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ALL THE NEWS of the CRESTON DISTRICT

THE CRESTON REVIEW

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR $2.00 A YEAR

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LIBRARY LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY JUL 10 1913 VICTORIA B.C.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE WAGES WAR ON NOXIOUS WEEDS

The following letter from the Department of Agriculture at Victoria, is worthy of more than passing notice by every agriculturist in this district. The claim is sometimes made that the department is panic-stricken over the noxious weeds problem, but the fact remains that the only possible way to ensure freedom from noxious weeds is to persevere in the processes looking to their extinction, always realizing that they may invade one's own territory at any time and that by taking steps for their eradication when they first appear one may save an immense amount of time and labor.

The letter speaks for itself and is as follows:

Victoria, B. C., 27th June, 1913
To the Editor of Creston Review,
Dear Sir,

I would be obliged if you would kindly allow me, through the medium of your paper, to call the attention of farmers throughout the Province to the necessity of conducting a vigorous campaign against the spread of noxious weeds in the Province. This constitutes a grave menace to the development of agriculture, and it is very essential that a determined effort be made at the present time to combat the evil before it gets too big to handle. It is deplorable to see in many good agricultural districts in the Province the alarming extent to which the Canadian Thistle has spread This is one of the very worst weeds in existence, and probably the hardest to control.

The following course of treatment which should be pursued for the eradication of Canadian Thistle is recommended by the Seed Commissioner's Branch of the Federal Department of Agriculture;

REMEDY.—Being a deep-rooted perennial, Canada Thistle should be plowed deep in summer just as the flowers open or the flowering stems may be mowed down and the land plowed as soon as the new growth appears. As new stems are thrown up they must be cut off with a broad-sheared cultivator, at intervals during the summer and autumn. Deep plowing in the autumn has been found useful in suppressing thistle in Manitoba. The chief safeguard against Canada thistle and similar deep-rooted perennials, is undoubtedly a regular short rotation of crops with thorough cultivation. A three year rotation including two cuttings of early red clover for the first year, followed by deep fall plowing for hoed crops with clean cultivation and a cereal crop for the third will suppress it.

For permanent pastures and wild lands where this course of treatment is not feasible, a plan which is followed by many with great success is to keep the plants cut off at the crown and never allow them to flower. This course, if pursued faithfully will in a few years' time destroy this pest.

* * * Thanking you in anticipation for your courtesy in inserting this letter, Yours very truly,

WM. E. SCOTT,
Deputy Minister

CRESTON SCHOOL NEWS

Miss Bertha M. Webster, who has been principal of the Superior school, leaves shortly for her home near Charlottetown, P. E. I., where she will spend her vacation with friends and relatives.

The High School exams. will be held Creston commencing Monday, July 7th. There are 12 candidates, 8 of whom are trying for a third class non-professional certificate.

Miss Creelman, we understand, is staying on. She proposes to spend part of her vacation with friends in Grand Forks and Kitchener.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS ELECT OFFICERS

At the regular meeting of K. of P. Lodge held Monday, June 16th, the following officers were elected:

E. C. Gibbs, C. B.
B. W. Tucker, V. C.
Geo. Broderick, K. of R. and S.
Thos. Harris, M. of W.
W. G. Blake, M. of F.
Jno. Boyd, M. of Ex.
D. W. Scott, M. A.
S. A. Speers, I. G.
R. M. Reed, O. G.

The following were appointed as a committee to audit the books:

G. B. Henderson, S. A. Speers and E. C. Gibbs.

The installation of officers will take place on Monday the 14th July, when all members are especially requested to be on hand at 8 p.m. sharp.

E. C. GIBBS C. C.

D. W. Briggs, President Canyon City Lumber Co., left for Nelson on a business trip Tuesday.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS
A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at $5 a box, or three for $10. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sir Charles Tupper Canada's G. O. M.

The Nelson Daily News pays the following tribute editorially to Sir Charles Tupper, who on Wednesday celebrated his ninety-second birthday.

"Sir Charles Tupper, who may well be called Canada's Grand Old Man, is today 92 years of age. To him at his home in the Old Country the best wishes of Canadians, irrespective of politics, will go. While in public life Sir Charles was a hard fighter, and perhaps made his share of enemies, but the value of his work for Canada has never been questioned. It was his courage and his energy which brought Novia Scotia into Confederation, following which his great abilities, and their greatness is admitted by all, were freely given in shaping the destinies of the new Dominion

While the history of Canada cannot be written without tribute being paid to the public services of Sir Charles Tupper, his name specially deserves to be for all time associated with the development of the west, for it was largely through his efforts that the Canadian Pacific railway was constructed across the Dominion. His was the prescience which saw the greatness of this western country. He forsaw the development which would follow the construction of the Canadian Pacific, and he urged the importance of the work upon his collengues in cabinet council and in parliment.

After an active life, over half a century of which was spent in his country's service, Sir Charles recently left the land of birth, to which he bid a last farewell, intending to spend his declining days in the land of his ancestors. That his remaining days may be happy and contented, a fitting ending for a life of usefulness and service to his country and his empire should be, and is, the wish of every true Canadian."

Stella and Lida Johnson, daughters of George Johnson, manager for P. Burns' local branch, are spending a week in Cranbrook visiting friends.

M. Shane, Eye-sight Specialist and expert optician, will be at the Creston Hotel Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th of July, offering you his professional services.

NEWSY LOCAL NOTES.

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

J. W. Bennett, of Fernie was a visitor in town Monday.

How about soft water for washing? Get Eavestroughing put up by Embree for 15 cts a foot.

Mrs. Lyons, of Port Hill, was a visitor in town Wednesday.

Mr. Bradley, of the Fruit Grower's Union, made a flying trip to Nelson Wednesday, returning Thursday.

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

Jim King, of the Salmo school, is in town spenbing a week of his vacation and renewing old acquaintances,

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

That hail storm of Wednesday afternoon was the occasion of much surprise to many people in and around Creston.

M. Shane, Eye-sight Specialist and expert optician, will be at the Creston Hotel Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th of July, offering you his professional services.

Mrs. Dan Burton and family, of Cranbrook, paid Creston friends a visit Tuesday and incidentally viewed our town from the perspective of a jaunt in Dick Bevans Ford.

Mr. R. Axon has arrived from the coast and will take charge of the services of the Church of England during the summer months. The church and congreeation are greatly pleased with the arrangement and will give him a hearty welcome. The services will be as follows; Matins. 11:00 a.m.; Sabbath School, 3:00 p.m.; Evensong 7:30 p.m. A hearty welcome is extended to all to attend the services.

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

ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND NEAR CRESTON

R. Walmsley and Guy Lowenburg are well known citizens of Creston, in fact they are both reputed to be, and are boosters for our very enterprising community, furthermore they each have a very enviable reputation for veracity and honor, and besides all this we wouldn't doubt their word, even when they offered to produce the proofs, Well, they are sponsors for the report of a find near Creston of what really are specimens of interesting archaeological value.

While on a visit recently to the home of Dan English, who cultivates part of lot 216, Corn Creek, they saw with their own eyes and handled with their own hands, three axes made of stone; evidently at one time the property of the original pre, enito s of the first inhabitants of this co nty.

The ordinary flint arrow he ad is suggestive of antiquity, but this later find stone axes harks back to a period in the world's history so remote that we haven't the temerity even to ask fo the proof they are so willing to produce.

Corn Creek as a suburb of Creston is surely on the map for all time.

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

P. E. Wilson, of Cranbrook was a passenger on Wednesday,s Eastbound train, returning home from a trip to Nelson.

Principal L. J. Crauston, of Cranbrook will preside at the High school examinations to be held here commencing Monday July 7.

—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.

H. S. McCreath brought us a sample of Apples grown on Jas. Compton's ranch and wintered in Mac's cellar. They were in splendid condition and were greatly appreciated by the new editor, also the new devil.

—FOR SALE— one set of double harness, (humane collars,) 150 rods, 9 stand patent wire fencing, 454, 8 foot cedar (prairie) posts, house logs peeled, 28x30 and 20x21 foot logs, and 50 lbs. mammoth clover seed. E. L. T. Taylor, Creston, B. C.

Dick Bevan finally decided to take the C. P. R. route to the big celebration at Bonner's Ferry, Mrs. Bevan joined him today.

A small house to rent on Victoria Ave apply J. Cook.

—House to Let.—Apply to A. N. Couling, 4th Stree, Creston.

M. F. Eby, of Arrow Creek, was in town Wednesday and brought the editor a box of strawberries he grew on his own ranch, they are the first grown on Arrow Creek and certainly are beauties. Ask Walmsley.

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

Guy Lowenburg leaves today for a week-end visit to Balfour, there to indulge in the gentle pastime that has made the name of Isaac Walton famous.

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

25 per cent discount on all wall paper Complete new line. H. Leonard, Sirdar avenue.

W. H. Crawford was one of those who boarded the train for Nelson on Thursday.

Any party or parties desiring space for booths at the Park grounds for July 12th should apply to Geo. Broderick, enclosing five dollars with the application.

FOR SALE—The beautiful home with its magnificent flowers, well appointed lawn and fountain, daughter lately occupied by the Rev. T. Hayman, is for sale or will rent to a desirable tenant.

For further particulars enquire from T. M. Edmondson, Creston B. C.

G. N. R. Fails to Make Good

Can't Supply Train For July 4th---C. P. R. to the Rescue

Although it was extensively advertised that a special train had been arranged for, and although Bonners Ferry people were hoping and planning on a big addition to their numbers from Creston and intermediate points, the Great Northern Railway Company have announced that it was not possible to supply a special train for that date. The only explanation is that owing to the fact that owing of a great national holiday the equipment would be needed in other places more productive of shekels for the company's coffers than Creston and vicinity.

We are happy to say no blame attaches to the Bonner's Ferry folk, who will be as much disappointed as we are.

Some of our people, however, propose to go by the C. P. R. and others had planned to go by auto, but had to abandon the latter plan on account of the heavy roads.

In view of the fact that a committee had wired for and procured pennants and buttons for the occasion, the disappointment is very keen, but we expect to go to the aid of the Ferry people when they hold their fair this fall, and then we can join them in boosting for our Glorious Kootenay Valley.

A shack to rent apply J. Cook.

J. H. Schofield, M. P. P. was greeting his Creston friends and constituents Thursday.

—Before taking that outing trip call and see our fishing hats at the Cash Store.

D. B. Pawley and D. Gilroy, of Nelson, passed through on Thursday's Westbound train returning from Calgary whither they had gone, each to take unto himself a wife. The ladies came all the way from Michigan. "Westward the star of empire holds its way." We extend congratulations and best wishes.

Charlie Morris of the Hudson's Bay staff, Nelson, was a visitor between trains on Dominion Day and was shown about our fair city by Miss Wills and Miss Middleton, who themselves are visitors in Creston.

O. J. Wigen, of Wynndel, was a business caller in town Wednesday. Mr. Wigen says the strawberries are doing fine in spite of adverse weather conditions. He is one of the busiest men in the valley just now and took the afternoon train home again.

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

At a meeting of the Loyal Orange Lodge, No. 1871, of Cranbrook, last week they decided to also celebrate July 12th with the Nelson and Creston Lodges at Creston on July 12. The members and friends of the lodge will travel to Creston by a special four coach passenger train, leaving Cranbrook at 8 A.M., and will stop for passengers at all intermediate points A reduced fare of $2.45 has been procured from the Canadian Pacific railway this being less than the ordinary single fare. With the addition of this lodge to Nelson and Creston an unbound success is assured. All preparations are under way to make this one of the most glorious days Creston ever had, and all Crestonites should join and help make it a success in every way.

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $3 a box, or two for $5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

THE FAMILY DISGRACE

WHENEVER I come where the old folks is,
"Jes' look at your hands!" says ma,
An' Sis says "My!" though it's none of her biz,
"An' look at his neck!" says pa.
"An' look at the mud on his stockings, too,
An' look at his dirty face!
It isn't a week since his shoes were new!"
Oh, it's awful tough when you know that you
Are the family's one disgrace!

"Jes' look how the seat of his pants is worn!
Did ever you see such hair?
An' that is his very best blouse that's torn,
An' his coat's got another tear.
He might be a ragpicker's boy," says ma.
"The alley's about his place."
"He ought to be spanked—that's what!" says pa.
Oh, it's awful tough when you know you are
Your family's one disgrace!

"Now, what has he got in his pockets, pray?
An' where does he get such things?
An' why does he bulge out his clothes that way
With marbles an' tops an' strings?
Don't you dare to sit down till you've been upstairs
An' scrubbed both your hands an' face!
My goodness! Don't handle those portieres!"
Oh, nobody loves an' nobody cares
For the family's one disgrace!
—Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press.

Willing to Be Imposed Upon.

He had youth and much faith and inexperience, but his good father took him into his office to initiate him into the mysteries of business.

The second day he was at work a man came in asking for financial aid, with a pathetic story about a sick wife at home and six helplessly small children without a crust in the house.

The boy listened earnestly and then went into his dad's office to intercede for the unfortunate man. He told the sad story seriously. The father leaned forward and peered into the outer office at the vagrant

"My son, credulity is one of those good things that die young, and it is such impostors as that man who make it so," he said impatiently. "Why, when that man was here last week he had eight children, according to his story."

"But, father, don't you see," replied the son tragically, "the other two probably died of starvation."—Kansas City Star.

Injustice

By Arthur Applin

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

(Continued)

Iris de Fontaigne possessed them. She alone of all women he had met. And he had met many; young and old, maiden and widow had drifted past his life through the door of his office. They had come offering old lamps for new; some on their knees had implored his help—the gold he had hoarded—in exchange for which they had been willing to offer home, happiness, love, honor, agreeing even to barter life in exchange. Always he the seller, the world of men and women buyers.

Now he would find himself the suppliant. He now, might bend his knee. He, for the first time in his life, the beggar.

He lifted himself up, standing erect proudly. He was a Jew, a man with no home, no abiding place, a wanderer on the face of the earth. Hated, feared. Yet his people had bought the world and the fulness thereof. He was wise with the wisdom of the ancients, and he knew he had found something all his gold could not buy. There was something more precious than gold. To obtain it, he would give up his wealth and again go down into the gutters, rags upon his backs.

He picked up the newspaper again and looked at it. Jimmy Francks had won the day. His lips curled contemptuously. A few hours ago he knew no rival save Memory. But now Francks was free again—unless he had purchased freedom with a human life.

The clock struck the hour. Half-past twelve. Breaking all former traditions, Aaron Roberts put on his hat and went out to lunch. Faber watched him go, dumb with amazement. He entered his private room and tried the safe. It was locked, and Faber knew that it contained a secret more precious than any held by the countless hoard of ghosts which haunted the moneylender's offices.

On his way to the restaurant, Roberts bought a copy of every penny paper published. Directly he had ordered his humble repast, he started to read them thoughtfully and carefully one by one.

Presently he became conscious that a stranger had seated himself at his table, a young, clean-shaven man with pale blue eyes and fresh complexion.

