All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

ALL THE NEWS of the CRESTON DISTRICT

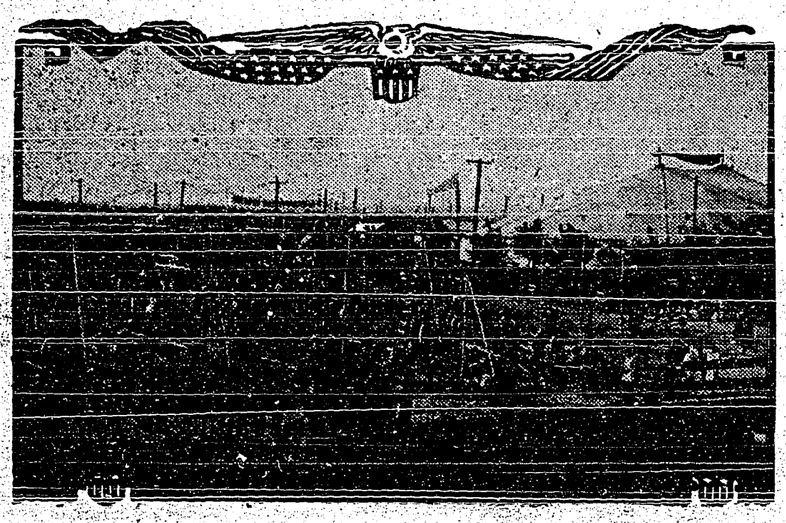
THE CRESTON REVIEW

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR $2.00 A YEAR

No. 32, 5th YEAR. CRESTON, B. C, FRIDAY. AUG. 15. 1913. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

The Free Children's Playground at the Spokane Fair

There is one place above all others where children, big and small, can have the best time of the year, and that place is the Spokane Fair the week of Sept. 15. One of the latest attractions for the little folks is the big new play ground installed by Spokane Park Board. This covers more than an



acre and is full of swings, slides, seesaws, trapezes, horizontal bars and other things for having fun, and it's all free. Up in the Midway there are two big glittering merry-go-rounds, with prancing steeds and enticing bally-hoo music, and the Ferris wheel, not so big as the original Ferris Wheel perhaps, but just as much fun.

Then there's the Animal Circus, with all sorts of cute, trained ponies, monkeys and dogs and a bear that can skate on roller skates; the big Indian Congress and Villiage and other shows too numerous to mention.

In front of the Grand Stand there are the races, the polo games, the cowboys, the fireworks, the big Indian battle every night, the log chopping contest, the miners in their rock drilling contest. the motorcycle relay race, the Scotch Highlanders' band the broadsword battle on horseback and lots more attractions different and more intesesting than any circus.

Then there is a long list of cash prizes for children, nearly $400 in all, covering nearly everything they raise in gardens or make at school. All this children's work will be shown together this year in a new department all its own.

Even the babies can win some big cash prizes of $100 in gold for the best baby from outside Spokane, as well as many other cash and trophy prizes for the babies who enter the Better Babies Contest.

And last, but not least, there is a big Free Nursery, where the babies can be left in charge of competent nurses while the parents enjoy the Fair.

DUCK CREEK NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Embree of Creston were visitors to Duck Creek from Saturday to Monday.

A party consisting of the Misses Olga Wigen, Anna Hagen, Alice Carr, Amy Johnson and Florence Battie also Monrad Wigen, Paul Hagen, Victor Carr, W. J. Cooper, Bob Dixon and T. Butterfield spent a few days camping on Goat River last week.

John Battie, John Johnson, Jack Smith and Andy Miller started Tuesday of last week for a few days fishing up on Midge Creek.

There ought to be enough "Big fish" stories going round soon to keep us amused all summer,

Peter Andestad has secured the contract for clearing the school site. He has started work and according to the vigorious way in which he is attacking the job he will not take long to finish.

Duck Creek is developing quite artistic temperment, wherever you go you hear music organ, fiddle, mandolin, guitar, bugle, cornet or mouth organ. It is surprising the number of musicians we have in this burg, By the end of the winter we hope to have a very creditable band.

Mat Hagen and his road crew returned from Nelson Thursday.

There will be a dance at the Duck Creek Social Club on Saturday, Aug. 16 at 8:30 p. m. Everybody is asked to attend.

A most enjoyable picnic was held on Thursday up at Winlaws mill, fishing was the chief recreation and some nice catches are reported.

After a week spent way up in the beautiful mountains behind Kitchener the party of campers from Duck Creek returned Wednesday. The party was camped 10½ miles from Kitchener, in a beautiful spot surrounded by mountains and the river running along the front. The fishing was good, Paul Hagen and Victor Carr making some large catches. The time was most enjoyably spent mountaineering, walking, fishing and loafing and everybody returned to the hive of industry (Duck Creek) feeling fine.

