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. 25, 5th YEAR. CRESTON, B.C., FRIDAY MAY 23 1913. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

LIBRARY, LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY MAY 13 1913 VICTORIA, B.C.

CRESTON TO CELEBRATE THE 24TH OF MAY

Large Program Is Being Prepared-- Good Time Guaranteed-- Special Trains

At a meeting of the business men of Creston which was held on Wednesday night of this week, it was decided to hold a grand celebration here on May 24. In previous years Creston has been celebrating Labor Day, but owing to the inclemnancy of the weather at that time of the year it was decided to change the day of celebrating to May 24.

A large program is being prepared and from all indications it will be one of the greatest events in the history of the of the district. A special train is being arranged for, to come up from Bonners Ferry and other things of great importance are now being planned.

EIGHT CHINESE PHEASANTS ALLOWED TO RUN WILD

Birds are Protected by Law--May be Seen Near Andy Anderson and D. Learmouth

During the past week, eight Chinese or English Ring-necked pheasants were allowed to run wild. This is the first of this species of pheasants that have ever inhabited this part of the country and every precaution should be taken to protect them. These birds are protected by law and a heavy penalty is imposed upon any person found guilty of killing them.

The birds which were freed here some days ago being somewhat domesticated will undoubtedly stay close to the ranches as they are very fond of grain, seed and insects. They are at present around the ranches owned by D. Learmouth and Andy Anderson and may be seen quite frequently around these places. It has been suggested by several people, that ranchers should scatter a small handful of wheat or other grain, in some spare corner of their ranch and let it grow for the purpose of giving the birds something to feed on.

While their habits are very similiar to those of the grouse they are very easily detected from them as the male bird is very brightly colored and has a tail about fifteen inches in length coming to a sharp point on the end instead of being square like that of the grouse. Each bird has a white ring around its neck giving it the name of ring-necked pheasants. While the male bird is covered with elaborately colored feathers the female bird is somewhat of a dull color similar to that of the grouse. All are very anxious that these birds be kept track of and we would be pleased to have any one who has seen them or if they come in contact with their nest, to drop in and tell us about them.

It is thought, that by using a little judgement and extreme care in their welfare at this time, that in a few years they will be as plentiful as the grouse are at the present time. The eggs of these birds are a sort of a yellowish grey in color.

N. A. Brown of Bull River, spent a couple of days last week at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Brown

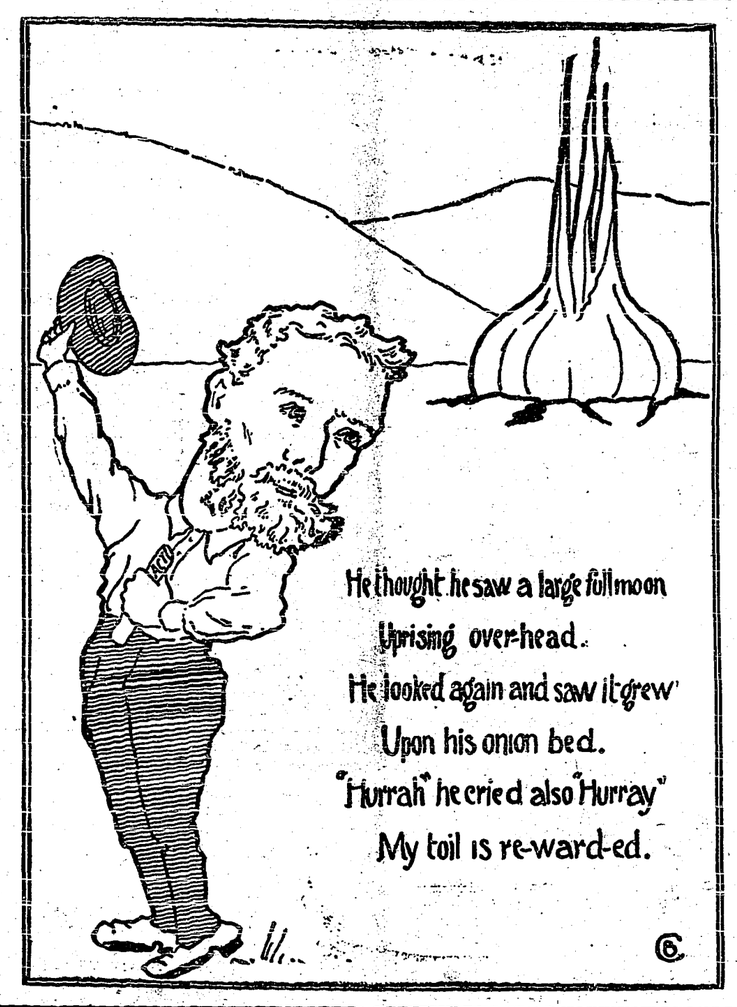
Mr. and Mrs. J. McMahon and family who have been residing at Creston for some time left on Tuesday for Ontario.

Wanted-Yellow Egg; Peach Plum Bradshaw; Anjou; and Flemish Beauty. —Wanted imediately to complete rows. Ashleey Cooper, Wynndel B C.

C. W. Cross and family who have been residing at Creston for a few years left yesterday for Toronto, Ontario where they expect to make their future home.

PROMINENT MEN OF CRESTON

T. M. Edmondson, Creston Valley Rancher



The future of any town depends entirely upon its citizens. If friends come to see you tell them what a fine town we have. If you have a legitimate "kick" put it on file and cease to go about in search of trouble. There is much in our town for which we should all be thankful and can all be proud. Begin this spring looking on the sunny side. Be a "booster".

A town, unlike a city, is no place to foster jealousies and nourish contentions. All should learn to know that whatever will conduce to the welfare of a town cannot injure her citizens. The disposition made manifest by her citizens point to her downfall or her rise. The character of the people make the town, not her structures, towering houses, homes and monuments, and when people lose interest in the promotion of their town they need not hope to thrive Harmony among the people of a community is indicative of its progress. Farmers cannot be at variance with one another and prosper; merchants cannot, churches cannot, nor can any similar organization or community.

For Sale- Immediatiately -dry cord wood 16 and 18 inch lenghs -delivered for $3 50. Apply. C. Moore.

The following new goods have just arrived at the Drug Store; Souvinor Cushion, and peanuts, water glass for preserving eggs, and a Victrola Gramaphone.

Angus McClure of Bonners Ferry is spending some time in Creston. He has been confined in a hospital at Bonners Ferry for some time owing to a serious accident which he sustained while working in the logging woods at that place.

J.C. Carruthers of Nelson spent a few days in the valley this week where he has business interests.

A.J. Cameron is on the sick list.

J. J. Walker, graduate optician, of Nelson, will be in Creston on the 28, 29, and 30 of this month to do optical work. He will be located at the Mercantile store.

The Ladies Guild of Christ Church will give a Whist Party in the Mercantile Hall on Friday May 16. Prizes will be given to those scoring the highest. A small admission of 25 cents will be charged.

Mrs S. O. Watson of Sirdar was a Creston caller Wednesday.

Mrs. W. K. Brown will give an apron bee at her home, on Wednesday, May 21. All Ladies of the Presbyterian church and adherents are cordially invited to attend Each person is requested to bring an apron all finished except heming. A prize will be rewarded to the one who finishes her apron the quickest and neatest. Refreshment will be served free. A small admission of fifteen cents will be charged which will be devoted to the church. At Mrs. Browns' residence, on Wednesday afternoon at 3p.m., on May 21.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Towner, who have been residing in the valley for a number of years left yesterday for Toronto, Ontario. Mr. Towner expects to continue the whiffle—tree business at that place. He already has orders for 520 pair of his patent whiffle—trees, from the Nelson Hardware and expects many more orders.

Mr and Mrs, W. E. Metcalfe who have been residents of Creston for the past three years left yesterday for Toronto, Ont., where they expect to make their future home.

Provincial Constable Forrestor made a business trip to Nelson, Tuesday.

Guy Lowenburg spent a few days in Bonners Ferry this week.

NEWSY LOCAL NOTES

—FOR SALE—Twenty acres of first class fruit land. New four room cottage on place, all slashed and burned, 2 acres stumped, water right for both domestic and irrigation purposes. A bargain. Enquire at this office.

The Creston Farmers' Institute received a car load of powder last week and from all indications many acres of fruit land will be prepared for the planting of fruit trees this year.

—Call and look over my stock of wall paper at H. Leonard's shop.

A new sidewalk is soon to be laid from the rear of the Creston Hotel to the track past the Mercantile Livery barn

Forty years in use, 20 years the standard, prescribed and recommended by physicians. For Womans ailments, Dr. Marter's Pills, at your druggist.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells of Vancouver, who have been spending about a week visiting with relatives in Creston left for a trip to the east on Mondays' train.

—New stock of Wall paper at Harry Leonard's shop, Sirdar avenue.

Born on Monday, April 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Desfontaine, a girl. The little infant was baptised on Saturday last by Father Coom, its name being, Siwmone Henrietta Melanie Desfontaine.

—For your Spring painting use Bapco pure paint. For sale in all colors at Speers.

Chas. Bliss of Port Hill was a Creston caller Monday

—First class dressmaking Mrs. B. K. Embree, Victoria Avenue, three doors past the Methosist Church.

W. A. McBean of the Creston Drug and Book Company made a business trip to Cranbrook Sunday.

—The C. C. S. of Cranbrook is selling Iron Beds with mattress and spring for $11.

Guy Lowenburg has moved his office headquarters from the telephone exchange building to the building formerly occupied by the late J. H. Howarth.

—Will the party who borrowed my wire stretcher from me last fall, please return same and oblige. S. A. Speers.

Father John of Cranbrook was a visitor to Creston this week.

—I have just received a carload of democrats buggies which are all guaranteed. call and see them. H. S McCreath.

T. J. Griffiths of Fernie was a business caller here a few days this week.

—We pay the freight, and if you are not satisfied with the values received from us, we will pay the freight back and refund full amount of your purchase. C. C. S.

C. C. S., SIGNAFIES CRANBROOK CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

John Ryckman of Cranbrook was a Creston visitor a few days last week.

—We can supply you with McKenzeis selected seeds at Calgary prices S.A. Speers.

S. W. George left Creston on Saturday last for a trip to the Old Country.

—Send for our prices on furniture, we pay the freight. C C. S.

Mr. and Mrs. W.P. Stark and family retuned last week from a six months tour of the Old Country.

-For Sale- Good work horse weight 1400. and good democrat and half a heavy set of harness. Enquire at this office.

R. L. T. Galbraith of Fort Steele, B. C, was in Creston a few days last week looking after the Indian affairs. He left on Saturday last for Spokane.

—For Sale—Gold Coin Seed Seed Potatoes. This is a white skinned variety of the very best quality. A very heavy cropper. Stock originally obtained from Central Experimental Farm. Price [illegible] pounds. $17.50 per ton. Monrad Wigen, Wynndel, B. C.

A teakettle can sing when it is merely full of water. But man, proud man, is no teakettle.

It is strange how crowded the thoroughfare looks to a man that's chasing his hat down the street.

Six of ten people who hunt you up tell you their troubles, and the remaining four have bills.

The same vexation a man feels in putting up a stove pipe; a woman has in putting her hat on straight.

—Leave your orders for Iris bulbs, purple lilac bushes, and English box for hedges, at this office.

When one finds he is out of sympathy with his home town he should move out. Do not get into that unconscious habit of growling. Thank fortune we only have a few "kickers" in this town, but the few we have are weight for the rest to carry. If you have made up your mind to live in a town then stand up for it.

—Holstein Bull, Sir Glen Fertertje Korndyke, No. 10765, will be at Bonny Brook ranch, Canyon City, during season 1913. Service fee $5 cash. D. J. Lyon

Will Rose Lodge. No 30 meet every Monday night. A full attendance is requested.

--For Sale—Good Piano. Snap. Your own terms. Enquire at this office.

The country editor is a reliable encyclopedia. A subscriber sent us this query recently: "What ails my hens? Every morning I find one or more keeled over to rise no more." Our reply was: "The fowls are dead. It is an old complaint, and nothing can be done except to bury them."

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM

Conquered by GIN PILLS

Mr. W. G. Reid, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I have been for the last two years a cripple with Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I tried almost everything known to medical science and sought change of climate without relief. Your manager in this city recommended Gin Pills and I have since taken eight boxes and am now cured. I consider Gin Pills the conqueror of Rheumatism and Kidney Disease".

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 132

Maypole Soap

FOR HOME DYEING

Washes and dyes at one operation, giving remarkably clean, bright, fast colors. Dyes cotton, wool, silk or mixtures. 24 colors, will give any shade. Colors 10c, black 15c at your dealer's or postp'd with b'klet "How to Dye" 105

from F. L. BENEDICT & CO. Montreal

The Heart of a Piano is the Action. Insist on the

"Otto Higel"

Piano Action

DON'T waste your time figuring out why a black hen lays a white egg. Get busy and jump into your LEATHER LABEL OVER-HAULS and get the egg.

THE HEN. THE EGG.

-- THE --

Leather Label

OVER-HAUL COMPANY, LIMITED,

MANUFACTURERS OF

High Grade American Over-Hauls,

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO.

Tear this out and mail it to us with your name and address and we will send you one of our celebrated COBN COB PIPES, FREE.

Name.....

Town.....Prov.....

Your dealer's name.....

Town.....Prov.....

Home Dyeing has no terrors for me - It's simply my delight. Even Professional Dyers can't equal my Perfect Results That's because I use

DY-O-LA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy--Why you don't even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of.--So Mistakes are Impossible.

Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors.

The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Canada.

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.

A Thrilling Episode

Stealthily she left the house. The light of determination shone in her eyes, and on her features high courage had set its stamp. In the bottle which she guarded so jealously was a black, sticky liquid. At last the letter-box was in sight.

Ha! A policeman!

Would she act a coward's part and turn tail at the sight of this myrmidon of the law, or would she dare all?

With measured footsteps he approached. Pit-a-pat, beat her heart.

Would he guess, or would—?

'Ullo, cookie? he said.

'Enery, she faltered, 'ere's a drop o' linseed and liquorice for that ther cough of yours. Call round in an hour's time, and I'll have somethink else ready 'ot—on a plate.

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.—In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr Thomas' Electric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh. There is no other Oil that has its curative qualities.

Going! Going! Gone!

His Wife—The professor is in the laboratory. As a result of his present experiments my husband will go down to posterity.

(From the laboratory) — Brr-r-r! Bang!

Then they made it all up again.