Without quite knowing what prompted the action, Aaron Roberts quickly folded up his newspapers and hid them away from sight.

CHAPTER XIX

When the Honorable Fred Scribner's servant called him the morning following his meeting with Jimmy Francks, that well-trained domestic so far forgot himself as to utter an exclamation of surprise when he saw his master's swollen and bandaged face.

And for once Scribner's good breeding failed him. What the devil are you staring at?

The sunlight poured into the room, fell across the bed, and its warm brilliance served to accentuate the pallor and pastiness of the Honorable Fred's countenance.

He looked what he felt—a wreck; a dissipated roue.

I beg your pardon, sir, the man stammered. You met with an accident last night. I hope you're not hurt.

Instinctively, Scribner put his hand up to his eye, his pride was hurt as well as his body. He wondered what he looked like. He glanced quickly at his servant. Perhaps the man thought he had drunk more than he could carry—like a gentleman. It was Scribner's boast that he had never been drunk—in the accepted sense of the word. He could take his wine with any man.

Will you take a cup of tea, sir, before you get up?

No Scribner growled. I'm ready for my bath at once.

He hesitated a moment and watched the man collecting his clothes. As a rule he treated his servant decently, but with certain contemptuous indifference. Now he felt the necessity for some explanation.

An infernal taxi-cab, he mumbled vaguely, it might have killed me. I'm expecting a man here about half past ten from Scotland Yard. If anybody else calls, I'm out.

Very good, sir.

An ironical grin crossed Scribner's face. He had been 'not-at-home' for a good many weeks, and he began to wonder how his servant had so successfully kept the door closed against the ever-increasing company of duns, solicitors' clerks, debt collectors and tradesmen who beseiged it from hour to hour.

He rose languidly and looked at his reflection in the mirror. Not a pretty sight. A trifle really—a black eye, but to Scribner it seemed the last straw. For some time his appearance had been his only asset, and now that was gone.

He knew, when he opened the morning newspaper, that he would find the announcement of his engagement to Iris de Fontaigne contradicted—the gates of Scrivener Towers would be closed against him—and a shriek of joy would go up from the secretary of the Home for Lost Cats and certain other English charities which his aunt favored.

He commenced automatically to lather his face preparatory to shaving and then realised the hopelessness of the task. But for a moment he fingered the razor thoughtfully.

One answer to the riddle of existence. The only way out of his difficulties now.

And the words of the Jew echoed again in his ears when he had warned him that he would eventually join the great army of wastrels on the Embankment, and be begging his food from the street corner coffee stalls.

He put the razor back into its case and closed it with a snap. Before he went out he would be revenged on those who had helped kick him into the gutter. He should not be the only person to pay, Scribner swore softly. Aaron Roberts and Jimmy Francks, and even Iris should each bear their share.

He bathed and dressed with difficulty, and then played with a little breakfast. But he had no appetite for food, perhaps that was lucky; starvation was an accomplishment he would have to learn. He threw himself into an armchair, and lighting a large cigar, opened the Morning Post. As yet he had not found it necessary to deny himself one of the luxuries which, to rich men, are necessities.

His whiskies, cigars and cigarettes and his man-servant, they had all been and could still be, obtained on credit, and he had not the faintest intention of giving them up until he gave up—life.

He contented himself with reading the racing news, wondered with a saving sense of humor if he could find a horse which would win at unusually long odds, and so put off for a while the evil day. He owed all his bookmakers money, but doubtless one of them could be persuaded to accept another bet.

His aunt and Scrivener Towers still had their uses.

He picked out the American horse called 'Delirium,' the name amused him, and it seemed suitable somehow, and ringing up Westbrooke, one of the best natured bookmakers he knew, he managed to persuade him to invest a 'pony' each way for him.

Then he turned to the news of the day, and as a couple of headlines in in bold, black type caught his eye, he uttered a smothered exclamation.

His servant was clearing away the breakfast things. Terrible affair at the Savoy Hotel, sir, the man said obsequiously. Happening to a gentleman like Mr. Francks too, and him not married a year. It's a most mysterious affair.

Scribner scarcely heard the man. He was eagerly devouring the account—a well-written and guarded one.

"Extraordinary Affair. Strange Mystake. Wrapped In Mystery Deepest Sympathy

Presently he slowly folded up the paper and put it on the table by his side. His cigar had gone out. He re-lit it, his fingers trembling slightly.

As you say, Bates, a most mysterious affair, he said in a steady voice. It looks rather bad for Mr. Francks, don't you think?

The man cleared his throat a little awkwardly. Well, sir, it's queer, of course, as I said to Phillips this morning, it's uncommon queer. They do say it was one of them marriages of convenience. But, there, Mr. Francks was one of the richest and pleasantest men we have.

One of the richest and pleasantest men we have! Scribner repeated the servant's words, then laughed.

The front door bell rang and Mr. Heriot was shown into the room. I won't keep you long, he said pleasantly, you seem to be a very busy man, Mr. Scribner. There's quite a crowd of people waiting to see you outside.

Scribner shrugged his shoulders and looked Heriot up and down; he had scarcely noticed his appearance the previous evening, but now he took in every detail—his face, his figure, the very clothes he wore.

There was something about this representative of law and order which disarmed suspicion. He seemed to possess a kindly youth his eyes were ingenuous, almost innocent. But Scribner realised that he was wiser than he looked.

I'm not busy, he yawned, pointing to a chair, and I don't think I'm exactly popular; nevertheless, I'm in great demand at the present moment, but I'm infernally hard up, Mr. Heriot.

I suppose it's necessary you should follow the fashion, the detective smiled.

Scribner offered him a cigar, but the detective shook his head.

Now, then, what about this little affair of last night; are you still anxious to make a Police Court or a County Court affair of it?

Scribner rolled the cigar between his lips. I want your advice.

I'm not a lawyer, Mr. Scribner.

You know the name of the man who assaulted me? He looked straight into the detective's eyes, but Heriot's expression was untranslatable. I know nothing. There was just the slightest emphasis on the second word.

Scribner rose from his seat and stood with his back to the fireplace; he flung the end of his cigar into the grate. It was Jimmy Francks, the man who last night murdered—

(To be Continued)

WHY ENDURE PIMPLES

CUTICURA
Soap and Ointment

Do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them.

the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page Skin Book, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 28D, Boston, U. S. A.

W. N. U. 962

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER
NONE-SO-EASY

Dining With Traitors

Lord Charles Beresford's outburst against 'dining with traitors' recalls the vehement political hatred of the past, says the London Chronicle. Coke of Norfolk used to tell how his grandfather instructed him. Now, Tom, as long as you live, never trust a Tory, and would add, 'And I never have and never will. In more recent times the old Duke of Marlborough was much perturbed because Lord Randolph Churchill sometimes entertained Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain. He could not understand, he said, how his son could cultivate social relations with persons of such pernicious opinions, and was quite sure that House of Commons traditions had greatly changed since he succeeded.

Diggs—My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours—

Biggs—Get out!

Diggs—After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep.

Bessie—Mamma has gone downtown to buy some watered silk. What do they use watered silk for, anyway?

Bobby—Dunno, but I guess they make bathing suits out of it.

The African Methodist Episcopal congregation was jubilating over the success of an outdoor festival. Gradually the jubilee toned down to a solemn debate as to the use to be made of the profits. When the general opinion seemed to be setting in favor of the purchase of a chandelier for the meeting house, Marse Ringer, the town roustabout, who had been greatly exalted by the jubilation, for the first time in his life spoke in meeting.

See heah, Mistah Pahson, said he, Ise agreeable, sah, Ise entirely agreeable wid the rest of de membahs, sah; but Ah would jes' like to fix one question, sah, jes' one. Ef we does git dis chandeliah, sah, if we does get it, who am a gwine to play on it? Dat is what ah like to know?

A politician gave his cousin, fresh from the 'ould sod, a job as smoke inspector. He was not instructed as to his duties, but told to go out and inspect.

At the end of his first month he made this report:

This is to certify that I have inspected the smoke of this city for the past thirty days. I have to report that I have found plenty of smoke and that the smoke is of a good quality.

The other Sunday two small boys were industriously digging in a vacant lot, when a man who was passing stopped to give them a lecture.

Don't you know that it is a sin to dig on Sunday, unless it be a case of necessity? asked the good man.

Yes, sir, timidly replied one of the boys.

Then why don't you stop it?

Cause this is a case of necessity, replied the little philosopher. A feller can't fish without bait.

It's as sad to see a rich man with a poor appetite as it is to see a poor man who can't get to the lunch counter.

Clergyman—I have a hazy recollection of marrying you before.

Actress—You did, but not to this gentleman.

When a woman utilizes the present in making a past for future use she shows foresight.

"LIKE MAGIC"

New Food Makes Wonderful Changes

When a man has suffered from dyspepsia so many years that he can't remember when he had a natural appetite, and then hits on a way out of trouble he may be excused for saying "it acts like magic."

When it is a simple, wholesome food instead of any one of a large number of so called remedies in the form of drugs, he is more than ever likely to feel as though a sort of miracle has been performed.

A Western man, in the delight of restored digestion, puts it in this way:

"Like magic, fittingly describes the manner in which Grape-Nuts relieved me of poor digestion, coated tongue and loss of appetite, of many years standing.

"I tried about every medicine that was recommended to me, without relief. Then I tried Grape-Nuts on the suggestion of a friend. By the time I had finished the fourth package, my stomach was all right, and for the past two months, I have been eating with a relish, anything set before me. That is something I had been unable to do previously for years.

"I am stronger than ever and I consider the effects of Grape-Nuts on a weak stomach as something really wonderful. It builds up the entire body as well as the brain and nerves." Name given by the Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

PILES

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—50c box.

Zam-Buk
FOR ALL SUMMER SORES.

Too Bad

The other night, as the last train was about to go out, an old farmer rushed into an already over-crowded compartment. It so happened that an occupant—a dandified young man—was one of his customers. By way of pleasantry the young man inquired what he had got in a small box under his arm.

Oh, said the farmer, a box of chalk.

I see, the young man replied, glancing with an air of wisdom at his fellow passengers, chalk for the milk, eh?

Not exactly, drawled the farmer slowly, but I've done so much chalking up for milk at your house that I have had to buy another box!

Housewife—Norah, how long did you boil these eggs?

Norah—Six minutes, mum, by the kitchen clock.

Housewife—Don't you remember I told you not more than four minutes and they are as hard as rocks.

Norah—Yis, mum, but the clock is two minutes slow, and sure, I had to make allowance for that.

Johnson—Bilkins is an awful bounder.

Jackson—Naturally; he made his money in rubber.

Frost—Some people are always borrowing trouble.

Snow—Probably no one will lend them anything else.

WHEN BABY CRIES

When the baby cries continually do not put it down for pure ugliness—that is not the baby's nature—it is to be happy and laughing. Every baby should cry on an average of fifteen or twenty minutes a day—that is how he strengthens his lungs. But mothers if your baby gives sharp piercing cries or low sobbing wails, he is in pain and needs attention. Nothing will relieve the little one so quickly as Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the stomach and bowels, expel worms, break up colds, and will make baby healthy and happy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

H erDiploma

She says she went abroad to finish her education. I wonder if she learned much?

She told me that she had six new ways to fix her hair.

Wise and experienced mothers know when their children are troubled with worms and lose no time in applying Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermifuge that can be used. It is absolute in clearing the system of worms and restoring those healthy conditions without which there can be no comfort for the child, or hope of robust growth. It is the most trustworthy of worm exterminators.

The trolley had slipped off the overhead wire, leaving the tram in darkness. After some little fumbling the conductor made the connection, and the car lighted up, whereupon a small voice raised itself in shrill inquiry: Mamma, who put the penny in?

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

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

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.
(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Her exalted rank did not give Queen Victoria immunity from the trials of a grandmother. One of her grandsons, whose recklessness in spending money provoked her strong disapproval, wrote to the queen reminding her of his approaching birthday and delicately suggesting that money would be the most acceptable gift. In her own hand she answered, sternly reproving the youth for the sin of extravagance and urging upon him the practice of economy. His reply staggered her:

Dear grandma, it ran, thank you for your kind advice. I have sold the same for £5.

Mary Anne was an Irish girl who had obtained a situation in the home of a lady of title, who happened to have her mother-in-law, who was a dowager, stopping with her.

Now, Mary Anne, said the young mistress one morning, I am going to town, and if anyone calls you can tell them that I am out, but, she added, you can tell them that the dowager is at home.

Sometime after her departure a lady called and inquired for the mistress. Well, madam, replied Mary Anne, the mistress is out, but the badger is upstairs.

You say that a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points? exclaimed the Grouch. Why you must be an idiot.

No, I am not, replied the stranger. I'm a taxi driver.

A pretty girl knows enough palmistry to hold hands.

Explained

There was one young man, said the chaplain thoughtfully, who seemed to regard my opening prayer with the deepest attention. He showed a degree of nervous impatience that was almost painful, and when I concluded—I made the petition a little longer on his account—I am positive his overwrought feeling were relieved by a sigh that was almost startling. I looked for him afterward, but he had gone. A young man with light hair and eyes and an obtuse nose—do you know him?

Sure I do, replied the doortender. He was waiting for the copy of your stuff for one of the afternoon papers—and he had to get over in time for the noon edition.

Relieves Asthma at Once. If you could read the thousands of unsolicited letters received by the makers from grateful users you, too, would realize the remarkable curing powers of Dr. S. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. All cases, incipient and chronic, are benefited by this great family remedy, and many of them are cured. Why suffer or experiment with worthless preparations when the genuine Kellogg's can be purchased everywhere.

Looking Ahead

Little Nora (aged eight, to Edith, aged ten)—What! A big girl like you playing with a Teddy Bear?

Edith—Yes, haven't you got one?

Nora—Mine is locked up in the cupboard, where it shall stop until I am married, when I may bring it out for my children to play with.

Edith—What if you don't have any children?

Nora—Well, then, in that case it will do for my grandchildren.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

A paper engaged a reporter to travel and send by wire all important news. The reporter was a novice, and sent the following important news to his paper—

A judge is down shooting here.

The editor telegraphed back—

Let yourself to him for a target.

Pat—I was at a party last night, a conjurer took four matches and a lemon, and made them into a pig and challended anyone to make more of the material.

Well, you cannot make more out of the same material.

Pat—But I beat him.

Mike—How?

Pat—I took four matches and a lemon, peeled the lemon, strewed the peel and the matches all over the floor and made a litter.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

And now, my dear General, come and sit by me and tell me all the scandal that's happened while I've been away.

Well, really, Mrs. Mallecho, er—you see—er—the fact is that while you've been away there's been no scandal.

Subbubs had taken Chumleigh home to dine. Everything went well until they were seated at the dinner table, when Willie Subbubs remarked: Why pa, this is toast beef!

Well, said his father, what of it?

Why, I heard you tell ma at breakfast that you were going to bring a muttonhead home for dinner this evening.

Molly—My little sister's got measles.

Jimmie—Oh! so has mine.

Molly—Well, I'll bet you my little sister's got more measles than your has.

