All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

ALL THE NEWS of the CRESTON DISTRICT

THE CRESTON REVIEW

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR $2.00 A YEAR

No. 30, 5th YEAR. CRESTON, B. C., FRIDAY. AUG. 1. 1913. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

MANY TRIBES TO SEND MEMBERS TO NATIONAL INDIAN CONGRESS AT THE SPOKANE FAIR

Spokane, once the meeting place of all the Indian tribes of the Inland Empire in their annual tribunals, is again to be the Mecca of the red men of the entire Northwest and practically the entire country when the First National Indian Congress will be held on the Spokane Interstate Fair Grounds during the week of Sept. 15. Never before has the white man of the present generation had as good an opportunity to see just how much the aborigine has progressed. The Interstate Fair management is going to show you how this development took place and further give the Indians a chance to see and enjoy the Interstate Fair.

No expense has been spared by the Fair management in getting the tribes to Spokane. That it will be a most representative gathering of Indians is shown by the fact that the Little Spokanes, the Nez Perces, the Yakimas, the Blackfeet, the Flatheads, the Kalispells, the Crees, the Colvilles, the Snakes, the Sioux and the Crows are all going to send large deligations to the Fair.

It will be a real Indian show. The Indians will be encamped at the Fair Grounds throughout the week, brave and squaw bringing their own tepee and camping utensils. During the day the Indians will engage in sports of their tribes and will show the primitive life of the early aborigines, portraying their weird ceremonies and dances and graphically reproducing all the old life of the Indian. The Night Show will also be in charge of the Indians, who will put on each night a realistic and intensely thrilling reproduction of General Custer,s last fight in the center field, with the Indians victorious and celebrating their victory with a gorgeous ceremonial dance. With over half a thousand Indians in the Fair Grounds at all times, dressed in the full regalia of their tribes and riding their own ponies, there will be something doing every minute to interest visitors.

One of the Indian maidens, who is a famous rider, has already entered four of her ponies in the regular relay race given at the Fair Grounds each day, and she hopes to win the $1,000 purse offered. Other Indians of different tribes are at work preparing teams for the athletic events at the Fair, and many of their stunts will be put on before the Grand Stand.

The First National Indian Congress has the approval and indorsement of the United States Department of Indian Affairs, the Indian Affairs Committees of the United States House and Senate and the National Society of American Indians. The Fair Association is bringing the Indians to Spokane not only for your amusement, but for their education, and, aside from showing the general public the dances and customs of years gone by, the Indians will also show what advancement they have made in an agricultural and industrial way by making a number of interesting exhibits.

OBITUARY

The grim reaper with his awesome scythe and attendant tears, has visited two of our Creston homes this week and one more home has been notified of the death of a relative in the East.

JACOB SMITH

Early Wednesday morning word was brought to Frank Smith and his sisters that their father, who was at the hospital in Cranbrook, had passed away at midnight.

He had been ailing for some time and only recently had gone to the hospital at Cranbrook for treatment for heart trouble, the children, who are all grown up, taking up the work of carrying on the baking business in which he has been engaged since he came to Creston, some three years ago. A sad feature of this affair is that Mrs. Smith was away with their married daughter in the State of Washington and was not able to get to her husband's bedside at the time of his death.

She was notified by wire and stopped off at Cranbrook in time to come with the other members of the family who had gone to bring back the remains for burial. Yesterday afternoon's train brought the funeral party and they were met at the station by the members of L. O. L. No. 2095, who took charge of the funeral arrangements, Jacob Smith being an Orangeman, although not a member of the local lodge.

From the station the party wound its way to the Presbyterian Church, where Rev. W. G. Blake conducted the service and from the church the procession led to the cemetery, six of the Orangemen acting as pall bearers and showing all honors to their deceased brother. The service at the grave was in charge of Rev. Fred. L. Carpenter, acting chaplain of the order. There were numerous floral tributes.

MRS. R. G. HETHERINGTON

There is another home in our community where there is the deepest sorrow. George Hendron, well known and respected as a resident for years of Creston, he with his family mourn the death of his daughter, Winna, 24 years of age. She was the favorite of the family and especially endeared to her father.

She had been to Spokane for a visit and was expected home Tuesday, they went to the train to meet her, and were surprised that she did not arrive. Later there came a telegram, dread messenger, it told of her death

It was a terrible blow to the family, who were preparing to welcome the daughter home.

Wednesday Mr. Hendron and Mrs. Dan Speers left for Spokane, returning yesterday with the remains.

Winna was a great favorite with everybody in the town, her graceful manner, cheerful disposition and ready sympathy causing her to be loved and respected by everybody and it is the whole community that mourns her loss.

The funeral will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the home of the parents and a memorial service will be held at the Methodist church, Rev. F. L. Carpenter officiating.

Mrs. S. G. Smith received word Wednesday of the death of her sister at Kingston, Ontario.

The sympathies of the community go out to all of these bereaved ones.

WANTED

Wanted—A gentle and sound farm horse, age from 5 to 10 years. State full particulars. Apply "A. B." Creston Review. 20-30

—FOR SALE- one set of double harness, (lannane collars.) 150 rods 9 stand patent wire fencing 451 8 foot cedar (pradric) posts, house logs peeled, 28x30 and 20x21 foot logs, and 50 lbs. mammoth clover seed. E. L. T. Taylor, Creston B. C.

NEWSY LOCAL NOTES.

For Sale—1 bay mare, 5 years old, weight 850 lbs. Apply to A. Mirabelli

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

We have been furnished with a list of the new books which have arrived for the Government Circulating Library, but as it is rather lengthy and we are a little crowded for space, we will pul lish it in the next issue of the Review. The collection is varied and complete, and comprizes some of the very latest authors.

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

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

Mrs. Chas. Moore and children left for Kaslo last Wednesday, where she will spend the rest of the summer with her mother Mrs J. G. Palmer.

Winnipeg announces the Stampede from August 9 to 16—A whole, wild, wide, whirling, western week. Special rates on railroads.

Mrs. Odie and children, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W C. Forrester for the past month, returned home Wednesday.

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

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

J. Cook ships today to the Exhibition at Saskatoon 2 boxes of Yellow Transparent Apples. He is sending them on the request of the B. C. Government.

SOME OF OUR CRESTON VALLEY PRODUCTS

NOTICE

The advertisement appearing in these columns in the issue of July 25th to the effect that the Hayman property had been sold by Fred. W. Watson was totally incorrect and the result of an hallucination on the part of the advertiser. The property is entirely in the control of Mr. T. M. Edmondson.

WM. S. WATSON

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

Mr. Carney, Timber Inspector, passed through Monday on his way to Cranbrook, returning Wednesday.

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

THE HOME OF THE BIG RED APPLE

Printing as you like it at the Creston Review.

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

How about soft water for washing? [illegible] for 75 cts a foot.

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

Piano in excellent condition for sale Address X, Y, Z. Creston Review.

Wanted — Girl for general housework. Apply Mrs. W. H. Crawford

A. D. LeMay, of Fort William, Ont., Supt. of Elevators for the C. P. R., with Mrs. LeMay and son, accompanied by Mrs. Joe Jackson and daughters of Cranbrook, are spending a few days in town and visiting with J. Blinco. Mr. LeMay will visit the Coast before returning home.

Results of High School Examinations

Creston Pupils Make Splendid Showing In All Grades

Victoria, B. C., July 29—In the results of July examinations in the High Schools of the Province 1,228 pupils passed out of 1,747 who sat. Highest marks were obtained by Hazel McConnel of Victoria in the preliminary course junior grade, with 882, and A. L. Marshall, Victoria, in the advanced course, junior grade, with 857.

The Creston Superior School results are tabulated as follows:

Preliminary course, junior grade—Laura Edmondson, 514.

Advanced course, junior grade—M. Huscroft, 637; Bertha A. Hurrp, 632; Effie E. Arrowsmith, 586; Roy James Stocks, 553; C. Ethel Huscroft, 562.

Full course, junior grade—Georgina C. Cartwright, 606.

The Creston average is slightly lower than that of either Fernie or Cranbrook but the marks of Creston's leading pupil, M. Huscroft, are considerably higher than either in the same grade. This speaks highly of the work of teacher and pupil and goes to show that Creston's school can hold its own with any in this section of the country.

DUCK CREEK NEWS

Annie Johnson was a visitor to Sidar on Saturday.

Mrs. M. Hagen went to Nelson Saturday to spend the week end with her husband She returned Tuesday.

W. J. Cooper was a Creston caller Monday.

John Bathie went to Cranbrook Sunday and will not be back for a week.

O. J. Wigen was in Creston Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sparkes left for Nelson on Tuesday. They will be away about four weeks, returning in time to take their places in the Creston public school after the vacation.

Strawberries are all over for this year The last of the beautiful big red berries were shipped on Tuesday by Paul Hagen

The raspberries are still going strong. About 725 crates have been shipped out by the co-operative fruit growers.

Bruce Tucker who has been acting in the capacity of book-keeper and shipping clerk to the co-operative fruit growers for the past month, left on Tuesday to take up a position with the Cranbrook Trading Co.

Another very pleasant musical evening was spent at Mr. and Mrs. Mason's house on Wedne-day. A good crowd of young folks attended and all had a most enjoyable time.

Choice assortment of Tea Pots, also Flower Pots Just arrived at Creston Mercantile. Co.

Miss Jessie Cameron, who has been teaching at Spokane, returned to her home in Creston last week having paid a short visit to relatives at Vancouver She will spend the remainder of her holidays with her mother Mrs. Forward.

Miss E. Stone of the Vancouver Wochi was in town between trains today.

The annual meeting of the associated Boards of Trade will be held at Kaslo September 23rd. Creston ought to be well represented at that meeting.

H. J. Dennis and wife, of Calgary, who are on a vacation tour, stopped off at Creston. They had a run about in Guy's auto and carried awry a very favorable opinion of our great fruit valley.

W. H Kemp of Erickson has put in the telephone, his number is 96.

You should be interested in the Review Ad. on page 5. We mean business, Come and See.

Mass will be said in the local Catholic church next Sunday, August 3, at 10:30. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 7:30 p. m. Father John of Cranbrook will officiate.

MINERAL ACT
(Form F)

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

Skookum Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located on Summit Creek adjoining the Bayonne Mine. Take Notice that I, A.H. Green, acting as agent for Joseph Campbell. Free Miner's Certificate No- 40310B intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate fo Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, Must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 5th. day of May, A.D. 1913.

A.H. GREEN

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.

Injustice

By Arthur Applin

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

(Continued)

Nobility and purity! He felt his whole being shaken. Were the poets and the dreamers and the artists right after all? Was love really life, or was it only a madness, temporary mental abberation, found alike in the servants' hall, the dog kennel and the boudoir?

He read the answer to the self-asked question in her eyes; he read also that so rare a gift was love, that he who found it could find naught else in life; death his sole master then, and death his final goal.

I gave them— Aaron Roberts stopped abruptly as he was about to answer Iris de Fontaigne's question; he straightened himself and raised his head proudly.

No, Miss de Fontaigne, you shall have the truth from me; you're the first woman I've met who knows its value. Your brother took the papers. He managed to obtain the keys while we were talking, and after the offices were closed he came back and abstracted those papers from the safe.

Iris was on her feet in a moment, her face white to the lips; and Roberts only read overwhelming horror in her eyes now. . .

He stole them!

He is not as other men, Roberts replied gently. Rather say he sacrificed himself, thinking thereby to save the man you loved, Miss de Fontaigne. Forgive me, but I know everything.

She tried to speak but her lips were dumb. There was a long silence. What was passing in Iris's mind the Jew did not know; he wondered whether she felt more ashamed than he. For strangely enough he felt as if he were guilty, as if all the blame should be laid at his door; and he was willing to take the blame.

Iris recovered her composure before Aaron Roberts. Well, what are you going to do?

I've given him the papers, the Jew replied. Oh, don't speak for a moment, I want you to quite understand we know that he took them—under a misapprehension, shall we say? Well, had I chosen I could have got them back. But I didn't choose, so I've given them to him, that's all.

Why did you send for him tonight?

I was afraid lest he made the same mistake you're making; I wanted to impress upon his mind the fact that I gave them to him

Iris was not satisfied. She walked the length of the room and back again twisting her long, slender hands nervously together.

Is that all?

The Jew cleared his throat once or twice before speaking— It's not all.

Again there was silence. Miss de Fontaigne, we're alone now, you and I, let us face one another fearlessly as a man and woman should. I love truth just because it's rare, I suppose, and I can never get it. That's my way. That's why instead of letting you down easily just now and lying to you about your brother, I told you the truth. You bore it bravely; can you bear a little more?

She re-seated herself and looked at him with calm dignity; the terror had left her face, but that which had taken its place was even more painful to see.

I know everything, Miss de Fontaigne. I daresay I told you the other that it's part of my business to know the secrets of the men and women of this city—not because I'm curious, not because I'm greedy, but because, for the gold it is my business to collect, men will sell their very souls and the souls of those they love. Forgive me that I boast, but I've sold nothing throughout my life—but gold. I have no friends, I want none. I stand alone, and I'm glad! But that day I met you down below in the street, in the rain, I knew I wanted you. And today I know that I love you. That hurts you, of course, and I'm sorry. I wouldn't have said it only I promised you the truth, and you must know me absolutely before we can go any further into this matter.

I don't yet know the matter to which you refer.

Her words cut like a knife in their cold contempt. But Aaron Roberts was strong now. He had not picked up his mask but he was clothed again, clothed with the armour he wore when he bartered with his clients. He was already marching along the almost impassable road which led to the imaginary goal he desired.

I refer to the tragedy at the Savoy Hotel; to the danger threatening the life of Mr. Francks, which is casting its shadow over you and your brother.

It was a long time before Iris replied. She kept her eyes fixed on Aaron Roberts; a little frown knit his brows. She fought against the fear which ever and again threatened to master her. She required all her wits.

Never for a single moment did she dream that the man she loved was guilty, even in thought or desire. As yet, she had not realised that grave danger threatened him, not even when he had told her himself that he was suspected. But now she saw the possibility of suspicion being fixed on him.