No Encouragement

Parson (to workman who keeps taking nips from his bottle)—Do you know, my man, I never tasted spirits in my life?

Workman—No, and you don't appear to begin here either.

What He Meant

Young Reporter—The storm king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice.

Old Editor—What's that? What do you mean, young fellow.

Young Reporter—I—er—the flood washed away Patrick McDougal's old soap factory.

The Little Rebel

Say, grandpop, began little George is it true that George Washington couldn't tell a lie?

Yes, quite true.

And was he an awful good man?

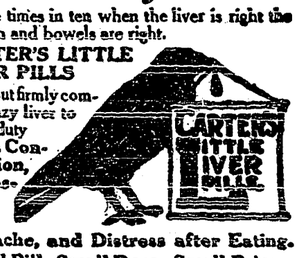
He sure was.

Then what did you let them name me George Washington Brown for? Ain't I to have any fun?

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.



Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

1620 Men After One Job

London. — West Ham Guardians have received 1620 applications for the post of gate porter at the workhouse.

Who Can Tell?

Well, I'm kind of sorry it's a girl. Nonsense. She may be Premier of Canada some day.

NEW STRENGTH IN THE SPRING

Nature Needs Aid in Making New Health-giving Blood.

In the spring the system needs a tonic. To be healthy you must have new blood just as the trees must have new sap to renew their vitality. Nature demands it, and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disfiguring pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has lessened your vitality. What you need in spring is a tonic medicine to put you right, and in all the world of medicine there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new blood drives out the seeds of disease and makes easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong.

Mr. John Walfield, La Have Islands, N.S., writes: "I take a great pleasure in telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I am a fisherman and fifteen years ago through hard work my system became run down and I could scarcely work at all. I lost in weight; my blood became poor, and I was very weak. I consulted several doctors but their treatment did not help me so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in a short time I was entirely well again. My wife and daughter also used them with benefit. We think so much of the Pills as a family medicine that we always keep them in the house."

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

You are very low, observed the weather man.

Yes, replied the official thermometer, regretfully, I fear I have taken a drop too much.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Cures Grip in Two Days. 25c.

Poor John

John, you never listen to half the things I say to you, she complained.

Well, dear, he replied, I have to work part of the time.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The Last Hope

They had quarreled, quarreled irrevocably it seemed; and they were returning the presents—tokens of a love now dead, which made a pitiful display when heaped together on the polished surface of the table.

Then the man added to the pile a necktie, knitted and blue of color. It was the last of the gifts. All was over now. For a few tense moments silence reigned supreme. Then:

Mr. Brown!

Yes, Miss Simmons?

I feel I am taking an advantage of you.

In what way?

You have given me almost countless boxes of chocolates, and dozens and dozens of theatre evenings and dinners, which I can't return. And Mr. Brown, I do want to be honest with you, and to settle my part of the transaction fairly. But there is only one way that I can see.

And what may that be? Mr. Brown's language still was strictly [illegible]

George, George, by giving you myself! Miss Simmons gasped, as she fell into her lover's arms.

Then they made it all up again.

YOUR PLOWING WILL BE DONE QUICKER, BETTER AND CHEAPER IF YOU USE

COCKSHUTT ENGINE GANGS

WILD HORSES IN B.C.

Progeny of Horses Turned Loose on the Trail in Early Days

More than three thousand wild horses, in herds of from 30 to 100, are roaming over the hills and valleys in the interior of British Columbia, according to a report brought to Edmonton by James Bradley, who with Gustav Rielmand, a veteran prospector and miner, known throughout the bonanza gold camps, has just returned from an extended exploration tour of the coast province.

Indians and white prospectors and pack train freighters value these untamed animals more than high bred horses, said Mr. Bradley. They are the progeny of horses turned loose on the trial by discouraged or dying men during the famous gold rush in the Cariboo country. Thousands of the veriest tenderfeet stampeded to the new fields in the early '60s. Most of them were incompetent, and, in fact, utterly helpless in that wild country, and the horses either broke away or were abandoned when the fortune-hunters gave up on the long trail.

The horses made their feeding grounds in the vicinity of Barkerville for several years afterward and their offspring wandered northward as the bands increased. They make trails on the mountains and timbered country much after the fashion of buffalo in the early days and deer at present.

The Indians and freighters, working in the timbered districts, catch them with snares, such as are used for lynx. In most cases the animals are easily broken and they are better for the rough country than high grade horses on account of their stamina and sureness of foot on the mountain trails. We lost horses from our train from time to time and replaced them with wild animals.

Mr. Bradley reported that he and his partner covered more than 2,000 miles in the interior in search of gold. They prospected around Fort McMurray and staked several oil and mineral claims. They found galena and copper near the headwaters of the Big Smoky river. He says that important mines will be developed there during the next few years. Their search for gold was not successful.

We had no particular hardships on our trip, said Mr. Bradley. There was nothing out of the usual which men travelling in wild country are forced to endure, but we never saw a white man and very few Indians, after we left Tete Juan Cache, west of Edmonton, last June. From there we went along the Little Smoky river, making temporary camps at intervals. We returned with five pack horses.

A Mistake

Blinkers—Halloa, Winkers! I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune.

Winkers (sadly)—N-no; I married a fortune with an independent woman.

Hard Work

So you have a city job, have you? Yes!

Don't have to do any work, I suppose?

I don't eh? I have to get my pay warrant every month and sign it and get it cashed.

Schoolgirl's Exhausted Nerves

Headaches, Dizzy Spells and Weakness Overcome by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Miss Gallop.

At about the age that most girls are working hardest at school studying for examinations there are important physiological changes taking place which are an additional strain on the nervous system.

Mrs. Gallop has had experience in the cases of her daughter and granddaughter, and for this reason her letter is particularly interesting to parents.

Mrs. J. A. Gallop, 135 Victoria street, St. John, N.B., whose husband is a carpenter, states:—"We have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in our family for nervousness, headaches, dizziness and nervous dyspepsia, and have found them satisfactory in every particular. My daughter Bessie was going to school, and became quite run down in health. By the time she had used three boxes of this remedy her nerves were steady, her general health was excellent and she was entirely free from headaches and dizzy spells. We are more than pleased with the results of this treatment.

"More recently we used the Nerve Food for my granddaughter, who was out of school for nearly a year from nervous trouble, and noticed improvement in her condition at once."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

CANADA CEMENT COMPANY LIMITED MONTREAL — PORTLAND CANADA CEMENT

Do You Know What This Label Means?

It means cement of the highest possible quality.
It means cement tested by experts whose authority is final at all our mills.
It means cement acknowledged by engineers, architects and hundreds of thousands of farmers to fulfil every requirement of scientifically made Portland cement.
It means a cement that is absolutely reliable, whether used for a great bridge or for a concrete watering trough. You can use

Canada Cement

with complete confidence that your concrete work will be thoroughly satisfactory. You ought to have this confidence in the cement you use, because you have not the facilities for testing its qualities, such as are at the disposal of the engineers in charge of big contracting jobs.

These engineers know that when cement has passed the tests made upon it at Canada Cement mills, it will pass all their tests.

And this same cement is sold to you for your silo, your foundations, your feeding-floor, your milk-house or your watering-trough.

Used according to the directions in our free book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete," Canada Cement never fails to give satisfactory results. Write for the book. It not only tells you how to mix and place concrete, but will also suggest scores of uses for it on your farm, every one of them valuable to you. In asking for the book you do not incur the slightest obligation.

There is a Canada Cement Dealer in Your Neighborhood

Address: Farmers' Information Bureau

Canada Cement Company Limited, Montreal

THE FUR INDUSTRY

Fur-Bearing Animals Still Plentiful in Hinterland of Canada

Several titled society women of London and other parts of England, attracted by the high prices paid for fox pelts, are coming to Edmonton this spring to engage in fox-breeding in central and northern Alberta. They are prepared to make large investments. If the venture is successful it is likely that women, who have hitherto devoted their attention to prize dogs and horses, will engage in the new industry.

Eight black fox skins each valued at $1,500, were sold in Edmonton last week by trappers from the north country. Fifty-four thousand dollars' worth of silver fox pelts were sold last season. J. L. Cote, representing the Athabasca district in the provincial parliament, said in the course of an address the other day that the fur industry in Alberta was a matter of $1,000,000 in 1912, muskrats heading the list with $400,000. He added:

"Contrary to the general belief the fur-bearing animals in the remote districts of the province are not decreasing. They are simply receding before civilization, being driven further north. The catches during the last few years and so far this season would indicate that furs are still plentiful in the hinterland. The government of Alberta is keenly interested in the development of the industry and is doing everything possible to assist those engaged in it.

Factors of the Hudson's Bay, Revillon Freres and the Northwest Trading companies, which maintain posts in the north country, report that fur-bearing animals are plentiful, but there is no indication that prices for black and silver fox pelts will be lower.

I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST Liniment in use.

I got my foot badly jammed lately, I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it was as well as ever next day.

Came to the Rescue

The rush of holiday-makers was enormous, and the railway was working at high pressure. But although they had enough rolling-stock to cope with the traffic, they had not enough conductors to man their trains. There was nothing for it but to appoint porters to the position of conductors until things slackened down a bit.

One train in charge of such a guard was travelling at the rate of about ten miles an hour, when it came to a stiff incline. Snorting and puffing, and at times almost coming to a standstill, the engine managed to draw the train to the top.

Had a hard job there, Tom shouted the driver to the conductor at the next station. I thought she wasn't going to do it.

So did I, replied Tom. I do believe if I hadn't had the brake hard on all the way up, she would have run back again.

Mr. Toogood—I went under an operation yesterday.

Mr. Markwell—You surprise me. Was it very serious?

Mr. Toogood—I had a growth removed from my head.

Mr. Markwell—My goodness! And here you are about and looking well.

Mr. Toogood—Oh, don't fret, old sport; I only had my hair cut.

VERIBRITE VENOIL

THE WORLD'S BEST WOOD POLISH

Cleans and disinfects everything in your home from the cellar to the attic. Put it on your duster and dust Hardwood Floors, Woodwork, Linoleums, Pianos, Furniture, etc. Makes everything just like new. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Made by the

DOMESTIC SPECIALTY Co., Ltd. Hamilton, Canada

No Blame

Lecturing Professor (to Jones, who has just roused himself from a sound sleep)—Had a good sleep, Jones?

Jones (drowsily) — Good! Don't blame you. So'd I.

HER SYMPATHY MAKES HER SPEAK

DAME MAYER TELLS HOW SHE FOUND A CURE IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Suffered for Three Years From Rheumatism, Headache, Palpitation, and Bright's Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her Kidney's and Made Her Well.

Huberdeau, Argenteuil Co., Que., (Special).—"I am always glad to tell of my cure because I sympathize with others who may be suffering as I did." So says Dame Joseph Mayer, well known and highly respected here.

"For three years I was a very sick woman. Rheumatism, headache, palpitation of the heart and Bright's disease were my succession of troubles, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them all. I used twenty-four boxes to complete my cure, but they certainly made me well.

"I will never be without Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Dame Mayer's ills because they are all caused by diseased kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diseased kidneys, and with cured kidneys straining the seeds of disease out of the blood, the rheumatism, Bright's disease, headache, and palpitation of the heart are bound to disappear.

You never heard of a case of kidney disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills would not cure.

The unsuccessful person is generally the one who is a second too late.

Mullins was quite bald, with the exception of a single lock which he combed carefully over the side of his head. A short time ago some young ladies asked him for his photograph, and having a peculiar sense of humor he had a picture taken of the top of his head. About a week afterwards he went past the photographer's shop and noticed an immense crowd studying a picture in the window.

He looked and found that the discourteous artist had printed a greatly enlarged picture of his bald head, with the black lock running around the edge; and labeled it:

Eclipse of the Moon. The phenomenon as it appeared at a quarter-past eleven.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

When a woman has a grudge against a community she inaugurates a baby show.

Fire Hose

A certain large engineering firm lately received an order in Russian, and although the receiver of it had a fair knowledge of the language, there were two words he was unable to translate. Somewhere in the works, however, a real Russian was employed. They brought him along, and he read the letter carefully, but was still puzzled by these two words.

Literally, he explained, their meaning was 'hot stockings,' which seemed absurd, but was presently seen to be the nearest-known Russian synonyom for fire hose.

What He Wanted

Prisoner at the bar, said the judge, is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?

No, my lord, there is nothing I care to say; but if you'll clear away the tables and chairs for me to thrash my lawyer, you can give me a year or two extra.

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Keep a can at your office, workshop or home. Always useful antiseptic. Good for your hands. All Dealers sell Snap.

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TURKEY GOES SLOWLY

THE HAREM SYSTEM IS ROOTED IN LIVES OF PEOPLE.

Mohammed's Daughter Was the One Who Introduced the Harem and the Veil Into Turkey on the Ground That a Woman Should See No Other Man Than Her Husband and Her Father.

What attracts the most attention of a foreign traveler in Turkey is its women. Like shadows in an atmosphere of secrecy and silence, these veiled phantoms arouse in the heart of a stranger feelings of pity and curiosity. Not only the stories of the Arabian Nights, but the romantic mystery that surrounds Oriental life, have been the cause of the eagerness of the western imagination to know something of the harem, that real home of Turkish women.

According to Islam, the master of the house alone can enter the harem; although Mahomet the Prophet did not give any definite prescription for that, saying, "A virtuous woman is the most precious thing in the universe, and as such she should be kept out of the public curiosity." His daughter, Fatima, wife of Ali, was more particular about it, and said, "The most virtuous woman is she who sees no man, and whom no man sees, except her husband and her father."

It was the daughter of the Prophet, according to Ivan Narodny, whose instructive paper we quote, who introduced harems and veils for the Turkish women; for she thought that the most perfect feminine virtue was that which was the least exposed to danger. On the other hand, she taught that woman should be as feminine and romantic as possible by being out of the atmosphere of men. The absolute separation of sexes, the males being responsible for the social and the females for the domestic duties, was a fundamental principle of the Islam religion

"The girl's seclusion in her father's house begins with the wearing of the veil," writes the son of a former Turkish Cabinet Minister. "This happens generally between the age of twelve and thirteen, and then all comradeship with her boy friends must cease, the veil being the visible symbol of the separation of the sexes. And this separation is complete in every detail. At Constantinople, in the trains, in the tramways, in the subway from Galatea to Pera, in the stations, as well as on the steamers that serve the country along the Bosphorus, we find a curtain to separate the "beau sexe" from the other."