Ten More

He—I have saved up ten thousand dollars. Will you be my wife?

She—Oh, Mr. Jones, this is too sudden! Save up another ten thousand.

Unlimited Credit

You have left the name of the author off the programme, the stage manager ventured to suggest.

What's the author's name? asked the manager with the thick moustache and the double chin.

William Shakespeare.

Friend of yours, eh? All right, give him all the credit there is. Put down on the programme: Words and music by William Shakespeare.

A boy who applied for a situation in the City was asked by the manager if he had been properly brought up.

Oh, yes, sir. The porter brought me up the lift.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

Meeting a boy, the bishop stopped and asked him: Can you tell me the way to the nearest station?

The boy pointed out the way.

How far is it? the bishop asked.

About a mile, the boy replied, staring hard at the bishop's knee-breeches and gaiters. As his lordship turned away the boy added: What's up? Somebody pinched yer bike?

Sample free if you write The National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

ARLINGTON
WATERPROOF COLLARS AND CUFFS
Something better than linen, and no laundry bills. Wash with Soap and Water. All stores, or direct. State style and size. For 25c. we will mail you.
THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, Limited
58 Fraser Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

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.

When buying your Piano insist on having an
"OTTO HIGEL"
Piano Action

CANCER
Book Free. A simple Home treatment removed lump from this lady's breast. Old sores, ulcers and growths cured. Describe your trouble; we will send book and testimonials.
THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, LIMITED
10 CHURCHILL AVE., TORONTO

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.
If you feel "OUT OF SORTS" RUN DOWN or GOT THE BLUES SUFFER from KIDNEY, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, ULCERS, SKIN ERUPTIONS, PILES, write for my FREE book. THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK EVER WRITTEN. IT TELLS ALL about these DISEASES and the REMARKABLE CURES EFFECTED by THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, Nos. 1, No. 2, No. 3.
THERAPION & you can decide FOR YOURSELF if it's the remedy for YOUR OWN ailment. Don't send a cent. Absolutely FREE. No follower circulars. DR. LECLERC MED. CO., HAVERSTOCK RD., HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENG.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED—To do work at home; decorating cushion tops; can make from $3 to $5 per day; pleasant work. Armour Art Co., Dept. N. 43 Steele Blk., Winnipeg.

And This In Russia

Possibly the most generous meal in the world is at the railway halt between Petersburg and Moscow. It is about midnight. You walk into a large tea, vegetables, fish of all kind to be sampled, vodka at hand. Everybody walks round and takes what he wants at the moment. The train sounds the departing note. The passengers walk out and say at the door what they have eaten and drunk and pay. Russia is said to be a dishonest country, but this system pays. The Russian won't cheat the people who provide his supper.

Dirigible Dogs

When the aeronaut aloft does fly
What pastime could be merrier
Then to be followed, fleet and faithful, by
His Skye or Airdale terrier?

UPTON'S PURE FRUIT JAMS
COST LESS
MORE PALATABLE THAN OTHERS
Ask Your Grocer.

Feminine Amenities

That man over there is staring straight at my nose.

Probably he's a reporter.

And why should a reporter stare at my nose.

They are supposed to keep their eye on everything that turns up, aren't they?

His Principal Duty

Employer (to new boy)—Has your manager told you what to do this afternoon?

New Boy—Yes, sir. I'm to wake him up when I see you coming.

Young Man (to provision merchant)—Your daughter and I, sir, have agreed to row down the river of life together.

Provision Merchant (sarcastically)—Have you got any provisions on board?

Young Man—No, sir. Considering your business we thought the victualling department was more in your line.

TO KEEP YOUTH
and beauty—to prevent wrinkles and "crow's feet" and deep black circles under the eyes—nothing is as good as
Dr. Pierce's FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

Give it a fair trial for banishing those distressing pains or drains on one's vitality. This prescription of Dr. Pierce's regulates all the womanly functions. It eradicates and destroys "Female Complaints" and weaknesses that make women miserable and old before their time. Every girl needs it before womanhood. Every mother needs it. It is an invigorating tonic for the female system. All medicine dealers have sold it with satisfaction to customers for the past 40 years. It is now obtainable in liquid or tablet form at drug stores—or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box, to R. V. Pierce, Buffalo.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS
Regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—*Have no Appetite.*

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure *Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.*

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

HOME DYEING

Is **CLEAN,** and as **SIMPLE** as "A.B.C." **NO** chance of **MISTAKES** if you use

DY-O-LA

The Guaranteed **"ONE DYE** for **All Kinds** of Cloth."

TRY IT and prove it for yourself! Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, - Montreal

GLOVES

That Are Guaranteed

Why take chances in buying a pair of gloves when you can get a positive guarantee backed by Canada's largest glove factory in the

H.B.K. Pinto Shell Gloves

made from specially tanned horsehide. Guaranteed wet proof, wind proof, steam and heat proof. Send for illustrations.

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

He Shot His Bolt

The householder smothered his wrath and descended to the cellar. Are you the plumber? he asked of a grimy-looking person who was tinkering with the pipes.

Yes, guv'nor, he answered.

Been in the trade long?

'Bout a year, guv'nor.

Ever made any mistakes?

Bless ye, no, guv'nor.

Oh, then, I suppose it's all right. I imagined you had connected up the wrong pipes, for the chandelier in the drawing room is spraying water like a fountain and the bathroom tap is on fire.

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

Benevolent Old Lady (to little boy in street)—Why, why, little boy, how did you ever get such a black eye?

Small Boy—Me and Sammy Jones was fighting for an apple in school, and he smashed me.

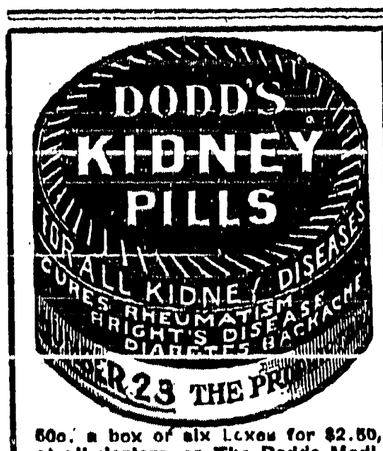
Benevolent Old Lady—Dear! dear! And which glutton got the apple?

Small Boy—Teacher, ma'am.

The troubles at Holy Trinity church in Old Brompton, Chatham, England, are somewhat acute, and the latest proposal of the vicar is that, owing to the gas having been cut off, he will ask each worshipper to bring his or her own candle to evensong.

When Scones was at Oxford he was a most excellent fellow, and only had one enemy—soap. He was called Dirty Scones. One day the wag, Bolus, went into his rooms and, remonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly, and dirty state of everything, said:

Upon my word, Dirty, it's too bad. The only clean thing in the room is your towel.



50c. a box of six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or The Dodds Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

SUBMARINE GOLD MINE

Claims 'Staked' In Forty Fathoms of Water.

Captain Heater, of the Victoria, (B. C.) fishing schooner Jessie, and his crew are the hopeful owners of a gold mine over which forty fathoms of the Pacific ocean roll. The claims are staked with buoys in the absence of pegs of the requisite length, and in order to convince the world of the genuineness of their discovery a barrel of quartz was brought to port on board the vessel.

Describing the events that led to the staking of the submarine goldfield, Captain Heater said that the fishermen were out in their dories one day, and when they returned to the schooner they reported having made a great catch. He was told that in the nets were found large quantities of star fish, which in the West Coast waters grow to an enormous size. The star fish were place on deck, and the fishermen also started to pry off pebbles and small stones. One of the fishermen noticed the stones glistening in the sun when the star fish were hauled abroad, and a hasty examination was performed to discover the reason. When they felt satisfied that the claim was a good one, Captain Heater and his men decided to stake it. The mine is located off Fox Mountain, British Columbia, between Kyuquota and Cape Cook.

A Real Good Time

What constitutes recreation depends of course, on the point of view of the one who is recreated. This ancedote shows what one youngster thought enjoyable:

A boy in a certain school wrote his finger badly. We are all very happy, are having a good time here now. Mr. S—— broke his leg, and can't work. We went on a picnic, and it rained, and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. H—— fell off the dogcart and broke his rib but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a horse-whip because we threw sand in his machine and made black and blue marks on us. Ernest cut his finger badly. We are all very happy.

A Wonderful Climate

As each man steps his foot on shore' —wrote one adventurer of the period of the 'Forty-Niners' he seems to have entered a magic circle in which he is under the influence of new impulses. And, as an additional testimony to the extraordinarily stimulating quality of the California air this delightful tale is told:

A popular figure in the streets of San Francisco was a black pony, the property of a constable, that stood most of the day, saddled and bridled, in front of his master's office.

The pony's favorite diversion was to have his hoofs blacked and polished. Whenever a coin was placed between his lips he would carry it to a neighboring bootblack, put first one foot and then the other on the foot rest and after receiving a satisfactory shine, walk gravely back to his usual station.

Even the dumb animals felt that something unusual was expected of them in California.

Warranted to Draw

A day or two ago a woman entered a suburban telegraph office, and said to the receiver of messages that she desired to telegraph to her husband, who was in the country, for money. He pointed to the counter supplied with blanks and told her the rate for a dozen words. She struggled away for a quarter of an hour, and then handed in the following:

Won't you please send me five pounds by next post?

I don't know whether that will do or not, as she felt for her money. If you were to receive a telegram from your wife, would you forward the money?

Well—well, I might, he replied in doubtful tones.

Now, you wait. I don't like the telegram at all, because I tried to keep it within twelve words. I'll write another.

She tore it up, walked over to the counter, and in three minutes handed in a new one, reading—

Am out of food and fuel, and want five pounds as soon as you can get it here. If you can't spare it I'll pawn the parlor carpet.

That would bring the money from me, said the receiver, as he read the lines and marked the number of words.

Then it will from him. Send it quick.

Deadly Work

Sir Robert Edgecumbe gives an ancient jibe this local edge and setting:

A Dorset doctor of somewhat boastful temperament was dining one day at a big dinner party, when the conversation after dinner turned upon the army as a profession. The doctor remarked that his parents had made a great mistake in not sending him into the army, for which he declared himself eminently fit.

Oh, you make a great mistake, said a Dorset squire across the table; you would not have killed half as many if you had gone into the army as you have in your own profession.

If you please, sir, father says he is going to kill a pig, and can you do with a side of bacon?

Yes, my boy, said the schoolmaster. Tell him to send it as soon as he likes.

A week passed away, and as the bacon had not arrived, the teacher reminded the boy of his order.

I expect you forgot to tell your father, you young rascal! said the schoolmaster good-humouredly.

Oh, no, sir, I didn't! said the youngster. My father hasn't killed the pig.

How's that, Tommy?

Please, sir, it's got better.

Confound it, said the uptown druggist, that woman took all the change I had in the drawer.

Why didn't you tell her you could not break her ten dollar bill?

No, no, she's one of your regular patrons. Why, I've known that woman to buy as high as eleven one-cent postage stamps in a week.

ACHING LUMBAGO BACKS ARE QUICKLY HELPED AND PERMANENTLY CURED

Release, Yes, and a Cure for Lumbago is Now Known.

YOU CAN EASILY PROVE THIS

To cure Lumbago — surely it's a good thing to know how. This information meant to Jno. E. Neave the difference between invalidism and robust health. Writing from his home near Cornwall, he says:—"A severe and prolonged attack of Lumbago in my youth rendered me at all times liable to aches in the back and loins. So established became the predisposition, and so frequent the attacks, I confess I accepted the condition as my particular weakness to be borne with as much composure as any evil circumstances might permit. One day an unusually bad attack developed, and unfortunately there was no medicine of any kind in the house. I sent to a neighbor for help and received with a strong recommendation a bottle of Nerviline. My friend was surprised we didn't use Nerviline, saying that they found use for it in their family almost every day. So quickly did Nerviline check the attack, and so grateful was the relief, that I was in a day on the high road to recovery. I have cured my tendencies to Lumbago with Nerviline, and consider it the most powerful pain-subduing liniment ever made.

For curing colds, hoarseness, tight chest and winter ills Nerviline is a marvel; as for Lumbago, Sciatica and Rheumatism, Nerviline is considered to be without a peer. In the home it is especially valuable, because it cures cramps in half a minute, stops nausea, controls vomiting and upset stomach. For internal or external use, wherever there is pain, apply Nerviline. Get the 50c. family size bottle; trial size 25c., at all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

The palm for absent-mindedness is probably taken by a learned German who one day noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk.

What does that mean? he asked.

Why, she exclaimed, don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?

Ah, indeed, is it? said the professor, politely. Kindly let me know when yours comes round, and I will reciprocate the favor.

Well Drugged

A doctor was summoned to a police station to examine an unconscious prisoner. The prisoner, very muddy and dishevelled, lay on the floor of the cell. The physician bent over and examined him, and then, rising, said, in a loud, stern voice:

This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged.

A policeman turned pale, and said in a timid, hesitating voice:

I'm afraid ye're right, sir. I drugged him all the way—a matter of a hundred yards or more.

Some Method

Don't you think, dear, began Mr. Comfy, that our next door neighbors the Scrubbs, are putting on a great deal too much style, considering the fact that they never know from day to day where the next meal is coming from?

Well, replied Mrs. Comfy, you see, the more style they put on the more likely they are to be invited out to dinner.

Mrs. Flitterby—So you are on the visiting committee of your social workers' society I should think you'd find it dreadfully irksome, making all those slum calls.

Mrs. Hunter-Fadde—I'm willing to make the sacrifice for a good cause. Every visiting day I send my maid around with my cards.

ONTARIO WOMAN'S FORTUNE

Freed From That Weak, Languid, Always Tired Feeling, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Thessalon, Ont.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a blessing to women, and I cannot speak highly enough of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—MRS. ANNIE CAMERON, Thessalon, Ont.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

There are probably hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over 30 years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering. If you are sick and need such a medicine, why don't you try it?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

CROWNING AN AFRICAN KING

Civilized Rulers Would not Relish Such Ceremonies

The custom of savage peoples make up in curious picturesqueness what they lack in dignity. Contrast, for instance, the ceremonial with the coronation of a British king or the induction of President Wilson into office.

The king was chosen from among the people by the elders, and was selected for his wisdom. The ceremonies of disenthronement were such that he required not only wisdom, but also courage, physical strength and superb digestion. The man's first intimation that he had been chosen by the tribe was an onrush of the entire tribe—not to do him honor, but to abuse and insult him in every possible way.

They would hurl opprobious epithets at him, curse him, spit upon him and pelt him. For, they said, from this time on he could do all these things to them and they would be powerless to retalitate. It was their last chance.

They also reminded him of all his failings in graphic and minute particulars. If the king survived this treatment he was then taken to the former king's house, where he was solemnly invested with the insignia of the kingly office in the shape of a silk hat. No one except the king was permitted to wear a silk hat.

Following the inauguration ceremonies, the people came and bowed before the new king in humble submission, while they praised him as enthusiastically as they had reviled him. Then he was fed and feted for a week, during which time he was not permitted to leave his house, but had to receive guests from all parts of his dominion and eat with them all. These ceremonies ended, he turned to the comparatively easy and commonplace duties of his kingly office.