And she began to feel as if she were the cause. First, Fred Scribner, then Aaron Roberts, each aiming at the man she loved, through her! Slowly but surely she was being driven into a corner.

She had outwitted and defeated Fred Scribner, until she found herself pitted against a more terrible opponent in the Jew. For behind the outer skin of politeness and generosity were the cunning and greed and the mysterious power inherent in his race.

Yet, as Iris watched him trying to pierce the skin and see the true man and discover the course which led him to act as he did, she began to doubt her instincts and to wonder if her reasoning were correct. Perhaps for an instant was vouchsaefd to her a vision of the Jew's dual individuality; she had seen Hyde, now she was watching the development of Jekyll!

Mr. Roberts, wouldn't it be better if you told me exactly what you want of me? The note of contempt had left her voice, but it was still cold and calm. After all, it was my brother you sent for, you didn't want to see me.

I've wanted to see you every day since the day we first met.

She shrugged her shoulders, dismissing his words as if they were the foolish prattle of a boy. Were you going to threaten Reuben with prosecution for theft?

He was stung for a moment at her indifference; he turned the weapon she used against him—No!

Do you want those papers back?

No.

She rose to her feet and held out her hands passionately. Then for pity sake, what do you want? At least be generous enough, Mr. Roberts, to tell me briefly the bargain you want to make with me, and the price! So far you have only insulted me and thrown dust in my eyes—because perhaps you want to let me down gently. You needn't trouble to do that; the Jew, I know, will want his pound of flesh!

If anyone else had said that to him Aaron Roberts would have rejoiced; for he could have struck back. Moreover, he would have taken the thrust as a compliment. But from Iris de Fontaigne it was an insult.

His pride was hurt and his honor. This new desire of his life, this golden-winged ambition in its first flight had received a cruel blow, crippling and soiling it.

And there was some truth in the taunt which she flung at him.

Iris represented nobility and purity, and so Roberts, searching his heart, had honestly to confess that he had intended to bargain with her and that he would want his pound of flesh.

His eyes were opened; with a shock he saw himself even as the Gentiles saw him. He could understand why they hated him, why they despised his people.

Lo! for one swift instant he hated and despised himself. This bargaining and scheming was in the blood; it could never be eradicated. Who outside his own race of people had ought to give him but hatred and contempt? His portion was to be persecuted. He glorified in that, for it was a fine thing a game the Christians had indulged in ever since the beginning of the world, crucifying their Lord and making martyrs of their saints, their soldiers, their artists, their poets.

Well, I'm still waiting!

Iris de Fontaigne's voice brought him back to earth. He had been dreaming in the clouds, riding astride golden winged ambition. He looked at her, big eyes dim with strange dreams and memories. Once upon a time he would have said to love a Christian was a crime; if indeed it were so, he rejoiced in his sin, once upon a time he would have said the love of any woman could be bought.

Fool! He might buy Iris de Fontaigne, but payment would not be made in gold but in blood.

[illegible]

No other way, Iris repeated, what do you mean?

Roberts drew a little closer to her; the color ebbed and flowed in her cheeks again, and on her lips their accustomed red. Her eyes were like the hearts of violets filled with dew, and like the flowers a subtle perfume surrounded her. He inhaled it and it went like wine to his head. Love and desire, those twin sisters of immortality, joined hands and united until they could not be distinguished from the other.

I mean that I love you, Roberts whispered.

You're a coward to tell me so.

She did not deny his love, and a glad cry of triumph escaped his lips.

I love you, Aaron Roberts repeated, though I know at this moment you hate me. If I hadn't told you, you'd have guessed it and been afraid that I should persecute you as Scribner has persecuted you. I love you, he repeated vehemently, and that's why I obtained those papers from Saintsbury and prevented Scribner from forcing you into a hateful marriage; that's why I told you that you had nothing to fear; that's why, when your brother stole the papers, I said I'd given them to him. And that's why I'm going to save Mr. Francks' life.

Sit down and listen to me. All hesitation had left Roberts now; no longer the lover, merely the strong man, reveling in his birthright of strength; a friend, a father.

Iris obeyed him, and he briefly recounted everything that had happened; the meeting with Mr. Heriot in the restaurant and the subsequent visit the latter had paid him.

I'm a pretty quick judge of men. I never make mistakes—haven't made one yet anyway. Heriot thinks he has got a case against Mr. Francks; for the matter of that he has, a very good one. I didn't get much out of him myself, but he told a great deal more than he thought he did. While he believed he was picking my brains I picked his. Mr. Francks visited you after his wife's death?

Iris bowed her head.

Don't you see how that will tell against him with a British jury. Who else could have put the poison into the glass? Of course it's possible a man might have picked up the wrong bottle from a case by mistake, but, as he believed it contained sal-volatile, he wouldn't have emptied the lot into the tumbler, would he? and don't forget that he had already mixed a dose.

Iris tried to speak, but Aaron Roberts stopped her.

Don't be frightened, Miss de Fontaigne, because I want to see things from, say Heriot's point of view. Remember the inquest is to-morrow, there's no time to be lost; if Francks don't know his danger, you'd better warn him.

(To be Continued)

WINNIPEG EXHIBITION, JULY 8 TO 16, 1913

When at the Exhibition, be sure to call at our Office. We want to show you the wonderful development which is taking place in our City, which we feel confident will have a population of 1,000,000 People within the next quarter of a Century, and immense fortunes will be made by present day investors. We want you you to inspect Kinloch Place Lots, close to Main Street, $200. $10 cash and $10 per month.

C.P.R. Transcona where the greatest development ever is taking place. Lots $175 up; easy terms. List your Farms with us, for Sale or Exchange.

Agents wanted at all Points.

SCOTT, HILL & CO.,
22 Canada Life Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Their Bad End

Young man, do you know what becomes of boys who use bad language while playing marbles?

Yes, sir; they grow up and learn to play golf.

The lonesomest woman in the world is she who hasn't any old memories to brood over.

Parent—When I was your age, my boy, I was making an honest living.

The Boy—And now look at you!

A wealthy landowner in England, affected with the craze for Japanese gardening, invited the Japanese ambassador to luncheon, and afterwards showed him round the gardens and greenhouses, keeping the Japanese garden till the last as a delightful surprise.

When, after admiring the beauty of all the other gardens, the ambassador was at last taken to the imitation of the gardens of his own flowery land, he held up his hands in enthusiastic delight. Ah, he exclaimed, this is wonderful! We have nothing like this in Japan.

BOTH GAINED

Man and Wife Fatten on Grape-Nuts

The notion that meat is necessary for real strength and the foundation of solid flesh is now no longer as prevalent as formerly.

Excessive meat eaters are usually sluggish a part of the time because they are not able to fully digest their food, and the undigested portion is changed into what is practically a kind of poison that acts upon the blood and nerves, thus getting all through the system.

"I was a heavy meat eater," writes a Western man, "and up to two years ago, was in very poor health. I suffered with indigestion so that I only weighed 95 pounds.

"Then I heard about Grape-Nuts food and decided to try it. My wife laughed at me at first, but when I gained to 125 pounds and felt so fine, she thought she would eat Grape-Nuts too. "Now she is fat and well and has gained 40 pounds. We never have indigestion any more and seldom feel the desire for meat.

A neighbor of ours, 68 years old, was troubled with indigestion for years, and was a heavy meat eater. Now since he has been eating Grape-Nuts regularly, he says he is well and never has indigestion.

I could name a lot of persons who have rid themselves of indigestion by changing from a heavy meat diet to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read 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.

Dirt Eaters

The practice of eating earth is not confined to any race or region of the world. In America, several tribes of Indians of the northern as well as of the southern continent, are given to using earth as food. Different varieties of clay seem to be preferred.

The Pawnee Indians used a yellowish clay, which they shaped into little balls that were allowed to dry in the air and were then slowly roasted at the open fire. When the clay attained a red color the balls were removed, moistened with water and eaten. These clay balls were especially liked when served in connection with fish, and seem to have promoted digestion.

The Timmeh Indians, of the Mackenzie river used to resort to earth as food in times of famine. They dug out the clay found in hollows along the banks of the river. In prosperous years they chewed the clay as a delicacy. The Apaches mixed powdered clay in their meal before making this into their rude loaves of bread.

The Indians in the uplands of Bolivia ate a light clay that is nearly white in color; this they used either raw or in the form of cakes of various shapes, which were sold in the market places. They also prepared a sauce with the clay; this they ate with boiled potatoes.

Among the negroes of the Guinea coast, as well as among those in West Africa, the eating of dirt is very common. The natives of the Soudan dig their favorite clay from between layers of sandstone in the banks of the rivers. The natives of Java prepare their cakes of clay containing ochre. These are sold in the public markets.

The Mantle of Hood

Bill Brownrigg was a cricketer, who played for Hay-cum-Clover. While taking on his bike a 'run,' he bowled a maiden over.

He found she wasn't injured, left his cycle in a thicket; then in the gloam, he saw her home. They parted at the wicket.

Bill called next day—a warm June morn—'twas good to be alive. His gig—quite new — just seated two. They had a lovely drive.

Bill thought with joy: If I with her, can only make a match; I think for me 'twill really be a very brilliant catch.

But when Bill called to see her pa—stern, muscular, and stout—his ardent dreams gave place to screams. Her father ran him out.

Bill's hopes are dashed, his front teeth smashed, he's fairly in the dumps. The dentist stands, with forcep'd hands—it's time to draw the stumps.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Not Another Word

Sir, began the young man nervously, I wish to ask your consent for my marriage with your daughter.

Eh? quickly rejoined the parent. What of your income? Is it sufficient to support a wife?

It is, boldly returned the slightly nettled aspirant, and what is more, it's sufficient to stand an occasional touch from my wife's father!

Then she's yours, my son!

Waste of Coal

Twenty times as much coal is now taken from the mines of the United States as was taken in 1850. It is estimated that at the present rate of consumption all the coal will be gone in 2050.

Most of the coal is wasted. For every ton of anthracite, a ton and a half are wasted in mining; for every ton of bituminous coal, half a ton is wasted. Thousands of tons of slack and culm are burned to free the mines from obstruction. This could be made into briquettes with coal tar and utilized.

Eight per cent of the coal used in manufacturing districts goes up in smoke. The smoke injures health, damages clothing clothing, buildings and vegetation, and the annual loss from this source is estimated at $500,000,000.

But there is more waste than this. It is estimated that with the best firing in use, only 15 per cent of the heat units of coal are developed into power. There is still greater loss in producing light. Not one per cent of the energy of coal is used in producing electric light.

These facts are given in an article in the New York Independence, by Mr. Chapin, instructor in economics and sciology in Smith college. They are, no doubt, continually present to the scientific mind, and it is likely that some day a more economic process of turning the heat of coal into power will be invented.

GIGANTIC RUDDER

So Huge that It Has a Door for Men to Get Inside It

A rudder with a doorway into its interior is a feature of the mammoth Cunard liner Aquitania, so soon to be launched.

The rudder has just been placed in position, and is so huge that a doorway has been constructed in the lower part to admit workmen, so that they can remove the pin which connects the rudder to the ship. This pin is 4ft. in length and bigger than the heaviest projectile made for modern artillery. A special appliance had to be constructed in the ship to lift it into position.

When delivered at the builder's yard the rudder was in three parts. After they had been connected and laid upon the ground, the distance that had to be walked to pass round the complete rudder was over 100 feet.

Pop's going to give me a watch, Willie informed his aunt.

That will be nice, replied the aunt, and it will help you getting to school in the morning.

Yes, that's so, cause wh[illegible] I get to school I can look at my watch and see just how late I am.

Statistics issued by the coal department of the North German Lloyd [illegible] show that it costs 25c. per second to coal a fleet of 171 steamers. The stokers shovel 8½ tons of coal per minute into the furnaces.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers certainly do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box. 126

A Beautiful Place

Fair, fat, spectacled, and big-moustached, it needed not his guttural tones and Teuton accent to acquaint the hotel manager that the new arrival owed allegiance to Europe's inexhaustible surprise-packet, the Kaiser.

Vrom Potsdammerburg I vas come sir, announced the new-comer, pleasantly.

A very fine place, sir, returned the manager, politely.

Der vas a petter.

Yes? Berlin?

Nein. Ohm.

Ohm? In — er—Germany, of course?

Donner and blitzen, nein! In England—in dis gountry.

Ohm? said the manager, thoughtfully.

Ya, growled the German, I vas come from Potsdammerburg to see Ohm. Der vas no blace like Ohm. I vos at der goncert in Berlin, and I hear der great Engleesh soprano sing dot der vas no place like Ohm, and vas no blace like Ohm, and all der Engleesh beobles in der goncert gry like der leedle babies. Dot must be der vonderful blace, Ohm, to make der Engleesh beobles gry, and I dell mineself dot I vill go und see dis Ohm vor der vos no blace like. Now, sir, vich is der vay to Chm?

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

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

Yours truly,
ALFRED ROCHAV,
Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables

Similarity

Jackson—Whew! that's some cliff!

Johnson—Seems to fascinate you.

Jackson—Yes. That's the way my desk will look when I get back.

Both Leak

Why don't you buy an automobile? I get sufficient excitement out of the management of my fountain pen.

The Reward of Art

No wonder he felt proud—After all, he was quite a young artist and there it was—there could be no doubt about it—his picture, his great picture, was hanging in the Royal Academy. What is more, two people stood motionless in front of it, gazing at the canvas in rapt attention, while the artist stood gazing at them.

Then, I say, Charlie, he asked a friend, do saunter carleessly by and find out what they are saying about my picture. Perhaps they want to buy it.

Forthwith Charlie set out to do a careless saunter. Presently—to the expectant artist the wait seemed an eternity—he returned to his friend.

No business doing, he sighed. She's only blowing him up for leaving off his winter flannels too soon.

Confusing but Clear

It was a sad day for Mrs. Mullet. The last of her family now was married, and the poor old lady had the dismal prospect of living henceforth all alone.

The vicar was duly sympathetic when he called to see her some few days after the wedding.

You must feel very lonely nowadays Mrs. Mullett, he remarked, especially seeing that in the past you've had so many children to brighten your home.