In the streets of Turkish towns one hears in early morning voices crying, "Sudj!" (the milkman); "Bakkal!" (the grocer); "Ekmekdji (the baker). As each door opens a litlte hand slips out and takes the delivered goods; but the receiver remains eternally hidden. It is true that often one hears a feminine voice giving new orders or making inquiries; but who she is and how she looks remains a mystery. A Turkish women never goes shopping, and only on exceptional occasions goes on business errands outside her home.

Every Turkish home is divided into two distinct parts—the selamlik for the men, and the haremlik for the women. In aristocratic households the selamlik and the haremlik form two independent sides of life, each containing a separate staff of servants, male for the selamlik and female for the haremlik. In the middle class this division is less strict. When the husband—be he merchant, clerk, or professional man — returns after his day's work, he usually spends his evening in the selamik, where he is joined by the members of his family and receive intimate friends even in the presence of his females. However, in the poor families this almost vanishes; for there the husband and the feminine members of his family intermingle freely during the entire day.

It is rare that a Turkish husband accompanies his wife in the street. She usually goes alone, with her children, companion, or servant. A poor Turk is often an exception; but even he walks on the opposite side of the street. To a guest, especially to a stranger, a Turk will never speak of his wife or of his daughter, and considers it an insult if he should be asked about his wife's health. In his conversation he avoids mentioning her name as much as possible. But if he is absolutely compelled to speak of her, he will make use of some evasive expression and say "our family," or "our house"; but never "my wife."

It is natural that a Turkish woman under these conditions has remained a luxurious greenhouse plant, for whom there never was left any other aspiration than to please her husband. All her attention is confined to romantic subjects. That there could be other interests for women besides the family and romance remains inconceivable to her. Although she never has to think of earning her living, and even does not need to take care of the housekeeping, yet she shows hardly any interest in art or literature, and nothing to speak of in the social or political questions and general education in which her western sisters are interested. She never sees in her husband a companion, but a master. The terms in which she addresses him are more respectful than tender. Of course, there are exceptions when the wife is of royal blood, and the husband of inferior descent.

The existence of the harem has brought about a deplorable marriage method in Turkey. When a girl has reached the age of maturity her parents and relatives begin to praise her beauty and virtues to the young men whom they wish to marry her. As she remains always hidden in the haremlik or behind the veil, the woers are unable to form any opinion about her. It is a kind of gamble in the dark. However, circumstances have created certain matrimonial agents, mostly old women—who are hired by prospective husbands to find out how she looks and what her character is.

SECTS MAKE THREATS.

Christians Will Raze Holy Sepulchre If Turks Destroy Mosque.

To the Christian sects of the Near East, and including those of Russia and the Balkan countries, the most sacred place in the whole world is the space of ground of buildings commonly known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Ever since the Bishop Macarius, under the auspices of the Emperor Constantine the Great and his mother, the Empress Helena, discovered about 326 A.D. what he believed to be the tomb of the Christ and the place of His crucifixion, pilgrims have been visiting the spot.

Thousands annually now journey to Jerusalem at Easter time, and of these a large proportion are from Russia and the Balkans. And just as the Turks have threatened to blow up the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople, also built by Constantine, before they will allow the infidel to worship in it again, so James F. J. Archibald is quoted as saying that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre will be destroyed in reprisal if the holy war is ever begun by Islam.

Mr. Archibald, who has just been in Turkey, is credited with saying that he was told by a member of the Turkish Cabinet that St. Sophia would promptly be dynamited if the conflict became primarily one of religion.

Curiously enough, it is the Mohammedan soldier in Jerusalem who now preserves peace and prevents fierce fanatical outbreaks in the place of all places which it would seem should be full of peace. The church consists of a large number of buildings of a rambling architectural nature, and it possesses many chapels claimed by the different Christian sects as their own property. Orthodox Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians, Copts, Syriacs—all the many sects are certain that they possess the real sacred places, and are ready to fight for their belief. Even the interior of the reputed tomb itself—an imposing though tawdry structure built directly under the central rotunda—is divided into three compartments, for Greek, Roman Catholic, or Latin and Armenian, each claiming to be the actual spot where Christ's body lay.

The hatred of the Christian sects in the East for one another is quite as bitter as that of Christian for Moslem. So it happens that at the great feasts of the church, when the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is crowded, fights and outbreaks are frequent. In the past there has been much bloodshed, and so, to prevent serious consequences from the fights between Christians in the shadow of the tomb of the Prince of Peace, the Mohammedan has to stand guard.

Just inside the entrance of the church a Mohammedan Sheik is always stationed, and he has with him a number of soldiers. Ordinarily his task is limited to collecting backshees from the traveler, but on feast days things become more strenuous and the guard is increased.

Legs of a Galloping Horse.

Thousands of pictures exist in our galleries showing horses at full gallop with the front legs extended forward and the hind legs extended backward, and no one ever suspected anything wrong with the representations of galloping horses until instantaneous photography made visible movements quite beyond the power of the human eye. A series of cinematographic photographs of a galloping horse, if shown slowly on the screen, would astonish most people. Each time all the legs were seen off the ground they would be actually folded up under the animal's body, and the artistic full stretch gallop would never once materialize.

Opening Chinese City Gates.

Under the old regime some of the Pekin city gates were closed about dusk, and two did not close until about midnight. Since the revolution all the gates were closed not later than 7 and sometimes 6 o'clock in the evening. This has been a great inconvenience to many persons who have important business to attend to and yet cannot come in or go out. General Li is thinking of ordering the gates to remain open all the night, while big electric lights will be installed near the entrance and soldiers stationed to keep watch. The time will soon come when the gates must remain open day and night.

How to Bake Gems on Stove Top.

If the oven is not hot and one wishes to bake gems, it may be convenient to know that they can be baked on top of the stove in an iron gem pan. When the pan becomes hot grease it well and pour in the gems. When they have puffed up slip a knife around the edge and lift lightly to see whether the gems are browning. If they are brown turn them and let them brown on the other side. Biscuits can be made in a similar fashion in the frying pan.

How To Make Vinegar.

When you have tea left after meals put it into a jar and sweeten about the same as if you were going to drink it. Keep adding to it from time to time as you have the tea left, and when you pare a few apples for sauce or pie put the parings into the tea. If you have a little vinegar plant put same in, but it will get good without. Let stand till sour and you will have a much nicer vinegar than that you buy in the stores.

Rothschild's Butterflies.

The Hon. Walter Rothschild has, in his enormous museum at Tring Park, a collection of more than a million butterflies, the biggest private collection in the world. Besides butterflies it contains stuffed specimens of a great number of rare animals, including the great auk, with two eggs, valued at about £340 each, a sable antelope, a Mongolian wild horse, and 160,000 specimens of birds.

Willfulness

To wilful men the injuries that they themselves procure must be their schooling.—Shakespeare.

EDUCATION OF JAP GIRLS.

How To Be Good Wife and Mother Were Former Standards.

The education of Japanese women up to recent times has been planned with the main idea of upbuilding their moral character. How to be a good wife, how to be a wise mother; these, says Jinzo Naruse in The Oriental Review, have been the questions to which the minds of Japanese girls have been directed century after century.

All the books written for the edification of girls were those of ethical instruction, the teaching of the daughter how to behave toward her parents, of the wife to her husband and the mother to her children. One of the accepted precepts for women was the teaching of "three stages of obedience."

It said: "When young obey your parents, when married obey your husband, when old obey your son." This idea of womanly obedience has undergone a decided change in modern Japan. although the principle remains that moral culture shall have the position of supreme importance in women's education.

It is important for the correct understanding of conditions in Japan to bear in mind that moral culture has always been the all important object of the education of the daughters of Nippon. Under these circumstances it is only natural that religious and ethical teachings should have formed the basis of education both for men and for women.

Confucius did not show much admiration for womanly virtues. He paid the fair sex the negative compliment that its individuals were as difficult to manage as was every person of small mind.

As a logical conclusion of such teachings being accepted in Japan the Japanese women could do nothing in way of asserting their own character and originality without meeting with the disapproval of their friends. Their instructions were to be as quiet as quiet could be, as obedient as could be and as meek as could be.

Even at present there are some Japanese who think that the sole object of women's education is to make them good wives and wise mothers. But that this idea is not a generally accepted one is shown by the fact that at present there are more than 200 girls' high schools of 500 students each in Japan. There are many schools devoted to training girls for earning independent livelihood, such as those teaching music, the arts, medicine, bookkeeping, sewing, pedagogics, and many other kinds of work.

The Japan Women's University, which I was able to establish in 1901 with the support of the leading men and women in every walk of life in Japan, has now 1,100 students divided into departments of pedagogics, literature, English literature and housekeeping. The university intends to organize in the near future departments of music, art and medicine.

The Worm Turned.

The customer had waited fifteen minutes for the fish he had ordered. He was very quiet, as he sat there, but internally there was a seething. At the end of the sixteenth minute the waiter who had been in total eclipse for fifteen minutes and a half bustled up.

"That fish will be here, sir, in five minutes."

Five minutes elapsed three times. Then the waiter bustled up again.

"The fish will be here, sir, in a minute."

The customer turned to him.

"Tell me," he said quietly, but with a certain emphasis, "What bait are you using?"

Procrastination.

In describing the daily life of a certain distinguished citizen of the republic a writer in The Review of Reviews gives by way of contrast the story that follows:

This calls to mind an English humorous writer who sketched out his daily program as follows: Rise at noon, breakfast at 1, a stroll to the club, attention to mail, some afternoon calls, a ride in the park, dinner, a round of evening parties and then to bed.

"But when do you do your literary work?" he was asked.

"Why, the next day, of course," was the reply.

Babies In the East.

In Cypress, at the important date of the first tooth appearing, friends gather, singing songs, while the child is bathed in water and boiled wheat. Afterward thirty-two of the boiled grains are strung on a thread and stitched to the baby's cap, which, of course, promptly produces the safe cutting of the other teeth.

A pretty custom prevails on the Isle of Rhodes, for there, on the eighth day from birth, the infant, after a final bath of wine and myrtle, is tenderly laid in a cradle surrounded by lighted tapers, while a child approaches, touches its lips with honey and says, "Be thou as sweet as this honey."

A Slight Difference.

"As I understand it, doctor, if I believe I'm well I'll be well. Is that the idea?"

"It is."

"Then if you believe you are paid I suppose you'll be paid?"

"Not necessarily."

"But why shouldn't faith work as well in one case as in the other?"

"Why, you see, there is considerable difference between having faith in Providence and having faith in you."

Perfumed Jewelry.

A newspaper in Geneva says that a French jeweler has invented a process by which jewelry can be perfumed according to the wishes of the customer and the mixture is applied to the unseen parts of a jewel, the odor lasting for several years until the paste had gradually worn off, when it can, of course, be renewed. The cost price of the scented paste is $55 a pound and a small article of jewelry could be perfumed for several years at a cost of a few cents.

EUROPE'S CITY OF FLATS.

Where the House Regulations Are Apt to Vex Free-Born Canadians.

The hausbesorger is the evil spirit of Vienna, City of Flats, says a writer. He lives in a gloomy cavern at the foot of the stairs and pounces on you every time you pass and tell you you mustn't. I have never really mastered' the house regulations. After 10 o'clock a chill air as of the tomb envelopes the house. Later than that you may not sing, dance or play any musical instrument.

I was once at a party when one of the guests, not observing the lateness of the hour, volunteered to sing "Ora Pro Nobis." She had not gone much beyond the first bar when she noticed that it only wanted one minute to 10. The speed with which she finished the song, put on her hat and coat, shook hands all around, and was out in the street before the hour had finished striking was a lesson from which I have not yet recovered.

At no time may one shake one's rugs out of the front window, but between the hours of 6 and 8 in the morning, one may beat them in the courtyard. A visitor, waking up with a start a little after 6, and wondering whether the thunder will give him a headache, fails to appreciate the privilege. For about an hour the city is as if wrapped in a sand storm; everybody is in the courtyard banging rugs. The Viennese hausfrau invests all her spare cash in rugs. It is the proudest day of her life when she has so many that she is the first to start beating and the last to finish.

If one keeps a dog, on wet days one must carry him up to one's apartments, so that his muddy feet do not soil the staircase. Particularly well do I know this last regulation, for at one time I was the proud possessor of a mastiff. In the first month of my stay it rained on 17 days, and I lost nearly 14 pounds in weight. My medical attendant said I was not physically strong enough to own so large a dog, so, as my rooms were on the fifth floor, I exchanged him for a toy terrier.

Dustbins, which are generally kept in the kitchen, next to the gas stove, have to be carried downstairs by the tenant and deposited on the pavement for the convenience of the dustmen. An official makes his appearance a few minutes ahead of the dust cart, and clangs a huge bell at the foot of the stairs in warning. At the sound doors fly open as if by magic, and the next moment the stairs are crowded with women—young, old, strong and frail—each with an iron dustbin strained to her bosom. If you are wearing new clothes, you want to see that the dust cart isn't in the street before you start mounting the stairs.

Doll Theories.

According to a Japanese belief, dolls sometimes come alive, acquiring a soul in process of being played with by successive generations of children. Food is provided for them; and they are treated with great care, lest neglect should bring trouble upon the household. One pretty story tells how a childless husband and wife borrowed a doll that had gained a soul, fed and clothed it and prospered thereafter.

All this is in utter contrast with the unpleasant doll theory of Varro, the scholar of ancient Rome. He held that the dolls given to little Romans at Christmas—that is to say, at the saturnalia—represented original sacrifices of human beings to the infernal god.

Julius Caesar.

The almost unanimous verdict of ancient and modern times is to the effect that Julius Caesar was what Shakespeare calls him, "The foremost man of all this world." Never before or since has any one exhibited in so high a degree all the qualities of a born ruler of men. And never had any man a grander role to play. To preside over the most important crisis in the history of the most important branch of the human race was a task that none but the greatest of men could successfully perform. Caesar swept one obstacle after another aside and stood at last where he meant to stand.

Food For the Elephant.

Since the elephant's digestive functions are very rapid it requires a large amount of fodder daily, about 600 pounds in most cases. In its wild state the elephant feeds heartily, but wastefully. It is careful in selecting the few forest trees that it likes for their bark or foliage, but it will tear down branches and leave half of them untouched. It will strip off the bark from other trees and throw away a large portion. As it is a nocturnal animal, it selects its trees by the senses of touch and smell.

Montenegrin Simplicity.

