All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

ALL THE NEWS of the CRESTON DISTRICT

THE CRESTON REVIEW

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR $2.00 A YEAR

No. 5 4th YEAR. CRESTON, B.C., FRIDAY, SEP 1st. 1911 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Library Legislative Assembly
SEP 5 1911
VICTORIA, B.C.

Made to Measure Clothing

There are men who would not buy a ready-made suit. For such men we have the agency for CAMPBELLS and HOBBERLINS, Made to Measure Clothes. We can honestly recommend the garments made by these big tailoring houses and respectfully request you to come in and look over our Fall and Winter Samples. We guarantee Perfect Fit, and our prices cannot be beaten.

We Show Nearly 400 Lines

S. A. Speers

CANYON CITY NOTES

Mr. Knott is busy erecting a new home at Canyon City.

Mr. Tom Mawson is preparing a home, for someone, and is making the hills around Canyon City echo with the sound of his carpentering operations.

Mr. T. Hickey has moved into his new home.

School opened on Monday the 28th under the new Schoolmistress, Miss Dockendorff.

The New Enlarged School house at Canyon City will be commenced as soon as the Land Site Transfer is completed.

The Mill is working full capacity at Canyon City.

Mr. J. Johnson is getting that will be the finest Log House in the district, when completed.

The Tomato Crop is now ripening at Canyon City.

Mr. Swanson, of the Canyon City Realty Co,, is acting as Relief S. M. at Midar.

A reception party was given at Canyon City, Monday evening in honor of Miss Dockendorff. A very enjoyable time was reported by all who attended.

Mr. Roy Anderson of Canyon City left on Tuesday last for Missoula Mont., to accompany his wife and family to Canyon City, where they expect to reside.

Mrs. J. E. Maxwell of Creston was a caller among Canyon City friends on Saturday last.

The youngest son of Mr. Pete Demars has been quite ill the past two weeks.

Mr. Taylor, of Alberta, who purchased 5 acres of fruit land from Mr. Rose, some 18 months ago, is in town and preparing to clear and develop his property.

Subscribe for the Review today.

Mrs. J. G. Palmer and Miss Dorothy Palmer of Kaslo, paid a weeks visit to Mrs. Chas. Moore and returned to Kaslo Wednesday.

A School meeting is called for 8 p. m. on Wednesday in the Mercantile Hall. Business to discuss the "High School Question."

KITCHENER NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Long and family have been camping for the past week at Russel Creek.

Mrs. Fink and children of Cranbrook, and Mrs. Campbell of Moyie are camping with Mrs. Burgess up Goat River.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Huscroft and friends spent a few days camping up Goat river. They report of having had a very enjoyable time, getting lots of fish and berries.

Mrs. Laughty and daughter of Carleton Place, Ont. spent a few days with Mrs. Hunt.

Mr. S. J. Schofield and Mr. Wright are at present making a Geological survey of Goat river North of Kitchener.

Miss A. Needham, a school teacher from Ontario is visiting her uncle, Mr. G. A. Hunt.

Mr. T. Crawford and Harry Teaword two professional fishermen of Creston drove into Kitchener some time Saturday evening and returned Monday morning, and it is reported that the river has fell two feet since they have disappeared with their big catch of trout so don't come often boys, as there are others who want fish.

A Natural History Society has been formed in Creston with Messrs Compton Heath and O'Kell as officers, and a large membership of those interested in this branch of science.

Mr. Johnstone, of the P. Burns Co., intends to build a stable and out building behind his residence on Victoria avenue.

Seedling Apples

THIS SHOULD BE READ BY ALL WHO ARE DESIROUS OF GROWING APPLES

The horticulturist has the opportunity of getting more employment out of this brief and uncertain life than those engaged in almost any other avocation, and as his joy is mingled with his work he becomes an artist. He not only puts joy in his work. but he is a philanthropist in every sense of the word, for he has bestowed upon his fellowmen something that could not be purchased by wealth or influence. If there is anything well known, any fact undisputed among horticulturists, it is that, as a rule no tree fruit will exactly reproduce itself from seed. While this is true of all tree fruits, the apple tree is remarkable, in that valuable varieties never reproduce themselves.

Plant a bushel of apple seed all taken from, say, the Wealthy. While it would be possible, still it would be highly improbable that out of the whole lot seedlings you would get a single Wealthy tree. This is true of any given named variety. The absolute facts are, technically speaking, that on planting the bushel of apple seed mentioned, when the seedlings are grown there will be no two trees alike in every respect, and what is more, there will be no tree that is exactly like any known tree heretofore grown, with the exception of those which revert back to the original stock as before stated. Many valuable varieties will be found among them, but all differing in some way from kinds now grown and classified. Consequently to perpetuate a given variety grafting or budding in some form must be resorted to.

To produce hardy apple seedlings where very few apples are grown, sow the seeds of apples produced in the locality or as near as possible.

Another thing noticed in connection with the growing of apple trees from seed is that an apple seedling that has never been transplanted may be to all appearances quite hardy so far as the old tree is concerned, but when an effort is made to propagate it by grafting, the grafted trees are found to be quite tender. Experience has taught that no seedling fruit tree can be classed as quite hardy until it has been grafted in the nursery, come into full bearing in the orchard, passed through a hard winter then produced a good crop the following summer.

The beginner will now clearly understand that the growing of apples from seedling trees is very much of an experiment, and he should be prepared to meet with many disappointments. But there is a great and pressing need for this kind of work in Canada. This is a line of work that all those who have succeeded in fruiting the large apple can take part in. Save the seeds and care for the seedling trees till they bear fruit.

In collecting the seeds save the cores of all large apples used; the seeds are removed with a sharp-pointed knife; all seeds are sown in the fall if possible, as a better percentage germinate the following spring. If, however, the seeds saved during the winter they may be stratified, that is, mixed with moist sand in a box with holes in the box for drainage and then placed outside to freeze. The box should be placed on the north side of a building. If the seeds are dry keep them in the moist sand for 24 hours in the house. Before placing outside be sure there is a close cover on the box, otherwise the mice will clean out your seeds even if frozen among the damp sand.

(To be Continued)

NELSON FAIR

Several high class free attractions have been engaged for this year's Fair first amongst which is Burnstads Wild West show, an act that is playing all the Big Fairs on the Pacific Coast and one well worth seeing, this attraction alone carries some thirty-two horses and ten men and gives daily exhibitions of Roman Chariot Races, Standing races, Broncho Busting, Lariat Throwing and Lassoing, in this act is seen the famous Broncho "Black Stacey" who it is claimed has only been ridden twice in five years.

Other free attractions are Hardy the High Wire King known as the Hero of Niagara Falls. Dorothy De Vonda The Queen of the Air, Happy and his trick Mule Dynamite. Miss Marie McDonald Scottish Dancer.

Single Fare rates are offered on all transportation lines.

The Fruit Growers association will hold their monthly meeting on Friday the 8th September.

All members and intending members are requested to be on hand at 8:30 p m sharp in the old school house.

The sidewalk has been extended past the English church, and the constant improvements being made to road and walks in the town is a matter upon which Road Supt., Benny receives many well merited congratulations.

FOOTBALL TEAM

The team who will play for Creston on Labor Day is to be chosen from, H Garnett, Goal; S. Watson and J. Arrowsmith, Full Backs; W. Arrowsmith, R; Hampson and W. Smith, Half Backs. G. Broderick, F. Baston, T. Baines, H. Dexter and J. Baines, Forwards; Reserves, J. Turner, J. Whitehead, G. Huscroft, A Smith, W. Wright.

A FAIR YOU KNOW, AND SO YOU GO
The 9th. Annual

Nelson Fruit Fair

NELSON, B. C. SEPTEMBFR 26th. 27th. and 28th
$3000 IN FREE ATTRACTIONS $3000

Don't Miss These.
Burnstad's Wild West Show.
J. E. Hardy, The High Wire King.
Dorethy DeVonda, Queen of the Air.
Happy, and his trick mule, Dynamite
And Marie McDonald, the Scottish Dancer.

Inter-City Band Tournament. Rock drilling contest
Log Sawing and chopping, and Tie-Making Contests

The biggest Fair yet, and then some. Dont miss It

J. E. Annable, Pres. G. Horstead, Sec-Mgr.

Labor Day Celebration

BASEBALL, FOOTBALL, SPORTS AND GAMES. PROGRAMME.

The celebration is now completely organized, and only a fine day is required to crown the labors of the committee with success.

Below we print the programme in full, for the information of our readers.

Adequate arrangements have been made for the crowds, the Park and Roads leading thereto will be sprinkled with water, a stand has been erected in the grounds and all visitors can depend upon a hearty welcome and a good time at Creston Labor Day 1911, celebration.

PROGRAMME

10 A. M.
BASEBALL-Boy Scouts v Shamrocks

1 P. M.
100 YARDS DASH 1st $5. 2nd $3.
220 YARDS DASH 1st $7. 2nd $3
HALF-MILE RACE. 1st $10. 2nd $5

1:45 P. M.
STANDING BROAD JUMP
1st. $3. 2nd $2. 3rd $1.
RUNNING BROAD JUMP
1st $3, 2nd $2 3rd $1
STANDING HIGH JUMP
1st $3. 2nd $2. 3rd $1.
RUNNING HIGH JUMP
1st $3. 2nd $2. 3rd $1.
HOP, STEP AND JUMP
1st $3, 2nd $2. 3rd $1.

POLE VAULT 1st Calabash Pipe (8.50)
2nd Box of Cigars ($5.)

3 P. M.
BASEBALL—Cranbrook vs Beaners
Ferry, Prize $100.

5 P. M.
HORSE RACES
¼ mile Boys' 1st Ball & 2 Bats (4.25)
2nd Fish Pole and Reel (3.00)
¼ mile Indians—1st $3. 2nd $2.
¼ mile Squaws-1st Sk. of Flour (3.65)
2nd Two Silk Shawls (3.00)

5:30 P. M.
FAT MEN'S RACE
1st Box of Cigars (5.00)
2nd Box of Apples (3.00)
MARRIED LADIES RACE
1st Table Cloth (5:50)
2nd Set of Carvers (4.75)
SINGLE LADIES' RACE
1st Twelve Napkins (3.50)
2nd Set of Carvers (3.00)
CHILDREN'S RACES $15 Cash.

6:30 P. M.
FOOTBALL—Creston vs. Huscroft's.

8:30 P. M.
DANCE IN MERCANTILE HALL

9 P. M.
BOXING CONTEST IN THE CRESTON AUDITORIUM

Hurrah for Creston Labor Day Celebration, 1911.

The City BAKERY

Keeps on Hand
Soft drinks on Ice, and
Ice Cream
In the hot weather, as well as Fruit and candies
Best Bread and Cakes
Opposite the C. P. R. Station

Sold By The Creston Mercantile Co

WHEN IN DOUBT, WHAT?
WHEN YOU ASK FOR PEABODYS' OVERALLS,
IF YOUR LOCAL DEALER SAYS HE HAS "SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD" COMPARE THEM. NOTE THE FIT, MATERIAL, WORKMANSHIP, AND YARDAGE; NUMBER OF POCKETS OF THE OVERALLS, ALSO ON THE COATS NOTE THE GAUNTLET CUFF, AND THE UNIFORM BAND COLLAR, AND THEN IF THE "JUST AS GOOD" GARMENT STANDS THE COMPARISON, BUY IT BY ALL MEANS. BUT MARK YOU, THEY WON'T STAND A CAREFUL COMPARISON.

WE ARE THE AGENTS FOR PEABODYS' GUARANTEED OVERALLS.

Creston Mercantile Co., Ld.

NO HOSPITAL FOR MR. LAWLER

HE TOOK GIN PILLS

If you ever hear anyone say that Rheumatism can't be cured, ask them if they have ever tried GIN PILLS. Or ask them to write us for proof that GIN PILLS have cured hundreds and hundreds of cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back and other troubles caused by weak kidneys or Bladder.

Rheumatism can be cured—is being cured every day—by GIN PILLS. Here is the best kind of proof:

OGDEN, N.S.

"I have been troubled with Rheumatism so bad that I could not work. A doctor tended me and told me to go to the hospital but all to no good until a friend told me to try GIN PILLS. I did so and after taking a few boxes, am perfectly well."

D. J. LAWLER.

Take GIN PILLS on our positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded. 50 cents a box—6 for $2.50. Order from us if your dealer cannot supply them. Sample box free if you write us. National Drug and Chemical Co., Dept. N. U., Toronto. 50

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

Paving the Way

At a political meeting a very enthusiastic German made a speech beginning like this:

"My dear fellow-citizens und fellow Shermans, I don't vant to say noddings about nobody, but look at dem Irish in de Tenth vard; what have dey got? Paved streets! Und vot have we got? Mut! Mut! Now, my fellow-citizens und fellow Shermans, vot I vish to say is dis: Coom, let us put our heads together und make a block pavement."—The Housekeeper.

"Gramercy!" exclaimed Sir William de Willingham. "Likewise, Oh Fiddlesticks! and Go to! May I cease to exist, but that youngest born of yours is a terror!"

"Out upon thee! to speak so of thy precious tootsums," rejoined the Lady de Willingham. "In what way annoys he thee?"

"Ever since his arrival," answered Sir William, "the little fiend has invariably done me out of a night's sleep.'

It is probable that many queens of the kitchen share the sentiment good-naturedly expressed by a Scandinavian servant, recently taken into the service of a young matron of Chicago. The youthful assumer of household cares was disposed to be a trifle patronizing.

"Now, Lena," she asked earnestly, "are you a good cook?"

"Ya-as, 'm, I tank so," said the girl, with perfect naivete, "if you vill not try to help me."—Lippincott's.

Self Evident

"Why is it that we never hear anything about the wife of Atlas, the man who had the world on his shoulders?"

"There was no Mrs. Atlas. If there has been, do you suppose that it would have been permitted him to create the impression that the entire burden rested on him."—Chicago-Record Herald.

Another Micawber

"Thank heaven, those bills are got rid of," said Bilkins, fervently, as he tore up a bundle of statements of accounts dated Oct. 1.

"All paid, eh," said Mrs. Bilkins.

"Oh, no," said Bilkins. "The duplicates dated Nov. 1 have come in and I don't have to keep these any longer."—Harper's Weekly.

"Heady" Exhibitor at R. A.—"And—ah—do you like our little show as well as the Salon of Paris, mademoiselle?"

Visitor—"Oh, much, bettaire."

Exhibitor—"Really? I'm delighted. And why, particularly?"

Visitor—"There is so much less pic-chaires!"—Punch.

The Minute Man

Tommy—"My gran'pa wuz in th' Civil War, an' he lost a leg or an arm in every battle he fit in!"

Johnny—"Gee! How many battles was he in?"