Mrs. Mullett sighed.

Yes, sir, she replied at last, I do feel lonely sometimes. One day, you know, I misses 'em and the next day I wants 'em. But, all said and done, I thinks I misses 'em more than I wants 'em.

If You Want to Know

The Anxious Inquirer (assuming the Kew Tea Pavilion fire being caused by militant vote-seekers): 'Ow did them Suffragettes get into the gardens?

The Constable—On the Kew Tea!

The horse and the cow is in the field, read the teacher. Mary, what is wrong with that sentence?

Mary was evidently more versed in rules of politeness than in the rules of grammar, for she answered promptly: The lady should be mentioned first.

Uncle Sam's postage stamp collection, one of the finest in the world, and valued at $500,000, was placed for preservation by Postmaster General Hitchcock in the National museum.

Mah bredder, cried a Boston colored preacher, yo must be like great Caesar's ghost—above suspicion.

Pat Meant Well

An Irishman made his way to a county jail and asked to be allowed to see the governor. On being ushered into that functionary's presence he begged for the favor of an interview with a prisoner who was to suffer the extreme penalty of the law in the course of the morning.

No, my man, said the governor, on being appealed to, you cannot see the prisoner. He is to be executed in half an hour's time, and it is not allowed for visitors to see a prisoner on the day of execution. But what might be your business with him?

Shure, sorr, answered Pat, it's his birthday, and I was afther wishing him many happy returns av the day.

TARTS MADE WITH
UPTON'S
PURE FRUIT JAM
Are Appetizing
TRY THIS NEW JAM

Had Every Time

Smith was a constant worry to his friends. They never knew when to and when not to treat him seriously since, as he frankly admitted, he delighted in pulling other people's legs.

One day he and Brown met casually in the street, and stopped as friends often do, to gossip for a while.

Big blaze—that fire at the factory in Johnson street last night, wasn't it? asked Brown.

Yes, replied Smith, I went down to have a look at it. And my word, there were several mighty narrow escapes there, too.

Escapes, cried Brown, excitedly. But the morning paper said that there was no one in the building.

Smith nodded.

Oh, he said, the firemen brought the escapes down with them. So-long, old chap.

Miller's Worm Powders never fail. They immediately attack the worms and expel them from the system. They are complete in themselves, not only as a worm destroyer, but as a highly beneficial medicine for children, correcting weak digestion and restoring the debilitated system to healthfulness, without which the growth of the child will be retarded and its constitution weakened.

One dollar will procure you four pairs of socks which can never be worn out.

So ran the advertisement, which caused Jones, bachelor, to spend four shillings on a postal-order. When the socks arrived Jones surveyed them horror-stricken.

Socks received, he wrote to the advertiser. The patterns are vile. I wouldn't be seen out with them on.

No reply reaching Jones to this, he sent a further letter threatening proceedings, and then came this answer:

What are you making such a fuss about? Didn't we guarantee that you wouldn't wear the socks out?

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Was Too Busy

You say that you witnessed this altercation? inquired the judge.

No, sorr, said the witness. Oi didn't see that. Oi wuz busy looking at the fight.

The End in View

Two Irishmen were crossing a bog when one of them fell into a boghole. His companion, running to a nearby house, asked the loan of a spade.

What do you want it for? asked the farmer.

Sure, Mike is stuck in the bog and I want to dig him out, was the answer.

How far is he sunk? questioned the farmer.

Up to his ankles.

Oh, if that's all, he can walk out.

Begorra, he can't, exclaimed Pat. He's in wrong end up.

Mr. Bourchier should be pleased at the fight over the Garrick Theatre. It may have the effect of en-Hansen the value of the new piece.

The Limit

He—Your cousin Clara seems exceedingly shy and modest.

She—Modest! Why, she would blush if a man glanced at her when she was changing her mind.

SKIN ITCHED AND BURNED

Pimples on Legs and Arms, Scratched and Made Sores. Kept from Sleeping. First Application of Cuticura Soap and Ointment Gave Great Relief. Cured in a Few Weeks.

Lachine Locks, Quebec.—"I had itching commencing with my legs and increasing gradually until it reached all parts of my body. There were small pimples on my legs and arms and the skin was red and inflamed all over the body and itched and burned so badly that I scratched and made sores. It caused me so much pain that it kept me from sleeping during entire nights. I was troubled with it for about two years.

"After having tried several remedies without success I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and from the first application I felt a great relief. I continued the treatment taking warm baths with Cuticura Soap followed by the application of Cuticura Ointment, and at the end of a few weeks the trouble had disappeared completely and I was cured." (Signed) N. C. Boulet, May 27, 1909.

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms, shapeless nails and painful finger ends, Cuticura treatment works wonders. Soak hands on retiring in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear old, loose gloves during the night. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. A single cake of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 42D, Boston, U. S. A.

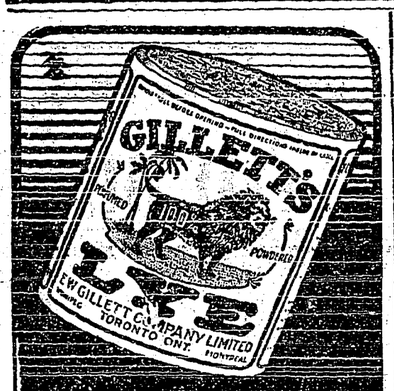
A WOMAN'S PROBLEM

In the looking-glass a woman often sees wrinkles, hollow circles under eyes, "crow's feet,"—all because she did not turn to the right remedy when worn down with those troubles which are distinctly feminine. Backache, headache, pains, lassitude, nervousness and drains upon vitality—bring untold suffering to womanhood and the face shows it. The nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

It allays and subdues nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, and other distressing symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the feminine organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Known everywhere and for over 40 years as the standard remedy for the diseases of women. Your dealer in medicines sells it in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form; or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription tablets. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS REGULATE AND INVIGORATE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. SUGAR-COATED TINY GRANULES.



THE STANDARD ARTICLE
SOLD EVERYWHERE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

A Future Financier

Ma, exclaimed young Teddie, bursting into the house, Mrs. Johnson said she would give me a penny if I told her what you said about her!

I never heard of such a thing! answered his mother indignantly. You are a very good boy not to have told! I wouldn't have her think I even mentioned her. Here's an apple, sonny, for being such a wise little lad!

I should think I am, ma! When she showed me the penny I told her that what you said was something awful and worth sixpence at least.

Tough on the Creditors

I say, old chap, can you lend me a ten spot?

Sure. Here you are.

Thanks awfully, I am indebted to you more than I can ever hope to repay.

Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge for the America Cup has been accepted. It is to be hoped that there will be no slip between the Cup and the Lipton.

There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Cure, and it can be used without danger of injury.

Schoolma'am—Now I want all the children to look at Tommy's hands and observe how clean they are and see if all of you cannot come to school with cleaner hands. Tommy perhaps will tell us why he keeps them so nice.

Tommy—Yes'm. Ma makes me wash the breakfast dishes every morning.

The Menu Lacking

The rambling photographer called at a country inn for dinner. The fresh air had given him a prodigious appetite, and he did ample justice to roast beef and vegetables.

This course finished, he asked for the sweets to be brought in.

The servant hurried to her mistress.

The gentleman wants sweets now, she said.

Dear me, exclaimed mine hostess in dismay, as if a guid dinner is na' enuf without sweets. But here. Bridget, slip down to auld Giles' for five cents worth of brandy-balls.

Hoaxer—I underwent an operation yesterday.

Easymark—You surprise me. Was it very serious?

Hoaxer—I had a growth removed from my head.

Easymark — My goodness! And here you are up and around and looking well.

Hoaxer—Yes; I only had my hair cut.

Miss Passay—You may sneer at pet dogs, but they're faithful anyway. I'd rather kiss a dog than some men.

Mr. Sharpe—Well, well, some men are born lucky.

Mrs. H. VON RODEN of LYNDON, KY.

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for Backache, Nervousness, Headaches.

Lyndon, Ky.—"I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for headaches, neuralgia pains, backache, nervousness and a general run down condition of the system, and am entirely relieved of these troubles. I recommend your remedies to my friends and give you permission to publish what I write."—Mrs. H. VON RODEN, Lyndon, Ky.

When a woman like Mrs. Von Roden is generous enough to write such a letter as the above for publication, she should at least be given credit for a sincere desire to help other suffering women, for we assure you there is no other reason why she should court such publicity.

Canadian Woman's Experience:

Windsor, Ont.—"The birth of my first child left me a wreck with terrible weak spells, but I am glad to tell you that I do not have those weak spells and I feel like a new woman since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now well and strong and can do my own housework. I do not take medicine of any kind. It was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that restored me to health."—Mrs. ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, 72 Parent Avenue, Windsor, Ontario.

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.

W. N. U. 956

The Test

How, the president of the Fat Man's Club was asked, did you prevent fraud among your applicants for membership? Didn't some men try to get in that weren't up to the standard weight?

Yes, the portly officer replied, but it was no use. Applications had to be presented in person at the Polk Building, Fifth Floor. There was no elevator. The applicant climbed the five flights of stairs. At the top he met a man who asked: Were you looking for the Fat Man's Club?

Yes.

The main office is on the first floor. Your application is rejected. We receive no man who can climb five flights of stairs!

The Marquis and Marchioness Casali del Drago, heads of one of the oldest families of the Roman aristocracy, have been swindled by a steward to the extent of $250,000 during a long illness. Last year the marquis signed a document empowering a steward to transact certain pressing financial affairs, and the man seemed instead to have been gambling on the stock exchange, losing as much as $70,000 in a day. Suddenly he vanished, taking with him $30,000 in cash from the family safe.

HEALTH AWAITS GOOD DIGESTION

When the Stomach is Wrong the Whole Body Suffers—How to Keep It Healthy

Indigestion is one of the most distressing maladies afflicting mankind. The stomach is unable to perform the work nature calls upon it to do, and the result is extreme pain after eating, nausea, heartburn, painful fluttering of the heart, sick headache, and often a loathing of food, even though the sufferer is half starved. People with poor digestion are prone to try all sorts of experiments to aid the process of digestion, and there is only one way in which the trouble can be actually cured, and that is through the blood. That is why the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cures even the most obstinate cases of indigestion. They make the rich, red blood that strengthens the stomach and its nerves, thus enabling it to do its work. The process is simple, but the result means a good appetite, and increased health and pleasure in life. Mr. R. Lussier, of Sorel, Que., offers ample proof of this. He says: "For several years I was a sufferer from indigestion, and the torture I suffered after meals was often almost unendurable. Often I would go without a meal rather than undergo the suffering that followed. Accompanying the trouble I had headaches, dizziness, and often a feeling of nausea. All the time I was taking one medicine after another in the hope of getting relief, but without avail. Finally I read of the case of a similar sufferer cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I took the Pills steadily for about six weeks with result that I was fully cured, and could eat anything I cared for. I may add that I have not since had any return of the trouble."

If you are suffering from indigestion do not waste time experimenting, but begin to cure yourself today with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which go right to the root of the trouble through the blood. 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.

A New Invention

Jimmie entered the large chemist's with a coin clutched tightly in his hand.

Well, my little man, said the assistant, what can I get for you?

Please, I want a thermometer! piped Jimmie.

Did your mother say what sort of thermometer she wanted? asked the shopman.

Jimmie looked slightly perplexed. Then a bright idea came into his mind.

Why, just give me the very biggest you've got, he replied, cos it's to keep my bed-room warm!

Wanted Wanted

For four consecutive nights the hotel proprietor watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water tap.

Madam, he said on the fifth night, if you would ring this would be done for you.

But where is my bell? asked the lady.

The bell is beside your bed, replied the proprietor.

That the bell! she exclaimed. Why the boy told me that was the fire alarm, and that I wasn't to touch it on any account.

Hubby returned home rather late—well after midnight, to be precise—and, as often happens in such cases, wifey, though abed, was not asleep.

In consequence, breakfast that morning was a gloomy, silent meal. In vain, hubby strove to clear the air and by ill-timed levity, to dispel the atmosphere of constraint which hung heavily everywhere.

A penny for your thoughts, my love! he ventured presently.

The lady thus addressed stared at him grimly.

For tuppence, she retorted, I'd say exactly what I thought of you!

Hubby made no effort to raise the bidding.

Lady—And you escaped from the wreck?

Indigent Seaman—Yes, mum.

Lady—How did you feel when the waves broke over you?

Seaman—Wet, mum, werry wet; but now, mum, I feels dry—werry dry.

The oldest woman living in Germany is Hedwig Strawna, a farm worker at Dormowo, in Posen. Her age is officially certified at 110 years. She worked in the fields digging potatoes until a short time ago, when she had a slight paralytic stroke. She has since been confined to her bed.

BURNING OLD LOVE-LETTERS

Chinamen Consider Them Sacred and Preserve the Ashes

The Chinese look upon every bit of writing and print in Chinese character as sacred. They would consider it a sacrilege to step on written or printed paper, or to use discarded manuscripts or newspapers as wrappers for provisions.

The fact that the Chinese characters were used by his ancestor causes them to be highly venerated by the Chinaman, more particularly those characters which enter into the names of the Chinese saints.

In Chinatown, San Francisco, is a sacred furnace which is utilized solely for the purpose of burning discarded letters, MSS., and newspapers. Three times every week a collector calls at each Chinese dwelling, and takes away all cast-off literature, which has been folded neatly and put aside in a safe place pending his arrival.

The furnace stands before the altar of a 'joss,' or god, and every day the custodian burns the sackfuls of paper which have been brought there.

No discrimination in regard to class or rank is used. The papers of the poor beggar are burnt, together with those of the wealthy Mandarin, whilst the love-letters of the Chinese belle are consigned to the same flames as prosaic bills for provisions and printed advertisement slips.

Once entrusted to the care of the collector, not one of the documents are overlooked, so that there is no danger of the disclosure of some cherished love-secret or important affairs of State.

When burned the ashes are taken out in a special boat and consigned to the sea.