Nicholas I. of Montenegro is as simple in his habits as was King Alfred of oaten cake memory. In the royal household he is waited on at table by one of his daughters, while other members of the family stretch out and help themselves. The bread, it is said, is baked by the queen. He urges the habit of saving upon his people and is himself a depositor in a savings bank. The king once remonstrated with a hotelkeeper who had bought himself a gold watch and pointed out that his own watch was of silver.

Look Within.

The things that are unseen are the true forces and substances of life—wisdom, love or desire, ideals.

The things that are seen are ever changing for something better.

Therefore we look within for our peace and happiness, and we value a clear conscience above rubies. We value above lover, lands and honors that inner quiet, the well done of the universal spirit witnessing with ours that all is well, no matter what passes.—Nautilus.

Coloring Bricks.

The color of a brick is controlled to a large extent by the temperature at which it is baked.

A THRONE OF STATE.

Impressive Part Played by the Sofa in German Households.

The importance of the sofa in marking social distinctions in Germany always astonishes the stranger in the fatherland. Among Germans of the more comfortable class, those who live from generation to generation in the same house, every piece of furniture has its own history and makes its own associations; but it is always the sofa that is given the prominent place in a room. B fore it usually stands a round or oval table.

Should there be callers at the average German house, there ensues a certain dignified commotion. Should a caller, a woman of lower social standing than the mistress of the house, arrive, she must take a chair, while the hostess sits alone on the sofa. Should the visitor be of higher degree, however, the matter will be otherwise decided.

This method of distinction reaches its highest point when there is a tea party of Kaffecklatsch (coffee gossip); for then the oldest woman with the biggest title must sit on the sofa, and the next in rank occupies the place nearest her.

As the proudest usually arrives latest, a general stir is likely to take place. For if the Frau Doktorin, the wife of a physician or scholar, is sitting on the sofa, she must vacate her position should a Frau Professorin appear. The Frau Majorin, or wife of a major, may be throughly enjoying the seat of honor; but she must yield it without hesitation when the Frau Generalin comes in. The whole company rise in such an event to do honor to the distinguished guest, and there must necessarily follow a general readjustment of places.

Neither unmarried men nor very young women can expect to enjoy the privilege of sitting on a German sofa.

The piece of furniture that stands next in honor of the sofa is the easy-chair, which is sometimes called Sargenstuhl, or chair of cares. Should a German sit down to worry, he must have a comfortable seat, that so important a mood may be endured with dignity. A common chair would not serve his purpose in the least. But the Sargenstuhl is, so to speak, for domestic and personal use only; the sofa is the part of the entire social framework never to be carelessly regarded.

A Family Windfall.

Father had the rheumatism, uncle had the gout, baby had the measles and his skin was popping out; sister had the whooping cough, brother had the croup, and grandma had sciatica from sitting on the stoop.

Then there came a catalogue describing all our ills, guaranteed to cure 'em with a certain kind of pills. So the family sent for some, and when they came they took and dosed themselves three times a day, according to the book.

Two days later father jumped as limber as a mouse; uncle kicked a cannon ball over Johnson's house! Baby's measles went away, and sister stopped her cough, while grandma felt so fine that she took all her flannels off!

Now we're never sick at all or anything like that; all the fat folks getting thin and thin folks getting fat. All our appetites are good; we eat like can-ni-bals, and make a family living writing tes-ti-mon-i-als!

Tumbledown Acapulco.

Acapulco, Mexico, with one of the finest harbors in the world, is one of the most wretched towns in the entire country. It is poorly built, the houses being for the greater part composed of adobe with tiled roofs, while the majority of the poorer class can afford nothing better than rude huts built with poles stuck in the ground, the fronds of the cocoanut palm woven into the sides and the whole thatched. Numerous earthquakes have damaged the buildings, and scattered ruins and cracked walls give the town a wretched appearance. There are no improvements of any kind, no sewers, waterworks, telephone nor electric lights.

Monkeys and Tails.

Not being an authority on monkeys, a visitor to the menagerie accosted a keeper to ask why practically all the primates therein have short tails instead of the long ones that are always conceded to simians, regardless of the fact whether they are entitled to them or not. "Do you cut off all the tails?" asked the visitor. "What for?" replied the keeper. "Well, it seems to me they are all docked," rejoined the uninitiated one. "The difference is this," said the attendant. "The South American monkeys have tails, and those from the eastern hemisphere haven't any. You can search me why it is, but I guess the other fellows got tired of them."

A Perfect Anagram.

It will be recalled that when Christ was brought before Pilate, the Roman governor (according to St. John's version of the story) asked him, "What is truth?"

In the Latin text of the Vulgate the question runs, "quid est veritas?" Now, the answer is found in the question itself, without adding or subtracting a single letter. "Est vir qui adest," the rearrangement gives us, "It is the man who stands before you."

40,000,000 Books.

The number of books published since printing was invented, said Mr. R. Peddie, in a lecture on "Bibliographical Research" recently, has been estimated at forty millions. The lecturer said that he supposed about 50,000 books were published a year, apart from fiction, children's books, and "books that are not books."

The Age Joke.

Asked why he was having a party at his house, the host replied (in a [illegible] "No! [illegible] but it's the tenth anniversary of my wife's thirty-fifth birthday!"—St. James' Gazette.

FOUND FAME IN POLICE

COL. ARTHUR PERCY SHERWOOD HAS RISEN TO THE TOP.

The Chief of the Dominion Service Has Achieved Celebrity Since He Left the Ottawa Department and Became the Guardian of Visiting Royalty—Has Been Active Also In the Militia.

Lieut.-Col. Arthur Percy Sherwood, now chief of the Dominion police, was formerly chief of police of Ottawa and was appointed to the latter post April 5, 1879, the same day that Chief Langrell resigned. Chief Sherwood acted as head of the Ottawa police force for three years. Under his regime the force consisted of 24 constables, a sergeant-major, two sergeants and a chief detective and an assistant. He resigned on October 7, 1882, to accept the position of chief of the Dominion police force. While in charge of the Ottawa force he displayed splendid energy and ability and introduced

LIEUT.-COL. ARTHUR P. SHERWOOD.

many reforms and was a most energetic and competent official.

He has been superintendent and commissioner of the Dominion force ever since and has charge in this capacity of the secret service work of Canada. He was thanked by order in council in October, 1893, for work rendered in connection with the Behring Sea arbitration and also specially mentioned by King George in connection with the trip through Canada when His Majesty visited this country as Duke of Cornwall and York. In 1901 our subject was created a C.M.G. and in 1902 M.V.O. and in 1908 made an honorary A.D.C. to the Governor-General. He is president of the Canadian Military Rifle League and was the first president of the Ottawa Canoe Club, president of the Ottawa Summer Carnival and Old Boys' Reunion.

He has been active in the militia for years, has held every office of honor in the Forty-third Rifles and was commandant in 1898. Since 1906 he has been in command of the Eighth Rifle Brigade.

In 1903 he was commandant of the Bisley team and has rendered very special service to the crown in connection with both visits to Canada of King George. He is one of the most popular citizens of the capital and a man of splendid executive ability and of genial and kindly manner and withal a splendid disciplinarian.

Costly Furs.

London is one of the great fur markets of the world, and it is claimed that a year's auction sales in that city often amount to more than twenty million dollars.

Many curious incidents and caprices of the London market are recorded. For instance, ever since the Middle Ages ermine has been the fur of royalty, and it is still used in the trimming of the state garments of kings and queens. In time, however, it fell into disfavor with women of fashion. White ermine skins became so cheap that the Canadian, Siberian and Chinese hunters no longer sent them to market. About twenty years ago, however, the word went around from some mysterious fashionable source that ermine should be once more the mode. Whereupon all the buyers began to demand ermine skins and the price went up to a high figure. As might be expected, the market was soon glutted. Chinese hunters sent to London no fewer than ten thousand ermine skins in the spring of one year. And then they promptly went out of fashion again.

The ermine is white with the exception of the tip of its tail, which is black. These tips, dressed with the white fur at regular intervals, make the spotting of black which is seen on state garments of ermine.

Handsome Dogs Are Good Dogs.

In the most characteristic of English dogs, with the English bulldog as an unfortunate exception of a glaring sort, common sense principles in the canon of judging are distinctly marked. In the case of hounds any good eye can pick out the best animals. This was curiously illustrated not long since in private when an artist taken over one of the bigger kennels of foxhounds picked out the prize and pedigree dogs one after the other. He went purely by his own sense of what was strong and comely, of "strength and beauty met together," as Shelley says in a very different connection.—London Outlook.

Two Inscriptions.

Gladstone was once staying at a country house where it was the practice for each guest to write in the visitors' book his name and profession when he went away. It so happened that his great rival, the Earl of Beaconsfield was staying in the same house at the time. Lord Beaconsfield, in signing the book, characteristically wrote as his profession, "Patriotism." Mr. Gladstone (who probably did not know what Beaconsfield had written) signed as his profession, "Apprentice."

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Mrs. B. Lamberton - - - - Editor and Managers

British Columbia Fruit Industry and its Future

By S. J. Fee, in Fruit and Farm

The past season has been one of glutted markets and low prices resulting in serious losses to the grower. The great question in every one's mind is: "What of the Future?"

Every great industry or business has its serious depressions before getting down to a solid foundation of steady growth and safe profits. The fruit industry of B. C. could only expect some downs as well a tips.

While it is well known and recognized that for flavor, appearance and fineness of quality the special fruits of B. C. are second to none, and it is not a boastful statement to make that they excel any similar fruits grown on this continent. But the peculiarities formations, etc., are such that even a few miles makes a difference not only in the varieties of the fruits but in varieties of the same fruit.

For example Northern Spies are a failure in one district. while only a few miles away they are of a splendid flavor and keeping quality. The McIntosh, Wagners, Newtons, etc. must find their natural homes only by experiments. The same is true of peaches, plums, prunes, cherries, etc. This could not be foretold to any degree of certainty, from a marketing point of view. We have about 90 varieties of apples when we should have about six. We have now got by the experimental stage of planting, but we must for a number of years market these many varieties until they can be replaced without serious loss to the growers.

The marketing has been another series of experiments. All these experiments have had more or less merit. Their failure may be laid to the conditions they had to contend with, the lack of co-operation on the part of the growers, or lack of training and experience of the managers. All these efforts have really helped. They have been efforts in the right direction, even if not successful. They will help to make the nex movement a success. We should give these men credit for their efforts and only remember their mistakes to avoid them

With a knowledge of the best fruits and varieties to grow, and where they do best, with the simple co-operative marketing scheme which will eliminate foolish price cutting of one district against another, the ruinous waste in marketing, the lowering of the cost in reaching the consumer, we believe the fruit growing industry of B. C. has a great and splendid future before it.

The government is making every arrangement for carrying out on the best lines the work of constructing the Welland Canal. The intention is to make of this important link in the great inland water route, all that the business men of Canada have promised for it. The route selected is the dest that could be located, and was only decided upon after elaborate tests had been made and the engineering features amply considered. Engineers in charge of the work have lately been in the Panama canal with the object of incorporating such features as may be appliable in the new Welland. The plans are now under preparation and are being carefully checked over by independent engineers of wide experience. It will not be long before the work of construction is in active progress.

The Globe has paid more attention in two weeks to a political contribution of $500 than it did in two years to a political contribution of $69,000.

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Styles in heroines change almost as frequently as fashions in women's gowns. To-day the leading ladies in our popular novels, quite like the genuine flesh and blood ladies we know who don't pretend to be heroines, are a cheerful, energetic lot, none the less alluring because they don't go in for scenes and sobs. No longer does a heroine sniff through situations. No more does a wet handkerchief, knotted into a tight ball, roll away under the table, obliging the hero to duck his manly head and crease wrinkles into his well pressed shoulders before he can put his hand upon the clammy thing and restore it to the weeping fair one. Teary eyes, trembling lips and faltering confessions have quite gone out. Clinging femininity in to-day's novels is obsolete.

A gradual development of the modern heroine character has to do with age. Possibly we haven't reached the culminating point yet—by and by we may class everything in which the heroine is not a grandmother as a "juvenile"—but heroines are distinctly older than they used to be. Middle-aged matrons of fascinating qualities, single young women of 30, or thereabouts, as beautiful as they are brilliant, and charming old maids—the kind that seem to have been just taken out of lavender scented chests—form, to a great extent, the feminine army whose life stories we peruse until the wee sma' hours. There is no age limit to the modern heroine.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the present heroines is their efficiency. They are fast dyed, they won't fade or wear off. They are the most practical, capable, "get-there-y" set of people anywhere on the face of the earth—except the heroes!

They don't go around and create sensations; they don't go in for high brow isms and ologies, or for fads and fetishes; but they are outfitted with good mentalities, and they use them in some practical, result-bringing way. Poverty is no crime, or even a cause of caste lowering, but the heroine of the modern novel, if she is dependent on herself, is not likely to be poor. She gets out and goes after something and succeeds remarkably.

No longer is she the lily maiden tying a silken scarf to her knight's arm and sending him forth while she sits snugly at home and makes tapestry. Of course, nowadays knights do not go to the world's end for a fight; any knight with a drop of red blood in him can find a contest worth while at his very door. So that necessarily alters the lily maiden aspect slightly, but the real change is not due to circumstances.

It lies in the heroine herself, and to-day she trudges by her knight's side, makes a restful refuge when he is tired, cheers him when he is sad, and helps him devise shrewd schemes for the downfall of their mutual enemy, supplementing in every way his cruder strength with her keen intuitions.

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Coal mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta the Yukon Territory, the North west Territories and in a portion of the Province of British Colnmbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal subdivisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of $5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon. If the coal mining rights are not being operated, such returns should be furnished at least once a year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10 an acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior

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75

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST

By

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

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SYNOPSIS

Although a good scholar, Elnora Comstock, entering high school, is abashed by her country dress. She needs $20 for books and tuition fees. Her mother is unsympathetic, and Elnora tells her troubles to Wesley Sinton, an old neighbor.

When Elnora was born her father was drowned in a swamp, embittering her mother's life. Elnora determines to raise money by gathering forest specimens. The Sintons buy clothes for her.

Elnora, getting her books cheaply, finds a market with the Bird Woman for butterflies, Indian relics, etc.

Mrs. Comstock's devotion to her husband's memory will not permit her to sell trees or have oil wells dug on her land. The Sintons bring Elnora new clothing.

Elnora is delighted with her outfit. Her mother says she must pay for it. Wesley and Margaret Sinton discuss the girl's affairs.

Pete Corson, a Limberlost frequenter, warns Elnora not to visit the Limberlost at night or go far into the swamp at any time.