Paul Ofner who has been staying at Passburg for some time was home from Friday to Monday.

Mrs. M, Hagen was a visitor to Creston Wednesday.

Sam Speers sells paint and in order to demonstrate that he has the good quality paint he had Dutch Leonard paint his store all over with paint. It looks good too, almost good enough to be BAPCO.

We had to carry Carrie to the auto,
And the auto carried Carrie to the shore,
The reason that we had to carry Carrie,
Carrie eat so much he coulon't carry more. Oh you mulligan!

NEWSY LOCAL NOTES.

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

M. F. Eby, of Arrow Creek, was in town Tuesday.

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

Mr. Bradley, of the Fruit Growers Union, has been away this week on a trip to the cities of the prairie. He has gone on a most important mission namely to look up the markets for the harvest of big red apples. He is expected home next week.

FOR SALE—An all round good ranch mare, drive single, double or saddle. All steel low truck wagon, and Empire Cream Seperator. Apply M. Creston Review.

R. F. Conway, the genial steward of the Nasookin, was shaking hands with old friends Sunday and Monday. He came in to take a look over his ranch and took back with him some splendid plums which were about ripe.

Christ Church will hold their annual basket picnic to Huscrofts Grove on Thursday afternoon, August 21. All members and the children are cordially invited to come and enjoy an outing.

Contents of the August issue of Rod and Gun in Canada, the Canadian magazine of outdoor life, published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont. include the following: By Canoe and Portage in the Northern Wilderness, by Henry Anton Auer; Where Shall We Go Duck Shooting in 1913-1914 by Bonnycastle Dale; Beautiful Bay of Islands by Lacy Amy; In Southern British Columbia, A Trip to Fish Lake; Certain Manitoban Duck Grounds; Bascom Buys a 'Coon Hound by George J. Thiessen; Raising Gold Fish, Lucrative Sport; A Talk About Guns; A Fishing Trip to Kedgemakooge N. S.; A Hunting Trip to Pocologan River, N. B. etc., etc. This publication continues to live up to its policy of supplying accounts of the actual experiences of sportsmen in Canadian woods and on Canadian waters.

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

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

HINTS TO POULTRYMEN

This is the time of the year that the poultry fancier is kept busy raising chicks for next winter's shows and unless he keeps close tab on his work he is very apt to feel the effects of it later. Most of this season's chicks have been hatched nap it is now up to the owner to see that they are properly developed and cared for until they mature into specimens fit for the show room or for breeders next year. Much of the seasons success depends upon the care that is given the youngsters. Plenty of good wholesome food, including green stuff and fresh water are very important. During the hot days shade should be provided and the growing stock made as comfortable as possible. Cleanliness is also very important and of the main things is to guard against the louse. More chicks die off during hot weather from lice than from any other cause. Keep the coops clean and use disinfectant and insect powder freely and often. —Poultry Post.

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

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

F. B. Hawthorne, of Nelson was in town today with his usual genial smile.

E. Mallandaine and wife visited in town Friday and Saturday, returning to Invermere on Sundays train.

C. O. Rodgers left Sunday for an extended visit to Mt. Clemens, Michigan where are located the famous mineral baths. We regret to say Mr. Rodgers found it necessary to take treatment for his rheumatism, which has bothered him quite a bit of late.

Messrs. Briggs, Bevan and Little made an attempt early this week to get through to Cranbrook on the new Government road but were compelled to return, there being a section of about a mile which at the present time is impassible, but which before many days will be completed.

Printing as you like it at the Creston Review.

What might have proved a serious conflagration was averted by the presence of mind of Mrs. Ralph Wolverton who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Smith. On Monday evening a coal oil lamp caught fire and was just about ready to explode when she noticed it. Her baby lay asleep in the bed not six feet away so with rare coolness she first carried the baby to safety and then with her bare hands lifted the lamp and threw it out into the back yard. Her fingers and the front of her skirt were burned, otherwiset here was no damage

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

FROM DUN'S REVIEW

Confidence still holds sway in business circles. Optimism in the West and South has been tempered somewhat by the damage to corn, although it is the opinion that much of the loss in that cereal will be offset by the gain in wheat. Generally considered, agricultural prospects continue promising, and the purchasing power of the farming community will be enhanced by abundant harvests and remunerative prices for the leading staples. Current trade reflects the usual summer quietness, yet encouraging reports outnumber those of an opposite character.

Furnished House Free—For a reliable person to look after ranch for winter C, Hogarth, Creston, B. C.

VANCOUVER EXHIBITION WILL BE GREAT EVENT

Practically since the close of the last exhibition the Vancouver Exhibition Association have been preparing for this the fourth, to be held in that city, from Aug 30 to Sept. 6, and a trip to the grounds at Hasting Park reveals some astonishing changes. No less than five large buildings have been erected, three miles of roads and paths have been laid, flower gardens, broad green swards and and extensive clearings have been made, and altogether the outlook and views combined with the substantial effect of the buildings are hardly equalled at any exhibition grounds on the continent. Before the exhibiton starts on August 30 over $150,000 will have been expended, and the judgement of the obrerver will attest to the ability of Mr. H. S. Rolson to get full value for the money spent.