The Emperor of China had his private joss-house, in which the Royal letters were collected and burned by a priest. In Canton, Pekin, and other large Chinese towns there are a great number of these sacred furnaces, owing to the collosal amount of literature which has to be consigned every day to the flames.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

Walking Through the World

I walk beneath mysterious autumn trees,
An autumn twilight hour—
But when I walked in summer field and bower
These too, were mysteries.
Always there is a spirit and a breath
Beyond my spirit's call,
Almost the living trees confess the faith,
And yet I know not what creation saith—
But He who walks here with me knows it all.

There was an hour, O friend of mine, when we,
To each drew very near.
When hand in hand we both grew silent, dear,
Because love could not see;
Always there is a secret yet untold
The barriers do not fall,
Almost I find your life whose hands I hold,
And yet I know not what my hands enfold—
But love Himself is with us, knowing all.

Commencement Exercises

Grace—Are you girls going to have a daisy chain at your commencement exercises?

Maude—I should say not. There are none but rich girls at our school. We are going to have an orchard chain.

The Eight Hour Day on Farms

A writer in the current issue of Farm and Fireside says that the eight-hour day with farmers consists of eight hours for work and eight hours for chores.

A man who lisped had bought some pigs and he asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days.

I have jutht been purchatching thome thwine—two thowth and a pigth. I want to put them in your pen till I can fixth a plaith for them.

Two thousand pigs! exclaimed the astonished neighbor. Why, my pen will hardly hold a dozen!

You don't understand me, Mither Bent. I don't thay two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and pigth.

I hear you, said Mr. Bent. Two thousand pigs! Why, you must be crazy!

And then the lisper gave it up.

STONE AGE IN CORFU

Remarkable Discoveries Reported by German Archaeologist

Although the German Emperor has been prevented from visiting Corfu this year owing to the political situation and the marriage of his daughter, his interest in the island, and especially in its archaeological secrets continues unabated, and he has been kept informed (states Reuter's correspondent) or the progress of the excavations which have been continued under the well-known German archaeologist, Professor Dorpfeld, in collaboration with the Greek archaeologist, M. Romaeos at the spot where the famous 'Gorgo' and the temple ruins were discovered last year.

It has been the Kaiser's earnest desire to discover the site of the town of the Homeric King Alkinous, and with that object Professor Dorpfeld undertook test excavations at many points in the island. At first only ruins of historical times were found, dating no further back than the fifth or sixth centuries B.C., but this year's excavations in the north-west corner of the island and on the southern side of Cape Kephall have given valuable results.

Important discoveries have been made going back to the remote times of the Stone Age, long before the Homeric period, the relics now brought to light being attributed by the archaeologist to the period about 2500 years B.C. They include several stone hand mills, in which the corn was ground into flour in a cavity in a stone block by means of heavy stone balls, some of which have also been found. Judging from the description in the Odyssey of the hard all night work in the grinding of flour in Alkinous's palace, it would seem that these primitive appliances were still in use in the Homeric period.

Toothed flint blades, some of the cutting implements of the ancients, have also been found, and fragments of pots of the pre-Mycenaeic civilization, made by hand without a lathe, this mechanical aid not having been invented in that period. It is, however, worthy of note that among these fragments of the archaeologists also found others of the Mycenaeic civilization, which, no doubt, were imported. In the vicinity of Cape Kephall other relics have been discovered pointing to the existence of several temples dating back to nearly 300 B. C.

Origins of Taverns

The modern public-house owes its origin to the time of the Roman conquest, for with the opening of the country by the Romans little inns and such-like places were constructed for the convenience of travellers.

As time went on the selling of liquor became so lucrative that tavern-keepers began to vie with one another as to the means of attracting the thirsty; and in order that no public-house should be passed by un-heeded a pole with a furz-bush on the end was erected over the door of every tavern.

At length, however, these became such a nuisance that a law was enforced forbidding the use of poles which projected further than seven feet over the king's highway, and this was the incident which gave rise to the proverb that good wine needs no bush.

Very few of the old taverns are in existence today. The Seven Stars, of Manchester claims to being the oldest public-house in Great Britain, and it has had a licence for over 550 years.

Dust

Dust is used for various purposes. At one time it was employed to manufacture human beings. It has now gone into the making of useful articles.

Dust is used to throw into people's eyes. In summer time it is a permanent feature of most of our landscapes. Servants employ it for the purpose of keeping themselves busy. They remove it from the places where it can be seen to those which cannot be seen—except when you don't want it to be seen.

Without dust we should have no vegetables, vacuum cleaners or mud pies. Mixed with rainwater and phosphates, it produces crops. Crops enable us to linger on a while, until we become dust ourselves.

Dust is produced by a difference of opinion between two molecules. They rub each other the wrong way. They do this to raise the dust. After all, that's about what all of us are trying to do.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

Scott Expedition Relic

Tragedy and a noble deed are wrapped up in a minature flag which has been presented to the Canterbury Museum, New Zealand. It is a New Zealand ensign with the Union Jack and the Southern Cross, and it measures only two inches by three. Despite its size, it will prove a source of interest for many a year to come. Briefly it has been to the South Pole; a dead man kept his promise. When Dr. Wilson, one of Captain Scott's ill-fated Polar party, left Lyttleton, some two years ago for Antarctic regions, Miss Anne W. Hardy, of Rakaia, placed in his hands a minature flag of New Zealand, with the request that if Dr. Wilson formed one of the Polar party he would take the little flag with him. This Dr. Wilson did, and the flag was found on his dead body when discovered. It was brought back by relief party and returned to Miss Hardy by Mrs. Wilson, the dead explorer's wife, and by Miss Hardy presented to the Museum.

Wife—I wish, dear, that you'd settle my last year's milliner's bill. I really can't sleep for thinking of it.

Hub—Your conscience pricking you, eh?

Wife—Oh, no, but I need two more hats right away.

Long Hair and Short Pay

Literary endeavors are not always rewarded so highly as some may think according to this story from a German paper. A novelist of longer hair than pocketbook recently met a friend on the street.

Hurrah! cried the author. I have just sold a novel.

Congratulations, his friend said warmly. And now you can get a hair cut.

The writer's face fell. No, he replied, I should have to sell two novels for that.

Three-year-old-Arthur was taken by his parents to call upon Mrs. L., who had recently come to this country from London. He was greatly interested in everything he saw, particularly in a little English flag.

That is my flag, Arthur, said Mrs. L., in answer to his enquiry, and, showing him an American flag, this is your flag.

Has it always been my flag?

He was told that it had always been his flag.

Nothing more was said until time for their departure, when Arthur calmly remarked: I will take my flag.

And he took it—for, some way or other, explanations seemed inadequate.

Actors frequently receive unexpected proof of the realism of their art. Not long ago, on the occasion of the performance of Hamlet by a distinguished English player, there were no more interested, and absorbed spectators than two newsies in the gallery.

The boys had been watching the performance with breathless interest. The last act was drawing to a close. The duel almost dragged the lads from their seats.

Before their eyes the queen was poisoned, Laertes killed, the king killed, Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound.

In the gallery there was a clatter and a crash as one of the boys mentioned started for the door.

Come on, Tommy! he shouted back to his companion. Hustle! Dere'll be extras out on dis!

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

The Plumber

We had a gentle plumber once,
We thought he came to plumb;
But by the time his coat was off
His dinner time had come.

He went at twelve and stayed away
An hour and minutes forty;
He 'wiped a joint,' then wiped his lips
Then trotted off so horty!

The pipe was only half an inch
(In width I mean, not tall),
Yet you could drive a motor through
The hole cut in the wall.

And after having had his fill,
Oh! see him slow returning!
"To one day's work" is on the bill;
He's thus his living earning!

An old darkey, sent to a hospital, on his arrival was placed in a ward, and one of the nurses put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. When the house doctor made his rounds he said: Well, my man, how do you feel?

I feels right toldie, suh.

Have you had anything to eat yet?

Yessuh, I had a little.

What did you have?

A dame gimmie a piece of glass ter suck, suh.

No Obligation

Sandy MacIvor was no feeling jist weel, so he went to the doctor.

What do you drink? demanded the medico.

Whisky.

How much?

Maybe a bottle a day.

Do you smoke?

Yes.

Well, you give up whisky and tobacco altogether.

Sandy took up his cap and in three steps reached the door.

Here! called the doctor, you have not paid for my advice.

Ahm no takin' it, snapped Sandy as he shut the door behind him.

Ladies and gentlemen, said the orator, it is deeds, not words, that count.

Quite wrong, said the telegraph operator who was just calculating the total words in the speech.

Professor Stone—To the geologist a thousand years or so are not counted as any time at all.

Man in the Audience—Great Scott! And to think I made a temporary loan of two pounds to a man who holds such views.

Stretching across Western Australia is a rabbit-proof fence, said to be the longest in the world. It extends for a distance of 1,200 miles, without a break, except for gates. It begins in the temperate regions and ends in the tropics, and sometimes for nearly a hundred miles it never passes a human habitation.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure *Constipation*. Millions use them for *Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.*

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

ARLINGTON

WATERPROOF COLLARS AND CUFFS

Something better than linen and no laundry bills. Wash it 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.

The Soul of a Piano is the Action. Insist on the "OTTO HIGEL" Piano Action

RHEUMATISM OR SCIATICA

is one of the most obstinate of diseases to cure. We have a remedy that in a large percentage of cases cures. This is a prescription of a practicing physician of forty-three years experience. ONE DOLLAR only by mail postpaid. If no relief or cure follows, we refund your money. See your druggist or write us to-day for full information.

TEMPLETON RHEUMATIC CAPSULE Co., 315, College Street, Toronto, Ont.

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THE WORLD'S BEST WOOD POLISH

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

DOMESTIC SPECIALTY COMPANY, LIMITED, Hamilton, Canada.

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, FILES, 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, No1. No2. No3. THERAPION & you can decide FOR YOURSELF if it's the remedy for YOUR OWN ailment. Don't send a cent. Absolutely FREE. No follow up circulars. DR. LECLERC MED. CO., HAVERSTOCK RD, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENG.

7% Bonds, Profit Sharing, Series. $100, $500, $1,000. Terms 5 years. Withdrawable after one year. Send for special folder to National Securities Corporation Limited, Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.

Up to Date

What did she say when you told her you were not worthy of her?

She said she was glad I admitted it; but that her father had been having me trailed by a detective, and was quite prepared to prove it if I had not admitted it.

Uses to Which Whining

The real estate agent, tired and peevish, arrived at his home in the suburbs.

Oh, George, greeted his wife, the dog has been whining all day long! What do you suppose is the matter?

Why, growled George, the darn old kicker probably wants his house papered.

On a tramcar. Come and dine with me tonight, said Bounderby.

Sorry, replied his friend, but I'm going to see Charley's Aunt.

That's all right, old chap. The more the merrier. Bring her with you.

Nervous Sufferers Often Look Well

While persons subject to disorders of the nerves are frequently thin and weak, such is not always the case by any means.

Many are of ruddy and vigorous strength and so healthy in appearance that they receive little or no sympathy.

In such cases the symptoms indicate trouble in the head and spinal cord. Though strong in a muscular sense, the nerves are affected, and spells of helplessness come over the sufferer. The condition is alarming because the result to be expected is paralysis.

As in all forms of nervous exhaustion Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the treatment from which the best results are to be obtained.

You cannot sleep, and feel restless and irritable; you gain strength, and then a little extra excitement brings on a nervous collapse, and helplessness and discouragement come over you again.

It seems impossible to concentrate the mind and to apply yourself to the duties of the day. Yet your appearance is such that people are inclined to think you shamming.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will do wonders for you if you only give it a chance. Gradually and naturally it restores new vigor to the nerves and new hope and confidence to the mind.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

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

The Creston Review

Published every Friday at Creston, British Columbia, by the Creston Printing and Publishing 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

NEW BANKING ACT IN U. S. A.

The United States are introducing a new Banking Bill called "The Administration Banking Act." The new bill concentrates banking reserves and makes such reserves legally available in a pinch. It makes commercial paper a strictly liquid asset by authorizing the federal reserve institutions to rediscount it at all times and to draw upon the credit of the government if necessary for that purpose.

This feature does away with Stock Exchange loans for secondary reserve and will tend to make money cheaper for legitimate business purposes and will also ensure against sudden collapses of credit and business panics.

Such a bill, if enacted will very much improve the banking system in our sister country. But we require much reform on this side of the line. Money should be more easily obtained for farming in its various phases and for ordinary commercial purposes, instead of large established concerns and corporations monopolizing the available capital it should be equally at the service of the small dealer. As a matter of fact the ratio of loss in small discounts is much less than when the large sums are handled.

The German farmers have solved the question for themselves by means of a number of small communal banks affiliated throughout the district, backed by the government of the Kaiser. Almost any man can get a loan by bringing paper signed by a certain number of his neighbors to buy or cultivate land or to conduct a small business. Such a system would be a boon to the Canadian farmer or small trader.—Slocan Star.

* * *

We are in receipt of a communication from the Fernie Board of Trade with regard to our editorial in the last number of the Review.

Among other things they say:

"We are not endeavoring to knock legitimate dealers. The people we are after are the plausible, oiley, unscrupulous sharks who infest every logging camp, sawmill mine and other industries where there is a pay-roll, and confine their operations largely to the uneducated foreigners and other laborers. The stuff that is being offered to them is largely subdivision property and from 3 to 4 miles from the business center of several western cities, which at the present time has absolutely no market at home, as it is not needed for residential purposes."

And to make it still plainer to the man who is seeking to invest his money in legitimate real estate, they enclosed a circular letter containing a table of civic improvements necessary before suburban property is suitable for residential puposes. A few of the facts we mention below:

Within the onemile circle there would be 19,200, 25 foot lots, 144 miles of sidewalks, 72 miles of streets, 46 miles of sewers and water pipe line.

Within the two mile circle there would be 76,800 25 foot lots 576 miles of sidewalk, 286 miles of streets, 192 miles of sewers and water pipe line.

Within the three mile circle there would be 172,800, 25 foot lots, 1,296 miles of sidewalks 648 miles of streets, 432 miles of sewers and water pipe line.

The Toronto Globe states editorially that the present limits of Toronto with a 3½ mile circle will accomidate over a million people without over-crowding.