An Inducement

Special note to Sidesmen: Putting your left hand gracefully in your pocket while handling the collection plate with your right is always good form. If you jingle a bit of small change, the stimulating effect upon the congregation may be quite extraordinary.

Husband—I shall most likely bring old Jobbens home to dinner tomorrow.

Wife—for goodness sake don't dear. It's cook's evening out, and I shall have to cook it if you do.

Husband—That won't matter. I owe Jobbens a grudge.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—I have used your Minard's Liniment in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly

ALFRED ROCHAV,

Proprietor Rocky Pond Hotel and Livery Stables

A New Dish

A captain of one of H.M. ships had received a goose from a friend, and as he had guests coming to dinner that evening, ordered of his steward that it should be cooked.

Later in the day the guests signalled their inability to be present, whereupon the captain—through his steward—ordered that the goose should be postponed.

At dinner, much to the captain's surprise, on removing the lid of a dish, he found a portion of the goose hashed. The following conversation then took place.

Captain—I thought I told you, steward, to tell cook we would postpone the goose?

Steward—Yes, sir. I told him.

Captain—Quartermaster, tell my Maltese cook I want him.

Cook arrives.

Yes, sar. You want me?

Captain—Did you receive my orders to postpone this goose?

Cook—Yes, sar.

Captain—Then why didn't you carry them out?

Cook—I did, sar. That am postponed goose!

Fully Prepared

Percy had matrimonial designs on a beautiful and rich heiress. If he could only give her a demonstration of his bravery he knew that he would have a little justification in proposing to her. At length a brilliant idea occurred to him. He was strolling with her along the waterside when he suddenly turned to his fair companion.

I say—aw—Miss Teresa. Could you—aw—manage to fall in so that —aw—I could wescue you?

The fair Miss Teresa looked surprised.

But you can't swim, can you? she said.

Percy was confused for a moment, then a happy inspiration came to him.

I'm afraid I can't swim; but I always carry a police whistle, don't you know.

Met His Match

Dr. C— prided himself on being a man of few words, and of a sharp, terse, decisive character. He successfully endeavored to give the most emphatic instructions at a minimum expense of time and words. Therefore, his women patients often irritated him by their volubility.

A lady came one day with a hand much swollen and scarred.

Burn? queried Dr. C— sharply.

Bruise.

Poultice immediately.

The patient went home without further bother and returned next day.

Better? asked the doctor brusquely.

Worse.

More poultice.

And the patient disappeared, but called a few days later.

Improvement? snapped the doctor.

Well. Fee?

Nothing! exclaimed the doctor. I have met my match in the most sensible woman I ever met. Morning!

Surprised the Patient

A doctor had two patients. One had lumbago and the other had some trouble with his ear. They had appointments about the same time, and the doctor looked into the waiting room and called for Mr. Blank. Mr. Blank came in.

Take off your coat and waistcoat, said the doctor.

You never know what a doctor is after, and you generally do as he bids you. Sometimes doctors don't know what they are after themselves, but a patient never questions them. If you go to any other kind of man you generally speak out if you don't know what he wants to do, but you don't do that with a doctor.

The patient took off his coat and waistcoat. The doctor began thumping him on the back.

Do you feel that?

Yes, doctor, yes.

Is it very sore?

No, not very sore, but sore enough.

Can you stand this? said the doctor, giving him a terrific thump.

Well, I can stand it, but—don't do it.

Well, well, you're not so very bad. I will be when you finish your examination.

That's all right. You are not bad enough to worry about. That'll do. You had better put on your coat and waistcoat.

The man put on his clothes. The doctor was about to shake hands with him, when the patient said:

Now, doctor, I'd like to know what you're going to do about my ear?

Which ear? said the doctor. Your ear? Then it's the fellow outside has lumbago?

Smart Business

A customer walked into a boot shop recently and asked for a pair of boots. The assistant, a youth of fourteen showed him a suitable pair, the price being $5. The customer stated that he only had $3 with him, and inquired if he could pay that and bring the other $2 next day. He was told that he could do so. After the customer, who was a stranger, had left the premises, the proprietor severely reprimanded the assistant for allowing the man to take the boots, saying he would never see him again.

Ay, but I shall, replied the smart youth. I wrapped up two boots for the left foot, so he's bound to come back.

Crafty

Old Gent—Well, sonny, did you take your dog to the vet next door to your house, as I suggested?

Boy—Yes, sir.

Old Gent—And what did he say?

Boy—'E said Towser was suffering from nerves, so Sis had better give up playin' the pianner.

Here's an item, observed Rivers who was looking over the newspapers, to the effect that the King of Sweden raises prize dogs on his farm.

I suppose he uses them, suggested Brooks, to drive his Stockholm.

After which the rattle of the typewriters broke out afresh with great violence.

Moneylender—You want to borrow a hundred pounds? Well, here's the money. I charge five per cent. a month, and as you want it for a year that leaves just forty pounds coming to you.

Innocent Borrower—Then if I wanted it for two years, there'd be something coming to you, I suppose, eh?

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

A Georgia woman who moved to Philadelphia found she could not be contented without the colored mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for mammy and the servant arrived in due season It so happened that the Georgia woman had to leave town, the very day mammy arrived. Before departing she had just time to explain to mammy the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished. The gas stove was the contrivance which interested the colored woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven the broiler, and the other burners and felt certain the old servant understood its operations, the mistress hurried for her train.

She was absent two weeks and one of her first questions to mammy was how she had worried along.

De finest ever, was the reply, and you know, Miss Florence, dat fire ain't gone out yit.

Mother (after relating pathetic story)—Now, Reggie, wouldn't you like to give your bunny to that poor little boy you saw to-day who hasn't any father?

Reggie (clutching rabbit)—Couldn't we give him father instead? would be of greater benefit tobgkqi

THE PERFECT SHOE FOR SUMMER SPORTS

ASK YOUR DEALER.

Got One of Her Own

The Christian name of the bride elect was Ruth. The bridesmaid was her sister Patience.

While the marriage ceremony was being performed, the bridegroom was so perturbed and anxious to get it over quickly that he answered some of the questions almost before they were asked.

Have patience, man, he said; have patience!

No, indeed, the bridegroom replied. I have courted Ruth for about five years, and if I cannot have her now I will have nobody. Besides, Patience has got a sweetheart of her own.

STRENGTH FOR WEAK STOMACH

Can Only Be Had Through Rich Red Blood.

When the blood is poor and thin and the stomach in consequence is imperfectly supplied with oxidized blood and nerve force, the digestive process becomes slow and fermentations of the food goes on, with the formation of gas and certain acids. The pressure of the gas causes pain in the stomach; sometimes it affects the heart. When the gas is belched out through the mouth the patient is temporarily relieved, the sour risings in the throat, and the burning sensations in the throat and stomach are caused by the acid fermentations. There are plenty of things to neutralize these acids, or to "sweeten the stomach" as it is called, but they do not cure the trouble. Pure, rich blood which will tone up the stomach and enable it to do the work nature intended it to do is the only road to a cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood—that is why they cure even the most obstinate cases of indigestion. The following is a bit of proof. Miss Minnie Greene, of Hall's Bridge, Ont., says: "About a year ago I was greatly troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate caused me pain and distress. I would feel as though I was starved, but when meal time came the sight of food caused a feeling of loathing. There were days when I could not even hold milk on my stomach, and my head would ache so that I could hardly keep from screaming. Only those who have suffered from stomach trouble know the torture I suffered. I tried almost every remedy recommended, but found not the least benefit until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These I used for a couple of months and they worked a perfect cure and I am again enjoying good health and able to eat freely all kinds of food."

If you are suffering from indigestion or any other trouble due to poor watery blood, begin to cure yourself today by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The man of whom we were told went into a downtown restaurant a noon or so ago and ordered a substantial luncheon. He ate it growlingly and when he had finished and received his check marched up to the cashier's desk and slapped down a fine looking bank note.

It was a Confederate bill and the cashier was not slow to detect it. She pushed it back to the customer.

This is no good, she said scornfully.

Neither was the lunch, answered the patron. Keep the change, however.

Not In

You appear to find the observation of persons interesting.

Yes; I am very successful in finding people out, said the stranger, who had been watching the crowd.

What is your business?

A bill collector.

Bride (throwing her arms about the bridegroom's neck)—You are my prisoner for life!

Bridegroom—It's not imprisonment for life, love. It's capital punishment.

When Run Down

in physical condition it is usually because the action of the organs of digestion has become irregular or defective. Then there is need for a safe and speedy medicine to relieve the ills which occasionally depress even the brightest and strongest. The one remedy you may take and feel safe with is

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World)

The first dose gives speedy relief in sick-headache, biliousness, constipation, lack of appetite, heartburn, dyspepsia, and lasting improvement follows the timely use of this favorite and reliable home remedy. You will become healthier and stronger, and more cheerful if you let Beecham's Pills

Pick You Up

Directions with every box point the way to health and are especially valuable to women. Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

The Creston Review

Published every Friday at Creston, British Columbia, by the Creston Printing and Pub ishing Company, Ltd.

The Review is the acknowledged advertising medium of the Creston valley, circulating in nearly one thousand homes throughout the Creston district and reaching out in a broad manner into other communities. Our advertising rates are based on the scale of the Kootenay and Boundary Printers' Board of Trade. Land purchase and land lease notices, $7 for statutory time. Display advertisements, $1 per inch per month; other advertising 10 cents per line first issue and 5 cents per line in succeeding weeks. Subscription rates $2.00 a year in advance. Our columns are open to contributions dealing in matters of local interest and the welfare of the community. Contributions must be brief and signed.

A. B. S. Stanley - - - - Editor and Manager

Owing to the holiday Tuesday and the fact of a complete change in the management and working staff of the Review, we are a little late in getting to press this week, for which we ask your indulgence and will try to get out on time hereafter.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Creston School District will be held on Saturday July 12th, one item of business will be to elect school trustees for the ensuing term. Every parent and guardian in the district ought to be at the meeting. take a tip from the editor, be on hand, there are rumors of something interesting about to be pulled off. Come to the meeting and take a hand in the eventualities.

* * *

A country weekly paper must of necessity be a community paper. There seldom is in any small town sufficient material for the make-up of a live paper published in the interest of that town alone, there must be occasions (more or less numerous according to the ab lity and energy of the publisher) when the editor has to reach out beyond the limits of his town and interest himself in the affairs of the community. His paper thus becomes a community paper and he a community publisher.

Locally the town is a part, (an important part) of the community but they are each necessary to the other.

In aiming to serve the town we hope to serve the community, in striving to serve the community, we hope to serve our town.

In any case let town and community pull together to boost for the interests of both; interests which are vastly more important than to be classified ss belonging especially to either.

To this end we shall use the weapon of the press, believing that "the pen is mightier than the sword;" and with this in view we shall establish at an early date a correspondence column, which shall be as the "Forum" of old, where all men and sny man might go to hear and to be heard.

In all of which we invite your co-operation.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

IN days of old, when knights were hold, it didn't cost as much to run a horse as it now costs to run a buzz wagon.

When you attend right strictly to business and control your temper you don't have any time to get into any quarrels.

It is ill luck that can't raise any wind.

If one were not able to make capital out of calamity occasionally this dear old world would go to the bowwows much more rapidly than it is speeding now.

The physician who knows enough not to get sick is never so foolish as to impart the knowledge to his acquaintances.

The fellow who is persuaded that everything is his own fault may lose his job often, but not because he sassed his boss.

Collecting damages may help somewhat, but it isn't in it for a minute with getting busy to repair damages.

The odor of toil is far more inspiring when it comes to establishing confidence than the incense of flattery.

Don't be afraid of the man who is always getting into difficulties if you have observed that he has the habit of overcoming them.

The baby who thinks his dad's a fine man generally cuts out the work for the old man and gets him to come to the mark.

* *

Suggestive.

"I feel rusty."

"Rusty?"

"Yes; sort of dusty in the brain, don't you know. I guess I shall have to do some thing to brush up."

"You might employ a vacuum cleaner."

* *

Good Advice.

"Can you tell me the best way to commit suicide?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Take a good dose of ipecac out of a bottle heavily labeled 'Poison—Prussic Acid.'"

"Ipecac?"

"Certainly."

"But why ipecac?"

"Oh, you will find the results ever so much pleasanter next morning, and you'll have had all the excitement you desire!"

Ignorant.

"I know no east or south or west!" exclaimed the excited orator.

"Where did you go to school?" inquired a butter in.

"What difference does that make?"

"I only wondered if you got as far along as geography."

Important Point.

"How old did you say you were?" thundered the great lawyer.

"I said I was twenty-seven," responded the lady witness.

"First or second childhood?"

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

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

J. B. Moran - - Prop.

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Issued by The Canadian Bank of Commerce, are a safe, convenient and inexpensive method of remitting small sums of money. These Orders, payable without charge at any bank in Canada (except in the Yukon Territory) and in the principal cities of the United States, are issued at the following rates:

	$5 and under	3 cents
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"	10 " " 30	10 "
"	30 " " 50	15 "

8.8

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should be made by means of our SPECIAL FOREIGN DRAFTS and MONEY ORDERS. Issued without delay at reasonable rates.

Percy B. Fowler, Manager Creston Branch

The Landlord's Laugh

He has no more use for his "To Let" sign.

He used our Classified Want Ads. and found a good tenant.

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FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL

It makes no difference what you figure on planting this season—we can supply you, and with the finest quality of nursery stock ever grown.

All trees, plants, vines, berries, shrubs, evergreens, roses, etc., sold by us are guaranteed

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It will pay you to get in touch with us. EVERY PLANTER NEEDS OUR BOOK—

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Save your Piano by having an expert do your Tuning.

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CRESTON, B. C.

WORK GUARANTEED. ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS. DROP A POSTAL AND I'LL CALL

Pert Young Thing.

"Mr. Bliffkins is a good young man, daughter. I want you to give him proper attention."

"All right, dad. I'll introduce him to my spinster aunt. She'll give him wonderful attention."

Awful Rampage.

"Did you have high water in your town this spring?"

"I should say we did."

"Some flood was it?"

"Well, it came over my rubbers."

Just Right.

"What ails him, anyway?"

"He is too strong to work."

"How about resting?"

"He is strong for that, too, but not too strong."

Once Each Time.

"I am looking for a place to turn over my money."

"Invest in a loop the loop railway."

The Miser.

He died. We know not where he went,
To what strange, nameless bourne.
He only lived for cent per cent,
So there were few to mourn.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Some young people seem to regard courtship and marriage as simple pastimes.

When money talks it is generally to issue an order.

Cupid has so many captives that it is not to be wondered at that he gets them mixed up and mismated occasionally.

If living were not so expensive would it be more or less enjoyable?

The lies that people tell about us aren't so pernicious, but when some one gets right down to brass tacks and begins to give straight talk about us it's different.

People are so much alike that you can't tell the difference, no matter where you go.