Tommy—"About forty." — Toledo Blade.

No Wonder

Mrs. Baye—"She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes and filters everything in the house."

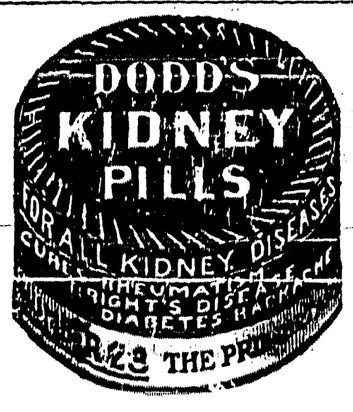
"How does she get along with her family?"

"Oh, even her relations are strained."—Tit-Bits.

No Improvements

Johnny—"They're making shingles out o' cement nowadays."

Dickey—"I don't mind that so much, but if maw ever gets a pair o' cement slippers I'm going to run away."—Brooklyn Life.



IF ENGLISH LEFT INDIA.

Conflicting Races and Sects Would Rend Each Other.

To the old Sikh, with his family tradition of war, the lure of young Bengal has as yet little attraction. "The English beat us, and we and they beat the Poorbeahs; now who are the Bengalis that they should preach to men of the sword? We know our masters, with whom we share the army."

So when he talked it over with me as an old friend, the spirit of the Khalsa, which from a sect had become a soldiery of the Wallenstein type, rang out ruthless, forgetting the plough and the prize seed-corn.

"Pah, Bengal!" quoth he; "if the English leave the country we would see to it that there be neither a merchant nor a virgin left in Bengal in a month." From which saying, again, I saw why India needs the English, chatter the B.A.'s never so wisely. The good English must keep the peace for the millions who cannot keep it for themselves

It was only a year ago that I chatted with some Afghan friends settled within the British border for at least fifty years before that same border became British.

"What," I asked, "would you do if the Sirkar left the land?"

My friend was a civil officer of a subdistrict who helped the English magistrate preach trade and agriculture; with him was his younger brother, a resalder in the 15th Cavalry; a third brother was also in the same regiment. "Ho! ho! Sahib," laughed he. "What would we do, eh? I will tell you. Afzul here, and young Wali Dad, who is with his regiment, we should raise fifty of our own and our fathers' retainers, Alizais and Gandapurs, and we should ride straight for Bickaneer."

"Ah," said I, in my ignorance, "why for Bickaneer?"

"Because," said my friend the benevolent magistrate, "in Bickaneer city all the rich Hindu merchants keep their treasure.

"Yes, indeed," said the cavalry brother, "and the Hindu banniah women are the finest in India."

And once again I saw clear that a country of conflicting races and religions needs a rule that has at its back the drawn sword and the galloper gun.—From The Keys of all the Creeds, in The Cornhill Magazine.

Lauder as a Pit Boy.

The famous artiste's recent appeal on behalf of the pit ponies recalls the fact that he started life as a pit boy and for years worked as a miner. He afterwards eked out a precarious livelihood by appearing at small local concerts, sing-songs, and the like in his native Scotland. Between now and then, with a rapidity hardly equalled, Lauder has made himself a name to conjure with in the music-hall world. With two or three performances every night, not to speak of royalties on his enormously popular songs, he now makes an income which a prosperous barrister might envy; but, "so far as I am concerned," he once declared, "I find that money makes no difference whatever, save that when I want a thing I can walk into a shop and get it. It's a pleasant difference, I grant you; but 'a man's a man for a' that'."

British Military Bulls.

Some queer, quaint efforts at composition have been made by British officers. A certain major ordained this: "Reveille will be at 3.30 a.m. The brigade will parade at 4 a.m. The brigade will move at 4.15 a.m. The sun will rise at 5 a.m." It was during the guerrilla war of 1901-2, after the building of the blockhouses, that it became necessary to check the habit of the men of sleeping outside the blockhouses for the sake of coolness and comfort. A certain staff officer thereupon issued the following quaint order: "No one is permitted to sleep outside the blockhouses except the sentries." Though the intention of this order is clear, its phraseology is not. "Men on outpost duty are forbidden to strike matches on the sky line."—London Standard.

Australian Savages' Delicacy.

A delicacy of Australian savages is the flesh of snakes which, with the exception of the liver, is too dry and tasteless to appeal to civilized palates. Meat is usually baked in a primitive oven, made by digging a hole about a foot deep in the ground. In the hole is built a fire which is covered with stones. When the stones have become very hot the fire is extinguished and the stones are covered with green leaves, in which the meat is placed. The hole is then filled with earth and is not re-opened until the time determined for the cooking of the meat has elapsed.

Flavored to Taste.

"It's the insects," complained the amateur gardener. "They destroy all my radishes, and try as I may I can't exterminate them."

"Best remedy I know," said the friend, "is to lay salt between the rows. Never been known to fail."

"Well," said the friend when next they met, "and did you try the salt on those insects?"

"Yes," replied the other, "and the next morning the little beggars were pulling up the radishes, dipping them in the salt and eating them by the score."—London Ideas.

The Grosbeck.

The grosbecks of South Africa, are an extremely social bird, and live in large communities. They choose a tree of considerable size and then entirely cover it with grass, making a roof thoroughly impervious to rain and sun, and so completely woven into the foliage of the tree, as to resist any wind short of a hurricane. Here they live in numbers of five to six hundred, the nests being built in rows like streets, and look very much like city tenement houses.

Practice Targets.

Practice targets have been adopted for the British navy built up of many plates of steel, any of which can be cheaply replaced when damaged.

BINDERS SEE THE More Crop, More Money, Less Wages, Less Wear COCKSHUTT BINDERS DEALER

"I believe that the great body of English people are gentlemen," says a speaker.

Our experience has been that fully half of them are ladies.—Tit-Bits.

HOW TO OBTAIN A GOOD COLOR

A TREATMENT TO RESTORE THE BLOOD SUPPLY THAT HAS BEEN MOST SUCCESSFUL

There is only this to tell people who are pale, weak and bloodless. You are pale and weak because you haven't enough blood and you won't be better until your blood supply is increased. You should not lose any time in increasing your blood supply, for people who neglect anaemia, often slip into a deadly decline. When you have increased your blood supply you can reasonably expect to have a good color, to have lost that tired, breathless feeling, to have a good appetite and get good nourishment from your food. Now the only quick and always effective way to get a supply of new, rich, red blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new blood, and this new blood coursing through the veins, brings health and strength to every organ and every part of the body, making weak, ailing people, bright, active and strong. This has been proved in thousands of cases of which the case of Mrs. George Clark, Abottsford, B. C., is a fair sample. Mrs. Clark says: "After spending two years and six months in a hospital training for a nurse, I began to fail in health, was very pale and the least exertion would leave me out of breath. After graduating I came to British Columbia to take up my profession as a private nurse. The first case I took I found I was not able to go on with my work. Doctors' tonics failed me and acting on my own judgment I purchased a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished them I was really surprised at the result. The color came back to my face. I gained in strength and by the time I had used nine boxes I was back at my work as a nurse. I have since married, but still have my friendly feeling for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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.

Let no day end with your books unbalanced.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The man with one idea, like the parent with one child, pampers it and spoils it.

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

Old friends are best, not because they are old, but because they are friends.

EFFECT OF THE TARIFF ON PRICES

Canadian Manufacturer Does Not Impose on the Duties

An erroneous impression exists in the minds of many Western people that the manufacturer of Canada takes advantage of the tariff by raising his selling price by the full amount of the duty, with which he it protected from foreign competition. Facts show that the Canadian manufacturer does not, and could not safely, do such a thing. The home manufacturer, to-day, does seven times as much business in Canada as the foreign manufacturer. Would the factories of Canada be able to secure that much more business than the keen foreign competitor if prices were so inflated? No they would not and the main purpose of the tariff is not to rob, but to protect.

That the manufacturer should be able to improve the quality of his product and at the same time reduce the price to the consumer may at first seem incredible, but it all hinges upon the output. Every manufacturing operation whether large or small involves a certain amount of stationary overhead expense including such items as rent, heat, light, insurance, taxes, office expenses, superintendence, etc. If these expenses have to be met out of the returns from a small output it follows that the proportion carried by each unit of production will be comparatively high. But if on the other hand they can be spread over a large output, then the proportion carried by each unit of production may become insignificantly small. Generally speaking, the larger the output the lower the cost of production and the cheaper the price to the consumer, hence the advantage of a tariff which secures the home market or at least the bulk of it to the home manufacturer.

A few examples will suffice to illustrate how this works out. In 1878 a Canadian company began the manufacture of buggies. In 1879 they sold all told about 3 buggies, for which farmers paid them from $160 to $170 each. Last year in various kinds of wheeled vehicles they had an output of 15,000 and were able to offer the farmer for $85 a far better buggy than the one he used to have to pay $170 for. In 1878 the price of sugar was nine and ten cents a pound retail; today it is under five cents. The best binder in 1878 sold at from $270 to $300; today the farmer gets a lighter and more compact binder that will last longer for $125. In 1878, single reapers retailed in Ontario at from $100 to $105; today the best reaper retails at from $60 to $65.

W. N. U., No. 858.

CHASING THE CHEESE.

Whitsun Frolic That Has Been Kept Up for a Long Time.

In the nooks and corners of England are yet to be found some survivals of quaint customs dating back to the dim and distant past. Monday saw one of them in Gloucestershire, for the first Monday in June is a general holiday known as Whit Monday.

The visitor who found his way on that day to the beautiful Cotswold Hills joined in an exciting sport which, with its attendant merry-making round the Maypole, has been kept up since the days of James I. Rising sharply from the little village of Bockworth is Cooper's Hill, from whose summit, an elevation of nine hundred feet, can be seen a magnificent panorama to the Malvern Hills, and the distant Welsh mountains.

To this breezy eminence every Whit Monday come large numbers of spectators from far and near, eager to witness, or to take part in, the famous cheese-rolling competition down the steep hillside. At a given signal, several of Gloucester's far-famed cheeses are set rolling from the summit, and then ensues a mad chase for their capture by the men and boys of the district and any of the onlookers who are sufficiently reckless to join in the pursuit. Helter-skelter they rush down the hill, many lose their foothold and roll over and over in their frantic efforts to capture the prize.

To the stranger the sport appears rather dangerous to life and limb, but the local people take it all as a matter of course, and make light of bruised shins and a few bumps on the cranium. Bump, bump, bump, with terrific bounds, go the cheeses down the hill; and so steep is the descent that it is seldom a cheese is caught by a pursuer unless it happens to lodge against some obstacle. Amid shrieks of laughter, and the shouts and cheers of the crowd, the competitors rush down to the picturesque village nestling at the foot of the declivity. Many a time have the cheeses bounded clean over the roofs of the houses into the village street, impelled by the impetus gathered in their headlong descent.

Whitsuntide is honored in many places by the provision of one or two special dishes, the recognized dainty for the season from time immemorial being gooseberries and custard. The custard of Elizabethan days, however, was a very different thing from its namesake of to-day. It was then a rich open pie, containing meat or fruit, as well as a preparation of milk, eggs, sugar, and spice.

In some districts cheesecake is the accepted dish at this season. But whatever its form, milk food has always been considered appropriate to Whitsuntide; its whiteness having no doubt a symbolical reference to "White-Sunday," in days when more attention was paid to the teaching and observance of both feast and festival.

Prince Arthur as Footman.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, or "young Arthur," as he is usually known about the court and to his intimate friends, was once stationed at Aldershot, where some engagement had prevented him from changing into the prescribed uniform before going to a state ball.

Consequently he turned up in a suit of ordinary dress-clothes. One of the ladies—she is fairly well known in society—was departing, when she saw what she took to be one of the court footmen, and ordered him, in none too polite terms, to find her carriage for her.

His royal highness fell into the spirit of the joke, and promptly did as he was told. The lady's carriage was summoned, when, to his utter astonishmest, she pressed half a sovereign into his palm, remarking, "I know I am quite wrong in doing that, but don't say a word about it; I hope you will shortly improve your position!"

On a Grain of Wheat.

Prayers have been written and engraved on many very small objects, but only one person ever has been patient and painstaking enough to inscribe a complete prayer on a grain of wheat. One day Sir Moses Montefiore received a small tin box in the mail. On the cover of the box was written, "A prayer for Sir Moses Montefiore, by Bauch Mordecai, son of Zebi Hirsch Scheinemann, of Jerusalem." The box contained a single grain of wheat, on which were inscribed, in characters so small that they could only be read with the aid of a powerful microscope, the 386 Hebrew letters of the prayer, and the date of the year (Hebrew reckoning), 5645. Sir Moses kept the prayer in his private desk until he died, and it is now preserved with religious care by one of his friends.

From Boilermaker to Premier.

The Hon. J. S. T. McGowen, the Labor Premier of New South Wales, who recently arrived in England, speaks with pride of the good influence of his father and mother. The latter was at one time a Manchester mill girl, while his father was a young Liverpool workman, earning 32s. per week. The two emigrated to Australia, Mr. McGowen being born at sea on the way to that colony. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a boilermaker, and soon became an ardent trade unionist. For twenty years he has played a prominent part as a labor leader and politician. He has addressed as many as 70,000 people in the suburbs of Sydney in one night. But he has not given all his time to politics. For thirty years out of the fifty-six years of his life he has been a Sunday school worker.

Always That Danger

"Ah, proud beauty!" exclaimed little Sniffkins, "you return my love now, but let me tell you, I will not always be a clerk, I——"

"That's so," interrupted the heartless girl, "you may lose your job."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Country Visitor—What's for breakfast?

Waiter—Porridge, soles, kidney and bacon, grilled ham, sausages, chops, steak and tomatoes.

Country Visitor—Right! I'll have what you mentioned—and some eggs!—London Opinion.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad, so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good.

One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT warmed on flannels and applied on my breast cured me completely.

C. H. COSSABOOM.

Rossway, Digby Co., N. S.

"I have a cook that took a college course in domestic science last summer."

"You seem enthusiastic, Mabel."

"Yes; I find we belong to the same secret society."—Washington Herald.

Sure Reutrn

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

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

"Yes'm," said the wise office boy. "He ain't got the price of ten minutes' lunch in his clothes."—Toledo Blade.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

The body of a guide who lost his life in the Alps twenty-two years ago, has been found in the ice, in a state of perfect preservation.

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

"My daughter's piano lessons have been a great expense to me." "That's so? Did some neighbor sue you?"—Toledo Blade.

The female house fly lays from 120 to 150 eggs at a time, and these mature in two weeks. Under favorable conditions the descendants of a single pair will number millions in three months. Therefore all housekeepers should commence using Wilson's Fly Pads early in the season, and thus cut off a large proportion of the summer crop.

"It isn't equitable."

"What's the trouble?"