* * *

A careful study of R. G. Dun's Review of last Saturday shows a decidedly more hopeful outlook as apparent in all lines and from all quarters. This in view of the apathy always characteristic of vacation times may be taken to be even more indicative of better times than appears on the surface, and from an authority of the weight of Dun's, is surely significant.

* * *

Col. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, was on the right track when he jumped on bibulous officers at Halifax. There are times when a little plain speaking is a very good thing all round. That was one of them.

* * *

Show us the town where the merchants and business men are co-operating with each other, pulling together, and we will show you a town that is prospering and the community round it doing the same thing.—Southern Merchant.

* * *

The death of Senator Ellis of St. John, removes one of the most useful and respected members of the Upper House. Although a strong Liberal, Senator Ellis did his own thinking, as his course on the Naval Bill showed. He will be greatly missed from the precincts of Parliament.

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.

Closing at 7 p.m.

During the Month of August we will Close Our Store at 7 p.m. instead of 8 p.m as Formerly, Except Saturday, and would ask you to assist us by Shopping Early

Creston Drug & Book Co.
Phone 51

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

CAPITAL, $15,000,000 REST, $12,500,000

MONEY ORDERS

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
Over	5 and not exceeding $10	6 "
"	10 " " 30	10 "
"	30 " " 50	15 "

6.8

REMITTANCES ABROAD

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

Transfer, Livery and Feed Stables

(Best equipped Livery in Town)

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

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

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

H. S. McCreath, Prop

Phone 56 Sirdar Avenue Box 14

Not Deteriorated Much.

"How did they come to give you a diploma?"

"To get rid of me, I guess."

"Then you were not a prize student?"

"Well, I knew almost as much when I came out as when I went in."

Bringing Her To.

She jumped six feet and uttered a piercing cry.

"What is the matter, darling?" he asked.

"You stepped on my pet corn."

"I'm sure it must be only a popcorn on your dainty foot."

Maybe He Was In Love, But—

"I see you have quit calling upon Lucile."

"Ya-as."

"Charming girl!"

"Ya-as; charming girl, all right, but I don't like the brand of cigars her father smokes."

Wayside Chat.

"What did they give youse at dat fast house?"

"Gimme three minutes before turnin' loose de dog."—Kansas City Journal.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

UNLESS you have a superstition in the morning that you are about to hand out a pretty stiff day's work you are not likely to be of much account during the day.

We sometimes welcome a humbug, but we are rather hard on him if he doesn't hum in tune with our particular bug.

A man who is a hard drinker can't occupy a soft place very long.

The pessimist works not for fame nor honor nor gold, but because he sees the poorhouse looming in the mid die distance.

One woman says that spring housecleaning lacks zest when her husband is away because she needs the stimulation of all his old housecleaning chestnuts.

Should you ever suspect that gold bricks sometimes take the form of suburban lots and fruit farms in Nowhere?

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

Like Father, Like Son.

William had just returned from college, resplendent in peg top trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat and a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became.

"Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a fool."

Later the old major who lived next door came in and greeted the boy heartily.

"William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly as your father did twenty years ago when he came back from school!"

"Yes," replied William, with a smile, "so father was just telling me."—London Photo Bits.

Always Is.

"I hear there is a good time coming."

"Where did you hear that?"

"Down the street a bit."

"Calm yourself. It will be headed off before it gets here."

Then We Don't.

We go to sleep election night
And tell the girl to wake us late
And sweetly rest and sweetly dream
Unless we are a candidate.

Business.

An expert looked into his eyes
And, thinking of the coming checks,
Although he found them good and strong,
Prescribed for him some gold rimmed specs.

SPECIAL NOTICE

During the Month of August Only We Will Allow a Special Discount for Each New Subscription or Renewal

IF ITS PRINTING YOU WANT WE CAN DO IT

The Creston Review

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 s upplied with only the best brand of goods.

Porters Meet Trains

W. A. HERON, MANAGER

CANNING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

The Home on the Farm Can Often Use By-Products to Advantage By Knowing How to Can

Because of the present high prices of food products, a decided interest has recently been taken in the canning of fruits and vegetables at home, says S. B. Shaw in Green's Fruit Grower. An abundance of fresh orchard and garden products can be had in season, but usually the winter supply of these foods is obtained in the form of commercially canned good. These are often poor substitutes for the fresh articles, especially the cheaper grades which lack the delicate flavor of the fresh products. In many instances it is frequently the case that during the winter months the most delicious and wholesome fruitsand vegetables are absent from the daily bill of fare. Possibly some tomatoes have been canned, some fruits preserved or dried, but no attempt has been made to preserve the most nutritious vegetables and the most palatable fruits because of the impression that it is impossible to keep them. It is possible for every housewife to run a small canning factory in her own kitchen. Fruits and vetgetables can be "put up" in glass jars at home much cheaper than they can be purchased in the form of commercially canned goods, and the flavor, texture and general quality of the home-made product can be made superior to the product of the average factory. It is just as easy to keep corn, peas, beans and any fruit as it is to keep tomatoes and peaches—a fact that has been demonstrated by commercial packers who have canned almost every variety of fruit and vegetables.

There has been a belief by the general public that their is something mysterious or decidedly complicated in the commercial canning process. The only secret of this process is a careful observance of two things—Cleanliness and Complete Sterilization. Minute forms of life, which we call bacteria, are present everywhere in untold numbers. The air we breathe, the water we drink, and the food we eat are teeming with them These bacteria are practically the soul cause of the spoiling or fermenting of the various fruits and vegetables. The reproduction of bacteria, which is very rapid, is brought about by one of two processes. The bacterium either divides itself into two parts, making two bacteria where one existed before, or else reproducesitself by means of spores. Spores may be compared with the seed of an ordinary plant. These spores present the chief difficulty in canning the productst of the orchard and garden.

All forms of bacteria are killed by complete sterilization. This is nothing more than enclosing the products to be sterilized in jars or cans that can be sealed air-tight and submitting them to heat of sufficent temperature for a time, long enough to destroy the bacteria that cause the raw material to spoil. Sterilization is readily accomplished by the use of boiling water. There are three different ways by which this can be done. While the parent bacteria can be killed at the temperature of boiling

(Continued on Page 8)

PROFESSIONALS

R. STEWART

Real Estate. Loans and General Brokerage

Special represeneative, The National Realty Company

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DENTISTRY

H. E. HALL D. D. S.

Office over Frank Parks Hardware Store—Baker Street.

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Save your Piano by having an expert do your Tuning.

J.A.P. CROMPTON

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

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Saddle and Harness Repairing

A SPECIALTY

Dealer in high class boots and shoes.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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VARICOSE VEINS CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

Confined to His Home for Weeks.

"Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on Varicose Veins. When I worked hard the aching would become severe and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family physician told me an operation was my only hope—but I dreaded it. I tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my boss asked me why I was off work so much and I told him my condition. He advised me to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kennedy, as he had taken treatment from them himself and knew they were square and skillful. I wrote them and got THE NEW METHOD TREATMENT. My progress was somewhat slow and during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, I continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn $15 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning $21 and never loose a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment.

HENRY C. LOCUST.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It may suppress the symptoms—our NEW METHOD cures all blood diseases.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE AGED MEN.—Imprudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and vitally you are not the man you used to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals?

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

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

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

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

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

Write for our private address.

Church Notices

CATHOLIC CHURCH

Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Christ Church

Sunday School at 10:15 a.m.

Morning Prayer at 11:00 a. m.

Evening Prayer 7:30 p. m.

Erickson School

Evening Prayer 3:00 p. m.

R. AXON, Student in charge

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 Thursd y evening.

W. G. BLAKE
Minister

Money is Tight

But there are people who are constantly looking for opportunities to lend money on good security. If you want to borrow a few dollars, or a few thousand, our Want Ads. will put you in touch with those who have money to loan.

FOR SALE—The beautiful home with its magnificent flowers, well appointed lawn and flowerin shrubbery, lately vacated by the Rev. P. Hayman, is for sale or will rent to a desirable tenant.

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

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.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER
NONE SO EASY

Wanted to be Realistic

She could not see his face as he knelt and asked her to be his. She was glad of that, for she did not wish to know how much suffering her refusal caused him.

She told him as gently as she could that their lives could not be linked together; that, although she admired him and esteemed him, she felt that it would be risking his future as well as her own to consent to a union where she was sure no affinity existed. It was a touching speech, and she threw so much heart into it that she did not observe that he was taking notes in shorthand. When she had concluded he arose and put his notebook in his pocket. Extending his hand, he remarked, genially:

I'm ever and ever so much obliged to you.

S-i-r-r-r!

You said it so nicely, and I'm under a thousand obligations. I'm writing a novel, and I have a scene in which a girl refuses to marry a man. I was anxious to avoid the stereotyped style of depicting such incidents and make it realistic. You're the seventh girl I have proposed to, and every one of the others accepted me. If you had said: Yes, I think I'd have been completely discouraged.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

A Guaranteed Article

Two travellers in the fireproof safe line were soliciting orders from a merchant, who decided to bestow his order upon the one whose advocacy proved the most convincing.

Well, remarked Number One, a cat was put in one of our safes, and a fire raged all round the safe for 24 hours and the animal came out alive.

A cat was put in one of our safes, asserted Number Two. Then the safe stood in a fire for 48 hours and the animal was taken out dead!

Ah! snorted Number One triumphantly.

Yes, added Number Two. The cat was frozen to death.

Number Two got the order.

Relief from Asthma.—Who can describe the complete relief from suffering which follows the use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy? Who can express the feeling of joy that comes when its soft and gentle influence relieves the tightened, choking air tubes! It has made asthmatic affliction a thing of the past for thousands. It never fails. Good druggists everywhere have sold it for years.

The teacher was endeavoring to illustrate to her pupils the association of different species of life with common substances.

For instance, she explained, you will always find plants where there is soil, birds where there are trees, and so on. Now can anyone tell me what we associate with fish?

Suddenly, with the velocity of an aeroplane, a hand shot up from the back row. It was the property of Tommy Jones. Please, miss, I know, piped that worthy.

Well, was the teacher's query.

Chips, was the unexpected reply.

Might Make a Mistake

I have often stood in a slaughter house, observed the fleshy man from Chicago, while the butchers were killing hogs on all sides of me.

Oh, exclaimed the tender-hearted but tactless New Haven girl, were'nt you dreadfully afraid?

A Record in Laziness

The laziest man is reported in Arkansas, where he conducts a shoe store in a little town. A woman entered his shop one day and said she wanted to buy a pair of shoes. The lazy man who was sitting on a box at one end of his establishment, looked at her, yawned wearily, and then said: I can't wait on you to-day. Come in some time when I'm standing up.

Pat had just finished chopping the sticks for the good lady, and she, benevolent soul, had asked him whether he would prefer a cup of tea or a drop of whisky.

Sure I'll be takin' a drop of the crature, if you don't mind, said Pat.

So she brought him a glass of whisky and water.

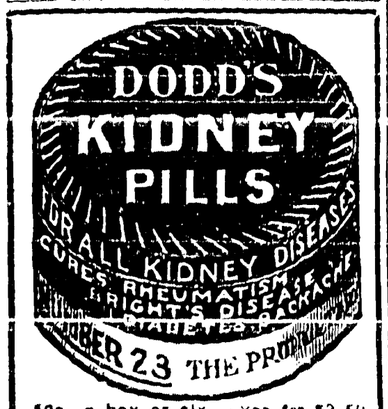
Pat tasted, and seemed not very well pleased.

Beggin' your pardon, mum, and which did ye be after puttin' in the glass first, the whisky or the water?

The whisky first, of course, which is proper, she replied.

Oh, it'll be all right, then. I'll be comin' to the whisky by and by.

Why don't you buy an automobile? I get sufficient excitement out of the management of my fountain pen.



60c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or The Dodds Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

KRUGER RELICS

Have Been Transported From Holland to a Transvaal Museum

Certain relics of Paul Kruger are to have a resting place in a Transvaal museum by virtue of a court of appeal decision at the Hague. Judgment was given in the appeal brought by M. Hiddie Nyland, the defendant in the action instituted by Dr. Leyds and various Boer leaders for the restoration of certain South African relics and other objects of interest sent by Oom Paul which formed the nuclues of the South African museum established by M. Nyland at Dordrecht.

The court upheld the provisional decision of the Dordrecht court which rejected the application of the Boer leaders, but found Dr. Leyd's application to be admissible. The objects have been transported to South Africa.

His Name was George

The next door neighbor scornfully surveyed the bride of two weeks chopping her firewood in the back garden.

I should have thought it was your husband's place to do that chopping she remarked, and forthwith proceeded to give the young wife a lecture on the way to keep husbands down.

But, Mrs. Morgan, stammered the newly-wedded proudly defending the absent one, George has more important things on his mind than chopping firewood.

And haven't you? snapped the Women Rights advocate.

Why no, rejoined the bride blushing a little. All I have on my mind is Georgie!

The only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath in connection with it—was given to the stranger from Kansas. The next morning the clerk was approached by the guest when the latter was ready to check out.

Well, did you have a good night's rest? the clerk asked.

No, I didn't, replied the Kansan. The room was all right, and the bed was pretty good, but I couldn't sleep very much, for I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only door to it was through my room.

Come here, Phoebe, was the imperative command of another housewife in the commuter zone. I want to show you something.

Yassum! answered Phoebe, wiping her hands on her apron.

I want you to look at this chair, said the mistress, pointing to the furniture. It is literally covered with dust.

Yassum, promptly replied the imperturbable Phoebe. I suppose nobody hain't set in it lately.

My son, this is disgraceful. Your school report shows that you are the last youth in the class of twenty-two.

It might have been worse, father.

In what way?

There might have been more boys in the class.

Son, why don't you play circus? It is great fun. First you make a sawdust ring.

Where'll I get the sawdust, dad?

Here's the saw. Just saw some of that cordwood into stove lengths. You can have all the sawdust you make.

What's the wrangle about in Plunkville?

Some of the community want to maintain mudholes and swell their private fortunes by hauling automobiles out. Others want to improve the highways, pinch 'em for speeding and apply the proceeds to public works of all kinds.