Monday Night Tragedy Appals Peaceful Countryside

Just at the railroad crossing at Erickson, in one of the quietest and prettiest spots in this whole section, a spot designed by nature for quietude and the pursuits of the botanist, occurred a tragedy which lives in the minds of all who hear of it with horror and repugnance.

Here in the camp of the road gang, who, under the management of Jess Wilds have been working for weeks on our roads, were two men, the one one quiet, cheerful and industrious, liked by everyone, the other sullen and vindictive, carrying grudges.

Monday evening the men had planned a change of quarters and after most of the men had retired, the blacksmith, Charles Neff, bearing his long time burden of grudge, sought the blacksmith shop and taking the hammer with which he worked, entered the tent of Ernest Twigg, who was retiring. There in the dark and apparently without giving the other man a chance to defend himself, he attacked him and in the row that followed dealt him a heavy blow on the head with the hammer, inflicting injuries which proved fatal. Such is the story of the tragedy as told to a representative of the Review who visited the scene Tuesday.

As soon as the men knew that a row was in progress, they called for Walter Hall who rushed to the scene and it was a blow from his fist which floored the alleged assailant, it was he who procured lights and water and administered first aid to the injured man, it was he who caused a message to be sent to Constable Forrester and who caused the assailant to be held until the arrival of the officer, a very wise precaution as it afterwards developed.

Constable Forrester immediately summoned Dick Bevan and they arrived on the scene within 20 minutes of the time the call was received. The injured man was brought to town on a mattress ane a train procured which took him to the hospital at Cranbrook, where on Tuesday evening he died.

The inquest takes place this afternoon in Cranbrook and in all probability the preliminary hearing will occur here the fitst of next week.

The adpearance on our streets at this time of Colin S. Campbell, Supt. of Provincial Police and Conslable Black, of Nelson adds an air of expectancy to the whole affair and our people will await with interest further proceedings in the case.

The prisoner was brought to Creston for safe-keeping and is still here, just as safe as he would be in Cranbrook, although a story is circulated by the Cranbrook Herald to the effect that he had been taken to that ambitious town for safe-keeping. Surely the avaricious Cranbrookers should be satisfied with attaining to the inquest, and not try to rob us of the prisoner also.

Mr. Fletcher, of Hosmer, Fruit Inspector, is in town for his weekly visit. He has posted on the doors of the freight shed copies of the act governing the packing of fruit for market and assures us that he has infruction from his department to enforce the law in every case.

Mrs. F. H. Price accompanied by her two daughters, Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Morton, left yesterday for Wattsburg to join Mr. Price who is employed there in the lumber business by A. E. Watts.

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

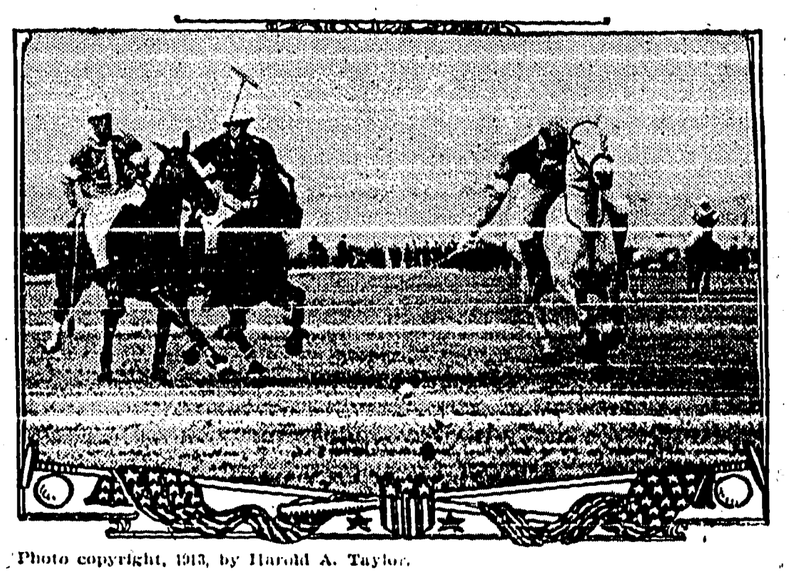


Photo copyright, 1913, by Harold A. Taylor.

Canada will send a contingent of Polo Players to the Spokane Fair

There is something inspiring in the scented woods and the rushing stream in the summer breezes and the singing birds, and the frying fish and the boiling mulligan. So thought some of the boys the other day and with Walmsley for cook and Fred for porter some of the other fellows had a fine time, notably Charlie and Bob Schwengler [illegible]

Mrs. Ralph Wolverton and baby of Sand Point Idaho, returned home Wednesday after an extended visit with her mother Mrs. J. Smith of Creston.