"A divorce costs a great deal more than a marriage license."

How Would You Like To Freeze to Death this Winter?

That may happen if you do not arrange for at least a portion of your coal supply now.

The Miner's Strike is Still Unsettled.

Owing to the long period of idleness there is now no stock of coal available in the western towns. When the cold weather begins, even if the mines are running full blast, the output will not be sufficient to meet the requirements, and the car supply will be another source of trouble owing to the very heavy grain crop this year. Consumers should therefore take warning and provide against the inevitable scarcity of coal for the reasons stated above, and if you have no money, it will pay to borrow it and buy a few tons now.

We are wholesale Dealers in Hard and Soft Coal, carrying large stocks at Port Arthur and Fort William for shipment to all points on the C. P. R., C. N. R. and G. T. P.

If there is no retail dealer in your town write us at once—

D. E. ADAMS COAL CO., Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

CLOTHES' INSURANCE—a paid-up "policy" against the ordinary troubles of Wash-day—is yours if you use one of

EDDY'S WASHBOARDS

THE BOARDS WITH THE LABOR-SAVING CRIMP

Substitution doesn't pay—it means to you loss of confidence and to the Grocer loss of a customer. There are no Washboards "just as good" as Eddy's

Toronto Type Foundry Co., Ltd.

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The BUSINESS GIRL in ENGLAND

"'A pound a week!' he exclaimed."

CARRYING out the "motif" of this week's Exchange, I substitute for my weekly familiar talk an interesting letter from an American girl now living in England. In a private inclosure giving her name and address and other particulars not meant for publication, our delightful correspondent says:

"I read with great pleasure the latter from 'Justicia.' You invite criticism from your readers upon the subject she sets forth.

"Is the broad Atlantic too wide a barrier for me to pass in the discussion? I hope not! I think, too, that American saleswomen will be glad to know how their fellow-workers fare on this side of the ocean.

"You doubtless know something of the 'living-in' system depicted in the inclosed. A description of it may make United States salespeople feel that theirs, by comparison, is a happier lot."

With this preamble, I leave her to tell a story I regret to have kept back longer than my inclination moved me to do. The delay was unavoidable.

ABOUT ten years ago I arrived in this country, with the rest of my family, after a sojourn of many years in the United States. It was necessary for me to earn my own living, and my only assets comprised several years' experience of store life in various departments of various drygoods houses in Philadelphia.

The only possible opening for me, therefore, lay in what is here termed the "drapery business." After many weeks of futile inquiry at different drapery establishments, and a lamentable lack of advertisements to answer, I managed to convince an extremely gentle-looking little head of a department that the said department had need of me. Having brought matters to this happy crisis, the question of remuneration came up.

"How much salary do you require?" he asked, rather timidly.

"Well," I replied cautiously, "of course I should like as much as you will give me. I had $8 a week in America. That is about 38 shillings. But"—as he gasped—"of course I know that is more than I shall receive in this country. Do you think a pound a week too much?"

"A pound a week! a pound a week!" he exclaimed, looking upon me with indignant eyes. I really thought at the moment I had lost all chance of employment there. "I could not think of such a wage. I will give you 25 pounds a year, and of course you will live in."

It was now my turn to look bewildered. Strange to say, I had never even heard of the living-in system, although it is practiced by most of the large drapery concerns in every town in England.

"Live in?" I repeated, confusedly.

"Yes, live in, of course—live in the house. All our young ladies, and men, too, live in—that is, with very few exceptions—and so far as I am concerned I will engage no new assistant unless she consents to live in. Still, if you'd rather not—"

"Oh, I shall be very pleased to do so," I hastened to say. "Pardon my appearing so dense, but I had never heard of such a thing before."

"It's all right!" he said, generously. "You can commence on Tuesday. Come Monday evening and the housekeeper will show you your room."

My first sensation on quitting the building was one of amusement. It seemed so altogether unnecessary, and indeed comical, for a drygoods firm to set up a boarding establishment over its business departments and insist on its employes living there. I did not like the idea at all, but I had to work, and if these were the rules there was no alternative but to submit. Now, one thing I did know concerning shop life in England, and that was that wearing black was compulsory. I therefore invested in a black tucked satin blouse (style and material are optional so long as black is worn), which, with a black serge skirt I already possessed, completed my outfit. Monday evening found me knocking at the housekeeper's door on the fourth floor of the building.

England is rich in ancient buildings, as everybody knows; but surely, thought I, so far as construction, convenience, sanitation, decoration and everything else that makes home desirable are concerned, I had happened upon a relic of the remote past. I must tell you here that I do not say that the place is typical of all similar establishments in this country.

It is the only shop in England in which I have lived, but it is one of the ultra-respectable, high-class establishments of this city. It deals with classes rather than masses, and I simply describe the life there exactly as I experienced it.

The building is in the very center of the city, and made up of many shops, which have been added from time to time as the business increased. Part of the living quarters had originally been an old inn, and the rooms themselves had remained in much the same condition as before they were absorbed in the main building. Yet the whole presented an imposing and uniform frontage.

To gain my present position I had climbed eighty-eight steps at the back part of the building, narrow, dirty stairs, which turned and doubled, leading to other places, storerooms, etc. I had traversed narrow, barren corridors and passed doors innumerable.

"The meal consisted of tea, bread and butter."

To my continued knocking the door before me opened, revealing a comfortable, well-furnished room, with a glowing fire and general air of coziness, but it shut immediately behind a disdainful young woman of about 35, who demanded my business.

After some explanation, I was conducted up more stairs to my room, or rather our room, for there were three beds in it, although that night I was alone, for one bed had no present occupant, and the occupant of the other was away on her annual holiday.

I was very fortunate in having a front room; fortunate, also, that the month was September. It broke me in more gradually to the many hardships I had to face.

You must remember that I was fresh from the States; that for years I had enjoyed warm bedrooms, unlimited hot water and home life and comforts.

My present room was large (about 16x16 feet) and lofty. Two curtainless windows looked out upon the city. This is a proverbially smoke-stained city. It is hilly, also, and the roofs of the shops and houses rose and fell like the waves of a great black ocean as far as the eye could reach. An unlovely view on a fine day, but on a wet or cloudy one, when the smoke hung thickly over the city—well, on such days the prospect was not one to linger over. And yet there is not in all England a city with lovelier suburbs. Quaint, sleepy villages; ancient historic churches; wood and forest; a score of places well known to you in Scott's novels—all are within a short distance of this smoke-stained town. They were not within my view as I looked from the window on that autumn evening. And when I, left alone, turned to survey my new home, I saw—a dingy room, furnished with absolute necessities; the walls covered with a hideous paper, the ceiling, once white-washed, now a dirty gray; an extremely ancient fireplace, guiltless of fire; three single iron bedsteads, each containing a mattress, two pillows and covering; a long washstand holding two toilet sets which were a perfect medley of patterns and probably constituted the remains of many sets which had come to grief in the china department at some prehistoric period; a small chest of drawers, evidently already monopolized; a small swing mirror, three chairs and some worn strips of carpet. There you have a complete list of the furniture and decorations of my new home.

Miss M—, my roommate, returned home (for this was the only home she had) in a few days.

She told me when we grew confidential that she had been in her present position over ten years; that the room we occupied had never been papered, the ceiling whitewashed or the floor re-covered during that time; that the fireplace had contained no fire for many years, and that the chest of drawers had been put there at her special request—thus explaining her monopoly of its accommodation. Within a few weeks, however, after this conversation, the walls and floor were re-covered and the ceiling whitewashed. I was very fortunate in having a brighter room for the rest of my stay, although the color scheme of the new decorations left much to be desired.

There were about twelve bedrooms on my corridor, several of which looked down on back yards crowded with packing cases, straw, etc. The rooms above us were occupied by men, and were reached by another staircase at the other end of the house.

"I had to climb ninety-seven steps to my room."

Another group of rooms for girls was also reached by a different route. Indeed, it was quite a journey to go there from my room, and our only bathroom was in the same direction.

Midway between was our sitting room, a very spacious apartment, furnished with the same simplicity and economy as the bedrooms. In one corner stood the only luxury, a piano, subscribed for and belonging to the girls themselves, having been paid for on the installment system. In the wintertime there was a fire in this room all day, and the lighting arrangement was good, generally. Our bedrooms were very meagerly lighted by electricity. When we wished to do any sewing there we used to buy candles and use them.

The various corridors were left quite unadorned, and were kept scrupulously clean. Indeed, if half the energy which was wasted on the corridors had been expended on the bedrooms, we should have gained greatly in comfort, for our rooms were sadly neglected. I used to go home on Saturday evening, returning very early on Monday morning; but my roommate was compelled to spend her Sundays here, and I generally left her on Saturday evening, sweeping and dusting the room, to make it habitable for the next day.

There was no system of warming the living quarters except by the old-fashioned fireplaces, and these were only used in the bedrooms in cases of serious illness, as they made much extra work for the maids. I have known frequently when we have had to break the ice in the water-pitchers to get at the water to wash with in the mornings. Can you imagine dressing, in a room at this temperature?

We were allowed a pitcher of hot water between 9 and 9.30 P. M., if we fetched it ourselves from the kitchen. For the rest of the time we had to use cold. Had we been allowed hot water in the morning we should have felt the bitter atmosphere less, as English bedrooms are seldom warmed. But you must remember that our bedrooms were away from and much higher than the warmed portion of the house.

The lift (elevator) was for the use of customers, and although we were not forbidden to use it, we rather dreaded being seen doing so by any one in authority, so used the stairs invariably. I had to climb ninety-seven steps to my room.

I will endeavor to describe an ordinary day. The dressing bell rang at 7.30 and the breakfast bell at 8 A. M. Breakfast was served from 8 to 8.30.

On my first morning I went down to the floor on which were the housekeeper's rooms, our sitting room, etc., and was directed to the dining room.

It was a long room, with bare wooden floor and bare walls. Two long tables about a yard wide ran the length of the room. They were covered with white cloths and had small plates placed at regular intervals down each side. Chairs were ranged along each side of the tables. At one table were seated a few young men, who stared at me curiously, but in a friendly fashion. Seeing some girls seated at the other table, I made my way thither.

The meal consisted of tea and bread and butter. I was told I might have coffee if I wished, but it seemed to be universally shunned, so I took tea.

After this frugal repast we went downstairs to our various departments.

Between 10 and 10.45 we were allowed twenty minutes to wash our hands, after stock cleaning, etc., or to make any purchases in the shop.

Dinner was served at 1 and 1.30, respectively. Half the staff went when the 1 o'clock bell rang and the remaining half at 1.30, when all those comprising the first batch were supposed to be back in their departments, having washed, dined and refreshed themselves generally. The 1.30 diners were, of course, expected to be in their departments at 2 precisely.

Dinner consisted of meat, potatoes and pudding. Sometimes we had beef; at other times mutton. The beef was generally roasted and served either hot or cold; but the mutton was occasionally boiled. On boiled-mutton days we were given mutton broth as a first course and the pudding was omitted. Very often we had an extra vegetable. The puddings rang the changes on rice, sago and tapioca milk puddings and a few styles of boiled suet. On one memorable day we had jam tarts.

The establishment closed at 4 P. M. on Saturdays, and on this day we always had hot roast beef and boiled potatoes only. We were not pampered with pudding, but could have a little cheese if we desired.

The Sunday dinner was like that of Saturday, invariably the same the year round, being cold roast beef, boiled potatoes and cold apple tart.

In the winter months the shop was closed at 6 P. M.; in the summer months at 7. Tea was always served at 5 o'clock, and during the 7 o'clock closing period we were allowed half an hour. During the earlier-closing period we were allowed fifteen minutes for the meal; and I can assure you one has to be fairly rapid to climb eighty-eight steps, have tea and be back in one's department within fifteen minutes after leaving it.

The bill of fare at teatime was precisely the same as that at breakfast.

Supper, served from 7 o'clock to 7.30, consisted of bread and butter, cheese and hot or cold milk. The bread was always cut and buttered before it was placed upon the tables for any meal. I believe the men received a certain allowance of beer at suppertime, though I was seldom present, as I, like most of the girls, found the food unsuitable. The majority of us used to purchase our supper outside and eat it in our own rooms, with a cup of cocoa made on the sitting-room fire. On one or two occasions we had cold beef given us at supper.

For the rest of the evening we did as we pleased—sat and read or sewed in our great sitting room (if we were lucky enough to get a chair near the fire), or wrote our letters at the table.

All feminine employes were required to be within doors by 10.30 and all of the other gender by 11. Girls who desired to be out later for some particular reason (theater, etc.), had to obtain special permission; but this only extended to 11 o'clock, when the outer doors were locked for the night.

At 11 o'clock our lights were put out, and any one who had not finished undressing had to do so in the dark.

There was a medical club and a library in connection with the place, to which all employes were compelled to contribute. Indeed, the fees were deducted from our monthly salaries, whether or not we took advantage of the benefits, which were as follows: Two or three times a week at 11 A. M. the big bell rang, proclaiming the doctor's presence upstairs. Any one of us having any ailment might then consult him. Of course, if any employe was seriously ill the doctor's attendance was assured.

Of the library I know little. One of the male assistants used to come to our sitting room once a week, with a list, somewhat shopworn, of its contents. Those girls who desired then made their selection, which, if unappropriated at the time, was brought to them.

The actual situation of that library in the building is to me, to this day, an unfathomed mystery. I never took advantage of it, as I spent all my spare time in study, to enable me to obtain a post in some profession where the living-in system was not enforced—a post which happily I obtained at the end of six months.

The living-in system is the subject of much discussion at the present time. It may have some advantages, but it certainly has many disadvantages. Its moral side I do not wish to discuss; I saw nothing immoral during my experience of it; but the fearful monotony of the life as regards surroundings, food, routine, dress—yes, everything—is intensely depressing. It seems very hard that girls who have good homes should, in many cases, be compelled to leave them in order to earn a living, and for those who have no home, and no other means of living, that they should not be able to call one room their very own, even though it be bare, dimly lighted and, in winter, bitterly cold. Often, on winter nights, I have lain awake, unable to sleep for the unaccustomed cold, and listened to the rats scampering up and down the corridor. How frightened I was lest they should find some crevice through which they could get into my room! What noise they did make! A man used to come periodically with ferrets and try to thin them a little.

The men and girls were about equally divided in numbers. In English stores only men are employed, as a rule, in the linen, silk, dress material, upholstery and "gents' furnishing" departments.

Monotonous as the life is, I have seen many a little romance, much comedy and some tragedy played out in it; seen surreptitious handclasps on the dark, narrow stairs, as the dinner bell was ringing, and—but I had better say no more, or the salespeople of Philadelphia will be wishing that the living-in system, objectionable though it may be, ruled also in American stores.