A mouse and a woman make a combination that is hard to catch.

When a girl marries she expects to revolutionize housekeeping in her little world and amaze all her friends.

It is easier to get out of fashion than to keep in and much more comfortable.

Maybe fortune doesn't play any favorites, but she'll have to let some of us in on the inside to prove it to us.

FISHING TACKLE

We have placed in stock a fine assortment of Taekle consisting of

Bamboo and Steel Rods, New styles in Spoons, New Flies Leaders Etc.

and are ready for your wants in the fishing line.

Creston Drug & Book Co.

Phone 51

Transfer, Livery and Feed Stables

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

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

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

H. S. McCreath, Prop

Phone 56 Sirdar Avenue Box 14

SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINIG REGULATIONS

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 Columbia, 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

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Some men can't help being sentimental when they see a pretty woman with a four leaved clover and when she is a widow their finish is in sight.

BURN'S COMPLETE Animal Fertilizers

ARE MONEY SEEDS

Sow Burns' Fertilizers And Reap Dollars.

Call or send for our New Pamphlet which is full of useful information for Fruit Growers etc.

P. BURNS & Co. Limited

CRESTON - B.C.

Head Office

CALGARY; VANCOUVER; EDMONTO

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Some men tell us continually what they are going to do while others do it and forget it.

Worrying over past failures is a powerful method of preventing future successes.

It is wearisome work being friends with the man whose specialty is getting into trouble.

It seems shortsighted in our next door neighbor not to have the lawn mower in good order when ours won't work.

Adversity is a drastic remedy to take, and it is as apt to kill as to cure.

Wait till you get there before you begin to brag. Maybe after you have arrived you will be so chastened that you will be willing to let your friends praise you.

Don't pay any attention to the laughs unless you are drawing a salary for it.

A good start is the best thing in the world to have, provided you made it yourself.

Some men play the baby so effectually that women with a strong maternal instinct hitch up with them and take care of them all their lives.

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The Creston Review

Solicits Your Orders

IF ITS PRINTING YOU WANT WE CAN DO IT

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

"CRESTON SCHOOL"

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed, "Tender for Creston School Extension" will be received by the Honourable the Minister of Public Works up to noon of Monday, the 30th day of June, 1913, for the erection and completion of a two- roomed extension to the school-house at Creston, in the Ymir Electoral District.

The work to be started immediately on acceptance of tender and finished and handed over ready for occupation on or before August 25th, 1913.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 16th day of June, 1913, at the office of Mr. W. F. Teetzel, Government Agent, Nelson; Mr. J. Compton, Secretary to the School Board, Creston; and the Department of Public Works, Victoria.

Intending tenders can, for the sum of ten dollars ($10), obtain one copy of the plans and specifications by applying to the undersigned. This sum will be refunded when the plans are returned in good order.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for a sum equal to 10 per cent. of tender, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer.

Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B.C., June 10th, 1913.

jel 2

MY WATER SPRITE

An Episode of a Summer Vacation

By F. A. MITCHEL

I took my summer outing in the mountains, stopping at the Cliff House. I had not been there three days when, rowing on the little lake around which all the hotels were centered, I passed a girl in another boat, who looked at me for a moment scutinizingly and seemed about to bow to me. But since I did not remember ever having seen her before and supposed she was mistaking me for some one else I gave her no encouragement. In other words, I treated her as a stranger. Since we faced each other as we receded we did not pass out of each other's sight for some time, and I could see on her features the sensitiveness of a girl who has spoken to the wrong man.

It is not to be expected that such an incident as this occurring to one who has nothing to do but enjoy himself would pass out of mind. I must meet that girl and learn whether it was she or I who had made a mistake. I had not seen her at my hotel; therefore I assumed that she was stopping at some of the others. There were more than half a dozen hotels in the vicinity, and I feared that to find a person whose name I did not know among so many summer residents would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

But what trouble will a man not take in an adventure of this kind, especially when he has nothing else to do? I made the rounds of the hotels, beginning in the morning, when the guests first come out on the porch to sun themselves, spending some time on each porch looking for my water sprite, as I called her, but luck was not with me, and at the end of the first day I had not seen her.

I spent four days of a two weeks' vacation going the rounds of the hotels, instead of devoting myself to such summer sports as were at hand, looking for a girl in whom I could have no interest except that she had supposed she was passing some one she knew. In the evening of the fourth day I went to a dance at one of the hotels, and as I was sailing around in the waltz there suddenly appeared over the shoulder of her partner the face of my water sprite.

Dreading to lose her, I would have been glad to drop the girl with whom I was dancing and keep my object in sight, but I had just begun to dance, and experience with my partner had taught me that she would keep the floor as long as the music lasted. And she did. It was fully ten minutes before I was released, and then she said she must go out on to the porch for some cool air. What could I do? I proved myself a gentleman, wishing all the while that I was a boor. By the time the girl was ready for the next dance with another partner, thank heaven nearly half an hour had passed. Then it was too late. I hunted everywhere for my water sprite, but did not find her. If the girl I had been dancing with had known my feelings toward her for detaining me I would have had another adventure on my hands not so attractive as the first.

The next morning, passing the landing of one of the hotels, I saw the girl I sought, in a charming rowing costume, step into a boat and pull out into the lake. I immediately made application for a boat, but all were engaged. The girl I wished to follow could see me wildly running about trying to get a boat, and, though I was not near enough to see, I fancied there was an amused smile on her face. Then she disappeared behind an island, and I ground my teeth.

Several times after this I met her, and every time it was my misfortune to be so situated that I could not reach her. I showed so much temper over my disappointments that at last, when I was suffering under one of them, her face broke into a pleasant smile. There is nothing a girl likes so well as to be chased, and, instead of helping the chaser to reach her, she will throw obstacles in his way.

I learned enough of the girl who knew me and whom I did not know to be assured that she was devoted to boating. Indeed, I had seen her on the water, shooting along like the sprite for which I had named her. So I resolved to spend a day on the lake in a boat, trusting it would give me an opportunity to catch her. I hired a boat at 9 o'clock in the morning and, taking a luncheon, resolved not to come off the water till dinner time in the evening.

I had not been out long before my girl passed me just as she had done at our first meeting. For a moment we looked at each other, surprised; then, with a tantalizing smile on her lips, she gave two or three vigorous strokes that carried her away from me.

She had an advantage of me in this. To follow her I was obliged to turn, and, not being a skilled oarsman, instead of backing water with one oar and giving way with the other, I made a considerable curve. After I had turned I had another disadvantage in having my back to the girl while she had her face to me. I was obliged to stop rowing for a moment to see where she was and saw her a short distance away resting on her oars.

Thinking that she had decided to grant me an interview, I pulled for her, and when I thought I had reached the point where I had seen her I stopped rowing to turn my head and have a look. She was rowing a few hundred feet ahead of me. I noticed the long, graceful sweep of her oars, the regularity of the time between the strokes, the nicety of her "feather," and saw that if she intended to give me a race, notwithstanding my superior strength, the issue would be uncertain.

Indeed, I was under a disadvantage in every respect except strength. My great drawback was that while she could see me I could not see her. Besides, the lake was a long one and full of islands, behind which she could lose herself if she wished to do so. I concluded to give up the chase for that day and plan for one later that would take away the disadvantage of chasing with my back toward my opponent in the race.

I pulled ashore, and while doing so it occurred to me that if I hastened with my preparations I might yet be in time to have it out before luncheon. I ran to my room, took down a small mirror that hung on the wall, secured some twine and went back to my boat. The looking glass I set up in the stern, and of the twine I made tiller strings that I tied to my feet. Then I pulled back to where I had left my water sprite. I did not have to turn to see her when I came near enough to her to do so. I espied her lazily moving across the water, but noticed that though she did not seem to exert herself she made very good headway.

I pulled straight toward her, and as I approached, supposing that with my back turned to her I could not see her, she pulled across my bow. I followed her by a curve. Catching glimpses of her in my mirror, I saw that this puzzled her, and at the same time I had evidence that she was bent on teasing me. Then suddenly she caught sight of the mirror, and it was evident to her that she had lost an advantage.

She was within a hundred feet of me when she realized that she could do no more fooling. It was beautiful to see her bend to her work. She had evidently been well trained in rowing, for scarcely a drop of spray did she knock up, while with every stroke her boat gained headway, skimming the water as if besmeared with the slime of a fish. My mirror worked beautifully, and, aided by my rudder strings, I had very little disadvantage except for the want of skill. It was evident that it was a matter of brute strength against training.

My hope was in tiring her, though I was so clumsy that I was as likely to tire myself. I put on all my strength for awhile, then slowed down, repeating the process again and again, thinking that I could recover after one of these spurts quicker than the water sprite. But at last, finding this did not appear to give me much advantage, I pretended to be fagged out and waited for her to fall into a trap. Fortunately for me, she gave me an opportunity. I could see the water and the shore behind both of us, while she could not. Noticing on our port side a narrow bay, I steered to the starboard to drive her into it. I succeeded, and presently she found herself in the mouth of the bay.

It was amusing to see her when she made this discovery. She gave a few furious strokes to starboard, but I headed her off. Then she made a few strokes to port with the same result. Gradually I drove her up the bay, which narrowed as we proceeded, and finally into the mouth of a creek, where she grounded.

I pulled up to her and said:

"Pardon me for my seeming intrusion, but it has occurred to me that I have had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere, and I wish to be enlightened."

She smiled and replied that I must be mistaken. To this I said I was not mistaken, and after laughing at me for some time she said:

"I must have grown awfully old that you can't place me. Three years sometimes make a great change in one. Can't you recall a starlit night on the veranda at —— Beach, when you sat with a girl in a corner? You told her that it was a case of love at first sight; that"—

"For heaven's sake, are you Miriam Beach?"

"No."

"Then you must be Alice Archard."

"Wrong again. I'm the third girl you proposed to that summer."

I remained silent for a few moments, then recovered my assurance.

"Don't you know," I said, "that, as the children say, 'the third time is the charm?'"

She burst into a merrier laugh than before, and I added:

"We don't need two boats for two persons. If you will get into mine we'll take yours in tow and I'll pull you in."

I handed her to a seat in the stern of my boat. She took up the mirror to make a place for herself. Holding it before her face, she arranged some strands of her hair that had become loose.

"That's womanlike," I said.

"And it's manlike," she retorted, "to propose to three girls in one season and forget them."

"'No more o' that an' thou lovest me,'" I said and called forth a blush. That tells the story, I said to myself.

I pulled back to her hotel, where I left her and her boat.

"Don't you want the mirror?" I asked her.

"No, thank you. Keep it as a memento of your ingenuity."

"I suppose I may call this evening?"

"Certainly. But there is no veranda overlooking a beach. Besides, I have grown wiser with age."

Her wisdom did not serve her, for when we returned to the city we were engaged.

King George Hotel

THE HOME OF THE TRANSIENT

COMMODIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS

THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR HOTEL IN THE KOOTENAYS

Run on strictly up-to-date lines. Unexcelled service in all departments. Kitchen staff (including cook) all white ladies. Every comfort and attention given to guests. The bar is supplied with only the best brand of goods.

Porters Meet Trains

W. A. HERON, MANAGER

Forest Service is Now Fully Equipped

No more striking illustration of the rapid growth of the Civil Service in recent years can be found than by reference to the Forest Branch of the Lands of the Department. It is only about eighteen months since the first steps were taken by the Minister of Lands to Lands to outline the organization of this important branch of the service, yet so vigorously has the matter been pushed forward that today the forest service may be said to be completed equipped to deal both with the current work and with probable increases that may be expected in the near future. For some months the principal duty before the Minister and his officials has been to co-ordinate the work of the large staff so as to handle the public business with the maximum of business efficiency and dispatch, and this work of perfecting the departmental machine will continue to demand much attention for some time to come. The many new lines of work that have been put in hand must be perfected before the field of effort is further enlarged.

During the period of Organization while the staff was being recruited, a very large number of applications for positions were naturally received, and although no vacancies now remain to be filled, the number of applications continues to increase. At the present date there are some hundreds of applications on file for positions either on the inside staff or for the field service. Now that the Forest Protective section of the Forest Branch has taken the field for the fire season, the personel is at its maximum. Apart from the office staff, the field force alone for the Summer of this year in the eleven forest districts will total 360 men.

In casual conversation with the Minister of Lands it was ascertained by The Colonist that application for positions in the Forest Branch as well as in Water and Inspection Branches of the Lands Department, still continue to be received, not only from residents of the Province and other parts of Canada, but also from England, India, United States and many other countries, the forest policy of the British Columbia having aroused considerable attention in all parts of the world. In order that there should be no misapprehension in the matter it should be thoroughly understood by the public that the above mentioned branches of the service are at present fully staffed.

Although there are many desirable applicants still unsatisfied, yet it is not the intention to undertake for a year or two at least any additional new work which will necessitate any further additions to the present staff, in any of its branches.

Extract from "The Colonist", June 15th, 1913.

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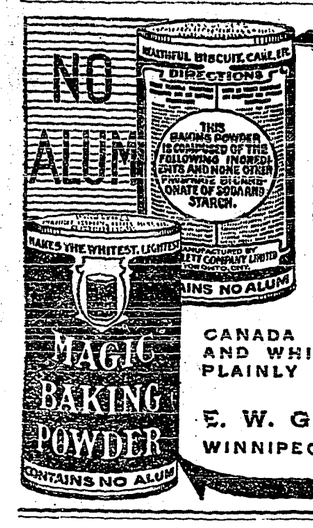

MANY BRANDS OF BAKING POWDER CONTAIN ALUM WHICH IS AN INJURIOUS ACID. THE INGREDIENTS OF ALUM BAKING POWDER ARE SELDOM PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IF THEY ARE, THE ALUM IS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE.

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THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM, AND WHICH HAS ALL ITS INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

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The Uplift

A noted English parliamentarian tossed back his thick white mane of hair, stroked his white beard and said in a broad Scotch accent to a New York reporter:

The rise in the world of wages has been great, but the rise in the world of prices has been greater. We have had progress, but it has been progress in the wrong direction.

A tourist was travelling in your Far West. As he inspected an Indian encampment he said to his cowboy guide:

And are these Indians progressing?

'Betcher life, the cowboy answered, taking a fresh chew of tobacco. 'Betcher life they're progressing. All their medicine men are patent medicine men now.

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

Look here, Mr. Editor, exclaimed an irate caller, you referred to me yesterday as a reformed drunkard. You must apologize, or I'll sue your paper for libel.

Very well, sir, replied the editor. I'll retract the statement cheerfully. I'll say you haven't reformed.

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SNAP

It imparts a delightful glow of vigorous health to the skin and leaves it smooth and soft. Keep your kiddies' knees and hands clean with SNAP. It does the work.

Your Dealer Sells Snap.
Save the Coupons.
Snap Company Limited, Montreal

False Economy

The manager—The senior partner wants us to find a berth for that son of his. He says he doesn't expect the house to pay him anything—so there'll be a saving here.

The superintendent—I don't see it. Of course we'll have to hire a man to do the work.

