period, a great industrial and financial expansion.—Saturday Night.

Conscious of Rectitude.

"Mens conscia recti," having been one of the quotations used in a letter published in the Canadian newspapers fifty years ago, by Mr. McMicken, M.P., a prominent politician, addressed to the Hon. George Brown, a political opponent accused the first mentioned member of Parliament of having stolen it from a shoemaker's sign, and told the following story of it. In a certain English country town, where rival shoemakers plied their respective trades on the same street, immediately opposite each other, one of them hit upon the plan of attracting notice to his business by placing the above quotation on the sign over his door, above the words "John Brown, shoemaker." Customers flocked to his shop in goodly numbers, which the rival shoemaker across the way attributed largely to the merit of the unusual inscription on the sign. He finally managed, as he thought, to go one better than his rival, by placing over his own shop door the inscription, "Men's and women's conscia recti."

Always On His Job.

Mr. Allan Studholme, the Labor member for East Hamilton, is one of the most faithful representatives in the local Legislature. He apparently feels that he is not doing his duty by his constituents unless he remains in his place like a watch dog, ready to bark whenever he gets an opportunity. Nothing will tempt him to leave. It is said that during the recent session he was invited to a dinner, but it was after the Legislature had started to sit at night, so he could not go.

"I cannot very well be away," he said, "one can never tell when they might rush in some unexpected legislation and put it through, so I do not want to be absent."

The man to whom the remark was made mentioned it to another member and added, "But as a matter of fact, I have never known of his presence in the House stopping a bill from going through."

"Well, you see," replied the M.P.P., "Studholme thinks he has benefited posterity if he keeps the bill back for half an hour."

Beat Nellie Blythe.

Lorenzo Prince, managing editor of La Presse, Montreal, has had a unique experience as a globe-trotter. In May, 1901, a number of papers endeavored to have the record of Nellie Blythe lowered by one of their staff. Three American papers, The London Times, The Berliner Tageblatt and Le Matin, Paris, were soon in the field against Mr. Prince, who won hands down, establishing a record of circling the globe in 62 days and three hours.

AUSTRALIA'S VICEROY

NEW PRO-CONSUL IS A TRAVELER AND A HUSTLER.

To Act as Representative of the Crown In the Antipodean Empire Is No Easy Thing Because the Provinces In the Commonwealth Are Not Very Good Friends Yet—He Will Be Missed In London.

It is well that Lord Denman is young and active, for the Australians like a Viceroy who is a "hustler," and fond of traveling. Although federation has been accomplished, the old provincial jealousies survive to some extent, and each of the six constituent states think it has a claim on the time and presence of the Governor-General. New South Wales and Victoria, in particular, the two lead-

LORD DENMAN.

ing states, are particularly sensitive on this point, so much so that the Viceroy has to maintain a permanent residential Government House in each of the rival capitals—Sydney and Melbourne—and to take care not to favor one over the other. Lord Northcote was the record Viceroy for traveling. He journeyed even to the wild and largely unexplored Northern Territory, where a member of his staff sat down upon an alligator in mistake for a log of wood.

Lord Denman is known as one of the most public-spirited of the few Liberal peers. He will be missed in politics, as will also his wife, who has been a leading Liberal hostess—a political field in which the Liberals are sadly handicapped.

An All-Black Holiday.

Perhaps it may interest readers throughout the Empire to know how the natives on the Rand enjoy themselves in their spare time, and how curiously they conduct themselves on holidays.

Every Sunday morning they gather together at some appointed place—usually one of the mines— and prepare for their weekly march out. (I have seen as many as six hundred at one meeting.) They are all dressed very funnily. Some have soldiers' old jackets, other old football jerseys, while others again wear little more than their smiles!

Most of them have an instrument of some sort, including cheap concertinas, melodeons, tambourines, tin-whistles, and other such classical instruments. Those who cannot afford the luxury of an instrument commence to "sing." The terrible din when they all start playing different tunes at the same time can be imagined! They march for miles in this manner through the open veldt, and return in the afternoon, highly delighted with their outing.

The Kaffirs are a very happy-go-lucky class of people. Nothing seems to worry them, and they do not believe in too much work. They may work for about six months in one of the mines, save up most of their pay, and go home to their kraals for the rest of the year.—Answers.