Billy, a bright but untrained little chap, with a shiftless father and hungry brother and sister, gets Elnora's luncheon. Wesley, troubled by Corson's warning, investigates.

CHAPTER XX.

Wherein the Limberlost Sings For Ammon.

"Do you remember your promise about these violets?" asked Ammon. "Tomorrow is Edith's birthday, and if I'd put them special delivery on the morning train she'd get them in the late afternoon. They ought to keep well that long. She leaves for the north next day."

"Of course you can have them," said Elnora. "We will quit long enough before supper to gather a great bunch. They can be packed so they will carry all right. They should be perfectly fresh, especially if we gather them this evening and let them drink all night."

Then they went back to hunt Catocalae. It was a long and a happy search. Ammon came to Elnora at dusk daintily holding one by the body, its dark wings showing and its long, slender legs trying to clasp his fingers and creep from his hold.

Elnora studied the black wings intently. "I surely believe that's Sappho," she marveled. "The Bird Woman will be overjoyed."

"We must get the cyanide jar quickly," said Ammon. "I wouldn't lose her for $100. Such a chase as she led me!"

Elnora got the jar and began gathering up paraphernalia.

"When you make a find like that," she said, "it's the right time to quit and feel glorious all the rest of that day. I tell you I'm proud. We will go now. We have barely time to carry out our plans before supper. Won't mother be pleased to see that we have a rare one?"

"I'd like to see anyone more pleased than I am!" said Philip Ammon. "I feel as if I'd earned my supper tonight. Let's go."

He took the greater part of the load and stepped aside for Elnora to precede him. She went down the path, broken by the grazing cattle, toward the cabin and nearest the violet patch she stopped, laid down her net, and the things she carried. Ammon passed her and hurried forward.

"Aren't you going to"— began Elnora.

"I'm going to get this moth home in a hurry," he said. "This cyanide has lost its strength, and it's not working well. We need some fresh in the jar."

He had forgotten the violets. Elnora stood looking after him, a curious expression on her face. One second—then she picked up the net and followed. At the blue bordered pool she paused and half turned back, then she closed her lips firmly and went on. It was 9 o'clock when Ammon said goodby and started to town. His gay whistle floated to them from the farthest corner of the Limberlost. Elnora complained of being tired, so she went to her room and to bed. But sleep would not come. Thought was racing in her brain, and the longer she lay the wider awake she grew. At last she softly slipped from bed, lighted her lamp and began opening boxes. Then she went to work. Two hours later a beautiful birch bark basket, strongly and artistically made, stood on her table. She set a tiny alarm clock at 3, returned to bed and fell asleep instantly.

She was on the floor with the first tinkle of the alarm, and hastily dressing, she picked up the basket and a box to fit it, crept down the stairs and out to the violet patch. When the basket was filled to overflowing, she set it in the stout pasteboard box, packed it solid with mosses, tied it firmly and slipped under the cord a note.

Then she took a short cut across the woods and walked swiftly to Onabasha. It was after 6 o'clock, but all of the city she wished to avoid were asleep. She had no trouble in finding a small boy out, and she stood at a distance waiting while he rang Dr. Ammon's bell and delivered the package for Philip to a maid, with the note which was to be given him at once.

On the way home through the woods passing some baited trees she collected the captive moths. She entered the kitchen with them so naturally that Mrs. Comstock made no comment. After breakfast Elnora went to her room, cleared away all trace of the night's work and was out in the arbor mounting moths when Ammon came down the road. "I am tired sitting," she said to her mother. "I think I will walk a few rods and meet him."

"Who's a trump?" called Ammon from afar.

"Well, not you!" retorted Elnora. "Confess that you forgot!"

"Completely," said Ammon. "But luckily it would not have been fatal. I wrote Polly last week to send Edith something appropriate and handsome today, with my card."

CHAPTER XXI.

Wherein Elnora Makes a Confession.

THESE days were the beginning of the weeks that followed. After June the moth hunts grew less frequent—the fields and woods were scoured for material for Elnora's grade work. Mrs. Comstock was a great help. Always her practical thought and sterling common sense were useful. When they were afield until exhausted they came back to the cabin for food, to prepare specimens and classify them and to talk over the day.

One warm August afternoon a blue-coated messenger entered the gate.

"I have a message for Philip Ammon."

Mrs. Comstock stepped to the back door and clanged the dinner bell sharply, paused a second and rang again. In a short time Ammon and Elnora came.

"Are you ill, mother?" cried Elnora.

Mrs. Comstock indicated the boy. "There is an important message for Philip," she said.

Ammon muttered an excuse and tore open the telegram. His color faded slightly. "I have to take the first train," he said. "My father is ill and I am needed."

He said goodby to Mrs. Comstock, repeatedly thanked her for all her kindness and turned to Elnora.

"Will you walk to the edge of the Limberlost with me?" he asked. Elnora assented. Mrs. Comstock followed to the gate, urged him to come again soon and repeated her goodby. Then she went back to the arbor to await Elnora's return. As she watched down the road she smiled softly.

"I had an idea he would speak to me first," she thought, "but this may change things some. He hasn't time. Elnora will come back a happy girl, and she has good reason. He is a model young man. Her lot will be mighty different from mine."

On the road Elnora spoke first. "I do hope it is nothing serious," she said. "Is he usually strong?"

"Quite strong," said Philip. "I am not alarmed, but I am very much ashamed. I have allowed him to overtax himself until he is down, and mother and Polly are north at our cottage. He's never been sick before, and it's probable I am to blame that he is now."

"You have had a fine time?" asked Elnora.

They had reached the fence. Ammon vaulted over to take a short cut across the fields. He turned and looked at her.

"The best, the sweetest, the most wholesome time any man ever had in this world," he said. "Elnora, if I talked hours I couldn't make you understand what a girl I think you are. I never in all my life hated anything as I hate leaving you. It seems to me that I have not strength to do it."

"If you have got anything worth while from me," said Elnora, "that should be it—just to have strength to go to your duty and to go quickly. Goodby! You must hurry!"

Ammon gazed at her. He tried to drop her hand and only clutched it closer. Suddenly he drew her toward him. "Elnora," he whispered, "will you kiss me goodby?"

Elnora drew back and stared at him with wide eyes. "I'd strike you sooner," she said. "Have I ever said or done anything in your presence that made you feel free to ask that, Philip Ammon?"

"No!" panted Ammon. "No! I think so much of you I just wanted to touch your lips once before I left you. You know, Elnora"—

"Don't distress yourself," said Elnora calmly. "I am broad enough to judge you sanely. I know what you mean. It would be no harm to you. It would not matter to me, but here we will think of some one else. Edith Carr would not want your lips tomorrow if she knew they had touched mine today. I was wise to say 'Go quickly.'"

Ammon still clung to her. "Will you write me?" he begged.

"No," said Elnora. "There is nothing to say save goodby. We can do that now."

Ammon held on. "Promise that you will write me only one letter," he urged. "I want just one message from you to lock in my desk and keep always. Promise you will write once, Elnora."

"Elnora," he whispered, "will you kiss me goodby?"

trees tell me this winter the secret of how a man may grow perfect I will write you what it is, Philip. In all the time I have known you I never have liked you so little. Goodby."

Elnora crossed the road, climbed the fence and sought the shelter of their own woods. She took a diagonal course and followed it until she came to the path leading past the violet patch. She went down this hurriedly. Her hands were clinched at her sides, her eyes dry and bright, her cheeks red flushed and her breath coming fast. When she reached the patch she turned into it and stood looking around her.

The mosses were dry, the flowers gone, weeds a foot high covered it. She turned away and went on down the path until she was almost in sight of the cabin.

Mrs. Comstock could not understand why the girl did not hurry to her with what she would have to tell. She went out and wandered around the garden. Then she stepped into the path and started back along the way leading to the woods, past the pool now framed in a thick setting of yellow lilies. Then she saw and stopped, gasping for breath. Her hands flew up, and her lined face grew ghastly. She stared at the sky and then at the prostrate girl figure. Over and over she tried to speak, but only a word came.

Elnora uttered one wild little cry and fled into her mother's arms. "Oh, mother!" she sobbed. "Will you ever forgive me?"

Mrs. Comstock's arms swept together in a tight grip around Elnora.

"There isn't a thing on God's footstool from a to izzard I won't forgive you, my precious girl!" she said. "Tell mother what it is."

Elnora lifted her wet face. "He told me," she panted, "just as soon as he decently could—that second day he told me. Almost all his life he's been engaged to a girl at home. He never cared anything about me. He was just interested in the moths and growing strong."

"Elnora"—the mother's head bent until the white hair mingled with the brown—"Elnora, why didn't you tell me at first?"

Elnora caught her breath in a sharp snatch. "I know I should!" she sobbed. "I will bear any punishment for not, but I didn't feel as if I possibly could. I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?" the shaking hand was on the hair again.

"Afraid you wouldn't let him come!" panted Elnora. "And, oh, mother, I wanted him so!"

For the next week Mrs. Comstock and Elnora worked so hard there was no time to talk, and they were compelled to sleep from physical exhaustion. Elnora took all the dragon flies and butterflies she could, and when she went over the list for her collection she found, to her amazement, that with Ammon's help she once more had it complete save a pair of yellow Emperors. From every source at her command she tried to complete the series with these moths and could not find any for sale.

Then came a notification that Elnora would be compelled to attend a week's session of the teachers' institute held at the county seat twenty miles north of Onabasha the following week. They went to Onabasha together and purchased a simple and appropriate fall suit and hat, goods for a dainty little colored frock and a dress skirt and several fancy waists. Margaret Sinton came down and the sewing began. When everything was finished and packed Elnora kissed her mother goodby at the depot and the train pulled out. Mrs. Comstock went to the bank and inquired for the cashier.

"I want to know just how I am fixed here," she said. The cashier laughed. "Well, you haven't been in a hurry," he replied. "We have been ready for you any time these twenty years, but you didn't seem to pay much attention. Your account is rather flourishing."

Mrs. Comstock sank into a chair and waited while the cashier read a jumble of figures to her. It meant that her deposits had exceeded her expenses from $100 to $300 a year, according to the cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, butter and eggs she had sold. The aggregate of these sums had been compounding interest throughout the years. Mrs. Comstock stared at the total with dazed and unbelieving eyes. Through her sick heart rushed the realization that if she merely had stood before that wicket and asked one question she would have known that all those bitter years of skimping for Elnora and herself had been unnecessary. She arose and went back to the depot.

"I want to send a message," she said. She picked up the pencil and with rash extravagance wrote: "Found money at bank didn't know about. If you want to go to college come on first train and get ready." She hesitated a second, and then she said to herself grimly, "Yes, I'll pay for that too," and recklessly added, "With love, Mother." Then she sat waiting for the answer. It came in less than an hour. "Going to teach this winter. With dearest love, Elnora."

Mrs. Comstock held the message a long time. When she arose she was ravenously hungry, but the pain in her heart was a little easier. She went to a restaurant and got some food, then to a dressmaker. At night she was so tired she scarcely could walk home, but she built a fire and cooked and ate a hearty meal.

Later she went out by the west fence and gathered an armful of tansy, which she boiled to a thick green tea. Then she stirred in oatmeal until it was a stiff paste. She spread a sheet over her bed and began tearing strips of old muslin. She bandaged each hand and arm with the mixture and plastered the soggy, evil smelling stuff in a thick poultice over her face and neck. She was so tired she had to sleep, and when she awoke she was half skinned. She bathed her face and hands, did the work and went back to town, coming home at night to go through the same process.

By the third morning she was a raw, even red; the fourth she had faded to a brilliant pink under the soothing influence of a cream recommended. That day came a letter from Elnora saying that she could not come

"Mother!" she cried. "You my mother! I don't believe it!"

home until after school Monday night. That suited Mrs. Comstock, and she at once answered the letter saying so.

The next day Mrs. Comstock was a pale pink and the following a delicate porcelain white. That day she went to a hairdresser and had the great rope of snowy hair which covered her scalp washed and dressed.

Then she went home, rested and worked by turns until Monday. When school closed on that evening and Elnora, so tired she almost trembled, came down the long walk after a late session of teachers' meeting a messenger boy stopped her.

"There's a lady wants to see you most important. I am to take you to the place," he said.

Elnora groaned. She could not imagine who wanted her, but there was nothing to do but go and find out.

"This is the place," said the boy, and went his way, whistling. Elnora was three blocks from the high school building on the same street. She was before a quaint old house, fresh with paint and covered with vines.

Inside she could see bare polished floors, walls freshly papered in low toned harmonious colors, straw rugs and madras curtains. It seemed to be a restful, homelike place to which she had come, and a second later down an open stairway came a tall, dark eyed woman with cheeks faintly pink and a crown of fluffy snow white hair.

Elnora stepped inside the door. "Mother!" she cried. "You my mother! I don't believe it! You are perfectly beautiful, and this house is a little paradise, but how will we ever pay for it? We can't afford it!"

"Humph! Have you forgotten I telegraphed you I'd found some money I didn't know about? All I've done is paid for and plenty more to settle for all I propose to do."

Mrs. Comstock glanced around with supreme satisfaction.

"I may get homesick as a pup before spring," she said, "but if I do I can go back. If I don't I'll sell some timber and put a few oil wells where they don't show much. I can have land enough cleared for a few fields and put a tenant on our farm, and we will buy this and settle here. It's for sale."

Mrs. Comstock invited Elnora's friends to visit her and proved herself a bright and interesting hostess. She digested a subject before she spoke, and when she advanced a view her point was sure to be original and tersely expressed. Before three months people waited to hear what she had to say.

Elnora never mentioned Philip Ammon, neither did Mrs. Comstock. Early in December came a note and a big box from him. It contained several books on nature subjects which would be a great help in school work and a number of conveniences Elnora could not afford. Soon after Elnora wrote Ammon:

Dear Friend—I am writing to thank you for the books and the box of conveniences sent me for my work. I can use everything with fine results. Hope I am giving good satisfaction in my position. You will be interested to learn that when the summer's work was classified and pinned I again had my complete collection save a yellow Emperor. I have tried everywhere I know. So has the Bird Woman. We cannot find a pair for sale. Fate is against me, at least this season. I shall have to wait until next year and try again.

Thank you very much for helping me with my collection and for the books and things. Sincerely yours,

ELNORA COMSTOCK.

Ammon was disappointed over that note and instead of keeping it he tore it into bits and dropped them into the wastebasket.