Lady—Why, you naughty boy, I never heard such language since the day I was born.

Small Boy—Yes, mum; I s'pose dere wuz a good deal of cussin' de day you wuz born.

Brown—The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife, were you governed by her chin?

Jones—No; but I have been ever since we married.

When the Trouble Began

A friend of the family had been summoned to testify much against his will, as to domestic disturbances in a certain household.

You saw those blows administered? asked counsel.

Yes, sir, replied the witness.

Did you witness the beginning of the quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Dash?

I did.

When was it?

Six years ago.

Six years ago! How is that possible?

I was a guest at their wedding, said the witness.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

Maud—Mr. Allround is a sort of universal genius, isn't he?

Mabel—Yes, he is exceedingly clever.

Maud—He is something of a lawyer and something of a musician. What is his profession?

Mabel—Well, the lawyers call him a musician and the musicians call him a lawyer.

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. 50c.

A Famous Comedian

Arthur Roberts, the well-known comedian, in his early days was a humble clerk by day, and at night kept London in merriment. His fellow-clerks never imagined for one moment that the comedian everyone was talking about was the quiet youth who sat amongst them. Roberts enjoyed the situation, and perplexed the office by sending tickets with Mr. Arthur Roberts' compliments.

At last his musical work became so heavy that he had to resign. One of the clerks ventured to ask if he had got another situation. Oh, yes, I have an evening job. That won't bring you in much money, laughingly calculated the clerk; you had better stay on here with your good wages.

But Roberts did not think so, and casually mentioned that the evening's work brought him about $200. Then of course, he had to divulge the secret that he was no other than the great comedian.

Thoughtful Jane

Twenty minutes for refreshments! bawled the conductor as he passed down the aisle.

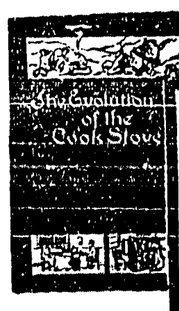
A little girl with raspberry jam on her chin plucked him by the sleeve. You need not stop the train on our account, she said timidly. We are going to eat ours right in the car.

One day little Laura came into the kitchen and found her grandmother shelling peas' After watching her a moment Laura said: Oh, grandma, please let me help you unbutton the beans.

Absent-Minded

Nellie (calling to her sister)—I'm going to make some lemonade, Mary. Where is the squeezer?

Mary (in a brown study) — The squeezer? Oh, he hasn't arrived yet, but I'm expecting him any minute.



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Dominion Pride Range is the range you would choose at any price—a beautiful steel range with unbreakable doors, castings and lids of malleable iron—a range that saves coal—a range so solidly built that with care it will last a lifetime.

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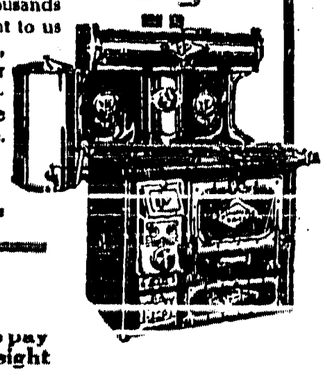

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A Fighting Parson

Mr. Dyke Wilkinson, in his book "Rough Roads," tells the following story of an ex-prize fighter who became a parson.

In one corner of the railway carriage sat a thick-set, bullet-headed individual, the very type of a Brummagem bruiser, which one might easily have taken him to be were it not for his clerical dress—the black broadcloth suit of the regulation cut and the orthodox white choker. He had quietly ensconced himself in one of the corners, taking not the slightest notice of any of his fellow-travellers, excepting perhaps just to turn up the whites of his rather striking eyes when occasionally the language of two of the travellers became very violent and unnecessarily indecent.

Now these two men were in a fairly good position in the town they came from, and they would have considered themselves insulted to have been classed with the common rough, one being a prosperous shopkeeper and the other a well-known malster. The latter was known also as a terrible bully, especially when it happened as on the present occasion, he was exhilarated with an extra glass or two; and he had the reputation moreover of being useful with his fists.

No sooner was the clergyman asleep or apparently so, than they began playing practical jokes on him, whereupon suddenly the reverend gentleman opened his remarkable eyes, and at the same time tightly closed his immense fists, and like a flash of lightning, his left went straight for the nose of the greengrocer, and at the same instant his right seriously disfigured a useful but too prominent organ of the malster's, and then followed a perfect storm of blows. To defend themselves was out of the question; they were no sooner on their feet than they were sent sprawling again as with a sledgehammer.

My travelling companions seemed struck with amazement, but to me the catastrophe caused no surprise—indeed, I felt certain I knew what would happen when these practical jokes commenced, for I had recognised in the clergyman my old friend, the invincible Birmingham pugilist, Morris Roberts, who at that time had one of his preaching fits on.

Mountains Resemble Women

Mountains might easily be compared with women. They are as infinite in variety, they attract, they repel, they take savage delight in coldly repulsing the advances of their admirers. Yet nevertheless the appeal of them both is eternal and as omnipotent as any spell the gods have cast over men. Further, a man has only to learn that a woman is dangerous to find a delightful elusive fascination in her. It is like charm in the conquest of inaccessible peaks which sets the blood of the climber astir, which acts as a Circe-like spell in augmenting the death roll of the mountains. You may prove this from any history of Alpine casualties. Each grim tragedy of the mountains whets the appetite of an ever-increasing army of adventurous spirits. Mont Blanc, monarch of the European giants, can be taken as an illuminating example of this curious trait in human nature. Each fresh accident on Mont Blanc serves only to engender the call of the mountains in greater hosts of climbers. To such people new casualties advertise but one fact; the mountain has won the tussel with some poor fellow or other, and they set their teeth determinedly, and vow that a like fate shall not overtake them. As a rule it doesn't. Yet their excessive caution against one wily enemy blinds them to others of greater danger. Some of these climbers' stories are chronicled in stone behind the white church at Chamounix. There you may see a grove of bleached crosses. They speak eloquently of the battle between man and inexorable nature.

Well Known at Eton

Lord Lytton was seated one day at dinner next to a lady whose name was Birch, and who, tradition says, was beautiful, if not over-intelligent. She said to his Excellency:

Are you acquainted with any of the Birches?

Replied his Excellency—Oh, yes, I knew some of them most intimately while at Eton; indeed, more intimately than I cared for.

Sir, replied the lady, you forget that the Birches are relatives of mine.

And yet they cut me, said the Viceroy. But, and he smiled his wonted smile, I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now.

Mrs. Birch, sad to say, did not see the point, and so the gossips have it, told her husband that his Excellency had insulted her.

A young woman failed to pass her examination for appointment as teacher in the public school of a small town.

Her mother was terribly disappointed and decided to interview one of the examiners.

I am sorry, madam, the man said, that your daughter did not pass her examinations, but there is nothing I can do about it. You know, madam, that no one is to blame but herself.

She to blame! exclaimed the woman wrathfully. Well, sir, perhaps you don't know that them examiners asked her questions about lots of things that happened years and years before she was born.

Of an old Scottish reporter in attendance at one of Lord Rosebery's meetings, this incident is told: Lord Rosebery was very solemn as he approached his peroration, and the meeting, under the glamor of his eloquence sat hushed in concentrated attention. All at once a drop of moisture detached itself from the glass roof and fell with a splash on the bald head of the old reporter. Wha's that sputtin? he demanded in a loud and indignant Scottish accent. The audience burst into such a roar of laughter that it was some time before the noble lord could proceed. This story affords an illustration of the indifference to the most exalted flights of our political orators which familiarity often breeds in the old and seasoned reporter.

Cool Courage

A tiger belonging to the King of Oude escaped one night, not long ago, from the menagerie fronting the Hoogly, swam the river, and entered the Botanical Gardens at Hourah.

Early the next morning two gentlemen, one of whom I know, strolled into the gardens. When turning a clump of palms the tiger sprang upon one of them, pinned him to the ground and began to lick him. His companion rushed up to the animal, caught him by both ears and kicked him! Recovering his senses, and realising the futility of his action, he slowly backed from the scene, and when some bushes intervened, ran to the curator's house, seized a gun and on returning to the spot found the tiger still licking his unconscious victim. He then realised that the weapon was a duck gun, charged with large shot only, to fire which at even a short distance meant possible death to his friend without killing the tiger. He walked straight up to the animal, put the gun to its brain, and shot it dead.

The friend was but little injured, his face only being disfigured where the tiger had taken the skin off when licking.

THE BIRD AND TREES

Tree Life Depends on Protection of Insect-Eating Birds

Each woodpecker in the United States is worth $20 in cash, when the value is estimated on the value of the good that this bird does to trees, says the Manchester Union. Other birds are worth sums proportionate to the good that they d The nuthatch creeper and chickadee are worth from $5 to $15, varying with the locality and the condition of trees and crops. The downy woodpecker is also the relentless enemy of the codling moth, an insect that damages our apple crops to an extent of $12,000,000.

In the war between the insects and the trees millions of dollars are being spent each year by tree owners who know that insects have increased so rapidly of late years that their trees must be protected. The locust and maple trees are preyed upon by the bag insects; elms are sprayed in order to kill the elm beetles, while borers are slaughtering the hickories.

DOCTOR SAID HE HAD DIABETES

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CLEARED OUT EVERY TRACE OF IT

That's Why Mr. David Heon, of Nicolet Co., Quebec, is Recommending the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy To His Neighbors.

St. Wenceslas, Nicolet Co., Que., (Special)—"I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills because the doctor told me I was threatened with diabetes. After taking ten boxes I was again examined by the doctor, and he told me that all trace of diabetes had disappeared."

This is the statement of Mr. David Heon, well-known and highly respected here, and he is only one of many in this neighborhood who have found a new lease of life in the great Canadian Kidney remedy.

It is cures such as this that have given Dodd's Kidney Pills their reputation. They are now known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the remedy that never fails to cure kidney disease, no matter where or in what form it is found.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-all. They simply cure diseased kidneys. The reason they cure backache, dropsy, rheumatism, neuralgia, diabetes, urinary troubles and Bright's disease is that all of these are either diseases of the kidneys or are caused by disordered kidneys failing to do their work.

Her Predicament

Sarah Bernhardt was narrating reminiscences of the stage to a group of friends.

Mash notes, you call them, she said, laughing. Well, I received a very funny mash note once in a small town of you Far West.

You are adorable, my mash note ran, and I'd have preferred to send you orchids, but in this one-horse town I am reduced to molasses candy, of which I am forwarding a two-pound bag. Will you take supper with me tonight? If you consent blow your nose on the stage, and I will understand.

Mme. Bernhardt laughed again.

And the worst of it was, she said, I had a bad cold at the time and was afraid to blow my nose all the evening.

The Triangle

Paw!

Well, George?

Do they have winter in summer in the Arctic regions?

Yes, son.

And do they have summer in winter in the tropics?

Exactly!

Do they have spring in fall in any place?

Hardly.

Or fall in the spring?

If you keep this thing up much longer, George, you'll get something worse than a fall in the spring; I'll duck you under the pump.

Look at the Clock

He would sometimes return home late at night, after his better half had retired, and when she asked him what time it was, would answer: About twelve, or a little after midnight.

One night, instead of making the usual inquiry, she said: I wish you would stop that clock, I cannot sleep for the noise.

All unsuspicious he stopped the pendulum.

In the morning, while dressing, his wife inquired artlessly: Oh, by the way, what time did you get home?

About midnight, replied the erring one.

Alonzo, look at that clock!

The hands of the clock pointed to 2.30.

Bakes Bread to Perfection

New Perfection
Oil Cook-stove

Cleaner than coal or wood. Cheaper than gas.

For best results use ROYALITE Oil.
Stock carried at all chief points.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY
Limited

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Table Conventions

A certain wealthy lady celebrated her birthday by inviting some of her old country villagers to dinner with her. They were all right as long as the soup was just soup, but when a footman appeared on the left, holding out a plate with chips of toast on it, confusion followed.

One old man scratched his head in perplexity, until a light dawned on his brain.

Here, my lad, if the wantest some of my soup, they can have it, he said, and ladled a spoonful on to the bread.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

Conscription

Conscription, which is now causing heated discussion in England, in its modern form (for it existed in Rome) was born in France in 1798. Between that year and 1913 over four million men were thus levied for the army of France. Kendal is trying hard to understand the meaning of the word, which some local politicians contend means merely an old vicious system under which a rich man could buy himself off and another might escape if lucky enough to draw a blank. But France has long ago abolished these privileges, and we still call it 'conscription' which literally means the keeping of a register.

Visitor—What are you in here for?

Prisoner—For flattery.

Visitor—Nonsense!

Prisoner—Not at all, sir. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. I am in here for imitating another man's signature.

Brilliant Prospects

That's a wonderfully smart child of yours.

Well, replied Mr. Bliggins, modestly, I don't know whether he is so very smart now. But if he ever finds out the answers to all the questions he asks he will be a world-beater.

Some women go in for the high brow pose, while others prefer the low neck.

The poet's lay may be all right,
To some it seems a crime,
For downright usefulness I'll take
The hen's lay every time.

Leopold's Humor

Wit was not commonly associated with the late Leopold of Belgium in life, but in a recent volume of reminiscences Lady Dorothy Nevil has credited his majesty with at least one good thing.

King Leopold was one addressed by a person of a type, half-snob, half-revolutionary.

My only regret your majesty he volunteered, is that you should be a king when you are so admirably equipped by nature to be an ideal president of the Belgian republic.

Thank you very much, returned the king. I shall remember your remark when I go to see my doctor this afternoon, and tell him what a pity it is that he is not a veterinary surgeon.

Costiveness and its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness, and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.

A professor, whose pupils made too much noise, let the following naivete slip out: Gentlemen, if everybody be silent we shall be better able to discover who makes the row.

This reminds us of a medical report which began thus: There exists a great number of families in Dublin who have died of cholera.

Figuring Up

Can we get along on my salary?

Let's see, said the girl. We'll need theatre tickets, flowers, candy, Taxi-cabs will be an item, and your club expenses will amount to something.

Don't overlook clothes, rent, food, light and fuel, called her father from the next room. They are items that always crop up.

Chatty Waiter (glancing out of window)—The rain'll be here in a minute or two now, sir.

Customer—Well, I didn't order it. I'm waiting for a chop.

The Solar Plexus a Great Nerve Centre

With the single exception of the brain itself, the solar plexus is the most important nerve centre in the human body.

Situated just back of the stomach and close to the spinal cord, the solar plexus supplies the motor nerves to the vital organs. Injury to or weakness of the solar plexus consequently means incapacity of the vital organs of the body. This explains why a blow which reaches the solar plexus means helplessness to the person receiving it.

These nerve centres all demand an enormous quantity of good, rich blood and, failing to get this, the nerve cells are starved and depleted, and fail to supply vital energy to the digestive and eliminating organs.

The wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in revitalizing and reconstructing the broken-down nervous system is due to the fact that it supplies nutrition to nerve cells through the medium of the blood stream.