P. M. H.

Marion Harland

"A man used to come periodically with ferrets."

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

SO MUCH of our space has been devoted of late to recipes that correspondence upon other topics has been neglected. It is not practicable to insert one-half of the letters drawn out by articles which have appeared from time to time as leading "talks" upon this page or elicited by communication from members. I grant myself and readers the pleasure today of glancing at a few specimen articles that testify to the interest awakened in our widening circle of readers by the presentation and discussion of themes presented for their consideration. Free discussion and fair judgment are all we ask for these. So far as in me lies, I have tried to allow all sides to each question to have a candid and courteous hearing.

The Real Cause

Bravo! "J. B. D.," of Germantown, Pa., for defending your rights! For poverty does not necessarily deprive one of his or her rights. I fully sympathize with you. I am the mother of four little children, all under 7 years of age, and they must be supported—together with three adults—upon very small wages.

The other day a contributor to a leading paper said he could not comprehend how a laboring man could support a family upon $2 per day when a single man has all he can do to make both ends meet upon the same wages.

This sum may give us the bare necessaries of life. The only luxury I can afford in the way of literature is the daily paper. Yet I can say, with your Germantown correspondent, that it is not laziness, liquor or lack of ambition that has kept us down.

One year ago this month several eminent specialists gave me just sixty days to live. I had my children and my husband to live for. I set to work at once to falsify the prediction of the eminent men. All summer I wrought at the sacred task, taking excellent care of myself and using every means at my command to build up my falling powers, for the sake of my devoted husband and my blessed babies.

I rallied nicely, but our slender savings soon disappeared, and this summer I am again "all run down," with no funds reserved for the purchase of life-saving apparatus in the form of nourishment that might set me up again.

The prediction of a year ago is likely to be fulfilled, unless we consent to run into debt, and the very word is abhorrent to me. Like the village smith, I want to be able to say: "I owe not any man!"

The labor conditions, as they exist today in the United States, are largely responsible for the prevailing poverty among those who are able and anxious to work.

I am a new member of the Exchange and I may have transgressed some of your rules with which I am not conversant.

I have several recipes which would, I think, prove helpful to some of your poorer constituents. Necessity is the mother of invention, you know, and these recipes are of my own composition.

C. P. N. (Stillwater, Minn.).

The recipes are laid over for another issue. The letter of this brave, true-hearted woman might be duplicated in outline by a thousand others from women whose husbands, "able and anxious" to earn an honest living, cannot do it in this land of plenty and "prosperity." We are getting impatient of that last word! To many a soul sick unto death with hope deferred, it is like the cry of "Peace! peace!" when there is no peace—and so far as the average working man and woman can see, no prospect of it—or what stands for it in the present instance. I am neither alarmist nor Socialist, but the cry of those seeking work and finding none has rung in my ears and through my heart until I am weary and confounded.

Suffer one more letter along the same line:

You spoke the other day of an essay upon the "half-way poor." It is a clever phrase. I think we are what may be classed as "three-quarters poor." My husband has not had regular employment now for nine months. He is a skillful accountant; he has acted as advertising agent for a large manufacturing firm for fifteen years, giving satisfaction to all concerned. The president "froze him out" to make room for a relative of his own. The president is a millionaire. On the side of the oppressor there is power. My poor boy has excellent recommendations as to character and ability. He is 40 years old, active, energetic and more than willing to work. He has walked the streets for weeks at a time, calling upon, in all, 100 men, begging for work. From one and all he has the same reply: "Sorry, but business just now is at the lowest ebb. We will keep our eyes open and let you know if anything turns up. We are putting off men—good men—at present, not taking on new."

We hold up our heads as if our slender bank account were not "wearin' away like snow in its thaw." Day by day we say: "God's in his heaven; all's right with his world." I am not writing to pain your sensibilities by a "hard luck story." But I am impressed by the terribly monotonous formula, "My husband has been out of work all winter" or "for six months," and the urgent recommendation from press and pulpit to reduce the expense of living. I am puzzled beyond expression by the display of abounding wealth on the part of those who are "putting off, not taking on, men."

Isn't it one of Dickens' characters who says of the labor problem, "It's all a muddle"? That is my attitude. Down in the bottom of my soul is the secret cry, "How long? How long?"

Yet the papers persist that this is a prosperous year!

ONE OF THE THREE-QUARTERS POOR.

I doubted for a good hour the expediency of printing this letter. I reasoned that the true story could not better the conditions which have brought about the state of things our wife depicts, and which are more common than we care to own. I make it public now, that others may learn from her the lesson of trust in God "whate'er befall"; that they may not bemoan their own plight as if it were a strange fate that has befallen them. Perhaps, too, in the faint hope that somebody may tell us why these things are so.

Changing the subject for one less depressing, turn we to a disquisition upon—

Housecleaning

I read your paper upon housecleaning in the Exchange, and said to myself, "Folks is different."

My experience was unlike that set down there.

In April, as the sun grew hot, we began to ask if we might put on summer dresses. Hyacinths and daffodils began to bloom, and we found violets in sheltered places. The answer was, "Not until after the house is cleaned." With what joy we saw mother begin in the attic. Then the man who officiated as coachman, gardener and general helper came with a woman who was general scrubber. Up came carpets; out went everything. There were six of us to run and help. Walls were brushed, paint and floors scrubbed while we were in school. The man shook carpets and white-washed ceilings, while mother was overseeing all.

We were all prompt at meals, children and men, and perhaps a visitor or two. Such soups and pies from the last of the preserves we shall never see again.

I had the books to see to. The men said, "Let her do it. Then we may be able to find them in their places." For supper there were hot biscuits and fresh maple syrup and thick squares of gingerbread, or something equally good for hungry people. A little more work and to bed in such cool, fragrant rooms. There was lots of work in those far-off days.

Now we clean the house from end to end weekly, clearing out and giving away all we can spare, at least once a month, and have professional cleaners, while we improve our minds or get our spring dresses, and no one appreciates that anything has been done.

We can't go back. We would not if we could. But something has been lost.

I forgot to say that those summer dresses were all ready to put on when we got them out. ELIZABETH R. (Chicago).

If we could go far enough back to interview "Mother" with regard to her operations and sensations while Elizabeth was at school and carpet beating, whitewashing, scrubbing and general clearing-out of "glory holes" (why "glory" I could never comprehend!) went on under the supervision of the worried mistress—the retrospect would be less poetical.

In the matter of housecleaning, the former days were emphatically not better than these—even if we do have to make over last season's gowns from the skirt-hem up! The finishing touch to the picture supplied by the ready dresses is to me the brightest light in the whole history.

Not the least attractive feature in the modern method of housecleaning mentioned with a half-regretful sigh by our vivacious correspondent is the monthly distribution of rubbish. It is a capital idea.

From a Clever Girl

May a madcap of a girl who likes fun as much as the next one speak a little speech? You hit the nail right on the head when you said that we don't respect a man who hasn't money when he does the millionaire act in taking us out. It makes me sorry and ashamed when a fellow who has his way to make in the world all the way from the bottom of the ladder hires a taxi to take me to a party, or a concert, or to the theater. I just know he is pinching in somewhere to make up for the $5 I have cost him that one evening. And when he sends me flowers in one of T—'s boxes, I could cry with pity.

One youth—as nice a boy as ever stepped—is a university student, living with his widowed mother. He asked me last week to go to the theater with him, and talked of getting tickets that day, because one must apply for good seats a week ahead. So I spoke right out, and proposed that we should go into the balcony. We could see much better there than from orchestra chairs. I went a little further, having arranged with my blessedest of mothers beforehand. I said she and my brother were going to the theater that same evening, and wouldn't it be jolly to make up a party? You see, I saw he was about to ask her to go as chaperon, and I got in my fine work ahead of him. To cut a long story short, we four went together, and afterward mother espied two other young people coming out, and asked them to come home with us. We had ice cream, fruit and cake and one of the ravishing effervescent drinks that dear woman makes of grape juice, ginger ale and ice. Such a merry, innocent time! Worth ten evenings in a hot, "glary" restaurant, with hosts of people looking on. And it did me good to see that my escort looked so care-free all the evening. Our spree cost him less than $2. If I had gone as he would have had me go, he would not have got off under $6—maybe $7! And that for a boy living on the pocket money he gets from his mother!

All this may sound very mercenary to you, and you'll, maybe, despise me for coming down to such petty matters as dollars and cents, where a young fellow's pocket is concerned. But I have brothers of my own, and I hear them talk about the temptations a fellow has who tries to keep up appearances in the society of people with more money than he has. I verily believe a fellow would sooner be thought dishonest than stingy where a woman is to be waited on and flattered.

Maybe that's going a little too far. Anyhow, no man shall be tempted to steal to pay for my pleasuring. Upon that I am determined. "PEG" (New York city).

It is a pity other brothers do not teach sisters to have as much mercy upon "a fellow's" pocket as this "madcap" shows! There is a cool brain under the "cap," and the right sort of heart under her bodice. So far from despising her, I honor her principles and admire the tactful address with which she spared the escort's purse and pride at the same time. She will be as prudent and ingenious in looking after her husband's interests when the lucky man gets her.

Against the Spender

I must thank you for the paper, "He would a-wooing go." It is especially interesting to a young girl. You know we often talk over such matters together—we girls.

I have in mind two couples who are married, and I am much impressed by the different views they take of certain matters.

One couple have been married three or four years. They have built a pretty home and furnished it well. They have always gone to good shows and paid for the best seats and—just last spring were compelled to mortgage their home.

The other couple have not been married quite a year, but they are beginning very differently, regardless of the fact that the husband of this friend is his father's partner in a good business. They live prettily, but simply, and run into no needless expenditures.

We live in a town of not more than 12,000 inhabitants. Of course, the opportunities for making a show and throwing away money are not like what one finds in a great city.

Personally, I do not care to have a young man feel that he must be spending money for me in order to please me. Real manliness—honesty and consistency to one's principles—the qualities that go to the making up of a true man, are in my sight "more to be desired" than money and apparent liberality. On the other hand, I have seen young men who are perfectly willing to let the girls do the entertaining. As one girl puts it aptly, they "act as chair-warmers."

Pardon the length of this letter. But I had somewhat to say upon this subject, and I had to speak.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS (Centralia, Ill.).

Plant Impressions

HERE is a way to take impressions of plants which will resemble steel engravings. Two of them, in fact; take your choice.

The first method is to take half a sheet of fine woven paper and cover its surface with sweet oil; let it stand a moment or two, rub off the superfluous oil and hang it in the air. When it is fairly dry, move it slowly over the flame of a candle, lamp or gas burner (caution) until it is quite black, lay the plant or leaf on it, place a clean piece of paper on top and rub equally with the fingers for about half a minute; then take up the plant and place it on the paper on which it is desired to leave an impression. Cover it with a piece of blotting paper and rub as before. The engraving-like impression will then appear.

By the second method, burn a common work until it is reduced to a powder, add a teaspoonful of olive oil and mix into a thick paste. Next paint the under side of the leaf with a camel's-hair brush, lay the leaf carefully, painted side down, upon a piece of clean paper, press it in a book under a strong and even weight for about a quarter of an hour and remove the leaf carefully from the paper. As before, the impression will appear thereon.

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, - $8,000,000

THE SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

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Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, to be operated by any one of the number or by the survivor. A joint account of this kind saves expense in establishing the ownership of the money after death, and is especially useful when a man desires to provide for his wife, or for others depending upon him, in the event of his death.

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.

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30-Day Notices, $5; 60, $7.50; 90, $10

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

Electioneering by both parties is now in full swing, and throughout Canada Reciprocityites and Anti-reciprocityites, are at it hammer and tongue. The Laurier Government seem to rely more upon the Solid Quebec, and the momemtum of their past victories than upon the merits of Reciprocity, whilst the Premier himself has become quite pathetic, with his references to grey hairs and the welcome rest from political strife which defeat would bring to his old age.

The most telling points so far made on the Conservative side, are the series of revelations as to the present pronounced slackness and dullness of the United States Markets, and the general uncertainty as to the business outlook in the States, as compared with the bouyancy of Canadian business life, concluding with the pertinent query, 'Why not let well alone.'

The advocates of Reciprocity, backed by the gold of Jim Hill and the American Trusts, promise a golden future even more prosperous than the present, but a commercial alliance between prosperous Miss Canada and stagnant Uncle Sam, would hardly warrent the promises held out to her by the Liberal Spell Binders.

Under the Nationalist and Protective Policy of the past ten years, Canada is forging ahead by leaps and bounds, years ago when the States were prosperous and Canada was a baby state, we asked in vain for trade justice from Uncle Sam, but that astute gentleman now sees in our present prosperity and undeveloped natural resources, a convenient safety valve for the ills that are afflicting his monopoly ridden country. The wise Canadian will hesitate ere he sacrifice his present advantage to sink his commercial future in the maw of his trustified rival. Vote for the Conservative Party, and thus help to kill Reciprocity, and avoid the danger of Annexation to Washington which lurks behind Sir Wilfred's smug prrposals, and thus ensure a continuence of the present abounding prosperity of this country.

The Strike situation in the Crows Nest Pass and other Western coal fields, has undergone an important change in the last week, the operators have announced their intention to proceed with the operation of the mines on the basis of the majority report of the conciliation board, and announce they will open the mines to men who are prepared to work, irrespective of whether they are Union Men or otherwise.

The Striking Miners have a right to stay away from work as long as they choose, whether they call such stoppage a strike or a holiday, but no person will deny that the operators also have the right to throw the mines open and employ any men who are willing to accept the conditions, and such workers should be given the protection which the law guarantees to all law abiding people.

Whilst the strikers possess the right to withold their own labor power, they should not be allowed to intimidate by unlawful means, any other men who may choose to go to work, and the Government must be prepared to see that the law is enforced equally upon Owners and Miners, to prevent all intimidation, riots and lawlessness.

A. S. Goodeve, the Conservative standard bearer, is scheduled to hold a meeting in Creston on Saturday 9th., to which the public are cordially invited.

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.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that Walter Demer, of Ymir, B.C., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land :—

Commencing at a post planted about four miles in a southwesterly direction from the southwest corner of lot 9323 and adjacent to the southeast corner of Tom Charles's location, thence north 80 chains east 80 chains, south 80 chains and west 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres more or less.

Walter Demer, Applicant.
James Fisher, Agent.
Dated June 11th, 1911.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Tom Charles, of Patterson, B.C., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands :—

Commencing at a post planted about four (4) miles in a southwesterly direction from the southwest corner of lot 9323, east of Mosquito Creek, thence north 80 chains, west 80 chains, south 80 chains and east 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres more or less.