What is believed to be the first motor-car chapel ever constructed is being used in the United States by the Catholic Church Extension Society in the sections of the south-west where the members of the church are too widely scattered to have stationary churches or chapels. It penetrates regions which railroads do not reach. The equipment includes all the usual essentials for carrying out the rites of the Catholic Church in regular form and with appropriate solemnity.

A factory in Grenoble, France, utilizes the water of a reservoir situated in the mountains at a height of 200 yards. The water reaches the factory through a vertical tube of the same length, with a diameter of considerably less than an inch, the jet being used to move a turbine. Experiments have showed that the strongest men cannot cut the jet with the best-tempered sword; and in some instances the blade has been broken into fragments without deflecting a drop of the water, and with as much violence as a pane of glass may be shattered by a blow from an iron bar. It has been calculated that a jet of water a small fraction of an inch in thickness, moving with sufficient velocity, could not be cut by a rifle bullet.

A man named Bours has been arrested at Venice, California, charged with shaving the head of his bride in a fit of jealous rage to make her look unattractive in the eyes of other men. The bride, who is only seventeen, and much younger than her husband, complained that he overpowered her, clipped her tresses close, and then applied lather and razor till her head looked like a billiard ball.

A Washington man and his wife, whose domestic complications are frequent but not serious, had one evening called upon a married couple. On their way home the lady said.

Now, in the case of the Joneses, I could say it was an ideal marriage. Really I believe they both think absolutely alike.

Charming people, charming people! said hubby. But about the thinking, Gladys, if you will notice, she generally thinks first.

The Male—But how will throwing stones through windows get you the vote?

The Militant—Don't you remember Shakespeare on women in stones?

Money a man has saved represents the good things he didn't have.

Guaranteed by the maker and *guaranteed* by *every* McClary dealer to be the *most efficient* heater money will buy—yet it costs no more than an ordinary furnace. Fills the house with *pure, warm air,* even in the coldest weather and consumes *very little* fuel. Write to the nearest McClary Branch if you do not know the McClary dealer of your locality. 850

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B., HAMILTON, CALGARY, SASKATOON, EDMONTON

Entertaining a Czar

It must be wearing on the nerves to be host to the Czar of All the Russias. When King George arrived in Berlin to attend the wedding of the Kaiser's daughter and Prince Ernest of Cumberland he was accorded a popular welcome. He rode through lanes of people and 'Hock!' and 'Hurrahs!' and what display of soldiery there was, was suggestive only of the pomp and circumstance of militarism not of its grim force. But what a difference when the Czar came.

In a twinkling the capital was transformed into an armed camp. For twenty-five miles along the rail-road track, soldiers with loaded rifles stood at intervals of fifty yards. Troops were massed in the station, in every nook of which lurked policemen, while disguised detectives served as porters, and the station approaches thronged with a gay crowd when the King and other notable guests arrived, were swept clean of spectators by the police as with a broom. From the station the Imperial guest was driven to the palace between lines of soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder, with fixed bayonets, along a route literally swarming with police.

This is what it is to entertain the Autocrat of All the Russias, the world's most absolute ruler, over whom hangs always the shadow of assassination. It taxes even royal hospitality to entertain a Czar, but the visit of Nicholas II., may serve the useful purpose of giving Germans an excellent object lesson in the workings of autocracy.

CHILDHOOD COLIC COMPLETELY CURED

No other medicine will so quickly cure colic as will Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and drive out every trace of this trouble. Concerning them Mrs. Wm. A. Smith, Rockhaven, Sask., writes: "I like Baby's Own Tablets and always keep them in the house. Whenever my baby has colic I give her a couple of Tablets and she is soon well again. I know of no other medicine for little ones to equal them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Tit for Tat

The other morning a warder entered a cell and found the prisoner had not finished his allowance of bread, and was trying to hide it. The warder immediately threw it out of the window, remarking that it would do for the birds to pick, and gave the prisoner his supply of oakum to do. He returned some time later to collect the prisoner's work, but found him asleep, and upon remonstrating with him, and inquiring where his work was, received the following reply:

Well, guv'nor, yer see you threw my breakfast out of the window, and I threw the oakum. If the birds can pick my bread they can pick my oakum, too!

A Tiffin, Ohio, man once discovered in ambush a sad-faced little girl with a fistful of mud. She was standing in a sheltered corner of a grocery store and was from time to time peering around down the street.

Who are you waiting for, little girl, asked the man.

Henrietta.

What's Henrietta done? asked the man with a significant glance at the mud in the child's hand.

Nothin'. Don't you know she's she's queen of the May?

Still Believe in Witchcraft

In many parts of the modern world the believer in witchcraft still gets hold of hair, nail parings and so forth from an enemy's head and hands, and burns, buries or does something else with them in order to entail unpleasant consequences on that enemy. And universal folklore reveals the concern of savages to dispose of their own hair and nail clippings to prevent an enemy from getting at them. Australian native girls who have had a lock of hair stolen from them expect speedy death as a certainty.

Like One Bird

Blobbs—Yes, I took her out to supper, and the bill came to $14.80.

Slobbs—Why, she told me she did not eat any more than a bird.

Blobbs—Well, an ostrich is a bird, you know.

She—Jack, when we are married, I must have three servants.

He—You shall have twenty, dear—but not all at the same time.

Among the entries for a top-note singing competition is that of a musical sweep. He ought to know something about upper registers.

Siam's Monks and Nuns

In the seventeen provinces of Siam there are 166,293 monks and nuns connected with the temples of the native religion.

Willie—What name, please?

Charlie—Why?

Willie—Sis wants to know whether to be prepared to greet you with a kiss or just shake yer hand.

Young man, we need hustlers in our business.

I know you do. That is why I'm looking for a job here.

Tired of Waiting

Puddleton and Mudmore were met to decide supremacy at cricket, and the newly-elected captain of the Puddletonians, to signalize the honor done to him, was defraying the cost of a hot luncheon. This repast was to be taken at the close of the first innings and things looked promising for an early meal until the last two Mudmore batsmen took it into their heads to offer a sturdy resistance to the home bowling. This fact seemed particularly disquieting to a stout man in a white apron, who stood at the entrance to the pavilion signalling to the home umpire.

How's that? bellowed the bowler, at length, as the ball struck the batsman on the head.

Hout, came the reply.

Hout! cried the batsman, scornfully. Well I'm done.

Yes, snapped the umpire, and so's the mutton, guv'nor. I ain't goin' to eat cinders for nobody.

Obliging Him

Arthur Roberts, the famous comedian, like most celebrities of the stage, was from time to time pestered by would-be actors who had an idea that they were born geniuses. One young man was particularly persistent in his attempts to see Mr. Roberts, and wrote to him frequently asking for advice as to how he could get on the stage.

Mr. Roberts politely advised him to give up the idea, but the young man would not do so, and began haunting the stage-door of the theatre, until at last the comedian could stand it no longer. The aspirant was invited in one evening, and Mr. Roberts met him on the stage after the fall of the curtain.

You are the gentleman who wants to know how to get on the stage? he said. Well, isn't it simple? Isn't it easy? You're on it now! No, not a word of thanks! I'm delighted I'm sure! You'll find find it just as easy to get off. Good-night. After that he was left in peace.

A Household Medicine.—They that are acquainted with the sterling properties of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatment of many ailments would not be without it in the house. It is truly a household medicine and as it is effective in dealing with many ordinary complaints it is cheaper than a doctor. So, keep it at hand, as the call for it may come most unexpectedly.

Served Him Right

At a local cricket match in a village not far from Durham the captain of the home side, in playing a fast ball from the crack bowler of the visiting eleven, received a sharp crack on the knuckles. As the batsman danced round the crease in obvious pain a small boy in the crowd was heard to exclaim: Serve him right!

You shouldn't talk like that, my lad, observed an old gentleman, reprovingly. The man's hurt, you know.

Yes, Aa knaw, retorted the youngter, an' it'll teach 'im what a rap o'er the knuckles is like.

The batsman was the village schoolmaster.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Human Nature

She began her career selling gloves
for McKnight—
Grant Street entrance, first floor, to
the right;
And quite often at night she would
go home and cry
Over what she must stand from the
people who buy.

But she married a broker—Lord only
knows how!
And she's riding around in a Limousine now;
And the sales ladies down at McKnight's all declare
That she's meaner than anyone else
who shops there.

Little Sarah was watching her mother who was ironing some linen.

Is it hard work to iron, mamma? she asked.

Pretty hard sometimes, the mother replied.

The little girl was thoughtful a moment, then she exclaimed:

Oh, mamma, wouldn't it be fine if you had married a Chinese laundryman?

Magistrate (to prisoner)—What are you?

Prisoner — A dock laborer, your wash-up.

Constable (indignantly)—Why, he's scarcely ever out of prison, your worship.

Prisoner—Well, I'm always being sentenced ter 'ard labor in the dock, so if I ain't a dock laborer, wot am I?

Not Necessarily Chronic

What is a cure for the ailment known as writer's cramp?

All the cases I have ever known have been relieved by an increase in the writer's salary.

In English East Africa is the richest bed of soda in the world. Engineers say that it contains 200,000,000 tons. The lake has a surface of more than 50 square kilometers.

There are no game laws to interfere with the killing of time.

Introducing Him

A gentleman was once advertised to sing at a charity concert presided over by a city councillor—a self-made man.

The first song was 'The Owl.' On rising to announce it the chairman was interrupted and informed that the singer had not arrived, a fact that he duly notified to the audience.

A little later, however, the missing baritone made his appearance, and was observed by the worthy chairman, who called on him without delay.

But the singer had hurried, and had not recovered his breath, so, with apologies, this fact was suitably explained and another artist requisitioned. At length the baritone was quite ready.

The councillor rose, and quite innocently discomfited the long-awaited singer by announcing with marked confidence:

Mr. 'Ampton will now favor us with the longed for 'Howl.'

Experienced

She (reading)—And so they were married, and that was the last of their troubles.

He (sotto voice)—Last, but not least.

Accommodating Doctor

A man who had been ailing for some time visited a new doctor. After examining him and listening to an account of his symptoms the doctor said:

If you follow these rules I've written down, you'll soon get well.

But I've been following them for a year, replied the man after he had read them. They're the same my old doctor recommended.

Hand them over and I'll give you some others.

Tightwad says that he owes his success as a money getter to his wife. Yes; but he does not appear at all disposed to pay her anything on account.

Lupungu, Chief of the Basongi, and one of the most powerful chiefs in the Congo, is described in a White Paper issued recently as a villainous-looking individual with one eye and three hundred or more wives. He pays a tax of 40c for each wife.

Women are trying hard to become a man's equal.

Oh, I think you wrong us. All the women I know seem ambitious to get forward rather than backward.

Do you need **Money**?
Send for our application forms.
Do you need **Land**?
Send for our list and terms.
Do you need an **Executor**?
Send for our Will forms supplied free.
Do you need an **Administrator**?
Confer with us if deceased left no Will.
Do you need an **Assignee**?
Confidential interview invited and best advice given without fee.
Agents wanted in all Unrepresented Districts
Apply to—
The Standard Trusts Company,
directing your letter simply to its offices in
Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton, or Vancouver
According to locality in which you live

The Weary Explainer

Wifey—Fred, dear, why does the umpire wear a chest protector in this warm weather?

Hubby—Well, you see, an umpire has to take care of his health. Every once in a while, when he gives a decision, the catcher comes down and helps the pitcher say something, and a lot of the other players join in. When all this conversation starts the draught the umpire stands in is something dreadful.

Italy's last census gave Rome a population in excess of 538,000, an increase in ten years of more than 75,000.

Out of the Frying Pan

When she married ten years ago she stated freely that it was simply to avoid working for a living.

What does she do all the time?

Takes care of seven small children.

Meat inspectors in Berlin are employing the moving picture camera in their work, enlarged photographs showing micro-organisms in motion if the meat is diseased.

Those Who Rely on

the great home remedy which has proved its power to relieve safely and speedily the minor ailments arising from defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion, find themselves spared hours of suffering and able to ward off the attacks of serious sicknesss.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

never disappoint those who take them. They help the digestion, stimulate the liver, clear the kidneys and regulate the bowels. By purifying the blood they increase cheerfulness and create confidence. As actions depend on health and strength, those who know Beecham's Pills

Enjoy Life

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

Confession of a Girl Graduate

A Story For Commencement

By EDITH V. ROSS

When I was a little girl there was a boy in the high school of whom great things in a scholarly way were expected. He not only stood first in his class, but showed an originality that astonished the teachers. Alan Broadwell was his name, and at the time I first heard of him and his remarkable brain he was fifteen years old. He was then prepared to go to college, but his father would not permit him to go until he was two years older.

I was then thirteen, the age when a girl throws away her doll and begins to aspire to things less childlike and more womanlike. I had two brothers, Tom and Jim—Tom a year older than Alan, and Jim a year younger. One May morning, when I was sitting on the porch reading a romance, Alan Broadwell came in at the gate and asked if Tom was at home. I told him that Tom was in the house and I would go and find him.

That was all that was required of me. Alan wouldn't bestow a thought on me for a companion, and yet,

"I PUT MY HANDKERCHIEF TO MY EYES."

though I was a child to him, he was a good deal to me—a tall, handsome, intellectual boy—and I would have given a year of my life for a single word or even look indicating his slightest interest in me.

When Alan was graduated at college he was made assistant professor of English literature at his alma mater.

The university was a co-ed institution, and when I became twenty I entered for a degree. My brother Tom had gone far away, and Professor Broadwell, who was just entering upon his duties as an instructor, was not aware that there was such a person as myself among the students. I did not make myself known to him, and I had so changed that he did not recognize me.

When my class reached a point where we were required to write essays we handed them in for inspection and correction to him. If there was a facility for anything in my dull brain it was for scribbling. At school my compositions always received the highest mark. When I wrote my first essay as a college student I took especial pains with it—pains in two ways, the one to treat my subject as well as possible, the other to make a lot of errors in the construction of sentences. In explanation of this I will say that students go to college for different purposes. Usually they go to get an education. Some go to have a good time. I went for the purpose of ensnaring Professor Broadwell. By making the substance of my essay good I would attract his attention. By putting in a great many errors I was likely to have them pointed out to me by the professor.