Weakness of the stomach, failure of the liver and kidneys to filter the blood, inactivity of the bowels and feelings of fatigue and discouragement usually arise from an exhausted condition of the nervous system. The nerve centres, such as the solar plexus, have not the nerve force to work the machinery of the body.

The most natural treatment imaginable is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and its benefits are lasting, because it actually rebuilds the wasted and broken-down nerve cells.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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UP IN THE AIR

Or How His Consent Was Won

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. Lysander Tatem looked upon the latest invention of the young man who wanted to be his son-in-law with unconcealed interest. He had accepted the invitation to witness the trial flights of Jules Hazen's new aeroplane with all the skepticism that the hard headed man of business brings to bear upon the fanciful dreams of the inventor of things, and he also brought along with his distrust a strong dislike for the youth who had dared to fall in love with his only child, Katherine.

Katherine stood beside him, small and fair and wonderfully interested in the complication of canvas and machinery which Jules so skillfully guided through the air. There were just the three of them—Jules, Katherine and her father.

Jules essayed another flight, and as his machine rose gracefully to the level of the treetops Mr. Tatem shaded his eyes with his hand and followed his course. At last he brought his eyes down to earth.

"It must be a fascinating pastime if one is young and can afford to spend the time and money," he added hastily.

"That is Jules' profession, father. I suppose he might as well be an inventor as a banker or broker or anything else," said Katherine with spirit.

"Don't you think the life of an aviator, for instance, contains more risk than that of a banker?" demanded Lysander Tatem, who was fond of an argument.

"No, indeed," and Katherine lifted her pretty brows in surprise. "Just think of all the bankers who are killed in automobile accidents!"

"Humph!" snorted Mr. Tatem impatiently. "As if a man's profession made any difference when two automobiles come together. Just as many lawyers and brewers go to smash, my dear, as bankers. Be sensible now and admit that Hazen's profession or trade, or whatever you call it, of inventor and aviator is a hand to mouth existence at best. Did you ever hear of many rich inventors, Katherine?"

"No."

"That's the situation in a nutshell. Hazen is as poor as a church mouse. I suppose he thinks if he marries a banker's daughter he'll have a backer for his inventions."

Now the aeroplane swooped downward and alighted before them. Jules leaned out, his keen young face alight with pleasure.

"Will you go up with me, Mr. Tatem?" he asked. "I'm sure you'll enjoy the sensation of soaring in space. I promise to return you safe and sound to the earth."

Lysander Tatem hesitated for a moment, and then, persuaded by his daughter's encouraging smile and ashamed to admit his own reluctance to leave the earth in that manner, he stepped into the seat beside the young aviator.

The banker clung desperately to the slender supports as the birdlike machine swooped up, up, above the treetops and then glided evenly along above the earth. After the first sickening feeling as he saw the ground with its familiar objects dropping away beneath them, where Katherine stood a tiny speck waving a pin point of white after them, Lysander Tatem really began to enjoy the sensation of flying. He felt a new respect for the young man who wanted to be his son-in-law, and he earnestly hoped that the science would be perfected with such rapidity that he, too, might enjoy the sport of air flying.

Jules Hazen said little. Now and then he indicated the blurred outline of a city beneath them or explained the working of the machinery to the interested passenger, who grew more exhilarated as the minutes passed until an hour had gone by.

"Where are we now?" he asked at last.

"Blakeport," returned Hazen as he swung the machine circling about and headed for home. "There's rather a nasty wind coming up from the northeast. We'll see if we can't beat it."

They didn't beat the rapidly rising wind. It made such headway that the aviator guided his machine to a higher strata, hoping to escape the unfavorable wind. Higher and higher they arose until the feeling of nausea attacked the banker again, and he was obliged to exert every effort to maintain his seat.

"Close your eyes!" commanded Jules. And Mr. Tatem was gladly obedient. The first doubts of the aviator's ability to take him home again now assailed him.

"What's that?" He had to repeat this question in Hazen's ear, because the engine was giving forth such sharp staccato cracks that hearing was difficult.

"What's what?" shouted Jules.

"That noise, like the cracking of all the steel ribs," explained the uneasy passenger.

"Engine missing strokes," said Jules briefly, and Mr. Tatem had to be content with that explanation. But not for long was he satisfied with the situation. The machine was rushing through space with terrifying speed. Below them were cold, gray clouds and above them a clear, deep blue sky, from which the sun shone warmly.

There was absent the smooth gliding motion which had at first fascinated him, and there was something in the action of the engine and in the rigid lines of Hazen's profile that hinted to him that the young aviator, incensed at the banker's reluctance to accept him as the suitor of his daughter, might be sending them both to destruction.

"Hazen!" he shouted suddenly.

"Well?" returned the other without turning his head.

"I understand the situation now. If you're using my safety as a lever upon which to swing my decision in your favor you've attacked the wrong man, understand?" He screamed the last word in Hazen's ear, and the latter nodded, unsmiling, but still the machine went on its rushing course.

"Where are we now?" Mr. Tatem yelled again.

"Give it up. I can't tell yet."

The banker looked at the grim profile beside him, and something gave way in his spinal column. He must reach solid ground again at any price, he told himself. Jules Hazen might not prove so undesirable a husband for Katherine after all, he argued. His own safety was a matter of paramount importance just then.

All at once the aviator reached forward and did something to the machinery, and the aeroplane dipped down, down, down, until it speeded toward the gray clouds at a sickening angle. Then they were enveloped in the damp clouds and were out of them with the earth far below, and they were certainly falling down. Lysander Tatem lost his self control as he realized this fact.

"Hazen," he cried, "bring me safely to earth again and I'll consent to your marrying my daughter."

Jules turned a flushed face to his and made an unintelligible reply. Still they fell toward the earth, while the engine gave out that irresponsible staccato click. All at once Hazen leaned back in his seat, touched a lever and fumbled with some handles, and immediately the aeroplane stayed its dizzying fall, the engine swung into rhythmic beat, and they hung in the air for a moment while the aviator took his bearings. Then they went inward, perhaps a couple of hundred feet above the earth, until the banker recognized the familiar layout of the aviation field below.

Slowly, gracefully, like a weary bird, the machine glided toward the field and at last rested safely on it. Katherine Tatem ran toward them with fluttering handkerchief.

As Lysander Tatem stepped to the ground, stiff and sore and quite fagged by the excitement of the flight, he turned a pale and angry face toward Jules Hazen.

"Of course I shall keep my word, young man," he said harshly. "But I shall always have the greatest contempt for your methods!" and he strode toward his daughter, who was quick to observe the strained relations between them.

The appearance of the Tatem motorcar at that instant made the leave taking a matter easily concluded, and soon Katherine and her father were on the way home.

"You haven't said anything about the flight, father," said the girl after awhile. "You were gone so long I was afraid that something had happened."

Lysander Tatem swallowed a lump in his throat before replying. "It was an unusual experience, my dear. It had one result which will gratify you—I have told Hazen that he has my consent to your marriage."

Katherine's warm hug was received by her father with manifest discomfort, and, perhaps realizing that this yielding of his really caused him suffering, she soon settled quietly beside him and was silent.

* * * * * * *

Several days passed before Jules Hazen made his appearance at the town house of Lysander Tatem. Then he asked for the banker and was shown into the gloomy grandeur of the library.

Mr. Tatem was reading before a west window, where the afternoon sun touched his white hair into a sort of golden radiance that made him look unusually benevolent as he arose to greet his visitor. This effect disappeared as soon as he stepped out of the sunshine, and Hazen saw that his face was grim and uncompromising.

"I've been expecting you, Mr. Hazen," said the banker.

Jules lifted his dark eyebrows. "I was afraid you were laboring under a delusion, Mr. Tatem," he said gravely, "and I called to set your mind at rest. While we were in the air the other day the machinery actually went wrong, and I really thought we were both going to destruction. After you mentioned your daughter I suddenly realized that you were Katherine's father and must be saved for her. Then my wits came back, and I recollected the emergency levers. The rest was easy. I release you from any rash promise you may have made in the moment of danger." He turned toward the door with a slight inclination of his head.

"Wait!" said Lysander Tatem in an agitated voice. "What about Katherine? I have told her that you have my consent."

The ticking of the clock broke regularly on the silence that followed. Jules Hazen's handsome face wore an expression of obstinate pride. Lysander Tatem found himself hoping that Hazen's pride would give way to love for Katherine. His own face was softening with pity for the daughter who was everything to him.

"Hazen," he said manfully, "I'm proud, but I can swallow it for Katherine's sake. I can't face her and tell her it was a mistake—she is so happy. Will you let bygones be bygones?"

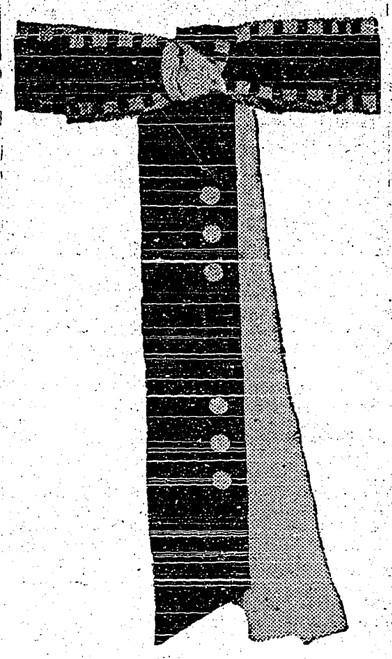
Jules Hazen's face cleared as if by magic. "Thank you, sir. You won't regret the trust you have placed in me. Shall we go together and find her?"

CHIFFON CORSET COVER.

A New Underblouse Made From Two Thicknesses of Thin Fabric.

After women were inured to the idea that a transparent blouse called for a thin and fancy corset cover they began to look about to see what fabric could be used to the best advantage. They tried silk, but it was not satisfactory, as it gave too definite an impression of what it was beneath the blouse and looked like lining.

It was in this search that some one stumbled on fish pink chiffon cloth as an admirable fabric, which is almost



NATTY LITTLE NECK BOW.

as cobwebby as chiffon itself, but has better wearing qualities, for it is woven out of stronger thread.

When it was made up in a simple manner it had no character. It did not really conceal the white chemise beneath, and it did not give any definite color to the blouse above. Flowered ribbon was used in small bows or as a band run through long buttonholes that were placed around the figure, but this idea proved too colorful and did not look especially well under all kinds of blouses.

Then came the inrush of those fancy little roses which the great masses of women do not yet know how to use and which the majority think belong only to picture frames and bureau ornaments, but they were found speedily satisfactory as an ornament to this pink chiffon corset cover, and at present this is the accepted idea.

This underblouse is made from two thicknesses of material in order that it may not be too transparent, for we must draw the line somewhere, and it is gathered into a scanty frill of thin white lace. Over the shoulders go half inch straps of pink satin ribbon which end in front in flat rosettes made of three roses with green leaves.

The natty little neck bow illustrated forms an attractive finish for a blouse waist. It is made of small lengths of black velvet and satin ribbon, one end trimmed with small white pearl buttons.

THE COURSE DINNER.

How This Meal May Be Well Served With One Maid.

Many of our housewives who want the elegance of a course dinner, yet who are limited to the services of one maid, would be much amazed at the ease with which they can both cook and serve if a little forethought be used in the menu.

A preliminary cocktail, prepared beforehand from a bottled sauce or ketchup and oysters or clams, makes a good beginning and can be made ready in the early morning and placed on ice to good advantage.

A clear soup with vermicelli or noodles can be cooked the day before and may simmer quietly for half an hour before serving time without further care.

Fish is well represented by devilled crabs, seasoned and turned into little mounds in the center of scallop shells. This may be done any time several hours previous to the feast, and all they need at mealtime is a simple browning in the oven.

Large and substantial roasts are not only hard to prepare and serve, but also fill the oven to the exclusion of everything else, so it is advisable to have delicious little steaks, fillet of beef, with canned peas and pomme de terre au gratin, and prepared early in the day from mashed potatoes and a sprinkling of grated cheese.

Most salads may without serious injury be mixed several hours before using and placed in a large bowl in the refrigerator, placing it on the lettuce leaves at serving time. Cheese balls are better made early and iced.

Certainly for dessert nothing could be more delicious, more appetizing or more decorative than individual charlotte russe, more popular than ice cream, with hot maple or chocolate sauce.

A Bowl Shower.

A very practical shower for a bride who is to keep house is one to which the guests are asked to bring bowls. There are wooden chopping bowls, brass and copper bowls, finger bowls of glass and of metal, mayonnaise bowls and even a punch bowl. To make fun part of the refreshments could be served in bowls and the tea in small handless cups, which are lovely to use for individual gelatins and jellies.

THE LAW AND THE GAMBLER.

Prohibitory Legislation Is Spreading All Over the World.

In 1909 France passed a law making it a criminal offence publicly to lay odds against horses and the Transvaal Parliament not only prohibited betting on all sports, but forbade newspapers publishing betting information prior to races or other sporting events. In both these countries the Government takes a percentage of the gross takings.

There is probably no country on earth in which the gambling spirit is stronger than Australia. Betting on racing became a notorious evil and all kinds of games of chance flourished. At last, in 1906, the Governments of New South Wales and Victoria took strong action. Gaming houses were quarantined and afterward anyone found in them could be arrested without a warrant and imprisoned for six months. The regulations regarding racing were most drastic and practically amounted to prohibition.

Public lotteries are fast disappearing. After flourishing for over 250 years the British state lottery was abolished by law in 1836. The Louisiana State lottery—the last in America—had an enormous vogue throughout the country. It was abolished nearly 20 years ago. France legislated lotteries out of existence in 1910; Italy is abolishing them the present year. Practically the only important public lotteries remaining are the Prussian state lottery and the famous one held at Hamburg.

Roulette and rogue-et-noir were played openly all over Europe until nearly the end of the 19th century. Now one must go to a private club or to Monte Carlo to indulge in these forms of gambling. Belgium legislated against public gaming 11 years ago, with financial loss to Ostend and other famous centres which practically lived on gambling. Paris is full of illicit card rooms, but they constantly are being raided in spite of the fact that the Government imposes a heavy tax on their huge profits.

Hats Are Modern.

Once in a while we do seem to come across something which ancient people did not possess. Hats apparently figure among this number.

For hats, we are told, did not become a well-established custom until some 500 years ago. In the year 1449, when Charles II. entered Rouen after its recapture by the French from the English, the people there had never before set eyes on a hat. Their amazement, therefore, can be pictured as they gazed upon their King riding past them in pomp and on his head a gorgeous hat lined with varicolored silk and gayly bedecked with huge plumes.

Of course everyone followed his example. Hats began to make their appearance in shop windows and women and men alike labored over the constructing of elaborate headpieces, each one attempting to surpass his neighbor if possible. But they were expensive and it was a long time before they could be worn except by the prosperous classes.

In the course of time, however, they became a more commonplace thing and people of all classes were able to afford them.

The New Chinese Alphabet.