Bishop and Coachman.

The late Archbishop Tait was driven by a coachman of the old-world sort, of whom Dr. Benson used to tell this good story.

One day a clergyman who called at the palace asked him whether he still had as much to do as ever. The answer was sublime.

"There's always a goodish bit doing, sir; but it has been a trifle easier since we took young Mr. Parry into the business." The Right Rev. Edward Parry had then recently been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Dover.

Another story he used to tell of a coachman will be new to many.

A gentleman living in the neighborhood of Addington, finding that the stablemen were not in the habit of attending church, spoke to his coachman about it.

"They ought to go," he said.

"That's just what I say myself, sir," was the rejoinder. "I says to them, 'Look at me. I go, and what harm does it do to me?'"

Mr. Moberly Bell's Walking Stick.

There is a curious story told of Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager of The London Times, who died the other day. Some years ago, while running to catch a train, he overshot the end of the platform and fell heavily. On trying to rise he found that one foot had been twisted completely round, the toes pointing straight behind him. For many months he lay in hospital, where at length it was found necessary to take out a bone. "Well, if it won't support me one way it shall in another," he said, cheerily, and he had the severed bone mounted as the knob of a walking-stick, which he constantly made use of.

Stools for Coronation.

For the coronation ceremny in Westminster Abbey, tenders for 6,120 chairs and stools of special design have now been placed by the British Works Office.

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Bad News for the Kiddies

Experts employed by the United States department of agriculture are sending out warnings that most of the ice cream cones on the market are unfit to eat. Spoil the cone and save the child.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"It's in the world of politics," said the talkative man, "that the truth of the old saying, 'money talks,' is most frequently proven." "Yes," replied the wise citizen, "but if hush money would only talk what sensations we would have."

Hamlins Wizard Oil, the World's best liniment, has been curing pain for nearly sixty years and can be depended upon just as surely as the old family doctor who may be miles away.

"They quarrel a good deal."
"Yes; there's only one tie that keeps them together."
"And that is?"
"Her new spring gown. Having no maid, she has to depend on her husband to hook her up the back."

"Tell me about Spain, romantic Spain."
"Well," said the motorist, "there are a few bad places as you come down the mountains, but in the main the roads are pretty good."—Washington Herald.

Rub It In For Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil, and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

They who do not believe that character can be told from handwriting have evidently never heard handwriting read aloud in a breach of promise suit.

She—"He bored me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned I hid it with my hand." He (trying to be gallant)—"Really, I don't see how so small a hand could hide—er, that is, isn't it beastly weather?"

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HELD THE POSE.

The Bridegroom Model Even Held His Breathing Apparatus.

Sir Luke Fildes, who has been commissioned by the County of Surrey, England, to paint a copy of his portrait of Edward VII. in Buckingham Palace for a county memorial to the late King, is one of the favorite painters of royalty, and has done splendid portraits not only of the late King Edward but of Queen Alexandra and the present King and Queen.

Sir Luke first gained repute as a painter of English and Venetian subjects, afterwards turning his attention to portraits. His first picture, "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest," was exhibited at the Academy thirty-nine years ago, and is separated by an interval of thirty years from the state portraits of King Edward. His celebrated picture, "The Doctor," took the artistic world by storm, and is regarded as one of the most striking of modern works.

Sir Luke tells an amusing story of an inquisitive visitor to a picture gallery. Observing a man standing in rapt attention before a certain painting, the visitor ventured to put the query: "Did you paint that picture, sir?" "Paint that picture?" echoed the enraptured one contemptuously. "Not me. I made the frame!"

Sir Luke also has a good story of a rustic whom he employed as a model for the bridegroom in "The Village Wedding." Soon after the drawing began, the artist noticed that his model became very pale. He made him rest, and presently work was resumed. The model soon became more ghastly than ever. "You don't seem well," said Sir Luke. "I'm a'right, zur," answered the model; "only for holding me breath so long!" The poor rustic imagined it was necessary for the portrait to be taken, that he should hold his breath the while!