Throughout the winter Elnora and her mother enjoyed the city thoroughly and the change of life it afforded, but signs of spring did wonderful things to the hearts of the country bred women. They decided to keep the city house during the summer, but to go back to the farm to live just as soon as school closed.

THE SWINEHERD.

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Injustice

By Arthur Applin

Ward, Lock & Co., Limited
London, Melbourne & Toronto

(Continued)

Francks stood at the table and watched them go. For a long time he stood there after the door had closed, waiting. Tiny beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. Taking out his handkerchief he wiped them away. Then once again he picked up the glass of medicine which he had prepared for his wife. He noticed that some liquid had been spilt on the table. Already it had stained the polished mahogany. With his handkerchief he wiped it away and in doing so upset the little bottle he had used. The stopper slipped out, and the liquid poured on to the floor. Stamping it out with his feet, he threw the bottle into the fireplace, where it shivered into a dozen pieces.

Then taking a long breath and pulling himself together he walked along the corridor and knocked at the door of his wife's room.

I'm feeling a little better now, she said in a cold, emotionless voice as he entered, you needn't have worried.

He held the tumbler towards her, but he did not look at her. Drink this.

You needn't have troubled, she said again.

Drink it, he repeated harshly. His hand was trembling.

She took the tumbler from him and quickly swallowed the contents. Then her fingers relaxed, and she dropped back on to the pillows. Sometime she lay with closed eyes as if sleeping. But after awhile she stirred, sat upright, and stared at Francks, in her eyes a sudden fear.

Her fingers went up to her throat as if she were choking, then with a sharp cry, she rose from the bed and staggered across the room to the window.

Quick, give me air, I'm choking. What have you done, what have you given me?

Francks flung the window open and rushed to his wife's side, but she pushed him away. He face was a horrible color and her lips, her eyes protruded. She staggered from the window to the fireplace and put her finger on the electric bell

Then as footsteps echoed in the passage outside, and the sitting-room door opened, she spun round and fell to the floor, her hands beating the ground convulsively whilst she struggled for breath.

Help—help, she gasped. I'm dying—Jim—you've poisoned me—Oh, my God, you've killed me.

Francks knelt by her side. A couple of servants had entered the room now, and together they lifted her on to the bed. One ran to the telephone and summoned a doctor, while the other rushed to the bell and kept his finger pressed on the button.

And now Ella Francks lay quite still her body rigid, her eyes wide open, staring glassily up at the ceiling, a terrible fixed smile parting her discolored lips.

CHAPTER XIV

A maid servant who was on duty in the wing of the hotel where Francks had engaged his suite of rooms, and who was passing along the corridor at the moment the bell commenced to ring so violently, heard Ella's frightened cry, and Jimmy Francks' startled exclamation. She hesitated a moment and listened, caught a few wild, incoherent words, and then as another servant rushed hastily into the room she followed her, saw the figure writhing on the bed, and Francks bending over her, holding her down.

Seized with a sudden unreasoning terror—she was a young Devonshire girl fresh from the country—she rushed from the room down the corridor, shouting for help. Her footsteps carried her to the lift, and as she reached the iron gates, it shot past her. Scarcely knowing what she was doing she beat with her hands against the bars.

Quick—send someone—the manager—it's murder!

That ominous, terrible word was echoed automatically by the lift-boy. The lift stopped with a sudden jerk and reascended.

The manager himself stepped out as the gates were thrown back and roughly seized the maid-servant. Silence, he whispered, in a calm emotionless voice. What's happened? What's the matter? What are you shouting about?

She knew to whom she spoke, though, she had only seen the manager once before, when he had been pointed out to her by one of the porters. She trembled in his grasp and raising her arm, pointed along the corridor.

I don't know, she cried hysterically, a lady's dying—there, in number seventy-two. It's murder—he's killed her, I heard her say so.

Silence, you little fool, the manager hissed.

Silence, do you hear? Go back to the service-room and keep your mouth shut.

The lift bell was jangling. He dismissed it with a wave of his hand. You, too—silence, he cried to the lift-boy.

Pushing the maid contemptuously aside he strode quickly but noiselessly along the corridor. Outside the door of seventy-two, a porter and a couple of maids were standing peering in. They slunk away as they saw him approach, but before he could enter, Francks himself rushed out right into his arms, nearly knocking him down. The manager caught him and held him tightly.

What's the matter?

Francks tried to fling him off. Stand aside, you fool, and send for a doctor—quick! Why doesn't someone send for a doctor! My wife—

The manager was a powerfully built man. He tightened his grip of Francks, then he turned to the porter. Send a page-boy to find Mr. Sowers. Better ring up 420 City and ask Dr. Maitland to come at once. Quietly now, no fuss.

Quietly but irresistibly he half pushed, half led Francks into the sitting room. He closed the door. Now then, sir, tell me what's happened. I'm the manager of this hotel. First of all, your name?

With an effort Francks controlled himself. Just for a moment he had lost self-control. Fear had unseated reason. As the manager released him he stumbled back pressing his hands to his forehead, gazing in a dazed way about the room.

I —I don't know, he stammered. Come this way, will you. My wife was suddenly taken ill—poison—I—think—

They entered the bedroom. A servant was standing beside the bed chafing Ella's hands between her own. Francks bent over her, spoke to her, laid his hand on her forehead. She moved, turned her eyes towards him, then rolled her head slowly to and fro.

Water—Give me water—I'm dying.

Francks sprang to the wash-stand, filled a tumbler, and held it to her lips.

There was a hurried knocking at the outside door, and a porter entered the room followed by Mr. Sowers, the hotel doctor. The manager spoke to him quickly under his breath, then motioned to the servant to leave the room. Sowers stepped to the bedside and bending down made a quick examination. Francks stood on the other side of the bed absolutely motionless now, watching him. He answered the questions the doctor threw at him in monosyllables.

Stooping down the manager of the hotel picked a tumbler up from the floor and held it out. Is this the glass she used?

Francks nodded.

The doctor took it, examined it closely, putting it to his nostrils, running his fingers along the rim where traces of the liquid still remained, then placing his fingers on his tongue.

Aconite, he said briefly. He looked at Francks now with something like suspicion in his clear, grey eyes. I thought you said you gave your wife a dose of sal-volatile? Again he sniffed the tumbler. There is a suspicious smell about this.

Incredible putting the tumbler aside, he turned away and busied himself at the wash-stand preparing an emetic, talking while he worked. A strange mistake to make, to mix aconite and sal-volatile.

Francks watched him still dazed. He seemed now as if he hardly comprehended what had happened. He was incapable of action, almost incapable of speech.

Bending over the bed, the doctor forced some of the mixture he had prepared between Ella Franck's lips. She commenced to writhe again, as if in agony, muttering incoherently.

Tearing open her blouse the doctor commenced to rub her hands, her arms, her spine. Francks watched him.

If you want to save your wife's life help, Sowers said sharply. Without turning his head he spoke to the manager. Have you telephoned for anyone else? I shall want help. And see that no servants or strangers enter the sitting room.

The manager nodded, and entering the adjoining room, picked up the receiver of the telephone and gave some quick, brief instructions to the office. Then rising, he looked carefully round the room, bent over the suit case and examined the contents, but without touching them.

He walked to the table, his eyes caught sight of the stains caused by the liquid spilt from the bottle which Francks had used. Then he commenced to walk up and down as if uncertain what to do.

Five minutes passed. Twilight was falling, it would soon be dark. One of the windows was wide open. The manager raised his hands as if to close it, then hesitated. From the restaurant below, the sound of music from the Tzigany band floated up clearly. It way playing Rubenstein's 'Valse Caprice.' Almost unconsciously the manager hummed the tune aloud' Then he glanced along the corridor towards the bedroom. Faint muffled sounds came from there. A woman's voice raised protestingly, the creaking of a bed, heavy breathing—

Life and death! Beneath his feet men and women laughed and eat and drank and made love, unconscious of the grim tragedy that was being enacted above their heads. The great hotel was very full, full of people eagerly buying amusement. It was one of the rules that Death must always enter an hotel unperceived and go out unknown. His business was to give life and gaiety, pleasure. Death was a forbidden guest. And murder—

(To be Continued)

We are Exposed to Tubercular Germs

every day. Post-mortem examinations often show that tuberculosis had been arrested by strengthening the lungs before the germs gained mastery.

You can strengthen your resistance-power by taking *Scott's Emulsion.* It contains available energy in concentrated form, which quickly nourishes all the organs of the body. *It repairs waste—makes rich, active blood and supplies energy to the starving cells. It's timely use enables the body to resist tuberculosis.*

For stubborn colds and bronchitis nothing compares with *Scott's Emulsion.*

Refuse substitutes—insist on SCOTT'S.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ontario 12-67

RASH ON ARMS ALMOST UNBEARABLE

Looked Like Raw Meat. Itched and Burned So Badly Could Not Rest Night or Day. Arms Sore from Wrist to Elbow. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

Lower Blandford, Nova Scotia.—"Three years ago I became troubled with sore arms. It came as a rash. My arms looked like raw meat and itched and burned so badly I could not rest night or day. When I scratched they became awfully sore. As long as the weather was warm it didn't bother me so much, but in winter it was almost unbearable. My arms were sore from the wrist to the elbow.

"I used several cures which were recommended to me but without any avail. I saw how I could get a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment which I did. I used the samples and found an improvement. Whenever I applied the Cuticura Ointment the itching and burning ceased. I got a full-sized box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and only used about half when it disappeared and since then I have not been troubled. That was six months ago. Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured me." (Signed) Miss Elsie E. Zinck, Mar. 7, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalps, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails with pallid complexions, that it is almost criminal not to use them. A single cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. skin book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. T, Boston.

Cuticura Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 45D, Boston, U. S. A.

Cure Your Sore Throat Nerviline Will Do It

Blessed Relief Comes Quick, You Get Comfort, Every Pain Disappears

"Experience has taught me that the quickest way to cure a sore throat is with Nerviline," writes Mrs. Enoch P. Maclean. "My children always seem to get wet feet and stay out in the cold, and in consequence I have to keep a good household remedy handy. I rub in Nerviline almost every hour, give the children say twenty drops in hot sweetened water, and make them gargle with it. I have yet to see the cold this won't break up quickly.

From the La Harve Islands, N.S., Mrs. John Walfield writes: — "We have been using Nerviline for about nine years, and find it excellent. When we find any of us getting a cold we take Nerviline in hot water. It is a sure relief for it, and is also an instant relief for internal pains of any kind.

The remarkable pain-subduing power of Nerviline and its ability to check colds, influenza and sore throat is unequalled. Every home should have Nerviline handy on the shelf for sudden illness at night, like cramps or internal pains. Large family size, 50c; trial size 25c., at all storekeepers or druggists, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

A Fine Free Show

The little man had taken his wife and children to see the travelling show. After viewing all the sights that could be viewed for nothing, the entire family lined up in front of a large booth, which advertised in huge letters on the outside: The Grand Elk—The Wonder of the World.

On a small ledge in front of this booth paced the showman himself, entreating all and sundry to come up and view. Presently his attention was attracted by the little man who gazed earnestly and wistfully at him.

'Ere, you, he called. Ain't yer comin' up? It's only sixpence.

But the little man only shook his head.

Can't he whispered. It would cost me eleven shillings if I did. Yer see there's me an' my wife and twenty children.

What! exclaimed the showman, hoarse with incredulity, and pointing to the long line of earnest faces. Are all of them yours?

A nod was the little man's sole answer.

Good heavens! cried the man of the booth, as he bounded to its entrance. Don't yer move, guv'nor. Just stay where y'are. I'm going to give the Great Elk a treat. I'm going to bring 'im out to 'ave a look at you.

It Wouldn't Tell

Family Physician: "I am afraid you have been eating too much cake and sweetstuff. Let me see your tongue?"

Little Girl—Oh, you can look at it, but it won't tell.

FOR BABY'S SAKE

For baby's sake a reliable medicine should always be kept in the house—one that will quickly relieve any sudden illness of baby: regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and drive out colic, worms, colds, etc. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. They are guaranteed by a Government analyst to be absolutely safe and thousands of mothers always keep them in the house—they are the mother's best friend when her little one is ailing' The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Prison Wedding

Paris.—A widow named Blondeau, recently sentenced to two years hard labor will be married shortly in Versailles prison to an old sweetheart, Jean Jacquier.

Arson by a Cat

London.—A fire was caused at Dover recently by a cat knocking over an oil-lamp at Mr. Dalo's bakery, Tower Hamlets-road. The building was destroyed.

Industry sounds classy, but industrious smacks of the dinner pail.

London.—Fred Emney appeared for the thousandth time in 'A Sister to Assist 'Er' at the Palladium last night.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

There's a great difference between peace of mind and piece of mind.

Say, your beastly dog bit me, said the indignant tramp.

Oh, that'll be all right, replied the woman at the door. I have another.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Raised Herself

Lady—How much are these chickens?

Market Man—One dollar.

Do you raise them yourself?

Oh, yes. They were 50 cents yesterday.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 60c.

The young man sat and sat and talked and talked.

About 11.30 he said: Love, I'm going Away.

The young lady showed interest for the first time since 8.30.

When do you start? she inquired.

A Dry Job

An Irishman sought employment as a diver. The firm chanced to need a new man. And so on the following Monday morning Pat hid his smile for the first time in a diving helmet.

Now the job upon which the crew to which Pat had attached himself was working in comparatively shallow water, and Pat was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below in a manner with which he was already familiar.

Down he went with his pick, and for about fifteen minutes nothing was heard from him. Then came a strong determined pull on the signal rope, indicating that Pat had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants pulled him hastily to the raft, and removed his helmet.

Take off the rist av it, said Pat.

Take off the rist of it?

Yes, said Pat. O'll worrik no longer on a job where Oi can't spit on me hands.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

They Wanted to Hear It

Now, children, said the teacher to her kindergarten class. I want you all to be very quiet, so quiet, in fact that you could hear a pin drop.

Everything had quieted down nicely and the teacher was about to speak when a little voice in the rear of the school room squealed forth: Go ahead, please, teacher, and let her drop.

HE SENT HIS "BEST" REMEDY

The young daughter of Mrs. T. S. Dougall, 523 Flora Avenue, Winnipeg, was arranging some of her doll's washing on a clothes rack, beside the stove, when she fell, and her hand came in contact with the hot stove. She sustained a serious burn, and her screams brought her mother quickly to the spot.