Tom Charles, Applicant.
James Fisher, Agent.
Dated June 11th, 1911.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Mamie Long, of Spokane, Wash., occupation Married Woman, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands :—

Commencing at a post planted about three (3) miles in a Northerly direction from the Northwest corner of Lot 4275 and adjacent to the Northeast corner of Harry Brauer's location, thence South 80 chains, thence East 20 chains, thence North 80 chains, thence West 20 chains, to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

Mamie Long, Applicant.
Dated June 10th, 1911.
James Fisher, Agent.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that I, Harry Brauer, of Rossland, B. C., occupation Diamond Driller, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands :—

Commencing at a post planted about three (3) miles in a Northerly direction from the Nort west corner of Lot 4275, West of Mosquito Creek, thence south 80 chains, thence West 80 chains, thence North 80 chains, thence East 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres acres more or less.

Harry Brauer, Applicant,
James Fisher, Agent.
Date, June 10th 1911.

Scobell's Liquor, Tobacco and Drug Cure Permanently disposes 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.

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Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Stella Warson, of Rossland, B.C., occupation Spinster, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following desribed lands :—

Commencing at a post planted about four (4) miles in a Northerly direction from the Northwest corner of Lot 4275, South of and adjoining James Morrison's location, thence South 80 chains, thence East 40 chains, thence North 80 chains, thence west 40 chains, to point of commencement and containing 320 acres more or less.

Stella Warson, Applicant.
James Fisher, Agent.
Dated June 10th, 1911.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Mary Bilfor, of Spokane, Wash., occupation Housekeeper, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands :—

Commencing at a post planted about four (4) miles in a Northerly direction from the Northwest corner of Lot 4275 on West side of Mosquito Creek South of and adjoining James Morrison's location, thence South 80 chains, thence West 80 chains, thence North 80 chains, thence East 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres more or less.

Mary Bilfor, Applicant.
James Fisher, Agent.
Dated June 10th, 1911.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice, that I, James Morrison, of Ymir, B.C., occupation Lumberman, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands :—

Commencing at a post planted about five (5) miles in a Northerly direction from the N.W. corner of Lot 4275 and adjacent to the Northeast corner of M. Flanigan's location, thence South 80 chains, thence East 40 chains, thence North 80 chains, thence West 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 320 acres more or less.

Jas. Morrison, Applicant.
James Fisher, Agent.
Dated June 10th, 1911.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay

Take notice that I, Mike Flannigan, of Ymir, B.C., occupation Lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands :—

Commencing at a post plantabout five (5) miles in a Northerly direction from the N. W. corner of Lot 4275 on East side of Mosquito Creek beingthe Northeast corner thence South 80 chains, West 80 chains, North 80 chains, abd East 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres more or less.

Mike Flannigan Applicant
James Fisher, Agent.
Dated June 10th, 1911.

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

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Castile Soap.
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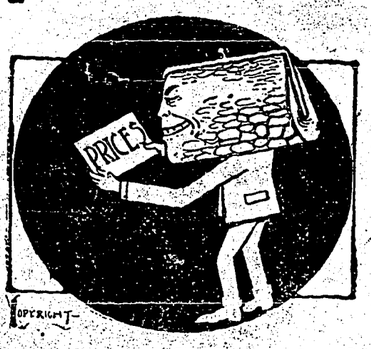

YOUR POCKET BOOK is safe; the prices for pipes are very reasonable here. Some of the different kinds are sure to please you. People wonder that we are selling so many pipes, but they would not wonder if they realised how cheaply we buy, and what perfect satisfaction everything gives that we sell.

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Hot or Cold Baths At Any Hour

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(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

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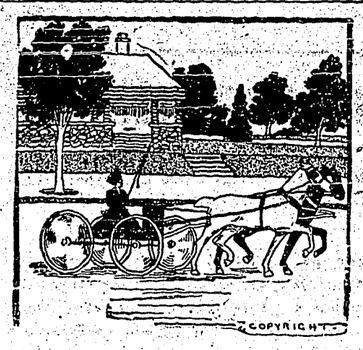
If it is first class and Modern Dentistry that you are looking for, call upon Dr. Hall of Cranbrook.

Why?

Because he has had the experience, having over 20 years of Practical experience in the Profession, and holding certificates from six different States and Provinces, and diploma from one of the best colleges in the world. This alone should convince any possible 'Skeptic' of his ability.

Dr. H. E. Hall. Cranbrook.



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

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.

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CRESTON LIVERY

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

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Fruit Ranch for Sale—Fifteen acres in good state of cultivation, planted with 1800 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.

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

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

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

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PUBLIC HIGHWAYS
Province of British Columbia

Notice is hereby given that all Public Highways in unorganized Districts, and all Main Trunk Roads in organized Districts are sixty-six feet wide, and have a width of thirty-three feet on each side of the mean straight centre line of the travelled road.

Thomas Taylor,
Minister of Public Works
Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B.C., July 7, 1911.
jy 13

Fruit Rates Are Reduced

FROM WALLA WALLA AND HOOD RIVER TO LETHBRIDGE AND OTHER POINTS

Toronto Aug. 12.—The Mail and Empire says:

"The Oklahoma-Washington Railway and Navigation Company has already cut its rates by over 25 per cent, from points in the Western States to points in the Canadian West. This reduction applies to fruit alone from Walla Walla, Lagrande and North Yakima to Lethbridge. The former rate was $1 per hundred weight, and has been reduced to 75 cents, and from the same points to Winnipeg, where the former rate was $1 12, it has been reduced to 65 cents. From Hood River to Regina and Winnipeg, where the rate used to be $1.25, the new schedule has it at 80 cents. From Hood River to Lethbridge, where the former rate was $1.12, it is now 80 cents.

When you pull down the town which is your home, you are pulling down yourself and when you build up you are building up yourself and your neighbor. Try and banish from your mind the mistaken idea that all good things are a way off in some other locality. Give your town all the praise it can legitimately bear. It certainly will do you no harm and will cost you nothing; and above all patronize your home institution—including the printing office.

The newspaper man is blamed for many things of which he is guiltless, such as using partiality in mentioning visitors, giving news about some folks and leaving out respecting others and so forth. He simply prints all the news he can find. Some people inform him about such things, and others do not. An editor should not be expected to know the names and residences of all uncles, aunts and cousins, even if he should see them get on or off the train. Tell us about it. It is news that makes the newspaper, and every man, woman and child can be associate editor if they only will.

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.

MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

Ben hurr, Summit, Last Chance, Old Dominion, Climax and Spud Fraction, Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located:—On East Bank of Priest River, about three miles North of the International boundary line.

TAKE NOTICE that I Charles Moore acting as agent for A. I. Marentette F. M. C. No 33118B, E. W. Stoner Free Miner's Certificate No 33227 B, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action under Section 37, must be commenced before the issue of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 6th day of July, 1911.

Chas. Moore, Agent.

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

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

NOTICE

Nelson Land District. District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that I, Edith Montgomery of Nelson, B. C., occupation, married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about 30 chains south of the North-west corner of Lot 8946, thence 50 chains North thence 20 chains West or to the North-east corner of Lot 7684, thence South 50 chains thence West 20 chains or to point of commencement containing one hundred acres, more or less.

EDITH MONTGOMERY,
Applicant.
July, 19 th 1911. Edward Ferguson,
Agent

NERVOUS, LIFELESS DEBILITATED MEN

YOUNG MEN AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN, the victims of early indiscretions and later excesses, who are failures in life—you are the ones we can restore to manhood and revive the spark of energy and vitality. Don't give up in despair because you have treated with other doctors, used electric belts and tried various drug store nostrums.

Our New Method Treatment has snatched hundreds from the brink of despair, has restored happiness to hundreds of homes and has made successful men of those who were "down and out." We prescribe specific remedies for each individual case according to the symptoms and complications—we have no patent medicines. This is one of the secrets of our wonderful success as our treatment cannot fail, for we prescribe remedies adapted to each individual case. Only curable cases accepted. We have done business throughout Canada for over 20 Years.

CURABLE CASES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Books Free—"Boyhood, Manhood, Fatherhood." (Illustrated) on Diseases of Men.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything Confidential. Question List and Cost of Treatment FREE FOR HOME TREATMENT.

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, semi-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.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

Larsan Is Now Among Us!

WHAT was Rance talking about—the "little ruby headed pin?" I remembered that Mme. Edith had told us that Old Bob had snatched one from her hand when she had playfully pricked him with it on the night of the drama of the square tower. But what relation could there be between this pin and the adventure of Old Bob? Rance did not wait for us to ask him, but hurried on to tell us that this little pin had disappeared at the same time as Old Bob and that he had found it in the possession of "the gangman of the sea," fastening a sheaf of banknotes which the old uncle had paid him on that fated night for his complicity and his silence in having brought him in the fisher boat to the grotto of Romeo and Juliet, and Rance told us, moreover, that Tullio had withdrawn from the spot at dawn, greatly disquieted at the nonappearance of his passenger. Rance concluded triumphantly:

"A man who gives a ruby pin to another man in a boat cannot be at the same moment tied up in a potato sack in the square tower."

Upon which Mrs. Rance inquired:

"What gave you the idea of going to San Remo? Did you know that Tullio was to be found there?"

"I received an anonymous letter informing me of his whereabouts."

"It was I who sent it to you," said Rouletabille tranquilly, and then, turning to the rest of us, he said in frigid tones:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I congratulate myself upon the prompt return of M. Arthur Rance. At the present moment there are reunited around this table all the members of the house party of the Chateau of Hercules for whom my corporeal demonstration of the possibility of the 'body too many' may have some interest. I entreat you to give me your undivided attention."

But Arthur Rance halted him with a quick movement.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," declared Rouletabille, "all those among whom we may hope to find Larsan."

The Lady in Black, who had up to this time not uttered a word, arose trembling to her feet.

"Do you mean,' she breathed, her eyes filled with agonized apprehension, "that Larsan is now among us?"

"I am sure of it," Rouletabille replied gravely.

There was an awful silence, during which none of us dared look at each other.

"I am sure of it, and there is no reason why the idea should surprise you, madame, since it has not for a moment left your own mind. As to the rest of us, is it not true, gentlemen, that the idea has occurred to each one of us at the same moment on the day when we took luncheon on the Terrace of the Bold when all our eyes were hidden by the black glasses? If I except Mrs. Rance, who is there among us that did not feel the presence of Larsan at that time?"

"That is a question which ought to be propounded to Professor Stangerson as well as to the rest of us," interposed Arthur Rance instantly, "for from the moment when we begin any course of reasoning along these lines I can see no object in not having the professor, who was at the table at luncheon with us on that day, here at this time also."

"Mr. Rance!" cried the Lady in Black.

"Yes, I must repent it, if you will pardon me," replied Edith's husband haughtily. "M. Rouletabille was wrong to generalize when he said, 'All the members of the house party'"—

"Professor Stangerson is so far from us in spirit that I have no need of his presence here. Although Professor Stangerson had lived with us in the chateau, he was not one of us in regard to feeling the presence of Larsan on that day. And Larsan is here among us."

But I launched out, and, forgetting that I had promised Mme. Edith to defend Old Bob, I started in to attack him for the pleasure of proving Rouletabille in the wrong, and, besides, I felt Edith would not bear rancor against me for very long.

"Old Bob," I began, "was also at that luncheon on the terrace, and you take him entirely out of your calculations on account of this little ruby pin. But of what use is this little pin to prove to us that Old Bob was rowed away by Tullio, who waited for him at the orifice of a gallery leading from the shaft to the sea, if we cannot discover how Old Bob could, as he said, have gone by way of the shaft, which we found closed from above and on the outside?"

"Which you found closed, you mean," returned Rouletabille, fixing his eyes upon me with a strange expression, which somehow embarrassed me. "I, on the contrary, found the shaft open. But I had had time to run to the shaft and find out that it had been opened."

"And to close it again!" I cried. "And why did you close it? Whom did you wish to deceive?"

"*You, monsieur.*"

He pronounced these two words with a contempt so crushing that the blood rushed to my face. I arose. Every eye was turned upon me, and as I remembered the rudeness with which Rouletabille had treated me a little while ago before Darzac I had the horrible feeling that every eye was suspecting me—accusing me. Yes; I felt myself entirely wrapped around by the atrocious fancy in the mind of each and all that I might be Larsan.

I! Larsan!

I looked at each one in turn.

"Rouletabille!" I cried madly, feeling my voice almost smothered in my throat. "You do not, you cannot suspect"—

At this moment a pistol shot sounded outside, very near to the square tower. We all leaped to our feet, remembering the order given by the reporter to the three servants to fire upon any one who should attempt to go out of the square tower. Edith uttered a cry and tried to run out of the room, but Rouletabille, who had not made so much as a gesture, calmed her with a word.

"If any one had drawn upon him," he said, "the three men would have fired together. That pistol shot was merely a signal—a direction for me to begin."

Turning to me, he continued:

"M. Sainclair, you ought to know that I never suspect any person or anything without previously having satisfied myself upon the 'ground of pure reason.' Larsan is here among us, and the power of pure reason is going to show him to you. So be seated again, if you please, and do not take your eyes from me, for I am going to begin on this paper the corporeal demonstration of the possibility of 'the body too many.'"

First of all, he investigated to make sure that the bolts of the door behind him were closely drawn; then, returning to the table, he took up a compass.

"I have the intention of making my demonstration," he said, "along the same lines on which the 'body too many' has produced itself. It will be thereby only the more irrefutable."

And with his compass he took upon M. Darzac's drawing the measure of the radius of the circle which represented the space occupied by the Tower of the Bold, so that he was immediately afterward able to trace the same circle upon a piece of white paper which he had fastened with copper headed nails to another drawing board.

When the circle was traced Rouletabille, putting down his compass, picked up the tiny dish of red paint and asked M. Darzac whether he recognized it as the coloring matter he had used. M. Darzac replied that, to the best of his belief, it was the same paint which he had mixed for his wash drawing.

A good half of the paint had dried up in the bottom of the dish; but, according to the opinion expressed by M. Darzac, the part which remained would upon paper give nearly the same tint with which he had "washed" the drawing of the peninsula of Hercules.

"No one has touched it," said Rouletabille very gravely, "and nothing has been added to it save a single tear. Besides, you will see that a tear more or less in the paint cup would detract nothing from the value of my demonstration."

Thus saying, he dipped the brush in the paint and began carefully to "wash" all the space occupied by the circle which he had previously traced.

When he had finished he looked at his watch and said:

"You may see, ladies and gentlemen, that the coating of paint which covers my circle is neither more nor less thick than that which covers the circle of M. Darzac. It is almost the same thing—the same tint."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined M. Darzac. "But what does all this signify? I was certainly in enough of an ill humor when I found the state it was in. Old Bob had ruined my drawing by letting his skull roll over it."