FLEET FOOT

Outing Shoes

For Everybody

THE PERFECT SHOE FOR SUMMER SPORTS

ASK YOUR DEALER. 1

Injustice

By Arthur Applin

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

(Continued)

Roberts nodded. I hardly expected you at this hour. What do you want?

The lawyer took out a handkerchief and blew his nose violently—a common trick of his when he wanted to gain time.

I've been nearly off my head with worry, he stammered, not a moment day or night to myself—but, of course it has helped me to bear the terrible shock. But my poor wife, I'm afraid this will be her death.

The Jew had no commiseration for Mr. Saintsbury, no conventional sympathy to offer. What do you want? he snapped again. I'm in a hurry.

The lawyer straightened himself and buttoned up his coat. Of course I have to appear at the inquest to-morrow. I think I'd better be armed with those papers and the letter I sent you. I daresay I shan't require them—yet, but in case they're wanted you had better give them to me.

The Jew smiled. It was almost the smile of a truant schoolboy. The papers you refer to I gave Reuben de Fontaigne to hand back to Mr. Francks, to whom they rightly belong. As for the letter. He took it from his pocket. Here it is.

You parted with the papers? Saintsbury shouted. You fool, how dare you! I'll force you to produce them. I'll issue a—

You'll issue nothing, Roberts said quietly. If you're not very careful, Mr. Saintsbury, you'll find yourself in the Bankruptcy Court. Now, here's the letter your daughter wrote to you in answer to your demand for money. I know you want it, but you can't have it.

Saintsbury was trembling with rage. Do you refuse to give it to me.

The Jew shook his head. Oh, no, that wouldn't be honorable. I have a little proposal to make. You owe me a couple of thousand and you ought to have paid me some time ago. I'm tired of waiting, I'm not going to wait another moment, do you understand, not another moment.

The lawyer's jaw dropped, but he said nothing, the color faded from his face.

But I'll give you a receipt for the amount advanced to you, leaving only the interest due, in exchange for this letter.

Saintsbury caught his breath and a sigh of relief escaped his lips. Of what use is that letter to you?

You'll see in a minute. Do you accept or refuse?

I have no option, the lawyer stammered, I— Give me the receipt!

Roberts touched the bell by his side. Faber entered the room. Roberts gave instructions for a receipt for two thousand pounds to be written out in Mr. Saintsbury's name.

Make out a little account showing the interest due to date. That can remain owing for another month.

And Aaron Roberts slowly tore up the letter he held in his hand into a hundred pieces. He drew his chair a little closer to the lawyer's.

Now then, what's your game, Saintsbury? You want to see your son-in-law hanged, don't you?

He'll be hanged right enough, the lawyer hissed between his teeth. He killed my daughter. Do you hear what I say, he killed my poor child.

Roberts sneered. It suits you to think so because you've been cheated of a nice little income for life, eh? Now, look here, Saintsbury, just a word of advice in your ear. It's no affair of mine, but take care that you don't get a rope around your own neck. Mr. Francks no more poisoned his wife than—I did. Whether or not he gave her poison by mistake remains to be proved. For all we know, she may have taken it herself. You forced her into a loveless marriage, and on her wedding day she discovered the trick that had been played upon her.

Faber entered the room and handed the lawyer his receipt. Snatching it from him Saintsbury put it in his pocket, and rose from his seat.

Don't forget there's still five hundred owing as interest, Roberts reminded him.

Saintsbury was almost speechless with rage. Stretching out his arm he shook his fist in the Jew's face.

You infernal robber, I'll be even with you yet. You've played a low-down game, haven't you. You were keen enough to help me when you thought there was any money in it, but now I suppose you've been bribed by Francks and the Fontaigne lot. It may interest you to know since I've got your receipt in my pocket that I have collected the money with which to pay you. He laughed viciously. Now I'll use it to fight you, to show you up, and to hang the murderer of my daughter. I see the whole game now—they all conspired together against her, Iris de Fontaigne and her brother, and you too, I shouldn't be surprised—so you'll all pay for it. Good-day, Mr. Aaron Roberts.

He flung himself out of the room, banging the door behind him.

He seems annoyed about something, Faber said grimly. Is it at having to fork out two thousand of the best?

Roberts pushed Faber towards the door. Follow him, he said quickly, see where he goes. Don't lose sight of him until he returns home, then cut down to my flat and report to me, and don't mind the expense, Faber.

Aaron Roberts locked up the office himself. From sheer habit, he hailed an omnibus, then suddenly changed his mind, and calling a taxi cab drove to the Savoy Hotel. The taxi registered eightpence. Giving the driver a shilling, he waited for his change, then entering the vestibule, asked to see Mr. Francks.