The picture was painted for Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Tate. Sir Luke had thought over the subject for several years before he made a start, although eventually it proved the quickest painted picture he had ever done. The artist traveled to many places, from Devon to Inverness, to get thoroughly acquainted with the character of the cottages and people. He made many sketches, and on his return to town had the room built up exactly to size at the end of his studio. Even the massive rafters shown in the picture were there.

Courage In the Weaker Sex.

In high police circles woman's trait of courage that exceeds her physical strength is regarded as no new manifestation in the proverbially weaker sex.

"Ever since I became associated with police work," said one experienced officer, "I have noticed that women seemed always ready to help any one in apparent difficulties. Perhaps because they are weak themselves they are disposed readily to help the weaker side without thought of consequences to themselves."

A highly interesting explanation of this undoubted bravery in women was vouchsafed by J. W. Slaughter, the eminent English sociologist, who assigned female courage largely to the maternal intinct.

"Nothing on earth," he said, "can be more ferocious, more dangerous, and more courageous than the female animal defending her young. The maternal instinct in woman is in itself an inspiration to courage. You will never see a woman on the edge of a crowd taking the side of the upper dog. Women, moreover, act more directly than men. They are more impulsive and less calculating.

"We are accustomed to think of women as afraid of this or that, but it is because they have not really had experience. Courage is, after all, a matter of experience. One is not afraid of things one is used to or knows how to deal with."

Fifty Years of Song.

The approaching retirement of Mme. Albani recalls the prima donna's interesting confession that she began to sing before she began to walk. "As a baby," she says, "I was remarkable for the power of my voice, if not for its quality. My parents recognided this, and at the age of four I began my musical studies. I have been singing ever since." Mme. Albani will celebrate her fifty-ninth birthday in November next, and made her first appearance on the concert-platform when she was eight years of age. Her most cherished memories hover around her intimate friendship with Queen Victoria. The great singer was a frequent visitor to Buckingham Palace and Windsor, and was a welcome guest at Balmoral. When she sang before the Kaiser once in Berlin he afterwards shook hands with her and said, "Good-bye. When you see her, give my love to grandmamma."

An All-British Lord Mayor.

"When I got out of bed this morning I left behind me Irish linen sheets and Witney blankets. I went into the bathroom and used English soap and Irish towels. I dressed in Scotch tweeds and put on English-made boots, and went to breakfast supplied wholly with British produce. As far as I am concerned, everything I eat, drink, and wear comes from the British Empire." Such was the interesting confession made a few days ago by Sir T. Vezey Strong, Lord Mayor of London, in connection with the movement for an all-British shopping week.

Family Records in the Peerage.

The fact that the Marquess of Donegall has lately made his first platform appearance at the mature age of seven reminds one that he has been fatherless since birth, yet were his father, the fifth marquess, alive today he would be within a few weeks of entering on his ninetieth year. The Duke of Norfolk will be well over eighty when his son and heir attains his majority, while between the eldest daughter of the Earl of Abingdon—Lady Edmund Talbot—and his youngest—Lady Betty Bertie—there is an interval of nearly forty years.

OUTDOOR SPORT AND ZAM-BUK.

Every athlete, every ball player, every swimmer, every canoeist, every man or woman who loves outdoor life and exercise, should keep a box of Zam-Buk handy.

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal preparation, which as soon as applied to cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, blisters, etc., sets up highly beneficial operations. First, its antiseptic properties render the wound free from all danger of blood poisoning. Next, its soothing properties relieve and ease the pain. Then its rich herbal balms penetrate the tissue, and set up the wonderful process of healing. Barbed wire scratches, insect stings, skin diseases, such as eczema, heat rashes, ringworm, babies' heat sores, chafed places, sore feet—all are quickly cured by Zam-Buk. It also eases and cures piles. All druggists and stores. Use Zam-Buk Soap, 25c. per tablet.

"John," she said gently, "you are interested in temperance movements, are you not?" "Of course I am," he answered. "Well, suppose you go and make a few of them at the pump-handle. I want a pail of water at once."

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

Her future Husband—I'm afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I've saved up.

Mrs. Reno-Freed (cheeringly)—Never mind, dear. A wedding trip only happens once in three or four years.—Boston Transcript

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

Chickens can now be plucked by means of a special electric fan. But the old-fashioned fan is still good enough to pluck the umpire.

AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE

Mrs. W. Arnold, Edmonton, Alta., writes:—"Kindly send me a box of Baby's Own Tablets. They have been invaluable to me and I really do not know how I ever would have got along without them. Baby was poorly; his digestion was bad and he was constipated. I gave him the Tablets and they made a fine healthy boy of him. Now, whenever he is cross or troubled with constipation, I always give him the Tablets and they relieve him right away. I tried a lot of other medicine but nothing seemed to agree with him till I got the Tablets. I would not be without them." The testimony of Mrs. Arnold is that of thousands of other mothers. Everyone who ever uses Baby's Own Tablets have words of praise for them. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Maybe she won't like me any more, but I can't help it."
"What happened?"
"Her pet poodle was under the mistletoe and I failed to take the chance."—Pittsburg Post.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"I always agree with my husband."
"Very sweet of you."
"Except, of course, when he is in the wrong."—Pittsburg Post.

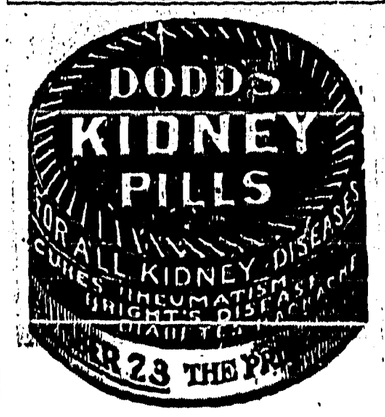
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gents,—I have used your Minard's Liniment in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.
Yours truly,
ALFRED ROCHAV,
Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

Suitor—"If you refuse me I shall never love another."
Suited—"Does that hold good if I accept you?"—Chicago News.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

The total number of mines worked in the State of New York is forty. There are about twelve iron mines in operation, thirteen of gypsum, eight of talc, two each of salt and pyrite and three of graphite.

The scientists say that asparagus is the oldest known food. It surely acts the part.



TOO SMART FOR AGENT.

George Lynch-Staunton Was Acquainted With All the Tricks.

By coincidence, or design, George Lynch-Staunton, K. C., who is prosecuting attorney in the present Assize Court in which the Farmers Bank cases were to be tried, occupied a similar position when Charles McGill of the Ontario Bank was up. Mr. Staunton has been in the publis eye a good deal, and is fair game for the book canvasser, who is, however, liable to disappointment. Mr. Staunton tells with some enjoyment of a man who once called upon him for a short sketch of his life, saying he wanted to use it in a book which was to give a short account of the prominent men in the country. Mr. Staunton listened to his visitor for some time, when he asked the scribe if he would give him a written agreement that he would not want to collect an account for having his life's history written up, and being answered in the affirmative, Mr. Staunton went further, and asked him if he would also put in writing that after this book was published he would not send an agent around to sell him one of them. This was too much for the man of the pencil, and he replied in an assumed haughty manner: "Very well, Mr. Staunton, if you treat the subject with so much levity, I will take my departure." Mr. Staunton has never seen that promised book of notables. Mr. Staunton is a native of Southampton, County Bruce, where he was born in 1858. He went to school in Southampton, in St. Mary's College, Montreal, and at Upper Canada College, where he graduated head of the class and won the gold medal. He was called to the Bar in 1882. His pet case, or the one in which he claims he took the greatest interest, is referred to by him as the "scrap iron case," which arose out of the assessment of the Bell Telephone Co.'s equipment on the streets, and which he carried to the Court of Appeal and won. Mr. Staunton has been three times elected as Bencher in the Law Society, and if he receives that honor at the next session he will hold the position for life, an honor that falls to the lot of few men.

As prosecuting attorney Mr. Staunton plays no favorites, and when he gets a witness in the box he forgets the individuality of the man.

A Settlement Worker.

Lady Davies, wife of Sir Louis Davies, is one of Canada's most active philanthropic workers and takes a deep interest in various societies, and especially has she done a great deal towards placing the Settlement House work in Ottawa on a firm financial basis. The proceeds of a concert given recently in a drawing-room has enabled them to open a day nursery, and a great deal of her time is still devoted to assisting this very necessary and useful organization. Though Lady Davies has been obliged to drop out of the Women's Historical Society and the Council of Women, with both of which she was formerly connected, she is still an active member of the Humane Society, of the Morning Musical Club, and of the women's associations of Christ Church Cathedral, to which she belongs.