"We are there!" spoke up Rouletabille quick as a flash. And he lifted from the bureau the "oldest skull of the human race." He turned it over and showed the crimsoned jaws to Darzac.

Then he arose, holding the skull in the crook of his arm, and went into the alcove in the wall, lighted by a large window and crossed by bars, which had been a loophole for cannon in the ancient times and which M. Darzac had used as a dressing room. There he struck a match and lighted a lamp filled with spirits of wine which stood upon a little table. Upon this lamp he set a little pot which he had previously filled with water. The skull still lay in the crook of his arm.

CHAPTER XIX.

Two Robert Darzacs.

THE more he explained the less we understood. But now—what was this dread feeling which came over us? Why did we all suddenly recoil with a single movement? Why were the eyes of M. Darzac wide with a new terror? Why did the Lady in Black—Arthur Rance—I myself—utter the same syllable, a name which expired on our lips—"Larsan?"

Where had we seen him? Where had we discovered him this time, we who were gazing at Rouletabille? Ah, that profile in the red shadow of the approaching twilight, that brow in the background of the alcove upon which the sunset rays stream as did the dawn on the morning of the crime! Oh, that stern jaw, bespeaking an iron will, which appeared before us, not, as in the light of day, gentle though a little bitter, but evil and threatening! How like Rouletabille was to Larsan! How in that moment the son resembled his father! It was Larsan's very self!

Another transformation. At a moan from his mother Rouletabille came out of his funereal frame and appeared before us as a bandit, and as he hurried toward us he was Rouletabille once more. Mme. Edith, who had never seen Larsan, could not understand. She whispered to me, "What is going on?"

Rouletabille was there before us, with his hot water in the casserole, a napkin and his skull. And he washed the skull. It was soon done. The paint disappeared. He made us bear witness to the fact. He stood in mute contemplation before his own drawing for ten minutes, during which he had by a sign ordered us to keep silence. Suddenly he seized the skull in his right hand and tossed it about so that it rolled over the drawing. Then he showed us the skull and bade us notice that it bore no trace of red paint. Rouletabille drew out his watch again.

"The paint has dried upon the plan," he said. "It has taken a quarter of an hour to dry. Upon the 11th of April we saw at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Darzac entering the square tower and coming from out of doors. But Darzac after having entered the square tower and after having fastened behind him the bolts of his door, as he tells us, had not gone out again until we came to fetch him after 6 o'clock. As to Old Bob, we had seen him enter the square tower at 6 o'clock, and there was no paint on this skull then.

"How was this paint, which has taken only a quarter of an hour to dry upon this plan, fresh enough still—more than an hour after Darzac had left it—to stain Old Bob's skull when the savant, with a movement of anger, threw it down on the plan as he entered the round tower? There is only one explanation of this, and I defy you to find another, and that is that the Robert Darzac who entered the square tower at 5 o'clock and whom no one had seen going out again was not the same as the one who came to paint in the round tower before the arrival of Old Bob at 6 o'clock and whom we found in the room in the square tower without having seen him enter there and with whom we went out. In one word, he was not the same man as the M. Darzac here present before us. The testimony of pure reason shows that there are two personalities appearing in the guise of Robert Darzac."

And Rouletabille turned his eyes full upon the man whose name he had uttered.

Darzac, like all the rest of us, was under the spell of the luminous demonstration of the young reporter. We were all divided between a new horror and a boundless admiration. Here again we found the mark of his prodigious and logical mathematical intelligence.

(To be continued.)

The Secretary Bird.

The strange long-legged bird inhabiting portions of South Africa, which has the peculiar title of "secretary" bird owing to the tuft of feathers resembling a bunch of quills behind the ear of a bookkeeper or secretary, has some very odd habits.

It is a bird that seldom uses its wings in flight, unless it deems it necessary to avoid some enemy on the surface. It can run when disturbed at about the same rate a horse can travel, but if it resorts to wing flight, it can raise itself several hundred feet in the air and fly quite rapidly.

They are great snake-killing birds, and resort to some rather unique methods in capturing the various reptiles found in that country.

The nest of the secretary bird is certainly a novelty. It is seldom constructed anywhere except in a tall tree, about 150 or 200 feet from the ground.

These nests are mammoth affairs. The materials used are heavy sticks and a lot of lumps of sod. These are placed in the forks of a stout branch and the whole nest lined with a fine grass or moss. Two eggs are usually deposited and incubation by the female bird lasts six weeks.

Peerages That Die.

Lord Mount Stephen, who completed his eighty-second year a few days ago, is one of the very large number of peers created during the last twenty-five years whose peerages are not likely to have more than one holder. Some of these peerages are already extinct, as, for instance, Lord Kelvin's and Lord Glenesk's, while the following, among others, have no heirs: Lord Llandaff, James of Hereford, Rathmore, Lister, Morley of Blackburn, Alverstone, Milner, Barrymore, Haversham, Eversley, Armitstead, Pirrie, Glantawe, Peckover, Macdonnell, Welby, Ardilaun, Farquhar, Leith of Fyvie, and Wandsworth. In some instances the chances of the perpetuation of a peerage have been increased by granting a remainder to daughters, this being the case with the Roberts earldom, the Fife dukedom and the Stratncona, Amherst of Hackney, and Burton baronies. In one instance the benefit of remainder has been extended to brothers—namely, Lord Kitchener's viscounty.—Star Weekly.

Grows in the Clouds.

So far as is known, the highest elevation at which flowers are found growing is 17,000 feet above the sea level. The homely little plant which has the distinction of being the loftiest grower in the world is found on the upper slopes of the Himalayan mountains, near the line of perpetual snow.

A ROYAL FAVORITE

Ambassador Reid's Daughter, Who Scorned a Title.

CAN OUTSHINE ANY PEERESS.

But Is Altogether Indifferent to Society, Devoting Herself to Her Husband and Little Boy With a Zeal That Charms England's Domestic Queen.

Mrs. John Hubert Ward, the pretty daughter of the American ambassador to England, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, ranks easily first among the American women who have married Englishmen. It is true that her husband, a younger brother of the Earl of Dudley, is only an "honorable," and honorables are thick as hops in London, but then he is a Ward, the favorite equerry of the late King Edward and so popular with King George and Queen Mary that he is certain to be a person of importance in the new scheme of things. Before Miss Jean Reid accepted the Hon. John Hubert Ward she had refused scores of devoted noblemen, and rumor said she had even turned away one serene highness. Miss Reid didn't care for titles.

It was at Biarritz that the romance began. King Edward was staying there, and so were the Reids. The Hon. John was in attendance upon the king, who enjoyed the society of the American ambassador. While Miss Reid's father was engaged with his

MRS. JOHN HUBERT WARD.

majesty she often found it incumbent upon herself to entertain the handsome equerry. For this reason King Edward, who always earnestly disclaimed matchmaking talent, has been credited with making the match. Certain it is that the royal set seemed much pleased with the union.

Few English brides of high degree have had such an assemblage of the royal family at the wedding as did this dainty little American girl. Queen Alexandra, especially radiant in white brocade and silver, sat with King Edward in a box of the chapel royal at St. James' palace, where, in June, 1908, the ceremony was performed. The present king and queen were there, and so, too, were Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, the Connaughts and a hundred others of the cream of Great Britain's aristocracy.

The reception later at the home of the bride's parents, palatial Dorchester House, was a magnificent affair. The bride received as a wedding gift from her father Chilton Lodge, twenty-five miles from London, one of the most attractive country places in England. It cost just $500,000, and the new owners spent $100,000 in remodeling it. There the Wards entertained royalty, and there their son, who had a king for his godfather and a queen for his godmother, was born. Unlimited wealth is at their command.

Mrs. Ward's father is an immensely wealthy man. Her mother inherited a huge fortune from her father, the late D. O. Mills. The Hon. John Hubert Ward was worth about $2,500,000 at the time of his marriage. Mrs. Ward's parents are extremely liberal and no doubt would be pleased with their daughter's social successes. Should she become a large entertainer there is no doubt that few, if any, American hostesses could outshine the Reids' daughter with their millions and the Wards' splendid family prestige to back her. Therefore the fact that she will open her town house for the coronation festivities is a matter of much interest to many transatlantic social leaders. Her father is to entertain three kings at dinner, and but for the fact that she cares little for society the Hon. Mrs. John Hubert Ward might entertain as many queens, if they were available. As it is, no diamonded peeress of American blood who will kneel to the new queen in Westminster abbey holds so enviable a position in English society as the quiny, independent daughter of the Reids.

When Telephoning.

Do you ever have occasion to use a public telephone? Then put your chest against the mouthpiece and use chest tones. This method has been tried, and, although the voice seems far away, you can hear distinctly.

RALEIGH'S WIFE.

Interesting Letter Bespeaks His Love For His Spouse.

The long and interesting letter written while in prison by Sir Walter Raleigh, which was sold at Sotheby's in London, a few days ago for $2,600, is dated Oct. 5, no year; and is addressed "To my very worthy friend, Sir Walter Cope, Knight." It is as follows:

"Sir Walter Cope: You are of my old acquayntances, and were my familiar friend for many yeare, in which time I hope you cannot say that I ever used any unkind office towards you. But our fortunes are now changed and it may be in your power greatly to bynde me unto you, if the bynding of a man to my estate be worth anything.

"My desire unto you is that you wilbe pleased to move my Lord Treasurer in my behalf that, by his grace, my wife might agayne be made a prisoner with me as she hath bine yeare last past, shee being now devided from me and thereby to my great impoverishing, I am driven to keip to howses. A miserable sute it is, and yet great to me, who, in this wretched estate, can hope for no other thing than peacible sorrow.

"It is now that I call the Lord of all power to wittnes, yet I ever have bine and am resolved that it was never in the worthy hart of Sr. Robert Cecyll (what soever a counselor of State and a Lord Treasurer of Ingloud must do) to suffer me to fall, much less to perrish. For whatsoever names it hath pleased his Lordship to use towards me, which might utterly dispaire any bodie else, yet I know yt he spake then as a counselor, sitting in counsell in company of such as would not otherwise have bine satisfied.

"But, as God liveth, I would have bought his presence att a far dearer rate than these sharp words and those three months' close imprisonment, for it is in his Lordship's hart and countenance that I behold all yt remaynes to me of comfort and all the hope I have, and from which I shall never be beaten till I see the last of evills and the disapire, which haht no healp. The blessings of God cannot make him cruel that was never so * * * nor any man of so great worth to delight in the endless adversities of an enemie, with lash of him who, in his very sowle and nature, can never be such a one towards him.

"Sr, the matter is of no great importance (though a cruell destinie hath made it so to me) to desire that my wife may live with me in this unsavoury place. If, by your mediation, I may obtayne it I will acknowledge it in highest degree of thankfulness and rest reddy to trew fayth to be commanded by you.

"W. Ralegh."

The letter was probably written in 1610, when for three months the enemies of Raleigh, or Ralegh, as he spelled the name, succeeded in depriving him of the society of his wife, who was ordered to leave the Tower. He was released in 1615-16 to go on a hunt for gold in South America, but failing in his quest was re-arrested on his return to England and was executed on Oct. 29, 1618.

"The Ungodly Cough."

"You never know where he is going to break out next," someone once said regarding Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, who is about to visit Canada on a preaching tour. This person was referring particularly to Mr. Campbell's somewhat unconventional remarks. On one occasion he addressed his hearers upon the timely subject of congregational coughing, and assured them that there was such a thing as "the ungodly cough." Then, again, he one day stopped his congregation singing that hymn, "O, Beautiful My Country," saying that the compilers of the hymn book had spoilt it by altering the tune. And then, breaking into song, he sang the lines as he thought they should be written. The applause which greeted this musical effort was tremendous. Apparently, however, Mr. Campbell, does not consider himself to be the broadminded man his admirers imagine, for, when he was asked if he was likely to stay abroad, he replied, "I am such a narrow, bigoted John Bull that I am afraid I couldn't be comfortable in any country but my own."

The Lord Great Chamberlain.

It was announced some weeks ago that Lord Carrington, who recently celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday, would act as Lord Great Chamberlain at the crowning of King George. His lordship stands in high favor at court, and is exceedingly popular throughout the country. He is a model landlord, and a man who has always used the advantages of his position and wealth for the benefit of the community at large. He is probably the only peer who derives his income entirely from agriculture. "I let my tenants farm as they like, shoot what they like, pay when they like, and vote as they like," he once said. He is a great believer in girls learning to cook. "Good cookery," he has remarked, "is one of the secrets of domestic happiness. Lady Carrington has looked after our house and given myself and the family a most excellent dinner every day since our marriage a good many years ago. If every other wife would strive to do the same we should hear less about unhappy marriages.

Very Unwell.

When Theodore Hook was once traveling by coach, there were but two inside passengers—a very pretty but delicate-looking young lady attended by a homely-looking maid. The coach stopped for twenty minutes to allow for dinner. Hook returned first to his seat, the maid next. During the absence of her young mistress, Hook said to her in a tone of great concern "Your young lady seems very unwell?"

"Yes, sir; she suffers sadly."

"Consumption, I should fear?"

"No, sir; I am sorry to say it is the heart."

"Dear me! Aneurism?"

"Oh, no, sir; it is only a lieutenant in the navy."

AN ACTIVE MINISTER

REV. J. J. FERGUSON IS HEAD OF TORONTO CONFERENCE.

Pastor of Epworth Church, Toronto, Who Was Elected to the Highest Office In His Conference Has Occupied the Chairmanship of Barrie, Bracebridge and Bradford Districts and Has Been In Active Work Since 1885.

Rev. J. Joseph Ferguson, new president of the Toronto Methodist Conference, was born in the Township of Cartwright in the County of Durham, July 13, 1860, and is of Irish-Canadian parentage. He received his public school education in that township and attended the High School at Port Perry. He taught school in 1889 in Darlington Township and later attended Victoria University, Cobourg, from which institution he graduated in arts, taking his B.A. in 1885, his B.D. in 1886, and his M.A. in 1888. He commenced preaching in 1885 and has been stationed at Pickering, Streetsville, Davisville, Toronto, Bradford, Weston, Bracebridge, Alliston and Orillia and has recently been appointed to Epworth Church, Toronto. He has been chairman of the Bracebridge, Bradford and Barrie districts and was elected to attend the last three general conferences at Winnipeg in 1902, Montreal in 1906, and Victoria in 1910. At the recent conference in Elm Street Methodist Church, in Toronto, it was stated that the Missionary Society of the church was never so prosperous and, at the same time, never so poor on account of the rapid expansion of the work.

REV. J. JOSEPH FERGUSON.

Another Cancer Theory.