CHAPTER XXIII

Aaron Roberts had a long interview with Jimmy Francks. The latter greeted the moneylender very coldly; indeed at first he refused to see him, but Roberts had made up his mind not to go away without an interview.

I don't want your help, either financially or morally, he said to the Jew.

And Roberts nodded. I know you don't. I'm sorry to have to force myself upon you, but you want to help Miss de Fontaigne, and that's where I can be of assistance to you.

Francks curtly replied that he did not wish Miss de Fontaigne's name mentioned.

The Jew smiled and shook his head. Her name cannot be kept out of it any more than yours can, Mr. Francks. Don't forget there are certain people whose one ambition at the present moment is to see you hanged, and these same people would rejoice to see Miss de Fontaigne humbled in the dust. They want revenge more than justice. In the language of the hunting field they're out for blood.

But Francks was suspicious and on his guard. And what are you out for, Mr. Roberts? I'm not such a fool as to believe that you care twopence for me, or that you're a sufficiently big humanintarian to care twopence for my life. You're not a seeker of justice, but of gold, eh?

The moneylender winced. He had never been nearer to feeling ashamed of his profession. The color rose to his cheeks, the fingers of his large hands twitched nervously. All the instincts and prejudices of his race rose to the surface, and the undying hatred of the Jew for the Gentiles swept over him. So partly closing his eyes, he concentrated his thoughts on a certain episode which occurred in Bond Street one wet afternoon. He conjured a vision of a shadowy little figure silhouetted against the background of his office door, and of a voice which had given birth to strange dreams and desires. A subtle perfume permeated his nostrils.

Nobility and purity! And the essence of those was self-sacrifice. A thing of which he had hitherto been incapable. The history of his people had been one of sacrifice. It was time another word was written in the Great Book.

I don't want anything from you, Roberts said slowly. As you suggest it's my profession to take all I can get; perhaps I'm having a little holiday, and so for a change I want to give. Now, look here, when the jury have all the evidence laid before them at the inquest to-morrow of your wife's death it's a hundred to one on their returning a verdict of murder against you.

Francks' face grew a shade paler perhaps, otherwise he remained calm and unmoved. Watching him closely Aaron Roberts felt a thrill of admiration run through his veins. Had he wanted proof of Francks' innocence his manner and bearing would have finished it.

He had been sure that Jimmy Francks had not taken his wife's life. Now he was convinced of it.

But though he was convinced he was not satisfied. He moved restlessly about the room, as if labering under emotions that needed all his strength to control. Francks watched him, gradually growing a little curious.

Mr. Roberts, he said suddenly, had you not better tell me frankly why you are here? What do you want?

I want to save your life.

Jimmy Francks shrugged his shoulders. Walking across to the mantelshelf he took a cigarette from the box and lit it. You think it's in danger then?

I'm sure of it. You must realize yourself that nothing but a miracle can save you.

But I'm innocent—

I'm convinced of that, too, the Jew replied steadily. In fact I might almost say I know it.

Francks turned quickly on him then his almost unnatural calm and reserve deserting him. What do you mean by that? As matters stand at present no one but myself can know. As the world judges, there's overwhelming proof that I poisoned my wife.

The Jew nodded. Overwhelming proof. You're right, Mr. Francks. But yet, in the face of this overwhelming proof, there's one woman who believes in your innocence. When the jury have given their verdict to-morrow, will she still believe? When you're committed for trial, and when that trial takes place and you are found guilty and are sentenced to be hanged, will she still believe?

(To be Continued)

Beauty of Skin
Beauty of Hair

Preserved by Cuticura Soap

Assisted by an occasional use of Cuticura Ointment. No other emollients do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, dandruff, and dry, thin and falling hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and hair, is free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 18D, Boston, U. S. A.

For Women Who Work

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

is the best tonic. It prevents headaches and biliousness by stimulating the liver and digestive organs to natural action.

Rosy Cheeks

follow its daily use—because this pleasantly bubbling drink is mildly laxative in its action and clears the blood of impurities.

Take a Bottle Home To-day. 3a

Sold by druggists and stores throughout Canada

Price 25¢ & 60¢

MUST BE POLITE

German Minister of Railways Instructs Government Employees

The Prussian Ministry of Railways has issued an ordinance requesting the employees, especially their lady employees to be more polite in their intercourse with the public. Numerous complaints have reached the Ministry of short-comings in this respect and the Ministry warns its servants that if they do not turn over a new leaf sterner measures will be taken.

With regard to the ladies, their main faults appear to be too great an addiction to knitting, crocheting, and the preparation of tea or coffee when the public is impatiently waiting to be supplied with railway tickets.

In busy times they are also too apt to lose their heads and to answer impatient travelers tactlessly.