A few days after handing in my production I was asked to remain after lecture, and when the class had gone out I went up to the professor's desk. He took up my essay and said to me:

"Miss Brown, you have a gift for writing, and it is a pity that your education in grammar and construction of sentences should be so deficient."

He opened my manuscript, and it was a sight to behold. There were innumerable scratches, pothooks, I's with the tops turned the wrong way—to mark new paragraphs—words interlined here and there with little triangles under them. Indeed, the whole essay looked as if a daddy longlegs had waded through a pool of ink, then strolled over the paper.

"One of the first rules of rhetoric," the professor went on, "is that the opening paragraph should be pointed and not too long. It should catch the attention of the reader and direct it toward what is to follow. I would divide your first paragraph here." And he put the tip of his pencil on one of his P's with the wrong side foremost. "I also observe," he continued, "that in a number of instances you have ended a sentence with a preposition, which is unadvisable. I would recommend you to learn the difference between 'shall' and 'will.' You have invariably used them incorrectly."

"I can't."

"Oh, yes, you can. It's very simple when you once catch the idea."

He went on to explain it to me, using the familiar illustration of the man in the water who intended to shout "No one will save me; I shall drown," but said instead "No one shall save me; I will drown." Then he gave me the grammatical rule for it all, and when he had finished, if I were drowning and should act in accordance with my understanding of his explanation, I would certainly forbid any one to help me. But I didn't tell him so. I simply looked as if it were all clear to me.

He was certainly very kind to give me all this information, and if I had had any conscience I should have been ashamed of myself that nine-tenths of it was unnecessary, I having made the errors on purpose. I thanked him at the end of his instructions and said that I would profit by them, which was deceptive, for I intended to make other mistakes in my next essay that would bring about a similar interview.

And so I did. On the second occasion of my being called upon to remain after lecture for instruction the professor complimented me even more highly on my handling of my subject than before, but he seemed to be much distressed on my deficiency of handling the English language. "You confuse the verbs 'to lie' and 'to lay,'" he said, "the one meaning to recline, the other to place some thing." He gave me the grammatical construction, then asked me to give him an example. I said, "I would have lain the book on the table."

He looked at me with a mingled pity and distress and went over the ground again, which was what I wished him to do, for I had made the blunder purposely. At the end of his second explanation he asked me for another example. I said, "I laid down to rest." At this he grew impatient and spoke sharply to me, whereupon I put my handkerchief to my eyes to conceal tears that I could not shed. At this he spoke to me not only gently, but I was rejoiced at perceiving tenderness in his voice.

"Pardon me, Miss Brown," he said; "I will not be so impatient with you again. Doubtless you will learn all these points in construction in time. I have been anxious that you should acquire them because you are one of the best writers in your class. I will not call your attention to them again, but leave you to pick them up as you proceed."

"You mean that you're tired of trying to teach me," I whined.

"Not at all; not at all, I assure you. If you prefer it I will continue."

"I do prefer it," I said, drying eyes into which I had succeeded in forcing a bit of moisture. Then, taking my essay, I went to the door, the professor politely opening it for me, I maintaining my lugubrious countenance till it had closed behind me. Then I congratulated myself that I had made considerable advance toward obtaining the degree that was nearest my heart—M. A. L., or mistress of the art of love.

I blush now, years after I was aiming at this degree, at the devices, the expedients, to which I resorted. During the period that I was handing in essays to Professor Broadwell I continued a pretended obtuseness at his instructions that they might be repeated over and over again. I put off telling him that I was the sister of his boy chum, that I had acted the part of messenger for him when I was a little girl and that during his visits to Tom had never once looked at or spoken to me except as he would to a child.

One day Tom came from his faraway home and visited me at college. He had lost track of Broadwell, but, taking up a college bulletin, saw his name among those of the faculty.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "My old friend Alan Broadwell is here as assistant professor of English literature."

"Is he?" I said indifferently.

He ran away to find his chum, and that evening I was introduced to the professor as Tom's sister. There was real surprise expressed by the professor and sham surprise by me. By this time I had made a different impression upon my victim from that of a child, and from that time I was treated with the additional consideration of Tom's sister. I became under the professor's instruction proficient in the use of the English language and gave him credit for having infused a knowledge of the subject into my dull brain.

When my college career came to an end I told Professor Broadwell that I should rely on him for advice with regard to my commencement oration. It was not that I wished to make a creditable exit from the university on taking my degree, but that I might take that other degree of M. A. L. before leaving him a prey to other women, and I was quite sure that I could bring him to a proposal while consulting with him upon the subject matter of my oration. It required half a dozen consultations to enable me to select a subject, half a dozen more to decide upon its treatment and a couple of dozen more to consider changes in the text after it had been written.

The evening before commencement we were sitting side by side, my manuscript before us. There were no interlineations, no pothooks, no crossed T's, for the production was finished and ready for the next day's use. The professor, instead of making a pothook with his pen on the manuscript, made one with his arm around my waist.

Then I was happy, for I knew that in addition to the degree of M. A. the prex would hand me on the morrow I had attained that of M. A. L., so much nearer to my heart.

LUCKY YOUNGSTERS.

Some of Britain's Little Heirs to Vast Tracts of Land.

Who is the luckiest youngster in Britain? Examination of the peerage reveals many interesting cases of boys of tender years who will one day inherit vast riches, estates, and great family honors, the most fortunate, perhaps, being the five-year-old Earl of Arundel and Surrey, the son of the Duke of Norfolk, who is heir to both his father's and mother's estates. The Duke of Norfolk owns 50,000 acres in some of the fairest English counties, his rent roll exceeding a quarter of a million a year, while the Duchess of Norfolk—Baroness Herries in her own right—owns 15,900 acres.

The duke is one of London's great landowners, owning a considerable slice of the southeast side of the Strand, and, according to a competent authority, the rent roll of this land a couple of decades ago was £52,000. New buildings in Norfolk and Surrey streets have immeasurably augmented the rent roll, which has probably increased threefold in value.

A year previous to the birth of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey a son was born to the Marquis of Bute, "the uncrowned king of Cardiff," as he has been called, whose father left the enormous fortune of £6,000,000. His son and heir, the Earl of Dumfries, a bright little youngster of six years of age, will inherit vast estates which cover 117,000 acres, in addition to many titles. Lord Bute is the wealthiest peer in Scotland, although he does not possess quite so many acres as the Earl of Dalhousie, who came into the title, an income of over £50,000 a year, and about 138,000 acres of land, when a boy of nine. His son and heir is Lord Ramsay, who was born in 1904.

Two more instances of vast fortunes which will descend to lucky youngsters, not only from their fathers, but also from their mothers, are afforded by the cases of the Marquis of Blandford, son of the Duke of Marlborough, who is now sixteen years of age, and Viscount Mandeville, son of the Duke of Manchester, who was born eleven years ago. The Duke of Manchester owns some 70,000 acres of land, and is also possessor of four country residences, two in England and two in Ireland. His wife, Miss Helena Zimmerman, daughter of an American railway magnate, whom he married in 1900, brought much wealth to the Manchester family. With two exceptions the Duke of Marlborough is the smallest of ducal landowners. He possesses about 26,500 acres of land, the revenue being given at £36,000.

Quite a number of heirs to large estates were born in 1894, the same year as the Prince of Wales, and such names as Lord Whitchester, grandson and heir, after his father, to the dukedom of Buccleuch and Queensburg, occur to one readily, says The Ladies' Field. The duke is easily the biggest landlord in Britain. He owns 460,000 acres, mostly in Scotland, and much of it is barren land. The Earl of Hillsborough, born in 1894, son of the Marquis of Downshire, will inherit some day 120,000 acres. A great many acres of his future property are in Ireland and some in Berkshire.

A Story of Sardou.

It happened at the Athenee in 1893. We were rehearsing the "Salome" of Armand Silvestre and Gabriel Pierne. Behind the scenes one day I encountered a man with an enormous muffler which went several times around his neck and a tall hat of a style that came down over his ears. I chatted with him in the indifferent French I had at command, and this without knowing who he was. While talking to him I noticed a hole in his shoe. He was aware of my discovery, I suppose, for he said to me: "I had that hole made expressly. I prefer a hole in my shoe to a pain in my foot." This man was Victorien Sardou.

Careful About Breathing.

Breathing exercises are beneficial to persons who get little exercise, but it is not best to take them early in the morning. After six or eight hours of sleep the circulation and body activities are slow. It takes two or three hours at least for the body to regain its normal rate of action. Now, if a person spends ten minutes in breathing exercises he is giving his system that much more work getting started. It takes his body longer to get into shape for the day's work and leaves it in a poorer condition to do that work. If you need exercise take it after your body has been in running order several hours.

"This Indenture."

The phrase "this indenture," which appears so often in legal papers, is of curious origin. In the early days parchment was used for legal documents because it was cheaper than paper. The leaves were not cut evenly, but scalloped but "this indenture" still remains.

By Special Permit.

"Here! What does this mean?" shouted Whoopy, as he found his youngest riding a broomstick over the top of the piano.

"This is all right. Mamma said if I'd stay in I could play on the piano."

Nerve.

Lady—Why do you give me this bit of paper?

Tramp—Madam, I do not like to criticize your soup, but it is not like mother used to make. Allow me to give you her recipe.

Economy.

Wife—I have decided, as you say we must curtail our expenses this year, not to give Ida a new hat, but to pass on mine to her. Husband—And you? Wife—Oh, I must have a new one, of course.

Values Palace at $17,500,000.

A comprehensive valuation of Buckingham Palace and its contents just completed by a west end firm is given at $17,500,000. The value of one room is estimated at $2,500,000.

PRESIDENT POINCARE.

He Is a Brilliant Man and Thorough Democrat.

Concentration and simplicity of life and manners are the most marked characteristics of M. Raymond Poincare, the President of France.

"I like to feel that people know me," he says, "but I don't like them to think it necessary to take off their hats to me."

M. Poincare had not been President half an hour before he announced that the traffic must not be stopped when his carriage drove by. All that he would accept was that his carriage should be given precedence over other vehicles at the moment it passed, and the Paris police have instructions to allow no more favor than that to the President's equipage. Furthermore, he has suppressed the outrider who preceded the carriage on state occasions, and reduced a stable of twelve horses to four.

And he astounded the permanent officials at the Elysee Palace by strongly objecting to the trooper of the Municipal Guard who is supposed to sleep outside the President's bedroom.

"It has always been the rule," said the officials, when Poincare objected to the sentry. The President allowed it for one night, and then quietly sent the soldier back to the barracks.

M. Poincare's simplicity of life is well illustrated by a remark made by his cook when she heard that he would probably be the next French President.

"I hope he will not be elected," she said. "Both he and madame will be very unhappy at the Elysee; of that I am sure. Just think—all that they ordered yesterday was beefsteak and fried potatoes."

And M. Poincare certainly loves his own fireside—and his pets.

As a boy at Dame's school of Mlle. Mare, of Lorraine, he delighted in the society of his dog Pompon, a parrot, a squirrel, and several cats and canaries. To-day his favorite companions are Scott, his collie, his faithful watchdog Brave, who guards his country house at Sampigny, and his Siamese cat Gris-gris; and there is nothing which M. Poincare delights in more than to spend a quiet evening with his books and four-footed companions.

"I owe limitless satisfaction to these creatures," he says, "that we sometimes call our inferior brothers. In what are they inferior? I discover in animals a sense of logic more profound than that of many human beings, and a refined sensitiveness of which numbers of us seem incapable."

Poincare's first pet was a parrot. "I loved the bird," he says, "because teaching my lessons to Raymond"—the parrot was named like his master—"taught them to me at the same time."

A short time ago it was believed that European peace was seriously endangered, for the President was observed to leave the Ministry of Foreign Affairs looking depressed and preoccupied. "The situation must be bad indeed," whispered onlookers to one another, regarding the Premier's furrowed brow. But they were wrong. One of M. Poincare's pets was seriously ill.

Dances of 200 Years Ago.

Quite recently was celebrated in France the Fete of Felibrige, kept up by the mothers of old Provencal dialect at Aix, which comes only once in seven years.

The 280 local poets have been publicly reciting their verses there recently in the old speech of the south of France, and the one who is adjudged the laureate has the privilege of choosing the queen of the festival. In the warm spring sunshine they dance all the quaint, half-forgotten dances of the peasantry of 200 years ago. Then suddenly starts the farendole. More and more join hands—the dancers in their quaint costumes, the poets, the spectators, even the policemen—and the rollicking, excited crowd dances away out into the street, along the boulevards, here, there, and everywhere, until they are too tired to keep the dance going any longer.

Artificial Eggs.

Dr. Paul Walden, the famous Russian chemist who is to be president of the next international congress of applied chemistry, declares that the production of artificial eggs will be the next feat of chemistry. An egg is a complex compound of nitrogen, oxygen, sulphur and hydrogen. Some of the simpler combinations of these elements have already been made, and there is steady progress toward the goal where even such intricate substances as that of the egg will be built up chemically, he says. The nitrogen, which is the main thing, will be taken out of the air.

Washermen In China.

Some residents of Tientsin, China, have a washerman as one of the staff of servants. He is paid $5 to $6 monthly, out of which he purchases his own food, as do all Chinese servants employed in the house.

Agreed With Him.

"Why is she so angry with him?"

"Because he agreed with her."

"You mean disagreed."

"I mean what I said. She remarked that of course she was not perfect, and he agreed with her."

Obeyed the Call.

Wife—Mercy! Look at your face! What's happened?

Hub—A truck driver nearly ran over me, and I called him down.

Wife—But your black eye?

Hub—Oh, he obeyed my call.

As Usual.

"Did you hire that plumber I recommended to you?"

"Yes."

"How did he turn out?"

"Oh, he filled the bill, all right."

A Test.

The man who can truthfully say that he has never been jealous has never been in love.

DANGEROUS PETS.

Doctor Gives His Opinion About Cats and Dogs.