That cancer is due to a parasitic fungus that stimulates the animal cells so that they become parasitic themselves is the view advanced in a new work by C. E. Green, a British medical student. The theory is based on the resemblance of animal cancers to plant tumors and supposes that the undiscovered organism of animal cancers must be very similar to Plasmodiopnora brassical, the cause of plant cancer. Sulphurous substances specially favor the growth of the plant parasite, while calcium and copper tend to destroy it. As this would suggest, human cancer is most common in chimney sweeps, brewers and furriers, who are most exposed to sulphur vapors, and is rarest in tanners, copper workers and papermakers, whose occupations bring contact with copper or lime. The houses and districts that have most cancer, moreover, are those where sulphur dioxide is present in the air—that is, where coal is burned and chimney draft and ventilation are imperfect.

A Bishop on Beer Barrels.

Dr. Percival, the aged Bishop of Hereford, England, whose invitation to Nonconformist ministers to take part in the coronation services in his cathedral has aroused considerable criticism, was for many years head master of Clifton and also of Rugby. He himself was educated at the Kirkby Stephen and Appleby Grammar schools, and as an instance of the educational value of such institutions he has said that "if he had not been educated there he would, in all probability, have remained on obscure fellside farmer, grumbling at the weather, the crops, and probably the Government." Dr. Percival is something of a wit. One day he was passing through a town noted for its beer, and he observed many signs of brewing and also of mourning. "Why is that flag half-mast high?" he inquired. He was told that someone well known in the town was dead. "Ah, how sad," he observed; "I observe that even the barrels are in tiers."

The Money Lender In Rhodesia.

According to Miss Charlotte Mansfield's "Via Rhodesia," no penniless person is allowed to enter Livingstone. "I heard," she says, "that the awkward predicament of not having enough money was often averted by a crafty money lender, who for half a crown would lend the necessary £10, waiting for the would-be borrower outside the boundary and receiving the money back as soon as the examination terminated."

The First Knitting Machines.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth first mention is made of hand knitting. William See in 1589 invented the first knitting machine, called a knitting frame or stocking frame. He was refused a patent in England and went to France and established a factory at Rouen.

Oldest Doll In the World.

In the British Museum is a wooden doll over two thousand years old. It belonged to a little Egyptian princess, who died three centuries before Christ; so we see that even all that while ago little girls were very much like the girls of to-day in their love of dolls.

WE HAVE JUST ISSUED OUR
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WHEN PASTURE IS POOR

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It's the land of the free—for spinsters and bachelors.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Woman.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purging follow their use, as thousands of women can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

Pa, what is philosophy?"

"Philosophy, my boy, is the gentle art of letting your creditors do all the worrying."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Teacher—Now, remember, Nellie, that anything you can see through is transparent. Can you name something that is transparent?

Small Nellie—Yes, ma'am. A keyhole.

Canaries have been known to live 21 years.

Pimples and Blackheads

Clear the complexion of disfiguring pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, and other unsightly conditions; keep the hands soft and white, the scalp clean, the hair live and glossy, and preserve skin health by the use of Cuticura Soap assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment.

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SMALL AND JOLLY.

Titled Guests Drew Beer From Keg and Smoked Clay Pipes.

Tired of primping and posing and preening, wearied of its maudlin maunderings, society seems to be returning to prosaic ways of seeking mere pleasure, without which its course would be indeed barren. Having run the gamut of monkey dinners and being surfeited with wanton display, what could be more attractive than to return to the mannerisms of primitive society? Having gone the limit in their upward course, why not frolic back to earth like any old skyrocket? Sure enough!

Whether through necessity or from a lack of sense will never be known, but one of the queerest society functions of the coronation season was given by Sir Burne-Jones, the painter, and Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget at the Burne-Jones residence, London, which was remodeled for the occasion to resemble an atelier in the Quartier Latin. The affair was styled "small and jolly," and was intended to be a Bohemian contrast to the usual society parties. All the chairs were removed and there were no floral decorations.

Really, it was amusing! Formal receptions were dispensed with and the guests huddled on the floor on rugs, on the staircases or in the back garden, the men smoking clay pipes and the women cigarettes if they wished. If they wanted refreshments they had to help themselves from a big cask of lager beer which stood in the corner of the room wreathed with greens. It was a free and easy affair, all quaffing beer and joining in the chorus of the Drinking Song.

The supper, somewhat inconsistently, was one of epicurean delicacy, but it was served on the floor or the stairs, or wherever there was room to put a plate.

A very distinguished company, who left all their tiaras and crowns at home, included the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Betty Balfour, Miss Violent Asquith, Mrs. Ava Astor, the Duke of Somerset, Lord and Lady Drogheda, Lady Elcho, Sir Edward Poynter, Mrs. Jack Leslie, Miss Maxine Elliott and Mlle. Genee.

Yes, it must have been small, and no doubt it was jolly.

When Voters Smiled.

Surprising as the revelations have been which were made in some of the recent el tion petitions, they scarcely compare with the old days before such a keen eye was kept on the financial disbursements of those who sought Parliamentary honors.

So long ago as 1826, for example, cabbages were sold at Sudbury during the general election at the rate of $50 for four, whilst a plate of gooseberries, such as one could buy nowadays for a penny, were sold for $125, the vendors, of course, being voters. And at Great Marlow an elector was given the hint that he could buy a sow and nine young pigs for a penny. He bought them, too.

A quarter of a century later things had not improved, for we find that a voter would be ushered into the presence of a certain agent, by whom he would be asked, "Well, how do you do to-day?" at the same time holding up three fingers to signify that he was to receive $15. If the elector were dissatisfied, he would reply that he was not very well, and promptly up would go the agent's fingers, showing that he was to receive $25. And while he looked out of the window the money would be placed on the table, and he would turn and pick it up and then take his departure.

The Belper Family.

Lord Belper, of Kingston Hall, Derby, England, has completed his seventy-first year. His lordship was formerly captain of the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and also commanded the South Notts Hussars. He is now honorary colonel of the latter regiment, and an aide-de-camp for yeomanry to the King. The heir to the barony is his lordship's only surviving son, the Hon. Algernon Strutt, captain 2nd Life Guards.

There has been a good deal of romance about the fortunes of the Belper family. The founder was a small farmer, who apprenticed his son to a wheelwright. The wheelwright's son, Jedediah Strutt, became a hosier first in a small, and then in a very large way, in which he was helped by his own inventive genius, which originated the famous machine for making ribbed stockings.

To him there came one day a man in humble life who had ideas on the subject of cotton spinning, and together they developed the spinning jenny, thenceforward to be associated for ever with the name of Richard Arkwright.

Independently Miserable.

A day or two ago, having joined the boat train at Dover harbor station, the writer found a fellow passenger resting a heavy head on worried looking hands. The weather was quite pleasant, but one can never judge the channel by the appearance of Dover beach, so the question was asked sympathetically, "Was the crossing very rough?"

"No," said the passenger; "this is a personal matter."—London Globe.

Its Degree

Mrs. Blowit—Are you planning an expensive gown?

Mrs. Knowit—Well, it will take at least five courses and his favorite dishes to get it.—Harper's Weekly.

The Pill That Brings Relief.—When, after one has partaken of a meal he is oppressed by feelings of fullness and pains in the stomach he suffers from *dyspepsia*, which will persist if it be not dealt with. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are specially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

Girl chums are almost as thick as a fat man.

"Pa?" "Well?" How can a solid fact leak out?"—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment cures garget in cows

"Yes, I've seen some rough times, sir," said the sailor. "Once we was wrecked, and we'd eaten all our provisions. Then we ate our belts, and then the ship turned turtle, so we ate her too."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
(Seal.) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

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

Bees can't talk, but they often get back at one with a stinging retort.

Any man who repeats half he hears talks too much.

The Oil of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed. Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.

It's the united efforts of little things that make big troubles.

Being in the right place at the right time is often an accident.

American and Canadian scientists tell us that the common house fly is the cause of more disease and death than any other agency. Wilson's Fly Pads kill all the flies and the disease germs too.

"I don't believe there ever was a perfect man."

"Adam would have been perfect if Eve had only been made first."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, then she could have bossed the job of making Adam."

When Blood Was Impure

The Old-fashioned Doctor Brought Relief by Bleeding

Today We Keep the Blood Pure by Using

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

The doctor of a century or two ago was accustomed to free his patient of an excess of poisoned blood by the cruel process of bleeding.

We would not stand for that heroic treatment today because we understand better the work of the liver and kidneys and how to awaken them to their duty of filtering poisons from the blood.

These are the only organs of the body which filter poisons from the blood and so cleanse the system of the foul waste matter which causes pains, aches and dangerous diseases, and there is no way you can so quickly bring the liver and kidneys into action as by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Don't imagine that a liquid medicine is necessary to purify the blood. The supreme test is, "Does the treatment awaken the action of the liver and invigorate the kidneys?" Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are unique in their combined action of the liver, kidneys and bowels, and on this account wonderfully successful as a means of purifying the blood.

The whole digestive and excretory system is cleansed and invigorated by this treatment. The appetite is sharpened, digestion improves, and the tired, languid feelings of a poisoned system give way to new health and vigor. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

THE RIVER NILE.

When Its Waters Turn Green Then Comes the Welcome Flood.

The "green water" of the Nile is quite a different thing from the green water of the ocean, says the Scientific American.

About April 15 the Nile begins its annual rise, and a month later the effect is felt at Khartoum. A very curious phenomenon accompanies this increase in the appearance of the "green water."

For a long time it was believed that the color came from the swamps of the upper Nile, lying isolated and stagnant under the tropical sun and polluting the waters with decaying vegetable matter. With the spring rise this fetid water was supposed to be swept into the streams to make its appearance in Egypt.

Within recent times, however, this theory has been abandoned. Now we are advised the green water is caused by the presence of innumerable numbers of microscopic algae, offensive to the taste and smell. They originate away up in the tributaries and are carried to the Nile, where under the hot sun and in the clear water they increase with amazing rapidity, forming columns from 250 miles to 500 miles in length.

The weeds continue to grow, die and decay until the turbid flood waters put them to an end, for they cannot exist except in clear water.

Offensive as, in some respects, the green water is, it is hailed with delight by the Egyptians, since its appearance is a sign of the real flood time and the close of the water famine.

Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's retirement from the journalistic lists was signalized by his marriage to Miss Charlotte Frances Payne Townshend, who nursed him back to health and strength—and matrimony—after a serious accident. "I was very ill when I was married," Mr. Shaw once wrote, "altogether a wreck on crutches, and in an old jacket which the crutches had worn to rags. I had asked my friends, Mr. Graham Wallas, of the London School Board, and Mr. Henry Salt, the biographer of Shelley and De Quincy, to act as witnesses, and of course, in honor of the occasion they were dressed in their best clothes. The registrar never imagined I could possibly be the bridegroom; he took me for the inevitable beggar who completes all wedding processions. Wallas, who is considerably over six feet high, seemed to him to be the hero of the occasion, and he was proceeding to marry him calmly to my betrothed, when Wallas, thinking the formula rather strong for a mere witness, hesitated at the last moment, and left the prize to me."

Shaw is the quintessence of vital energy. He rushes hither and thither, from one task to another, with a feverish, almost frenzied activity. He has a country house in Hertfordshire. When I asked him why he selected it, he took me over to the old English church, redolent of mystery and sanctity, and pointed to the inscription on a tomb near by—"Jane Eversley. Born 1815. Died 1895. Her time was short." "I thought," said Shaw, "that it could be truthfully said of a woman who lived to be eighty years that her time was short, then this was just exactly the climate for me."—Review of Reviews.

Designer of Coinage.

Sir Thomas Brock, who earned a knighthood on account of the magnificent manner in which he carried out the Queen Victoria Memorial, had to encounter a great deal of opposition from his father, a Worcester builder, in deciding to follow an artistic career. Indeed, it was only with his mother's help that he was able to come to London, where he secured an apprenticeship in a sculptor's studio, which soon brought him in the magnificent salary of $10 a week. It was Sir Thomas who designed the later Victorian coinage. In 1891 the Government invited designs for the coinage, Mr. Brock's being considered most suitable.

Four years later the bronze coinage was altered for the first time in thirty-five years, and, as in the former case, Mr. Brock's initials were appended to it. Anybody looking carefully at the coinage of that period may notice the tiny letters "T.B." beneath the Queen's shoulder and a little to the right of the central line. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Brock accomplished the design without a single sitting from the Queen. He worked from photographs which he found in shop windows.

Burglary In England.

Burglary cannot be committed in the daytime. The English rule is that if there is light enough to see the face of the intruder there is no burglary. This, however, does not include moonlight, for a housebreaker entering after nightfall, however brightly the moon may be shining, is legally a burglar—that is, if it is reasonably certain that he has entered with the intent to commit felony, for while a tramp breaking into a house to sleep may be a housebreaker he is not in the proper sense of a word a burglar. Burglary, however, may consist in breaking out as well as breaking in, for one who hides in a house before nightfall to steal and after stealing breaks out to get away is just as much a burglar as he who to effect his purpose breaks in.

When Cricket Playing Was a Crime.

Until a century and a half ago our great national pastime in fact figured in the statute book as a crime. The game was declared illegal in the time of Edward IV., owing to its having become so popular as to interfere with archery, the then sport of kings. The law against it was vigorously enforced, and every person convicted of playing the game was fined $50 or sent to prison. It was not until the formation of the famous Hambledon club in 1740 that the statute was repealed.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Hint for To-morrow.

Whatever you see to do that doesn't really concern you, don't do it.

THE BLACK PROBLEM.

South Africa Is Called on to Face a Huge Question.

There will be many important points on which the union Parliament will have to come to a decision, but perhaps it will be agreed that the most vital of all South African questions, and the one needing the earliest and soundest solution, is that of the Native Policy.

The native territories, large in extent and with rapidly growing populations, may within a few years become part and parcel of the Union of South Africa, and some definite scheme for the future governing of these great populous territories will have to be devised; one which will give the natives no handle with which to shake the confidence of the outside world in the wisdom and integrity of the Union Government, while at the same time it appeases the established feelings of the dominant color.

The difficulties that beset the path of satisfactory legislation having for its aim the gradual elevation to political rights of so primitive and diverse tribes, must of necessity be numerous. Nevertheless, a way must be found, and that between the extremes of the hollow American "Man and a Brother" and the "Nigger and a Dog" feeling. With the great advancement of education among the natives, with the recognized striving for book learning which they evince, and above all with the example of the whites before them, it is very natural that they should move for the possession of some sort of political franchise.

In what manner is it possible to grant, with benefit to the natives and at the same time with dignity to the whites, this rational demand?

Under existing circumstances the position is roughly this: In the Cape Province natives may attain a vote under more or less easy qualifications; in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony they have no vote. In Natal the qualifications is so stringent that it is practically prohibitive. The Basutos hold Pitsos, which are assemblies of chiefs or headmen, in which their tribal affairs are discussed. The Swazis and Zulus have nothing resembling either the Parliament of the white man or the Pitso of the Basuto.