When Sir Louis Davies was one of the Cabinet Ministers, Lady Davies was one of the most popular hostesses of the political set, and her dinners and receptions are still looked back upon with pleasure. She does not entertain quite as much now-a-days, but when she does people are always delighted to be invited to her hospitable home. Her daughter, Miss Gertrude Davies, is of great assistance to her mother in her settlement work, as she takes classes there during the week in elocution and drawing. Miss Mary, the youngest daughter, is very fond of fancy skating, and is a member of the Minto Skating Club. Both the young ladies assist their mother constantly in her many social duties.

Coal Output of Nova Scotia.

Coal production in Nova Scotia for the year 1910 amounted to a total of 5,477,146 tons, being an increase over 1909 production of 281,183 tons. Colliery consumption accounted for 515,720 tons. The protracted strike at the plant of Cumberland Railway & Coal Co. was responsible last year for a decreased output in Cumberland county. 277,862 tons were mined as against 542,040 for the year before. The Maritime Coal, Railway & Power Co. was the chief producer, having raised 161,843 tons. Pictou county produced 629,599 tons, the greatest producer being the Acadia Coal Co. and the Intercolonial Coal Co.; Inverness county 364,104 tons were raised, of which the Inverness Railway & Coal Co. contributed 277,257 tons and the Port Hood-Richmond Railway & Coal Co. the balance. The output of Cape Breton county was 4,205,131 tons, which is a considerable increase over that of 1909, when 3,634,393 tons were raised. The great bulk of this tonnage was raised by the Dominion Coal Co., with 3,244,754 tons, and the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. with 836,348 tons. Over eleven thousand persons were employed in the industry during the year.

Want Our Cider.

In this present year of scarcity, there is a greater demand than usual in England for Canadian cider. The supply from Canada has been limited owing to the small crop of apples and the greater portion retailed for consumption as fruit. Inquiries are therefore being made for fresh sources of supply. In connection with these inquiries it is worth while pointing out that while in the south of England the superiority of local-made cider is strongly asserted, there is in the midlands considerable demand for the imported product. It is claimed that owing to the greater sunshine prevailing during the ripening season, Canadian apples yield a finer article than can be obtained even from the best blends of English varieties.—Canadian Century.

A Big Egg.

A goose belonging to Mr. F. Dauzie, of Castle Hedingham, England, has laid an egg measuring a foot and a quarter in circumference lengthways, and weighing 10 1-2 ounces.

TWO AND A HALF HOURS ON OPERATING TABLE

Specialist Could Not Remove Stone in The Bladder

GIN PILLS PASSED IT

Joliette, P. Q.

"During August last, I went to Montreal to consult a specialist as I had been suffering terribly with Stone in the Bladder.

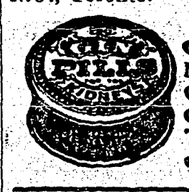
He decided to operate but said the stone was too large to remove and too hard too crush. I returned home and was recommended by a friend to try GIN PILLS.

They relieved the pain. I took two boxes and went back to the specialist. He said the stone was smaller but he could not remove it although he tried for two hours and a half. I returned home and continued to take GIN PILLS, and to my great surprise and joy, passed the stone.

GIN PILS are the best medicine in the world and because they did me so much good, I will recommend them all the rest of my life." 46

J. Albert Lessard.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50—at all dealers, and money back if they fail to give relief. Sample box free. National Drug and Chemical Co., Dept. N.U., Toronto.



The original Gin Pills made by National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto, are sold only in this box.

A Secret Out

Musician (after much pressing)—Well, all right, since you insist. What shall I play?

Host—Anything you like. It's only to annoy our neighbors.—London Opinion.

Minard's Liniment lumberman's friend

"Did you come out well on Christmas morning, Tommy?" "Yeth thir. I got more things than any of my brotherth or thithers." "Indeed, how did that come about?" "I got up two hours before they did."