"I sent to the druggist for the best remedy he had for burns," she says, "and he sent back a box of Zam-Buk. He said that there was nothing to equal it. I applied this, and it soothed the pain so quickly that the child laughed through her tears. I bound up the hand in Zam-Buk and each day applied Zam-Buk frequently and liberally, until the burn was quite cured.

"The little one was soon able to go on with her play, and we had no trouble with her during the time the burn was being healed."

Zam-Buk Soap should also be used by all mothers for baby's bath and for skin troubles, rashes, pimples, etc.

All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at fifty cents box; and Soap at 25c. tablet. Post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations.

PELTED WITH ROTTEN APPLES

Rome Audience Resents, in Theatre, Gross Insults to Their City

Rome.—A riot took place recently in the Costanza Theatre, Rome, recently, during a performance by the Futurists. For the past fortnight the 'art' clique have made the theatre their headquarters and the leader Marinetti and his staff of poets, painters, sculptors and composers have distributed thousands of pamphlets highly offensive to Rome, which was compared with the lowest type of woman.

This has highly incensed the citizens, and an angry crowd assembled in the theatre, where a Futurist demonstration was to have been given.

When Maestro Pratella appeared to conduct a Futurist overture, the orchestra was bombarded with rotten apples, potatoes and oranges and several of the instruments were smashed. Undismayed by this hostile reception, Marinetti himself appeared on the stage to recite a Futurist poem, but he was shouted down.

The excitement rose to such a pitch that soon hand-to-hand fighting broke out between Futurists and demonstrators in all parts of the theatre. Several members of Rome's aristocracy were involved in the melees. The theatre was cleared and the fighting was continued in the streets. Ultimately the leaders of the Futurists, with their clothing torn and faces bruised, sought refuge in a cafe.

Wedding Guests' Long Trip

Warsaw.—A cardinal, two priests, and fifty guests were brought by special train from Poland to Biarritz, to attend the wedding of Marie Spokorny, the daughter of a wealthy Warsaw merchant, and Stephen Malinovski.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

But are you sure? persisted the grouchy customer, that this 'ere stuff will cure my rheumatism?

Oh, yes, replied the drug clerk; all the doctors refuse to recommend it.

Every Woman Should Use Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

That splendid, pleasantly bubbling tonic which stimulates organs and rids the blood of impurities. Rosy cheeks and vigorous health reward the daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Take A Bottle Home To-day. 2a

At all Druggists Price 25¢ & 60¢

Bluff

Mr. Badgerton is here, sir, said the chief clerk. Shall I show him in?

No, replied the great organizer, let him wait in the ante-room for about three-quarters of an hour. He has a big proposition, but I am anxious to keep him from getting the idea that I consider it worth while.

Old folks who need something of the kind, find

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

most effective without any discomfort. Increased doses not needed. 25c. a box at your druggist's.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 164

REAL ESTATE PROFITS

We only handle property of sterling merit, on which we are prepared to guarantee profits.

"Our WOODLAWN," ST. VITAL, and "DEER LODGE" properties are good investments. We want a good agent to represent us in every town. For terms apply,

STEWART & WALKER, LTD.
Sterling Bank Building, Winnipeg

"Don't waste time writing if you do not mean business."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

are just the right medicine for the children. When they are constipated—when their kidneys are out of order—when over-indulgence in some favorite food gives them indigestion—Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills will quickly and surely put them right. Purely vegetable, they neither sicken, weaken or gripe, like harsh purgatives. Guard your children's health by always keeping a box of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills in the house. They 63

Keep the Children Well

She Was Satisfied

Oxygen oxygen, madam. This is what you need, said the eminent specialist. Come every afternoon for your inhalations. They will cost you $5 each.

I knew our family physician didn't understand my case, declared the fashionable patient. He told me all I needed was plain, fresh air.

Two little children had spent the day together, and had sustained an unusual number of accidents. At last, when little Mary, aged four, had added an extra scratch to her share of suffering, she sobbed:

Mamma, aren't me an' Evelyn just 'bout tored up?

London.—Ex-Sapper Heritage, Royal Engineers, who took part in the siege of Sebastopol, sang three old camp songs at a concert at Ashford, Kent, on Thursday night. He is 76 years of age.

"I am an old man—and many of my troubles never happened."—ELBERT HUBBARD

THE white hair and wrinkled faces of our busy men and women tell of doubt, fear and anxiety—more than disease or age. Worry plays havoc with the nervous system—so that digestion is ruined and sleep banished. What oil is to the friction of the delicate parts of an engine—

DR. PIERCE'S

Golden Medical Discovery

is to the delicate organs of the body. It's a tonic and body builder—because it stimulates the liver to vigorous action, assists the stomach to assimilate food—thus enriching the blood, and the nerves and heart in turn are fed on pure rich blood. Neuralgia "is the cry of starved nerves for food." For forty years "Golden Medical Discovery" in liquid form has given great satisfaction as a tonic and blood maker.

Now it can be obtained in tablet form—from dealers in medicine or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box. Write R. V. Pierce, Buffalo.

Relieve constipation, regulate the liver.

Conforms to the high standard of Gillett's goods. Useful for five hundred purposes.

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

The Punster

Nervous Lady Passenger (in the train, after passing a temporary bridge)—Thank goodness, we are now on terra firma!

Funny Man—Yes, ma'am—less terror and more firmer.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

How can a man be hard up, and down on his luck at the same time.

Now, my little man, said a famous athlete, pleasantly. I suppose your papa has told you about the day he and I played in a great football match?

Yes, sir, replied the bright child.

Ah, that was a great day. I knew he would never forget it. Does he often speak of it?

Yes, sir. He says you borrowed five dollars from him that day, and never paid it back.

You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 121

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING FEB. 21st., 1913

THE EQUITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CANADA

CONDITION ON JAN. 1st., 1913

ASSETS:

Cash on hand and in Bank		$35,592.11
Bonds and Debentures		89,638.37
Net Premiums in course of collection		23,479.83
Sundry (less Reinsurance Notes and other non-admitted assets by Ins. Dept. rules $57,482.84)		81,766.43
		$230,476.74
Uncalled Capital		405,502.50
Total Assets		$635,979.24

LIABILITIES:

Fire Losses unpaid or unadjusted	$28,064.01	
Sundry	1,572.00	
Reinsurance Reserve	128,179.00	$157,815.01
Surplus Security to Policyholders		478,164.23
Government requirements for same as above only		128,179.00
TOTAL SECURITY TO POLICYHOLDERS		$606,343.23
In Excess of Security, Jan. 1st, 1912		$252,608.44

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WM. GREENWOOD BROWN, General Manager.

Why, Oh Why?

He watched his wife doing up her hair, and his face was stern.

Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head? he asked, severely.

Why do you, she replied, sweetly, put the skin of another calf on your feet?

Deadly Combination

London.—A Bath boy named Ernest Wright was found dead in his bath recently. It is believed that a hot bath after a heavy dinner caused his death.

HBK

GLOVES

By The Year

If you want the best and longest-wearing gloves or mitts ever turned out of a factory be sure and ask for the famous

PINTO SHELL

These gloves are specially tanned for hard service and will save you money and reduce your glove expense by the year. Send for our descriptive pamphlet—The Pinto's Shell.

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.
Canada's Expert Glove and Mitt Makers.
MONTREAL.

A bite of this and a taste of that, all day long, dulls the appetite and weakens the digestion.

Restore your stomach to healthy vigor by taking a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal—and cut out the "piecing".

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets

are the best friends for sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 149

NOVEL ONE-ACT PLAY

Stage Society of London Produces an Amusingly Clever Whimsicality

London, England.—Arthur Schnitzler's one-act play, 'The Green Cockatoo,' produced by the Stage Society at the Aldwyche Theatre, is an amazingly clever whimsicality. A grotesque is its program description, and the description is unusually happy: It is daring, ingenious, full of color, and intensely dramatic and interesting.

The time is July, 1789. The scene is Paris. The revolutionary crowds are in the streets. The Bastille is being beseiged. And a crowd of decadent aristocrats are seeking amusement in the Green Cockatoo.

Prosper, the proprietor of the Green Cockatoo, was once a theatrical manager, and is a man of ideas and originality. His inn is an underground cellar, and here every night the actors and actresses of his company pretend to be criminals. One is a murderer, another a thief, a third a bully, and they tell frightful stories of their crimes to an audience of besatined exquisites.

It is all make-believe and yet not all, and the real and the imitation are woven together with masterly skill. A real murderer creeps in among the players and is, of course, at once rejected by the audience as an amateur, and the fantastic becomes the tragic before the end.

Henri, the star of the company, has married the pretty actress, Leocadie. The audience knows she is unfaithful to him and that the Duc de Cadigan is her lover. Henri rushes into the cellar distraught. With fierce gasping words he relates how he has caught the duc in his wife's dressing room and has stabbed him.

The aristocrats applaud wildly. Never have they seen such fine acting. But Henri's followers are disturbed. They know the facts. And the audience feels that here is reality and not sham.

As he finishes the mob sweeps into the cellar. The Bastille has fallen. Henri, the man who has killed a duc, is acclaimed a patriot and a hero. He is bewildered. He has only been play-acting all the time. The duc himself rushes in to find his friends. Henri looks at him, and the frenzy round him gets into his blood. It is true that he is Leocadie's lover. He knows that. It is true that he is an aristocrat. And he stabs him on the stairs.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

The Perfect Cleric

London.—Lord Methuen, presiding at the annual meeting of the South African Church Railway Mission, recently, said that a clergyman for South Africa must be every inch a man, able to ride well, inspan oxen, and show the Dutch, English and natives he was as good as anybody else out there. Above all he must be a perfect gentleman.

INNOCENT MAN CONVICTED

Ruined Financially by Conviction He Leaves His Jail a Pauper

Berlin. — The Berliner Morgenpost has obtained from the prosaic proceedings of the Reichstag details of a case resembling that of Adolf Beck, of England, who received two king's pardons and a grant of $25,000 for two wrongful convictions, under one of which he served the usual proportion of a sentence of seven years' penal servitude.

A Thuringian tannery owner named August Brehm was convicted in 1892 of burning down his factory for the purpose of securing the insurance money and was sentenced to five years penal servitude. He was released after four years on account of his good behaviour. A year or two later he succeeded in establishing his innocence.

The petitions committee of the Reichstag, before whose attention Herr Brehm succeeded after fifteen years' effort in bringing his case, has now recommended the Government to revise the laws providing indemnification for persons wrongfully convicted.

Herr Brehm at the time of his conviction had an estate of $100,000. As soon as he was arrested his creditors took possession of his properties and he left prison a pauper. Attempts to secure an indemnity from the local authorities resulted in a judgment in his favor for $565.

Herr Brehm refused this amount. In the meantime the authorities seized half of it as the cost of the proceedings against him, and the balance was attached by his creditors. Herr Brehm is now sixty-five years of age.

Miller's Worm Powders can do no injury to the most delicate child. Any child, infant or in the state of adolesence, who is infested with worms can take this preparation without a qualm of the stomach, and will find in it a sure relief and a full protection from these destructive pests, which are responsible for much sickness and great suffering to legions of little ones.

PHONES FOR CONSTANTINOPLE

Invasion of Modern Ideas to Follow That of the Balkan Powers

Constantinople, Turkey.— 'Hello! Are you 25 Pera? I want to speak to the sultan, please!'

The above will doubtless be one of the first calls put through in Constantinople this autumn, when a new revolution, every whit as far reaching as the present political upheavals, will take place. The revolution will be no less than the instalation of a complete telephone service in the Turkish capital for the first time in its venerable history.

The company responsible for the instalation is the Societe Anonyme Ottomane des Telephones de Constantinople. The backbone of the new Turkish company is formed by high officials and a large number of the staff of the National Telephone Company, of London, who with the taking over of the British telephone service by the government, sought and obtained new outlets for their energies.

Stanley J. Goddard, th eformer general superintendent of the National, for instance, is president of the Turkish company, while Douglas Watson, former district superintendent at Glasgow is director general and secretary.

Nearly twenty exchanges with considerably more than 5000 lines, will be opened in greater Constantinople, on either bank of the Bosporus, including lines between Stamboul and Pera, beneath the Golden Horn, and connecting four of the Princess islands in the sea of Marmora with the mainland.

Two of th emany difficulties confronting the telephone pioneers in Constantinople are as follows:

Cosmopolitan speech of subscribers. French, Arabic or Turkish, Greek, Armenian, English and German are all spoken in Constantinople. This difficulty has been solved by sending a bevy of girl linguists from Constantinople to London, where they have been taught the telephone business.

More Lunatics in Ireland

Dublin.—Owing to the increase of insanity in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, the governors of the Ballinasloe Asylum have decided to erect a new wing, at a cost of $200,000.

Solves the Breakfast Problem

A bowl of crisp, sweet

Post Toasties

make a most delicious meal.

These crinkly bits of toasted white corn, ready to serve direct from package, are a tempting breakfast when served with cream or milk, or fruit.

The Toasties flavour is a pleasant surprise at first: then a happy, healthful habit.

"The Memory Lingers"

Made by Pure Food Factories of Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

FARMERS LOSE BY GRAIN MIXING

Facts Brought Out at Grain Investigation at Minneapolis Show That Elevator Companies are Large Gainers Through Being Allowed to Mix Wheat.—Scandals Attached to Investigation—Sample Market and Mixing go Hand in Hand.

In the recent investigation by the legislature of Minnesota into methods of grain selling and handling some very interesting facts were brought out.

The committee appointed by the state senate had before it last Saturday the heads of the department of grain inspection and took sworn testimony of the chief clerk of the chief inspector of the state as well as that of the chief inspector. The close relation that exist between the sample market and the system of mixing by elevator companies, which is permitted by the laws of Minnesota was emphasized.

Tables were shown giving the number of bushels of wheat of various grades received at the Minneapolis elevators and the number of bushels of the same grade which was shipped out of the same elevators. The tables showed the figures for a two-year period, beginning September 1, 1910, and ending August 31, 1912.

The fact that the Minneapolis elevators received 15,571,515 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat during those two years and shipped out in the same period 19,978,777 and had on hand 114,353 bushels, making a total of 20,093,130 bushels, was brought out. As a result of the privilege of mixing the elevators had gained 4,521,555 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat from the lower grades of wheat purchased from the farmers.

The table of figures relating to the receipt and shipment of the various grades tell the whole story of the results of the mixing privilege. The same condition is found when the figures on No. 2 Northern are presented, even though the grain in this grade is not so large. During the two year period the Minneapolis elevators received 20,414,584 bushels of No. 2. On August 31, 1912, they had shipped out 22,242,410 bushels and still had on hand 51,648 bushels, making a total of 22,294,094 bushels, or a gain of 1,880,510 bushels.