Thousands of natives are with extraordinary diligence acquiring knowledge; already hundreds have been sent over to America to undergo a course of education there, and thus the white of South Africa must be prepared shortly for a strong display of native educational results, terminating in a well-founded cry for political rights.

Now, in the Basuto appears to be the whole solution of the matter; why not have a native Parliament to which all the native tribes of South Africa could send representatives?

Take away the franchise of the natives at the Cape as at present exercised, in favor of a more extended one, for a Parliament of their own; place this Parliament under a commission, who would forward to the Union Parliament for ratification or otherwise such resolutions as have come to them from the Pitso.

This would give all the native tribes an opportunity of airing their grievances and ideas, and alone would lessen by half the danger arising from the probable bursting of a sealed furnace.

The native population of South Africa is increasing, and we have the menacing example of the U.S.A. before us.

The natives cannot and will not expect for the present and for a long while to come the full and free franchise of the whites, but they certainly will desire to labor under no undue intolerance, and have a right to expect a wholehearted consideration of their side of the case.

The adoption of such a course as that outlined above would, under proper safeguards, carry with it but little risk of danger to the white population, while to the natives it must appear such a great stride in the recognition of their status of citizenship, that it surely must earn the gratitude of unbounded loyalty to the Government and people which established it.

Such a scheme will have many details to be considered, such as the advisability of the channel of communication between the two Parliaments, consisting of either one Minister or a commission, and so forth; but the first step is to find the path which will lead to a satisfactory solution of a question the gravity of which cannot be over-estimated.

Pickled Steel.

"To keep the iron and steel used in building big ships from rusting," an engineer told the reporter, "is a matter of supreme importance. The British Admiralty is very particular that every piece shall be painted the moment it is ready for building purposes. But the steel plates form a hard black surface, called "mill scale," in the process of manufacture. This clings tenaciously to the plate, and if it is covered with paint, and afterwards the plate gets damaged, then the scale peels off, taking the paint with it, and leaving the steel bare. The plate is then liable to rust-corrosion, a serious danger to the ship.

"We therefore remove every trace of scale before painting the steel plate. It is put into a bath of dilute hydrochloric acid for a few hours, which loosens the scale. The plate is then brushed with wire brushes and washed with a hose. This is what we call 'pickling steel'."

Footwear For the Fashionable.

The very latest footwear for fashionable folk is certainly not lacking in novelty. Recently there was exhibited in Bond street a pair of shoes made of the breast feathers of humming birds. They were priced at $2,500, a record figure for shoes without diamond or jewel settings.

In the same establishment were shown bed-room slippers of silk brocade, trimmed with marabout feathers, and these could be obtained for the comparatively small sum of £7.

The cheapest boot in this shop is priced at £4; white silk stockings are sold at 16s. to £6 the pair. But you cannot order single pairs here; the first order for shoes must be for not less than ten pairs, and with each pair six pairs of stockings to match are supplied.

SUNBURN. BLISTERS, SORE FEET.
Everybody now admits Zam-Buk best for these. Let it give YOU ease and comfort.
Druggists and Stores everywhere
Zam-Buk

Practical woman, one experienced in nursing preferred. Address "VIVI," Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.

WOMEN WANTED

To take orders in spare time. No experience necessary. Our lines especially used by mothers and girls. Apply Women's Department, 229 Albert St., Ottawa, Ont.

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

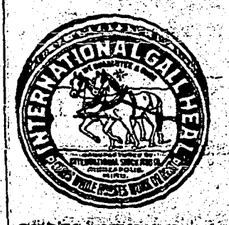
Every Woman

in trouble—with headache, backache, nerves on edge, poor spirits and unreasonable fatigue—can find help for her whole system in

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25c.

INTERNATIONAL GALL CURE



SOLD ON A SPOT CASH GUARANTEE

CURES While Horses Work or Rest

International Gall Cure is a certain, sure, quick and infallible cure for Galls, Sore Necks, Sore Backs, Sore Mouths, Cuts, Bruised Heels, etc. Will not melt and dissolve from the animal heat, but stays right where it is applied. Possesses extraordinary healing and soothing qualities. International Gall Cure is the cleanest, most antiseptic, purest and best Gall Cure on the market. We will refund your money if it ever fails to cure. Keep a box on hand as it is almost a daily need on the farm.

25c. and 50c. At all dealers.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

Worked with Success

"Were any of your boyish ambitions ever realised?" asked the sentimentalist.

"Yes," replied the practical person. "When my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be baldheaded."—Washington Star.

He Rose

First Crook—Dey say he's at the top of our profession. How's that?

Second Ditto—He is. I can remember the time, too, when he was only a miscreant like meself, and now he's always spoken of as the "author of a series of crimes."—Puck.

"True, he's a mean man, of few friends, but good to his family." "You don't say!" "Yep. Ain't home more'n three nights a month."—Judge.

CHEW DIXIE TOBACCO

PROFESSIONAL

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

CHAS. MOORE, C.E.
B.C. LAND SURVEYOR AND ARCHITECT
Plans and Specifications
CRESTON - - - B.C.

J. D. ANDERSON
BRITISH COLUMBIA LAND SURVEYOR
TRAIL - - - B.C.

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Real Estate and Insurance.
HOUSES TO RENT
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AUDITOR AND ACCOUNTANT
Balance sheets prepared and verified
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CRESTON - - B.C

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

"AT IT HERE SINCE 1900."

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—VICINITY
RENTS TO COLLECT,
AGREEMENTS FOR SALE—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.

Hazelwood Cafe

Directly Opposite Creston Hotel

Specialites

Cold lunches *Sandwiches*
Ice-cream *Lemonade*

Fresh Fruits in season. Candy and Cigars.
Hours: 8 a. m. to 12 p. m.

E. F. PLATT, Prop.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Beattie, of Cranbrook, of the Creston Drug & Book Co., paid Creston a visit on Monday.

On Monday evening the Liberals of Creston and District, held a meeting for the purpose of organizing a Liberal Association in this District. The meeting was private, but we understand that same was a success, officers and President of the new Association being elected, and the committee are of the opinion that quite a number of the local voters, will vote at the forthcoming leection.

A car load of furniture and effects, has arrived for Mr. Primrose Wells.

Mr, Johnstone, of the Pat Burns Co., has purchased the Monroe residence on Victoria avenue.

Mr. J. Huber, has moved from the Munroe House on Victoria Ave., to the home just across the street, recently vacated by Mr. Bottrill.

Mr. V. D. Curry, Gen., agent of the Coldstream Estate Ntrseries, is in town and staying at the Burton Hotel.

Mr. Curry will be in town for a few days, and will be pleased to interview Fruit Growers, and others interested in Horticulture.

Some 1500 people are expected to be in Creston for the Labor Day Celebration

The Harriman Ry., Lines have laid off 6,000 men, claiming that the idle cars and short corn crops necessitate a reduction of expenses.

This is the kind of prosperity which Canada is asked to share under "reciprocity."

',THE SILVER CUP"

Presented by Mr. J. B. Moran, for competition at the forth coming Creston Fruit Fair, has arrived, and is on view at the Creston Hotel.

It is a handsome specimen of the Silversmith's Art, Mounted on an ebony base, and stands some 12 in., in height.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Moran, the winner of this prize at the the Fair, will possess a worthy tribute to the quality of his exhibit.

Mrs. Bulman of Golden B. C. has been visiting the last week, with Mrs. Mallandaine at Creston.

The Bank and staff will move into the new building, as soon as the fittings and steam heating apparatus have been installed and tested. The moving of the safe will be the heaviest job.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Rev and Mrs, Ely. are recovering their health as a result of the Summer Vacation they are now enjoying.

The Tomato and apple shipping season is now in full swing, and Mr. A. Lindley the business manager of the Creston Fruit and Produce Association, is one of the basiest men in the District.

THE AUGUST ROD AND GUN

No better number for a delightful holiday month has been issued than Rod and Gun in Canada for August published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont. In the opening story "From the Log of a Nautical Tramp, the holiday spirit prevails and is prevailent through the two following papers—Luxurious Trout Fishing and Up the Maganetawan a River of Dams. In addition there is an abundance of other material, articles and stories dealing with fishing, deer, moose and bear hunting while other phases of outdoor life receive recognition and treatment in a manner that must appeal to all sportsmen.

Altogether it is a number which no sportsman should miss.

Special trains leave Cranbrook at 8:15 arriving at Creston 10:35. Leave Bonners Ferry at 8 a. m., arriving at Creston at 10:30, on Labor Day.

The Laurier Government

AS SEEN BY JACK CANUCK IN THE CALGARY HERALD

Attention now, good people all,
A word to you I'd say,
About that Annexation man,
Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
Whose smooth deceptive tongue, backed up
By gestures, quirks and jeers,
Has bulldosed this Canadian land
For more than fifteen years.

In '96 you all were told,
Reforms would come "glaore;"
From where Atlantic billows roll,
To calm Pacific's shore,
That forty million outlay of
The "pirate Tory crew,"
He viewed with pessimistic woe,
Four millions less would do.

He crossed the Commons floor in June,
'Mid plaudits loud and long,
The parasite and grafter then,
Burst forth in speech and song,
And straight upon the federal chest,
Advanced a desperate crew,
"Lead on, MacDuff," their battle cry,
"To poverty, adieu!"

The Yukon district was to go,
To wily Bill and Dan.
Had not a Tory senate balked
This well-concerted plan.
It also killed the "Drummond deal,"
And saved a million, too,
That would have lined the pockets of
Another favored few.
Directors of the poor old "Globe,"
With characteristic "brass."
Soon scented out a coal mine in
The Rocky "Crow's Nest Pass."
From timber belts or western lands,
The leading "Grits" might choose,
While Bernier ploughed the Arctic Seas,
With ostrich plumes and "booze"

The building of the G. T. P.,
Canadians will rob,
Three hundred millions of their gold.
Will not complete the job.
Sir Wilfrid's engineer resigned,
In protest of the graft,
And when Sir Wilfrid heard of it,
He just set back and laughed.

The contractors were waxing fat,
A vulturous, grasping band
The contract price for blasting rock,
Was paid for digging sand.
The scandles were the talk of all,
In hamlet, tower and town,
And when the graft was at its height,
The Quebec bridge fell down.

Two million dollars worth of steel,
Just toppled out of sight,
A "Yankee" bunch was on the work,
They couldn't do it right.
"We need no supervision here,"
Said reckless Laurier,
Our "Yankee" friends we will protect,
And "Jack Canuck" must pay.

To place upon the river bank,
The wrecked and sunken steel,
They granted fifty thousand more,
To finish up the deal,
But later revelations came,
That put the rest to rout,
They made a present of the steel
To "Grits" who took it out.

Vanconver frauds are rife just now,
With Templeman in charge,
Investigation is refused,
For thefts that loom up large.
Officials of the Grit regime,
Possessed of morals lax,
Have pocketed a million of
The levied Chinese tax.

Frank Oliver in days of yore,
In "Independent" feat,
Kicked clean outside the traces till
He got a Cabinet seat,
And now a serious charge is made,
Against this valient man,
That votes he purchased with "Long Green."
Received from "Bill and Dan."

The issue then, is not "Free Trade"
This may deceive the fool,
The question now is to decide,
Do we want honest rule?
Do we uphold the scheming thief,
Whose impulse is to rob,
Or shall we put an honest man
Into the premier's job?

"CANUCK."

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.
Sund ay School	2.30 p m
Evening Service,	7.30 p.m

Rev. M. F. Eby, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
CHRIST CHURCH

Services for month of September.

Sept. 3rd (12th Sunday after Tinity)	
Matins, Litany, Sermon,	11 a. m
Erickson School House	3 p. m.
Sunday School	3 p. m.
Evensong, Sermon	7:30 p. m.
Sept. 10th., (13 Sunday after Trinity)	
Elsie Home Duck Creek,	11 a. m.
Alice Siding School House	3 p. m.
Sunday School	3 p. m.
Confirmation Class	5.15 p. m.
Evensong. Sermon	7.30 p. m.
Sept. 17th (14th Sunday after Trinity)	
Matins, Holy Communion	11 a. m.
Erickson School House	3 p. m.
Sunday School	3 p. m.
Evensong, Sermon	7:30 p. m.
Sept. 24th (15th Sunday after Trinity)	
Elsie Home, Duck Creek	11 a. m.
Alice Siding School House	3 p. m.
Sunday School	3 p. m.
Evensong, Sermon	7:30 p. m

Philip. O. Hayman
(Vicar)

FOR SALE Immediately, 2 acres of clover hay, standing. Apply to Chas. Moore.

WANTED:—A girl to assist in general house work. Please apply to Mrs. Chas. Moore.

NOTICE:—To property and mill owners; R. Stewart, Bricklayer and mason, having settled at Creston, will be pleased to give tenders on any work. Address Box 41, Creston, B. C.

FOR SALE:—A No. 12 bore' Wildfowl' shot guu by Jeffrey of London. both barrels full choke, in fine condition, a bargain; apply to the 'Review.'

FOR SALE:—84 fowls 2 to 3 months old, and 16 hens one year old, for information and prices apply to Mrs. J. E. Maxwell, Creston B. C.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS are the best advertisement. The following letters received recently by the "Review" speak for themselves. The names and amounts are withheld for obvious reasons.

Creston Publishing Co.,
Gentlemen,—Please go ahead with the job as per the sample you sent me. It is just what I required. Yours truly,

The Riverside Nurseries, Grand Forks B.C.

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

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

Coldstream Estate Nurseries
Vernon, B. C.

Have a very fine assortment of
Fruit trees
Oriental and Shade Trees
and Shrubs

Budded Stock a speciality
All trees offered for sale, are grown in our own Nurseries, on The Coldstream Estate

V. D. Curry Agent Vernon

SPOKANE INTER-STATE FAIRS

Aeroplane Races Every Day
MAMMOTH NIGHT SPECTACLE
"Pioneer Days In the Palouse"
$126,000 Will Be Spent on This Exhibition
REDUCED RAILWAY RATES
Greatly Increased Prizes
Many New Classes. Open to All
Write For Premium List and Daily Program
217 Hutton Block,
SPOKANE,
WASH.

OCT. 2 to 8, 1911

Wanted—by an experienced gardener, well up in Tomato and Cucumber culture, work on ranch. Married man.
Apply to J. Fracy, Creston P. O.

FOR SALE—Improved ranch with bearing orchard, also large quantity of small fruits, Good Water.
Apply to W. K. Brown,
Creston, B. C

FOR SALE:—Saddle and driving pony, price reasonable apply to Mrs. W. K. Brown, Creston, B. C.

FOR SALE Saddle Horse apply to Victor Carr, Alice Siding, B. C.

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