"You look bad, Jim. Have you been laid up?" "Well, rather. To-day's the first time I've been out of doors for three months." "What was the matter, old chap?" "Nothin'; but the judge wouldn't believe it."

Secure Health

while you may! The first good step is to regulate the action of your sluggish bowels by early use of

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25c.

McKay THE TAILOR
SUITS OVERCOATS TO ORDER **$10**
Send for Free Samples and Measure Forms.
138 BAY STREET, TORONTO

Here's a Home Dye That ANYONE Can Use.

HOME DYEING has always been more or less of a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use

DY-O-LA
ONE DYE for ALL KINDS of GOODS

Send for Sample Card and Story Booklet to The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

JUST THINK OF IT!
With DY-O-LA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW
READY REFERENCE BOOK
Containing over 300 pages of valuable information, which every girl contemplating marriage ought to know and no married woman can afford to be without. Important subjects more fully explained with full page illustrations. This valuable book will be mailed in plain wrapper post paid to any address in Canada upon receipt of one dollar ($1.00).
The Ready Reference Book Co.,
21 Adelaide St., E.,
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JAS. H. SCHOFIELD
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance
REAL ESTATE, Etc.
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CRESTON REALTY
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Fruit Lands, Town Property and Insurance
CRESTON - - B.C

"AT IT HERE SINCE 1900"
DOW, FRASER & CO. LTD.
YOU WORK.
MAKE YOUR MONEY
WORK TOO.
BY DEPOSITING YOUR SAVINGS WITH US THEY WILL EARN 4% INTEREST WHICH WE CREDIT MONTHLY
AND MONEY IS RETURNABLE ON DEMAND AS QUICKLY AS THE MAILS CAN CARRY IT.
PEOPLE JUST AS CAREFUL AND CAUTIOUS AS YOU CAN BE,
ARE WELL PLEASED AND THOROUGHLY SATISFIED
WITH THE WAY IN WHICH OUR BUSINESS IS TRANSACTED-A BUSINESS MANAGED BY PEOPLE OF
MATURED EXPERIENCE & HIGHEST INTEGRITY.
A POSTAL, GIVING YOUR NAME & ADDRESS WILL PROMPTLY BRING YOU FULL INFORMATION.
WRITE TO-DAY.
SHOULD YOU HAVE ANY FINANCIAL BUSINESS IN VANCOUVER or VICINITY, RENTS TO COLLECT, AGREEMENTS FOR SALE or MORTGAGES TO LOOK AFTER, AND COLLECT, FIRE INSURANCE TO PLACE, LET US ATTEND TO IT.
WE ARE PLEASING OTHERS WE WILL BE SURE TO PLEASE YOU.
DOW, FRASER & Co. Ltd.
321 Gambie Street,
Vancouver B.C.

Scobell's Liquor, Tobacco and Drug Cure Permanently dispels the need for Alcohol, Tobacco and Drugs. It counteracts the effects almost instantly—removes all cravings. After taking the treatment there will never be any need to drink intoxicants or use drugs again. Can be given secretly. We have yet to hear of one failure. Mailed under separate cover to any address. Price $5.00 box, or 3 boxes for $10.00. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

SCHOOL REPORT

Division I

Creston Public School closed on Friday, June 30. The result of the recent test examinations are as follows:

FOURTH CLASS.

Ethel Huscroft, 77 per cent.
Bertha Hurry, 76
Evaline Danard, 66
Georgina Cartwright 63
Laura Edmundson, 62
Ella Dow 62
Stanley Hendren 48
Alice Heath 45
Frank Patterson 41
Thelma Wisler 46
Jennie Nichols 38
Bert Arrowsmith 34
Andy Patterson 29

Seven recommended pupils and one unrecommended pupil from the above list wrote on the entrance examination on June 19, 20 and 21.

THIRD CLASS.