Some years ago similar complaint was made about the ladies employed in the post offices and at the telephones; but energetic measures were taken by the Government to stop this nuisance and it has now become a pleasure to transact business with female post office assistants.

Burning a small piece of gold leaf is a custom observed by the Chinese at certain anniversary celebrations, and it is estimated that gold to the value of more than ten million dollars is destroyed annually in this way. This estimate is based on the assumption that each individual of a total population of 440,000,000 burns at each of two anniversaries a piece of gold leaf weighing .308 grain, making a total of 271,000,000,000 grains. A five dollar gold piece weighs 129 grains.

CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive on Grape-Nuts

Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to the baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health. "There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

Met Her Match

A few days ago two young women entered a trolley car and found only standing room.

I'm going to get a seat, said one to her companion. Now, you see!

Selecting a sedate looking gentleman, she walked up to him.

My dear Mr. Green, she exclaimed, how delighted I a mto meet you. You are almost a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired, I admit. Thank you so much.

The man arose. Sit down, Jane, my girl, said he, as he courteously pointed to the vacant seat. I don't often see you out on a washing day. You must feel tired, I'm sure. How is your mistress?

Embarrassing

This is awkward. I flirted with a young man at the seashore and we both pretended to be rich. Now I find he lives in our city.

But you needn't see him if you don't want to.

I can't well get out of it. It seems he collects the payments on our piano.

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They are revealed by pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up healthy processes have a beneficial effect upon the blood, so that impurities are eliminated.

It was a Scotchwoman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time. It was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded: That's a good thing for your wife. It was a Frenchman who, contentedly laying his head upon a large stone jar for a pillar, replied to one who enquired if it was not rather hard: Not at all, for I have stuffed it with hay.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

No medicine for little ones is so highly recommended as is Baby's Own Tablets. They are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely safe and besides that thousands of mothers throughout the land praise them as the only sure cure for childhood ailments. Concerning them Mrs. Edward McDonald, Douglastown, Que., says: "I can highly recommend Baby's Own Tablets to any mother who has a baby suffering from constipation or teething troubles." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Stern Parent—Quite so, quite so! You tell me that you have proposed to my daughter; but—er—you say nothing about your position. Nervous Suitor—My position, sir? Oh—er—the usual one, I believe—on my knees, you know.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Well, Johnny, what was the text today? asked a proud father of his son who had just returned from church.

Let me fink, faver, said Johnny, as he scratched his head in deep thought. Oh, yes; I remember. It was: Don't be scared, you'll get your quilts all right.

John's father, after pausing a while over this queer text, called up the minister.

Could you tell me what was this morning's text, Mr. Jones? he asked, and was convulsed to hear the reply: Fear not, the comforter cometh.

Whenever I listen to a poor speaker, I think of a physician whom I once heard wading through an after-dinner speech in this city, said a well-known American architect. The physician did not wade very far through this speech. He said—Unprepared as I am in this impromptu—totally unprepared, I will—ah—extemporaneously, being unprepared — Just then the physician's wife, who sat next to me said to her husband in a low, encouraging voice: Go on, Tom! You had it all by heart this afternoon. Go on.

Remedy for Nose Bleeding

There are two little arteries which supply the face with blood, one on each side. These branch off from the main arteries on each side of the windpipe, and running upward toward the eyes, pass over outside of the jawbone, about two-thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Now, suppose your nose bleeds by the right nostril; with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist; then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jawbone. The result will be that not a drop of blood goes into that side of the face while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow, and the ruptured vessels in the nose will probably by that time contract, so that when you let the blood into them they will not bleed. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way.

A tramp went up to Easy street
And tried to work the rear,
He tried each house for bread or meat,
Since Easy street had naught to spare
The tramp was prompt to go,
And later on he struck good fare
'Way down on Poor Man's row.

An advertisement taken from a morning paper shows to what a pass a genius may come in a great city: Wanted—A collaborator, by a young playwright. The play is already written; collaborator to furnish board and bed until play is produced.

A Constant Change In Body Tissues

"Our bodies," says Huxley, "may be likened to an eddy in the river, which retains its shape for a while, though every instant each particle of water is changing."

The tissues of the body, composed of millions of tiny cells, are being constantly broken down and wasted away by the process of life, and especially by overwork, worry and disease.

In order to reconstruct these wasted tissues there are necessary such elements as iron, sulphur, magnesia, potash, etc., and when these are not supplied in sufficient quantities in the food we eat it is necessary to aid nature by the use of some restorative preparation.

Most people find Dr. Chase's Nerve Food particularly effective under such circumstances, because it is composed of the very elements of nature which go to form new, rich blood, create new nerve cells and rebuild wasted tissues.

This great food cure is radically different from medicines which are usually employed in the treatment of nervous diseases. For, while they stimulate tired nerves to overexertion or by narcotic influence soothe and deaden them, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food revitalizes wasted nerve cells and so accomplishes lastingly beneficial results.