When the tables on No. 3, No. 4, "rejected" and "no grade" wheat were explained it was easily shown where the grain in No. 1 and No. 2 came from. In the last four instances there was a loss in the elevators. There were 9,777,031 bushels of No. 3 received during the two years. The shipments amounted to 7,664,232 and on August 31, 1912 the elevators had on hand 140,624 bushels. The total of No. 3 wheat, either shipped or on hand, was 7,804,856 bushels. There was a loss in No. 3 grade of 1,972,175 bushels.

In No. 4 grade the elevators received 2,812,653 bushels and shipped out 624,433 bushels. The loss in this grade was 2,188,220 bushels.

The "rejected" wheat tables showed the same condition. In this case there were 1,175,513 bushels received and 621,773 bushels shipped out, making a loss of 553,740 bushels.

But it was in the "no grade" class where the largest loss appeared. Here 4,695,565 bushels were received. At the end of the two year period 1,000,945 bushels had been shipped and there was on hand 249,393 bushels, making a total of shipped and on hand of 1,250,338 bushels and leaving 3,445,227 bushels entirely unaccounted for.

Cases of individually owned elevators were also cited to the senate committee. One of these had received 215,142 bushels of No. 4 wheat and at the end of the two year period had not shipped out one bushel of this grade and did not have one bushel on hand. In other words, every bushel of this grade, the grade for which the farmer was paid, was mixed and came out in the No. 1 and No. 2 Northern grades, the grade for which the elevator owner sold it.

The elevator men who have testified before the senate committee and the house committee have argued that the grain which they make by being allowed to mix is largely offset in the cost of the mixing process. This fact is vigorously disputed by James A. Manahan, counsel for the house committee, recently elected congressman-at-large for the state of Minnesota. Mr. Manahan's contention is that the farmer is the loser by many millions every year under the present system.

"When the elevator companies buy the wheat they give the farmers the prices prevailing that day for No. 2, 3 "rejected" or "no grade" said Mr. Manahan at one of the sessions. "On that same day, these same elevator companies sell a future on No. 1 and 2 for practically that same amount. Their experience has taught them that they can mix the lower grades so as to fill the future order with No. 1 and 2. On that very day they make a profit ranging from the price they paid for the lower grades and the price for which they sell the future on No. 1 and No. 2. In my opinion this nets them a profit amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. True it is that there is some expense in the mixing process but even so I believe that the elevator man is making an enormous profit, a profit way out of proportion."

F. W. Eva, chief of the grain inspection department, when asked regarding the relation of the system of mixing with the sample market, said: "A sample market would be of no value without the privilege of mixing. The two go hand in hand. I believe that the elevator men, having the privilege of mixing, can pay a premium for the upper level of the grade."

In another statement made before the committee Mr. Manahan said there was no doubt that the elevator companies are getting much of the profit that should be going to the farmer.

An Example

Wealth doesn't always bring happiness, remarked the youngster with the large spectacles.

Naw, asserted the other kid. Look at the cousin yonder. He's got two cents and he can't decide between lollipops and chewing gum!

Horse Sale Distemper

You know that what you sell or buy through the sales has about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." At all good druggists.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO.,
Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

The Housekeeper

WHO WOULD MAKE WASH-DAY EASIER, CAN DO SO BY USING

Eddy's Wares

Eddy's Indurated Tubs allow the water to retain heat longer and never rust. Being made in one seamless piece cannot splinter and so the danger of snagged fingers and torn clothes is eliminated. Used in conjunction with

Eddy's Washboards

Washday Loses Half Its Terrors

DON'T MISS THIS

A Splendid 10 cent Household Specialty is being introduced all over Canada. It is appreciated by the Thrifty Housewife who wants things "Just a little better." Send post card to-day. Simply say:—

'Send package of household specialty advertised in my newspaper'

That's all—You will be delighted! Pay if satisfied—we take the risk—Address P. O. Box 1240, Montreal, Can.

This offer expires June 1st, 1913. Send to-day.

Make the Horse Glad and Eager for Work

Clip him before you put him at the spring work. Take off his winter coat that holds the wet sweat and dirt. He'll eat more good from his feed, look better, rest better and give you better service in every way. Don't buy any but

The Stewart Ball Bearing Clipping Machine

the machine that turns easier, clips faster and closer and stays sharp longer than any other. Gears are all file hard and cut from solid steel bar. Gears enclosed, protected and run in oil, little friction, little wear. Has six feet of new style, easy running flexible shaft and Stewart ball tension clipping head.

HIGH SPEED EASY ACTION

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Get one from your dealer and remember every machine is fully guaranteed. Catalog Free

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Used and recommended by the leading engine builders all over the country. Keeps its body at high temperatures. Equally good for external bearings.

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A heavy, durable oil for farm machinery. Insures the least possible friction and wear. Withstands weather and is unaffected by moisture.

El Dorado Castor Machine Oil · *Mica Axle Grease*
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BRASS BAND

amateur band. Send a postal for a printed form of constitution and its many advantages. Write now.

WINNIPEG MANITOBA | THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., LIMITED | TORONTO ONTARIO

Yes, After All

Charlie, why do you tell everyone that we are engaged? I did not say yes!

But you said no-no! and two negatives make an affirmative.

Ouch

Margaret, dear, tell me what was your principal reason for accepting me?

Well, Percy, you see, some girls have money and could marry brains, while others have brains and could marry money. I had neither.

Blackbeetle Stops a Concert

Melbourne.—The appearance of a blackbeetle on a concert platform at Brisbane frightened a lady vocalist into a fainting fit. Her accompanist rushed shrieking from the hall, and the performance was stopped.

He Knew

Tommy, said his mother, what would you like to give your cousin Willie for his birthday?

I know what I'd like to give him, answered Tommy, who had been bullied by the other boy, but I ain't big enough.

Air Flies to a Council Meeting

Geneva.—The Swiss airman, Attilio Maffei, recently elected to the grand provincial council, flew from Bellinzona over the Alps to Lugano to take his seat.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED—To do work at home; decorating cushion tops, etc. Can make from $3 to $5 per day; pleasant work. Armour Art Co., Dept. N, 12 Steele Blk., Winnipeg.

The Riverside Nurseries

Comprising 125 Acres *GRAND FORKS, B. C.*

Pears Plums **APPLE TREES** Peaches Cherries

GUARANTEED HOME GROWN

Cellared—Roots in earth, no danger of winter killing

"We can hold your trade."

Established 1900 by the HON. MARTIN BURRELL
Minister of Agriculture

ALL STOCK DELIVERED TO YOUR RANCH AT CATALOGUE PRICES

For Catalogue and Price list, write to—

WALTER V. JACKSON, Agent, Creston, B. C.

We Carry A complete line of Merchandise

We cater to the ranchers needs. A partial list of our stock is as follows:

FARM EMPLEMENTS, HARDWARE, HARNESS DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FEED, ETC.

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FRUIT TREES

AND ORNAMENTALS

Coldstream Estate Nurseries

VERNON, B. C.

All our trees are Home Grown and guaranteed true to name. We carry all the leading varieties most suited to this district. Our specialty is budded stock on three-year-old whole roots.

For further particulars apply to our local Agent.

J. Blinco, Box 29, Creston, B.C.

Wall Paper

Complete New Stock Just Arrived

Calsomining, Painting, Paper-hanging, Carriage Sgn painting. Let me give you advice and estimates on your work. All w rk guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Harry Leonard

Shop on Sirdar Ave., next to McCreath's Livery

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY BY GETTING MY ESTIMATES

King George Will Pay Visit To Canada

The Brooklyn Eagle's London correspondent, under date of April 12, writes as follows;

"I am able to announce definitely that King George will visit Canada in 1914.

"Only some such unexpected event as a European war involving Great Britain or a family bereavement will prevent this trip taking place.

"The king and his advisers are taking somewhat unnecessary pains in keeping the proposed visit secret. They are afraid that the Canadians will be disappointed that they dread the king's intention being announced at this distant date. A meeting between King George and President Wilson at Niagara Falls is likely to be arranged in the near future. King George announced his willingness to open the Toronto exhibition in August, 1914.

"It will be the first time that any king of England has ever visited Canada. It is hoped that the queen will accompany the king, but nothing is yet definitely settled as regards this. The Prince of Wales is likely to with his father on his interesting trip.

"Lord Strathcona the veteran high commissioner of Canada, said yesterday: No people of the empire are more loyal or more attached to the king than the Canadians. His majesty received evidence of this in 1899 when the Boer war broke out. Should the king go now or at any subsequent time, if would be impossible for him to receive a finer welcome in any part of the world than in Canada.

"It has been suggested that the warship on which the king will make the trip to Canada should be diverted to Sandy Hook so that King George can see in person one two of the tries for the America's cup.

"The trip to Canada is only the forerunner of others. It is King George's ambition to be the first king to visit not only Canada, but also Australia and south Africa.

Many Score Over 85 In Packing School

A list of the pupils names and points received at the packing school which was held in Creston a short while ago has just been received from the government horticulturist.

The letter stand that these pupils may receive a Diploma from the Department on exhibiting 5 boxes of apples at the next Fall Fair, if the exhibit is worthy of 75 points or over in the estimation of the judge. In case of these pupils who, inaddition, put the ensuing season as Commercial packers to the satisfaction of some reliable organiztion, statement to that effort will appear on the diploma.

All pupils of the packingschools who attained a proficiency of 75% or over in the packing schools conducted by the Department of agricultare during the winter months on 1912--1913, are eligible for entry in competive fair, prizes will be given for each place represented These compotions will be conducted in all districts in which packing schools were held.

There will be no entry fees for competitors Each competitor is to exhibit five standard boxes of five or fewer varieties to be packed by the pupils without the assistance of anyone. There are to be five packs in the diagonal style; all layers except the face wrapped; no layer papers; fruit may be wrapped and the cover need not have nailed down.

The fruit will be scored on the following bases: Grading 20 points· Praking; Aligment, 20 points, Bulge, 20 points, Height at ends, 20 points, and firmness 20 points making a total of 100 points.

The fruit judge will forward his score to the department of Agriculture, and the pupils awarded first, second and third, will receive prizes of $15 $10 and $5 Pupils whose pack scores 75% or over are credited with these points for diplomas whether they are successful in receiving prize money or not.

Following is a list of the names of persons who attended the packing school and received over ninety points.

G. Craigie, A. D. Pochin, C Craigie, Mr. Thurston, Mrs. Pochin, Mrs. wamsley, Mrs. Dew, Mrs. Mathews, Mr. Lyne Mr. Staples, Mrs Young, A. FitzGerald Mrs. Collis, Mr. Dew, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Truscott, A. Lendray, R. G. A. Hockley, Mr. Turner, Mr. Hamilton, R. Hubio, H. B. Downs, Mrs. Pease, S. Henderson, Mr. Wells, Mr. Collis, J. Moore, E. Cartwright, Mr. Holmes, T. Midford, Miss Stinson, T. Goodwin, E. Pease

Mrs. G. M Gunn and family left today fot Trout Lake, B. C., where Mr. Gunn is now located·

DUCK CREEK NEWS

C. H. Black was a Visitor to Creston on Saturday

Mr. and Mrs. W. B Ember, Miss Mable Embree and Mr and Mrs. Thorpe were visitors to Duck Creek on Saturday and took in the Social club. Basket Social.

Stanley and Tom Medford, Jack and Miss Ruth Smith of Alice Siding, were among the visitors to the social club on Saturday.

By a vote of 13 for and 4 against, it shows that the folks here are not yet tired of dancing, and another dance will be held on May 31 st. Carl Wigen and Douglas Butterfield as floor managers.

Carl Carlson, and Miss Anna Hagen were Creston callers Wednesday.

The Basket Social was a huge success and the ladies are to be highly complemented for the pretty and artistic baskets that they made The bidding was good from the start and after paying the expenses of the evening the total amount collected was $20.65 This sum will go towards running the club during the summer.

On Sunday May 25 th the social club will hold its first picnic. The location has not yet been decided on.

Bapco Paints

PAINTS VARNISHES STAINS IRONITE FLOOR PAINT

RAW and BOILED OIL PURE WHITE LEAD

TURPENTINE. Complete Stock of Varnish, Calsomine and Paint Brushes

S. A. SPEERS, General MERCHANT

By for Cash and receive your FIVE percent discount at our Store

Church Notices

METHODIST CHURCH

Beginning the first Sunday in May

Junior Congregation and Bible Class 11 A. M.

Public Worship, 7:30 P. M.

Come and help us to help you.

Fred L. Carpenter
Pastor

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m.

Adults Bible Class meets every Thursday evening.

W. G. Blake
Minister

—We carry a full line of shoes including Chippewa logging shoes -The cash store.

SOWING HIS WILD OATS

REAPING A HARVEST OF SORROW

How many young men can look back on their early life and regret their misdeeds. "Sowing their wild oats" in various ways. Excesses, violation of nature's laws, "wine, women and song"—all have their victims. You have reformed but what about the seed you have sown—what about the harvest? Don't trust to luck. If you are at present within the clutches of any secret habit which is sapping your life by degrees; if you are suffering from the results of past indiscretions; if your blood has been tainted from any private disease and you dare not marry; if you are married and live in dread of symptoms breaking out and exposing your past; if you are suffering as the result of a misspent life—DRS. K. & K. ARE YOUR REFUGE. Lay your case before them confidentially and they will tell you honestly if you are curable.

YOU CAN PAY WHEN CURED

We Treat and Cure VARICOSE VEINS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BLOOD and URINARY COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY and BLADDER Diseases and all Diseases Peculiar to Men.

CONSULTATION FREE. Books Free on Diseases of Men. If unable to call, write for a Question Blank 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 used for correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows:

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

Write for our private address.

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Get that leaky boiler fixed

TINSMITHING, PLUMBING and PIPE FITTING

Guns, bicycles, phonographs, spray pumps, sewing machines and cream separators promptly and efficiently repaired.

Expert on Gasoline Engines

Repair Shop behind Creston Hardware and Furniture Store

GO THROUGH THE ALLEY

Wm. B. Embree

Idle Money

If you have a few hundred or a few thousand dollars that is idle, you can put it to work earning you good interest by placing a Money to Loan Ad. in our Classified Want Columns.

People with gilt-edge collateral often require ready cash and will pay good interest for it. Put your money to work.