Ronald Lidgate 75 per cent.
Norman Trotter 74
Zalla Johnson 71
Robert Maxwell 71
Margaret Atherton 69
Clarence Maxwell 67
Blanche Hendron 67
Percy Hendren 65
Vida Gobbett 63
Charlie Leamy 62
John Hobden 52
Grettice Wisler 54
Philip Hurry 52
Lyda Johnson 51
Lillian Charist 48
Herbert Gobbett 47
Francis Talarico 46
Olive Gilpin 46
Ella Leamy 37
Melville Burton 34
Lorne Botterill 28

The following pupils were not present for the test:

Hazel Andrew
John Andrew
John Broderick

The promotion to a higher class will not be based entirely upon these results. The percentage is taken on the examinations written on only. Thus a poor pupil writing on a few easy subjects is ranked higher than a good pupil who wrote on the entire nine subjects.

E. V. Danard.

DIVISION II.

Second Readers

Erma Hayden 93 per cent.
Ruth Klingersmith 93
Harold Goodwin 83
Percy Boffey 80
Mabel Huscroft 74
Arthur Hurry 73
David Dow 70
Harold Gobbett 66
Katie Boffey 64
Evelyn Burton 61
Muriel Hobden 57
Nellie Wilson 43
Ernest Beeby and Wilfrid Beeby did not take the examinations.

First Readers

Lillian Cherrington 85 p. c.
Myrtle Bunce 78
Orin Hayden 59
Frank Bunce 55
Leonard Ingham 14
Vivianne Moore and Ada Brown did not take the examinations.

DIVISION II

Second primers in order of merit.

Denzal Maxwell
Edgar Benny
Frank Botterill
Rose Cherrington
Hazel Hobden
Charles Botterill
Arthur Gobbett
Lionel Moore
Reggie Atherton
Wilfrid Burton
Bert Boffey
George Broderick
Ftank Roumano
Beatrice Dodds
Leon Charest

A CLASS

Terese Maione
Stanley Boyd
Marion Brown ...
Ardrey Wilsoa.
Winnie Atherton

... B CLASS

Ruth Compton
Annie Maione
Elmer Burton
Henry Brown
Harry Benny
John George Beeby
Arnold Bains
Joseph Roumano
Lawrence Charest
Susan Hurry
John Dodds
James Dodds
Edward Payne
Agnes Hobden
Walter Leamy ...
Jean Boyd
Lavina Wiles
Jessie Wiles
Willie Wiles

A. M. Cartwright.

ANNUAL REPORT

DIVISION I

Yearly enrollment 43
Yearly average 30

Honor pupil for attendance, Miss Evaline Danard.

Honor pupil for deportment, Miss Ethel Huscroft.

Honor pupil for proficiency, the one who takes the highest marks at the entrance examination.

DIVISION 11

Yearly enrollment 77
Yearly average 44

Honor pupil for attendance, Master Harold Goodwin.

Honor pupil for deportment, Miss Lillian Charrington

Honor pupils for proficiency, Miss Ruth Klingensmith and Miss Erma Hayden.

A. M. Cartwright.
E. V. Danard.

Charles Moore, P.L.S., C.E., has completed the survey of 300 acres of farm lands at Kitchener. He has also just finished surveying into ten acre blocks the 30 acres recently purchased by Mr. Wynn, who is busily engaged clearing ten acres of his newly acquired property. Mr. Wynn also has under contemplation the clearing of another ten acres. This property which was purchased from W. H. Crawford is exceptionally close in and is a very valuable property. Mr. Wynn will most likely erect a handsome residence in tne near future.

Frank Putnam has about cleared his 40 acre plot at Erickson.

O. J. Wigen shipped 104 crates of berries one day last week.

E. Mallandaine, chief timber cruiser for the C.P.R., is building a handsome residence at Cranbrook, and we regret to announce that he proposes to reside permanently at Cranbrook. Mr. and Mrs. Mallandaine will likely move to their new home some time this fall. They are very old timers at Creston and have always identified themselves with many public matters during their long residence here. Mrs. Mallandaine will be especially missed from social and church affairs in which she has always been a most prominent figure.

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

Miss Alice M. Opie, having resigned the position of School mistress of the Alice Siding Public School, gave a farewell tea on Friday afternoon last, June 30th., to the ladies of that district, at Douglas Villa, assisted by Miss Moore: very enjoyable time was spent.

Among the guests were Mrs. Carr, Berry, J. Johnson, Pease, Long, Stace-Smith, Churchill, Stewart, Noble, Butterfield, P. Hagen, M. Hagen, and the Misses Wigen, A. Johnson, N. Smith, and G. Stewart.