Such symptoms as sleepleness, irritability, headache, indigestion, brain tire and feelings of fatigue and discouragement soon disappear when the system is built up by the use of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Probably

Caruso's doctor says that the great tenor has musical bones, that a tap on his knuckles brings forth a musical note.

I'll bet a tap on his nose would bring forth a musical note or so.

$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.

The bank, n consequence of a farmer's failure, had to finance a large farm, and last spring the man they had put in charge of it wired to the London manager of the bank: Lambing begins next month. If drought continues will result in total loss. Postpone lambing till further orders, wired back the resourceful London manager.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

A laborer went into a neighbor's cottage. In the corner of the little kitchdial of which was the customary figure of an old man holding a scythe, and above was the time-worn inscription: Tempus fugit. Looking wisely up at the clock, the old man said to the owner: Aye, tempus fugit! Same man as made ours, I see!

A Scotch preacher who delighted in much verbal flourishing before he finally made his point, was one day telling his rural congregation the story of Jonah. And as they threw the puir mon overboard, he said, a girt monster appeared at the side of the ship—aiblins it was an elephant, aiblins it was a lion, aiblins was a hippopotamus, aiblins— Aiblins it was a whale, shouted an eager old woman from the front row. Aiblins you're a fule! retorted the disappointed old minister, and brought his sermon to an abrupt conclusion.

Bright or Lazy

Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography.

No, mum; I heard pa say the map of the world was changing every day an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things get settled.

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

Let me see some of your black kid gloves, said a lady to a shop assistant.

These are not the latest styles are they? she asked when the gloves were produced.

Yes, madam, replied the shopman; we have had them in stock only two days.

I don't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches, and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa.

The shopman explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.

Paragon of Parrots

Customer—But is he a good bird? I mean I hope he doesn't use dreadful language.

Dealer—'E's a saint, lady; sings hymns beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear something awful, but, if you'll believe me, lady, this 'ere bird converted the lot.

Enumerator (taking details for the census). What is your age, madam? Lady—Thirty, sir. Enumerator—If I don't mistake, you were thirty at the last census, ten years ago. Lady—Well, my man, I'm not the person who says one thing to-day and another to-morrow.

Looked Like Shorthand

She—I didn't catch you name.

He—I've just written it on your programme.

She—That's made me wonder what it is.

What's the matter, old man?

Brain fag. Been presiding at the graduation exercises of a grammar school. Had to listen to forty high-brow essays. But you seemed played out, too.

Yes; indigestion. I took in a cooking school. Had to taste forty different messes.

Two lawyers before an American judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent: Sir, you are, I think the biggest fool that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon. Order! Order! said the judge, gravely. You seem to forget that I am in the room.

UPTON'S PURE FRUIT JAMS

Are pure Jam improved by the addition of Pure apple jelly

Try it. All Grocers

Lady Farmer Raises Record Crop

Mrs. Annie E. Williams, of Gleichen, Alberta, had a record flax crop last year. She seeded 63.33 acres and threshed 1,877 bushels—which is equivalent to 29.63 bushels to the acre. The significance of this will be more readily appreciated when it is stated that the average yield per acre last year in Alberta was 12.83, in Saskatchewan, 12.56; in Manitoba, 13.39, in all Canada, 12.60, and in the United States 9.90 bushels to the acre.

The variety which was grown was 'Premost,' a new kind which has been developed by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and which ripens from ten days to a fortnight earlier than ordinary flax. The record of the growth of this crop shows that it was seeded April 16-18, was one foot high and in bloom on June 23rd, ripe on August 10th and cut on August 27th. The germination test over seven days showed 96 per cent.

How Gipsies Marry

There is nothing secret about the gipsy courtship; it is carried on in the open. If a Romany lad makes love to a maiden already pledged she has a way of indicating the fact without speaking a word. She goes a little way off, and sitting down on the grass, unfastens her hair, letting it fall on her countenance. Time was when gipsies were married in their own tents, after the ancient custom of their race.

In some Romany families it is a rule to tie the matrimonial knot in a church; other families, however, still hold to the older way and avoid being parsoned on their wedding day, nor do they seek the offices of the registrar.

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil possesses more power in concentrated form than one hundred times the quantity of many unguents. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.

Tommy had been a town mouse all his little life up to the present year, but work had been plentiful with his father, and he was discussing with his wife the desirability of sending Tommy for a week into the country. Tommy listened thoughtfully and at length broke in: I don't want to go! Why not? Cause I've heard they have thrashing-machines in the country, and it's bad enough here in town, when it's done by hand.

℞ To Women Seeking Health and Strength

For those ills peculiar to women Dr. Pierce recommends his "Favorite Prescription" as

"THE ONE REMEDY"

A medicine prepared by regular graduated physician of unusual experience in treating woman's diseases—carefully adapted to work in harmony with the most delicate feminine constitution.