A lethal chamber for all household pets—that is the suggestion of a prominent physician, who considers that on account of their germ-breeding propensities pet dogs, cats, rabbits, and birds, such as parrots, are the cause of an amazing amount of ill-health in families. And although most of us will probably consider the proposed remedy far too drastic, there is much food for reflection in his remarks.

In his opinion cats and dogs are real dangers to children's health. He contends that they convey diphtheria for one thing, not by germs in their fur so much as in their throats, and others diseases as well.

"It makes me shudder," he says, "when I see babies cuddling cats, and perhaps inhaling their breath and holding them close to them. Many a case of disease that seems mysterious has been conveyed into a family by a pet dog or cat."

Pet animals, according to this physician, pick up all sorts of germs from the street or floor. They come into close contact with all sorts of filth and dirt, and no matter how often an animal may be washed the disease germs cling to it and are transmitted to any person who fondles it.

He is especially severe upon those women who, both at home and out of doors, are to be seen kissing and fondling pampered pets in a manner which is as much against good taste as it is against good health.

"No wonder," he says, "that so many of these women come to me complaining of throat troubles and eye afflictions, when they indulge in such habits."

With regards to birds, there is not so much danger if they are kept in cages or in their proper place and not allowed to come into close personal contact with their owners. "I know of one old lady, however," says this physician, "who thinks nothing of having her pet parrot walking about the dining table at meals, and this after the bird has probably been walking about the garden, for it is very tame, and follows its mistress wherever she goes. In such a case the bird is an absolute menace to health."

A City of Forty Mosques.

The city of Adrianople is very much scattered and contains somewhere about 80,000 inhabitants, half of whom are Turks and the others Armenians, Israelites and Greeks. The walls which formerly surrounded the city had been allowed to fall to ruins, and since the Russo-Turkish war the city has been in a state of decline. Much of its old splendor has disappeared, but many of its forty mosques are fine examples of eastern architecture. The city has had a very varied history since its foundation in the second century by the Roman Emperor Hadrian. A great victory was won there by the Goths in 378 and another by the Avar Huns in 586. Twice the Russians have occupied the city—first in 1829, when they forced Turkey to give independence to Greece, and again in 1878, when they occupied it without resistance.

An Arabian Legend.

The Arabians had a tradition that when the devil started forth from his own place to the garden of Eden he was too lazy to walk and begged all the animals, one after another, to carry him. All refused except the serpent, which was then a quadruped and the most beautiful of all beasts. Yielding to the entreaties of Satan, the serpent took up the devil on its back and carried him the rest of the way, no one knows how far, and after the consequences of the devil's entry into the garden became apparent the angels were commanded to look up the serpent and punish it, so Michael cut off its legs, and it was doomed henceforth to travel about flat on the ground.

Great Change In Map.

An important change in the map of Asia has recently occurred. The vast region of Mongolia has ceased to be a part of China, and is now independent. The Mongols are chiefly famous in the world's history as invaders and conquerors in Asia and Eastern Europe. They were vassals of the late Manchu dynasty, but not of the Chinese Government, and their separation from China resulted automatically from the proclamation of a republic. Their secession from China was aided by Russia, which thus secures a "buffer state" on its Chinese frontier.

Not In Proportion.

"I'm a self made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you're all right except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."

The Boss.

"All right," said Elsie; "we'll play theatre. I'll be the boss."

"No," replied Tommy; "I will. It takes a man to be manager."

"Of course, that's all right. I mean I'll be the leading lady."

Missionary Trains.

Wales has adopted the plan of sending agricultural missionary trains throughout the principality, teaching the farmers the best methods of raising poultry. Great gain has resulted.

Shoeing Horses.

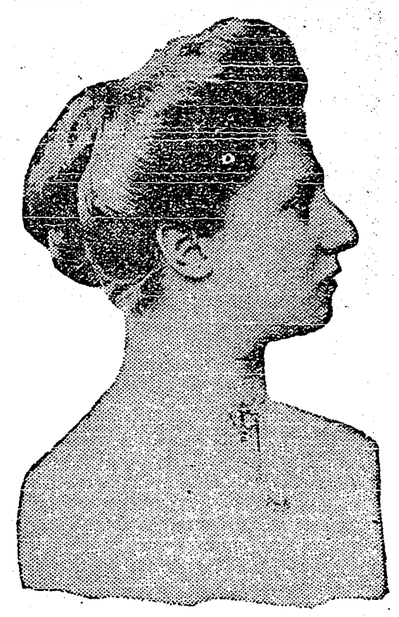
The art of shoeing horses to protect their hoofs against the evils of hard usage was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and is first mentioned in the history of the Celts as late as the fifth century.

Banknotes.

The cost of printing a banknote is 1 2-3 cents, and after it has been worn out it costs 2 mills to destroy it.

Woman's World

German Princess to Wed Ex-King Manuel.



PRINCESS AUGUSTINA VICTORIA.

The handsome deposed ruler of Portugal, ex-King Manuel, although unlucky in war and state, seems to be lucky in love. His engagement to the pretty Princess Augustina Victoria of Hohenzollern has recently been announced, and the royal lovers are said to be very devoted to each other.

Little is known of the Princess Augustina in Berlin, as all of her life has been spent in the south of Germany. There is much talk in German court circles, however, as to what title she will bear as Manuel's wife. Some experts declare her rank will be only that of duchess, with the title of royal highness, while other well posted authorities assert she will share her husband's courtesy title and be known as Queen Augustina Victoria.

The young couple will be able to set up housekeeping in good style, as ex-King Manuel has a pension of $3,300 a month and the family of the princess is wealthy.

Hobbies Fine For One's Health.

Have you a hobby? If you haven't you should have, for a hobby is the short cut to health.

So says a woman with a hobby, and she ought to know.

The woman who broods on her troubles, who broods on her poverty, who broods on her wealth or her health, is likely to suffer for it. Poor health becomes the poorer for thinking of it. Poverty becomes the harder to bear when it is continually contrasted with somebody else's plenty. A hobby will give the mind something else to dwell on and so will avert all health breaking worries.

"You know," said this woman who advocates hobbies for health, "we are a good deal like animals. We are influenced by one idea at a time. You know the story some one tells of the donkey who wouldn't go. Coaxing and beating were both useless. Then some one came along and forced a clod of earth in his mouth. He got so interested in the unusual thing in his mouth that he trotted along without knowing it.

"Well, if we have hobbies to think of we go straight ahead and live our lives as we ought to live them without knowing it."

Any sort of hobby is healthful. If you are interested in photography make that your hobby, only go at it with a purpose. Take up one subject and keep to it. Perhaps it is trees or sailboats or children or cats or doorways. Take all the photographs you can, sort and classify them and compare them, and the work will be engrossing.

Or perhaps you are interested in flowers. Go in for roses or bulbs. Collect them in the winter, grow them in the summer, read about them, write about them, cut clippings about them and sketch them, or, if you are interested in books, haunt the book shops, go to old bookstalls and buy a few books judiciously. Catalogue your own books and read until your eyes are tired.

If you pursue a hobby faithfully it will help you out of all your troubles.

Moreover, a hobby produces results of actual money value sometimes or of artistic or scientific value, which is better. A woman who had always been interested in genealogical matters suddenly realized this fact. She had gone about from graveyard to graveyard making impressions of old tombstones; she had copied records in old churches and courthouses; she had questioned old inhabitants of all the towns she had ever visited. Her taste for ancestors gave a point to her traveling and an interest to her life. And finally she found that she had copies of records which no one else had and a vast collection of material well sorted and classified which was of real value.

Have a hobby. Stick to it and it will bring you happiness. Candlesticks or cookbooks, puppies or primroses—anything will do. Only—have a hobby.

Color Novelty.

Some of the new rich colorings which are finding prominent place in the millinery world are known by high sounding names. A new russet green is called verte de russe; marron rouge is a rich red brown, cog de roche or nasturtium red, vatican purple; prune and twine color are also in the best of favorites.

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CANNING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

(Continued from page 5)

water, their spores retain their vitality for a long time even at that temperature. In large commercial factories, sterilization is accomplished by subjecting the cans containing the various products to steam under pressure By this process the temperature is raised to a degree higher than that of boiling water, usually 240 deg F., thereby killing both bacteria and spores at the same time. Smaller factories and different home-canning outfits usually make use of "open kettle" process. Here the cans are submerged in boiling water and kept at that temperature for a time sufficient to destroy bacteria and spores. The third process, known as fractional sterilization, is that of keeping cans or jars in boiling water for a specified time upon each of two or three consecutive days.

The process of boiling upon consecutive days is the safest method and is much to be preferred in home canning. The first day's boiling kills practically all the bacteria, but does not kill the spores. As soon as the jars or cans cool, these spores develope and a new lot of bacteria begin their destructive work on the contents. The second day's boiling usually kills this new lot of bacteria before they have had time to produce spores. Boiling the third day is not always necessary, but it is advisable in order to be sure that the sterilization is complete.

HOW ABOUT QUALITY.

The quality of any canned product is largely dependent upon its condition when first packed. In selecting fruit, use only those specimens that are well grown, ripe, but firm. Do not use over ripe specimens, as they are usually too soft and mellow to can nicely. When choosing vegetables, select those that are young and have made a rapid growth. As a rule, young, quick growing vegetables are superior in flavor and texture to the slow growing and more matured ones.

Fruits and vegetables to be canned are prepared in exactly the same way as they would be previous to cooking or serving for immediate use. All bruised and rotten places should be cut out and all stems, leaves and other kinds of trash removed. See that everything is clean and washed thoroughly in fresh water before being placed in the jars or cans. These should also have been well washed and made perfectly clean. Do not attempt to can decayed or dirty fruits and vegetables. Have everything clean and fresh.

For strictly home purposes, glass jars are more satisfactory and are decidedly more economical than tin cans, although both may be used. The initial expense of glass is greater than that of tin, but with reasonable care, glass will last an indefinite length of time. Glass jars can be used over and over again with perfect safety, but tin should never be used the second time. Tin is more or less soluble in fruit and vegetable juices While the amount of tin dissolved under ordinary conditions is too small to be at all injurious, still it has been enough to make the can unfit for use the second time.

When canning fruits and vegetables simply for home use, it is not necessary to purchase an expensive or specially made vessel in which to do the cooking although manufacturers of the various "Home-canning Outfits", have gotten out some very satisfactory utensils in which this work can be done. Any flat-bottom vessel, such as a wash boiler ham boiler, preserving kettle or bucket, that is deep enough to permit of being covered after the jars or cans are placed inside, will serve the purpose. With whatever sort of vessel used, it is necessary to have what is known as a false bottom on which to set the jars or cans while cooking. Wire netting made of medium sized galvanized wire or narrow strips of wood, may be used for this purpose. If glass jars are set flat on the bottom of the vessel in which they are to be cooked they are apt to break during the heating. The vessel should also be equipped with a tight cover, preferably tin to be kept in place while the cooking is being done. This cover retains a large part of the steam to aid in the cooking process.

AFTER PREPARATION.

After fruits or vegetables are prepared for canning, pack them firmly in the jars to within about half an inch of the top and fill entirely full with fresh, clean, cold water. New rubbers are then put in place and the tops put on, but not sealed tight. The jars are then placed upon the strips of wood or other support on the bottom of the cooking vessel. This vessel is then filled with cold water to a depth that will bring it up three or four inches on the out-side of the jars. The vessel is then placed on the stove ready for cooking to begin.

After the jars have been boiled the required time, remove them from the vessel, and set aside in some place where they will not be exposed to a draught. A draught of cold air coming in contact with the hot glass might cause some of the jars to break. Allow the jars to stand for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time again place them in the cooking vessel as on the first day. Fill the vessel with cold water, as directed on the previous day, and boil fruit thirty minutes, vegetables one hour, and mixed vegetables one hour and thirty minutes. After cooking the required time this second day, again remove jars as previously directed and after stanping another 24 hours, again proceed to cook on the third day exactly as directed for the second day. After jars have cooled from this taird cooking they may be put in any convenient place until wanted. Some products may retain their color better if kept in some darkened place. If no convenient place of this kind is handy, wrap the jar. in dark paper. Always keep canned goods in a dry place. One point to be remembered in this method is that after the jars have once been sealed tight do not again loosen the top or unseal until the contents are to be used.—Farmer's Magazine.

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You have not got the voice but our paper is at your service all the year around.

WYNNDEL SCHOOL DISTRICT

TENDERS WANTED

Sealed tenders will be accepted up to the 29th. inst. by the below mentioned for clearing, plowing and harrowing the 1¼ acre Wyndel School Site Wyndel.

Paticulars can be obtained at Wyndel P. O.

Each tender should be marked on outside of envelope "Tender for clearing;" and the whole of the tenders will be opened on 29th. inst.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By Order
Wyndel School Board
ASHLEY COOPER, Secretary

July 17th, 1915 28 29

Use For Her Check Book.

"My son?"

"Well, dad?"

"I don't know how we shall be able to check you in your mad career."

"I'll tell you."

"I should be pleased to know."

"Find an heiress for me to marry."

The Difference.

"What's the difference between the young woman of the period and the young man?"

"S'pose there's a lot, but what is the specific thing you're trying to spring?"

"One is fond of fancy balls, and the other is fond of high balls—ha, ha!"

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

She is a lucky woman who can save enough from the month's grocery bill to buy the baby a new bonnet.

Sometimes a careless man will settle up after he has been called down hard.

Getting even with the fellow that has tried to injure you costs more than it comes to, even if it costs nothing.

Variety.

If life were always sunny
And it were always May
We should not quite appreciate,
I fear, a pleasant day.
It takes a dash of winter,
A little of the sting,
To make us thoroughly enjoy
The coming of the spring.

If we had all the money
That any one could spend
The joy we have in buying
Would very shortly end,
But if we can be busted
For just a week or so
Then we can fondle softly
The dollar that we blow.

If we had all the honors,
If we were truly great,
I fear that mere existence
Would be a humdrum state,
But when from out the lowly
We nerve ourselves to climb
In going up the ladder
We have a bully time.

We need the disappointments,
We need the frigid zone,
We need at times a setback,
To sort of give us tone.
We'd yearn for useful labor
If we could always play,
So we would not be happy
If it were always May.