R. Lamont, the energetic real estate man, has sold 15 acres of his choice Erickson Fruit Land, to a settler from the prairie, for a substantial figure.

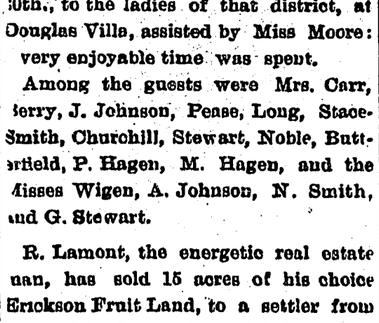
The Contractors expect to go ahead with Doc. Hendersons House at the end of next week, when the materials will arrive.

Born; at Creston on July 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Miller, a son.

Born; at Creston on July 1st., to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Corbett, a daughter.

Watch Creston grow.

Ed. F. Johnson is having a big sale of tin ware, and enamel ware, which will last till the 30th inst. Call and inspect the bargains for yourself.



"Three Removes are as Bad as a Fire"

That item from the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin contains a lot of truth.

Make one move do. Get a good house once for all by a "House Wanted" ad.

Houses may be scarce but clever Want Ads will put you in touch with the best in the market.

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

Services Next Sunday.

Presbyterian Church

Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next. Morning service, 11 a.m.; Evening service, 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 10 a.m. You are cordially invited to join our Bible Class.

S. H. SARKISSIAN, Pastor.

Methodist Church

Services on Sunday next:

Morning Service 11.00 a.m.
Sunday School 2.30 p m.
Evening Service, 7.30 p.m.

Rev. M. F. Eby, Pastor.

WATER NOTICE.

Take notice that on the 1st day of August, 1911, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, an application will be to the Water Commissioner under Part V of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a license in the Ymir division of West Kootenay district, by Gust Andeen of Kitchener, B. C., Hotelkeeper, for one cubic foot of water per second from Russell Creek, a tributary of Goat River, to be diverted 400 feet, south of the C. P. R. right of way, by means of a pipe line for domestic use, on lots 9 and 10, block 7, Kitchener townsite. The Crown lands intended to be occupied are Water Street in the said townsite of Kitchener, under which the pipe line will be laid. The names and addresses of any riparian proprietors whose lands are likely are the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Vancouver, B. C.

Dated this 22nd. day of June, 1911.

GUST ANDEEN,
By his Solicitor,
G. H. Thompson.

Why be troubled with dyspepsia, when you can get whole wheat bread at the City Bakery.

Cool Cherry Cyder, and lemonade drinks at the city bakery, which make an old man feel young, on a hot day

For Sale or Rent—Furnished or unfurnished, that most beautiful property known as "Douglas Villa," which overlooks the Kootenay Valley, including about 5 acres of first class fruit land, also about 9 acres of bench, suitable for poultry farming. It is surrounded with all kinds of shooting, fishing, boating, and free grazing. Will sell at a sacrifice. Also other fine blocks of land for sale. Apply owner, John Darbyshire. 1312 Gladstone Avenue, Victoria, B.C.

CORONATION PORTRAITS

The Creston Review has made arrangements by which our readers can secure most beautiful Coronation portraits of their Majesties King George and Queen Mary. They are by the celebrated "Laugfier," of London, and copyrighted. We will include the Creston Review with the Family Herald till Jan 1st. 1913 for only $1.50, and each subscriber will receive the coronation pictures. The two portraits are on the one sheet, size about 18 x 15 inches, a most convenient size for framing.

They are acknowledged by competent judges to be the best portraits of their Majesties in existence, and will become historical, growing in value year after year.

The small sum of $1.50 will bring you both papers until January 1st. 1912, and the coronation portraits; the latter alone could not be bought for the price

WANTED:— A fresh milk cow, or one soon coming in. State price and particulars to box A. B. Creston Review.

Messrs Hendron and Payne, expect to have the Botterill Home completed by the end of July, this will be one of the most substantial residences in the district.

Mr. M. McLean, is making preparations to clear off the balance of his ranch below the town. He intends to make a speciality of apples and berries.

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