Chinese scholars have formulated a new alphabet after a study of all the alphabets of the world which will supersede, it is said, the cumbersome ideograms which were the pride of the ancient Chinese as well as the puzzle of the modern world. Five vowels have been taken from the Latin, four from the Greek, four from the Russian, one from the Chinese, and two are elongated signs, and seven are reversed ideograms. Fourteen consonants are Latin, three Russian and two Greek. With these it is declared to be possible to write all the words used in any part of China. An effort is to be made at once to introduce the new alphabet into official circles.

The Invention of Wireless.

Guglielmo Marconi was only fifteen years old when he studied at the universities of Bologna and Padua and began his electrical researches. In the course of the next few years he began the study of the so-called Hertzian waves or electrical impulses, which travel through the air without the use of a wire. In 1895, when he was only twenty years old, his advanced knowledge on this obscure subject inspired him with the theory that these waves could be sent out and received at will, and in that year he constructed the first wireless apparatus, the efficiency of which astonished the world.

A Curious Notice.

This curious official notice was once published in Germany: "At the request of Herr Wilhelm Leigson of Innsbruck the seaman, Johnan Leigson, who was drowned in May, 1869, on a journey from Stockholm to Hamburg in the Kaiser Friedrich, is hereby called upon by the courts to appear and report himself on or before April 1, 1881, under pain of being declared dead."

Glass Dishes.

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

Revising the Declaration.

"All men were created equal, were they not?" asked Mr. Meekton.

"Equal among themselves," replied his wife, "but as between themselves and us, distinctly inferior."

Discouraging Omission.

"My doctor tells me I may eat whatever I like."

"Then why are you looking so down in the mouth?"

"He didn't tell me how to get it."

Like a Bad Egg.

Though a man with money be a bad egg, people seldom take offense until he is broke.

PECULIAR HORSES.

They Have Little Hair and Eat Butter and Sugar With Flour.

The greatest peculiarity of the Turkoman breed of horses is their hairlessness. They have naturally very little mane, and what they have is always carefully cut off. Their skin is very soft and thin. Colonel Stewart in "Through Persia In Disguise" tells of the great care taken of these animals.

They are never stabled, but picketed in the open. They are, however, warmly clothed. First the Turkoman puts over his animal a thick felt body covering of the size that an English horse wears. Over this he fastens an immense piece of felt that covers the horse's ears and his whole body down to his hocks. This clothing he keeps in place with a long roller, which is passed three times round the horse's body.

The Turkomans feed their horses when in camp on barley or chopped straw and give them flour and sheep's tail fat or clarified butter when they are going to call on them for great exertion. I myself in India have often given my horses a pound each of flour and coarse sugar and half a pound of clarified butter made into balls when I have ridden them far and wanted them to go on again. The horse easily digests this ration, and he is ready to start sooner than if a feed of corn is given him. It is also supposed to give great strength.

Turkomans give their horses almost anything they eat themselves. Although hardy in respect of food, the horses require a good deal of care as to clothing, for fine coats and delicate skins make them very susceptible to colds.

LEADERS OF MEN.

It Is by Success That They Attain Prestige and Power.

As soon as a certain number of living beings are gathered together, whether they be animals or men, they place themselves instinctively under the authority of a chief.

As enthusiasm becomes inflamed it happens most often that the then leader is he who started as one of the led.

He has himself been hypnotized by the idea whose apostle he has since become. It has taken possession of him to such a degree that everything outside it vanishes, and every contrary opinion appears to him an error or a superstition. In time by affirmation, repetition and contagion great power is given to his ideas, and he acquires that mysterious force known as prestige. Every successful man, every idea that forces itself into recognition, ceases ipso facto to be called in question.

The proof that success is one of the principal stepping stones to prestige is that the disappearance of one is almost always followed by the disappearance of the other. The hero whom the crowd acclaimed yesterday is insulted today should he be overtaken by failure. The reaction indeed will be the stronger in proportion as the prestige has been great.—Le Bon in "The Crowd."

Verdi as a Politician.

The name of Verdi, we are told, was a political and patriotic symbol. He belonged to the Italian Nationalist party, and his name was scribbled on the walls of Italian towns which were under Austrian rule. This honor, however, as is carefully explained, was not paid to Verdi himself, as his name happened by accident to be formed by the initial letters of "Victor Emmanuel Rol d' Italie," with which inscription Italian patriots often cover their walls. Verdi was a politician. He was elected deputy, and subsequently Emmanuel made him a senator. The story is told that the maestro was in the habit of orchestrating the sittings of the chamber of deputies and noting the tone of the various speakers, so that he could go up to each of them in the lobby and tell him that his speech was in such and such a key.—Westminster Gazette.

A Generous Rebuke.

Nicholas Wain, one of the great men of the time described in "The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood," had a wit as whimsical as Lamb's, although there was less of it.

Annoyed by repeated depredations upon his woodpile, he bought a cart load of wood and sent it to the offender.

"Friend," was the courteous explanation that accompanied the wood, "I was afraid thee would hurt thyself falling off my woodpile."—Youth's Companion.

Uses of Enthusiasm.

"I didn't know you were an especial admirer of the man who got elected."

"I'm not," replied the practical politician.

"Then why so much enthusiasm?"

"It's the only way I can suggest to my constituents that maybe I have some influence with him."—Washington Star.

And He Was Cruel to Her.

Lawyer—I think I can get you a divorce, madam, for cruel and inhuman treatment, but do you think your husband will fight the suit? Woman—Fight! Why, the little shrimp dasn't even come into a room where I am!—Truth Seeker.

A Trying Role.

"Remember, Arthur, you are the son of a gentleman. Try to behave like one for just one day."

"All right, mother, but it will spoil the whole day for me."—Life.

Much talent is often lost for want of a little courage.—George Eliot.

For the Children

Miss Bertha Kountze, Who Posed For Charity.

© 1913, by American Press Association.

When a short time ago the members of New York's Four Hundred decided to give a series of tableaux representing famous paintings for the benefit of a charity fund there was much scouting about to find children who could with fair accuracy portray the subjects to be presented. Little Miss Bertha Kountze, daughter of Mr. De Lancey Kountze, was selected after several candidates had been refused to portray the painting of "A Little Girl," as pictured by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The half tone shows her as she was snapped by the photographer. She made a pretty picture and one that is considered a good replica of the original.

The Bluebird.

"True-a-ly, true-a-ly," sings Mr. Bluebird from his perch while his mate goes about "house hunting."

"True-a-ly, true-a-ly," he gently warbles, and then he, too, goes and inspects the knothole in the old tree, all the while keeping up his song that is one of the sweetest and tenderest and truly "love songs" of animate creation.

His ways are ways of pleasantness, but his paths are not always those of peace. His mate selects knotholes or deserted woodpecker holes in the tree or nesting boxes that have been put up in the dooryard. For these different places he often must fight to obtain possession, for martin, wren and English sparrow will lay claim to these desirable premises. But when the nest is completed and his mate is sitting he watches the place with a jealous care and will drive away, with many a savage thrust of bill (showing that he, too, has a temper), any bird that alights near the sacred nest. While she is brooding he is very attentive, bringing her food and cheering her with his singing.

Curious Button Law.

There was a time when most foreigners traveling to England had to visit a tailor on arriving, in order to have their buttons changed. According to a law passed in the eighteenth century, any person in England wearing buttons made of cloth, serge, drugget or frieze was liable to a penalty of $10.

The author of one of the earliest of guidebooks, "Le Parisien a Londres," warns visitors of the law, adding: "Some people call it an iniquitous regulation, but in my opinion it is both just and wise, since it prevents the button makers being ruined by sudden changes of fashion and encourages the manufacture and export of their wares. A foreigner wearing a coat with cloth buttons made in his own country is not fined when first charged with this breach of law. He must, however, hasten to obtain proper buttons or he may be arrested again on the following day."

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a mother and a barber? One has razors to shave and the other shavers to raise.

What kind of business never makes progress? The stationery (ary) business.

Why is Ireland likely to become the richest country in the world? Because its capital is always Dublin.

Why is a bad riddle like a poor pencil? Because it has no point.

How do you swallow a door? Bolt it.

Why is a thump like a winter hat? Because it is felt.

Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy? Because his are all net profits.

Game of Horses' Tails.

You must all watch carefully and when you see a horse in the distance guess the color of its tail. As the horse gets nearer and nearer the excitement becomes intense. The player who guesses correctly scores 5, and the player who scores 20 first wins the game.

Dandy Dandelion.

Dear little golden flower,
Dreaming the days away,
Can you count each passing hour?
Do you know the time of day?
Will you kindly tell me
When you change your frock?
Are you a dandy dandelion,
Or are you a four-o'clock?

In the green grass growing
I saw your golden head.
But when I ran to pluck you
My darling mother said,
"Wait awhile, my girlie,
And see Dandy change her frock.
Then your yellow dandelion
Will be a four-o'clock."

I've watched you in the meadow.
[illegible]
You change into a puff ball
How strange that seemed to me!
And now you're fuzzy-fuzzy,
But I do not like your frock.
Please be a dandy dandelion
And not a four-o'clock!

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GUARANTEED HOME GROWN

Cellared—Roots in earth, no danger of winter killing

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Graceful and Inexpensive Summer Styles shown in

June Good Dressing

There's a variety of Summer designs in this number of Good Dressing which will please every on e: e offer an array of dainty Summer materials which will surely satisfy both the taste and the pocket-book. With Ladies' Home Journal Patterns and our wealth of materials to choose from any woman can gratify her taste for a variety of light, tasteful dresses at a modest expense to her purse. Come early—get your Good Dressing free.

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AND ORNAMENTALS

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VERNON, B. C.

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For further particulars apply to our local Agent.

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Harry Leonard

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YOU WILL SAVE MONEY BY GETTING MY ESTIMATES

NELSON LAND DISTRICT
DISTRICT OF WEST KOOTENY

TAKE notice that E. T. Opie of Wardner, B. C occupation mechanist, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:-

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Goat River 80 chains north of the north west corner of Sublot 13 of Lot 4592, Group 1, thence east 20 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 20 chaines, more or less to the east bank of Goat River, thence southerly along said east bank of Goat River the point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

Edward T Opie.
Wm. Arrowsmith,
Date 22 April, 1913. Agent

NELSON LAND DISTRICT
DISTRICT OF WEST KOOTENY

TAKE notice that W. J Williams of Nelson, B C occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:-

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Goat River where intersected by the north boundary of Sublot 13 of Lot 4592, Group 1 thence east 20 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 20 chains, more or less, to the east bank of Goat River, thence southerly along said east bank of Goat River to the point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

William J Williams.
Wm. Arrowsmith,
Date 22 April, 1913. Agent.

NELSON LAND DISTRICT
DISTRICT OF WEST KOOTENAY

TAKE notice that W. Arrowsmith of Creston, B. C. occupation rancher, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:-

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Goat River 320 chains north from the north west corner of Sublot 13 of Lot 4592, Group 1, thence east 20 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 20 chains more or less, to the east bank of Goat River, thence southerly along said east bank of Goat River to the point of commencement, containing 160 acres.

William Arrowsmith
Date 22 April 1913.

NELSON LAND DISTRICT
DISTRICT OF WEST KOOTENAY

TAKE notice that Louis M. Young of Creston B.C. occupation Married Woman intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands;-

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Goat River 240 chains north of the north west corner of Sublot 13 of, Lot 4592, Group 1 thence east 20 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 20 chains, more or less, to the east bank of Goat River, thence southerly along said east bank of Goat River to the point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or lessr

Louie May Young,
Wm. Arrowsmith,
Date 22 April, 1919. Agent

NELSON LAND DISTRICT
DISTRICT OF WEST KOOTENAY

TAKE notice that James T. Burgess of Kitchener, B. C. occupation agent, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following lands:--

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Goat River 160 chains north of the northwest corner of Sublot 13 of Lot 4592, Group 1, thence east 20 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 20 chains, more or less, to the east bank of Goat River, thence southerly along said east bank of Goat River to the point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

James Thomas Burgess,
Wm. Arrowsmith,
Date 22 April, 1913. Agent.

Blue Flame Oil Cook Stoves

Use a Blue Flame, Oil Cook stove for the Hot Weather and keep your kitchen cool. It is more econimical than wood or coal.

We guarantee them and give you a trial with one and will refund your money if you are not satisfied. Call and inspect our stock.

S. A. SPEERS, General MERCHANT

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CATHOLIC CHURCH

Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30

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

NELSON LAND DISTRICT
DISTRICT OF WEST KOOTENAY

TAKE notice that Arthur Okell, of Creston B. C occupation agent intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Goat River 400 chains north west corner of Sublot 13 of Lot 4592 Group 1, thence east 20, chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 20 chains, more or less, to the east bank of Goat River, thence southerly along said bank of Goat River to the point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less

Arthur Okell
Wm. Arrowsmith,
Date 22 April, 1913. Agent

Divided.

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny," she exclaimed. "I didn't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all," replied Johnny. "Part of it is in Elsie."—Chicago Record Herald.

Tips on Credit.

Gent—I've no change this morning, I'll give you something on my return.

Crossing Sweeper (sadly)—Ah, sir, you'd be surprised if you knew how much money I've lost by giving credit that way.—London Opinion.

YOU PAY WHEN CURED

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NERVOUS DEBILITY

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

YOU WILL BE A WRECK

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

EVERYTHING PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

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

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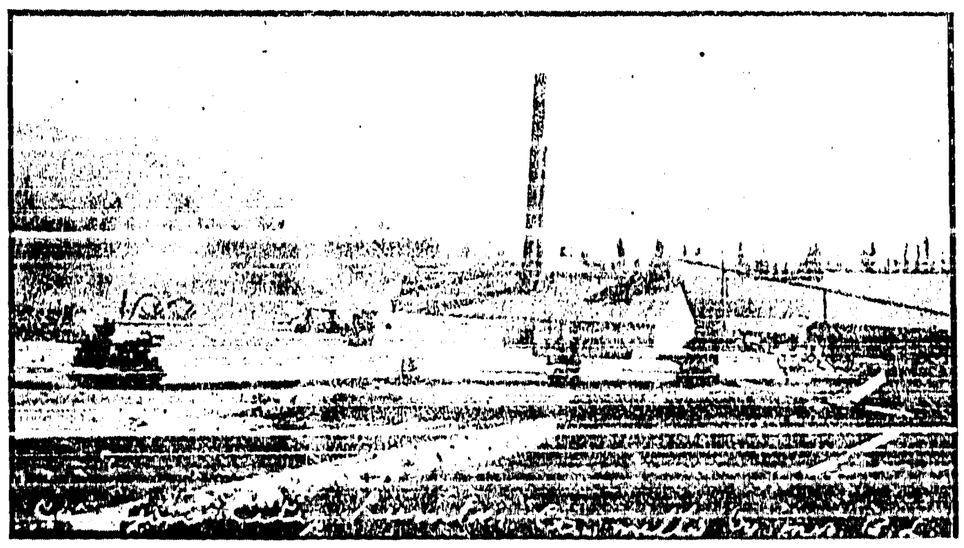

Canyon City Lumber Co's Mill which has been closed down for the summer