All medicine dealers have sold it with satisfaction to customers for the past 40 years. It is now obtainable in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form at the drug store—or send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box, to Buffalo.

Every woman may write fully and confidentially to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and may be sure that her case will receive careful, conscientious, confidential consideration, and that experienced medical advice will be given to her absolutely free.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules easy to take as candy.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER
NONE SO EASY

Origin of the Calabash

The calabash used in pipes is an own cousin to the cucumber, the melon and the squash—a gourd of the family Lagenaria vulgaris. A British soldier had broken his pet briar, and all that remained of it was the hard rubber mouthpiece. While crossing a field one day he stepped on a calabash gourd, and noticed that the crook of the stem resembled his pipe. Picking up the gourd he cleaned out the inside, fitted his mouthpiece to it, and the first calabash pipe was born, says the Cigar and Tobacco World. The gourd was green and did not burn out, and it colored beautifully, so when the Boer war was over Tommy Atkins returned to England with his pipe and a number of gourds. But the dried gourds burned out, and it was necessary to line them. Zinc was first tried, and proved unsatisfactory and then meerchaum and the compressed meerschaum substitute were employed as they are today.

Cold Storage Plants

Statistics issued by the cold storage branch of the department of agriculture, Ottawa, show that during the six years which have elapsed since the passage of the act to encourage the erection of cold storage warehouses, much has been done along that line. Warehouses costing approximately $2,000,000 have been erected in different parts of the Dominion, and four more are at the present time under contract. No assistance has been given to any company proposing to build in places where cold storage establishments already exist.

The Reward of Kindness

A man going home at a late hour in the night saw that the occupants of a house standing flush with the street had left a window up, and he decided to warn them, and perhaps prevent a burglary. Putting his head into the window he called out—Halloa! good peop— That was all he said. A whole pailful of water struck him in the face, and as he staggered back a woman shrieked out: Didn't I tell you what you would get if you wasn't home by 9 o'clock!

Not a Difficult Job

A woman of evident Hibernian ancestry recently called at a photographer's and arranged for a group picture of her two children, which she wished taken at her home, surrounded by the furnishings with which she was familiar.

When the photographer called with his camera there was but one youngster in evidence and he asked for the other one.

Oh, replied his patron, Michael doied a year ago, but Oi can give yez such a description av him that yez can't fail to make a swate picture.

Painting the Royal Portraits

Mr. John Lavery has long been recognized as one of our cleverest portrait painters and he has been further honored by a commission to paint the new Royal portraits. Both Queen Alexandra and the Duchess of Argyll are great admirers of his works, and they are largely responsible for him securing the Royal commission.

Mr. Lavery is a native of Belfast and pursued his artistic studies in Glasgow, London, and Paris. He has pictures in all the foremost continental galleries, and also in the corporation galleries of Manchester, Bradford, Glasgow and other big cities.

Sticking to Facts

A lady had a new maid, who appeared at the door of the library one afternoon, where her mistress was reading.

There's no coal ma'am, said the maid, and the fires are going out.

No coal, cried the mistress in surprise. Why didn't you tell me before?

I couldn't tell you there was no coal, ma'am, replied the girl, when there was coal.

Wooden, Anyhow

The late Sir W. S. Gilbert was inclined to be witty at the expense of the men and women who like to do amateur acting in the name of charity. An enthusiast once said to him, Mr. Gilbert, what do you think of our amateur club?

I think they are not so much a club as a bundle of sticks, returned the master of repartee.

A boy who was passing the shop thought he had found a job at last when he saw a sign in the window: Boy wanted. He went in and asked the proprietor about it.

Yes, said the storekeeper, I want a good, bright boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors.

That's all right, said the applicant, but what becomes of me when the door slams shut?

The late Judge Silas Bryan, the father of William J. Bryan, once had several hams stolen from his smokehouse. He missed them at once, but said nothing about it to anyone. A few days later a neighbor came to him.

Say, judge, he said, I hear'd yew had some hams stolen t'other night.

Yes, replied the judge, very confidentially, but don't tell anyone. You and I are the only ones who know it.

Editor—Who was the first humorist? Author—I really don't remember. Editor—I thought you might; you have been bringing us in his jokes.

Let me congratulate you, Mrs. Thompson. That's a beautiful little boy you have there. Oh, I don't think so, sir, indeed. You don't. I'm surprised to hear you say such a thing. Why don't you think so? Because he's a beautiful little girl.

W. N. U. 958

A Relic

I have called, said the candidate to the man at the door, to find out if I can count on your support at the poll — Half a minute, sir, growled the independent elector; I want to ask you something. Are you in favor of this electric lighting scheme? I am, sir, proudly proclaimed the candidate. In fact, I am one of the chief agitators for this improvement. The man rolled up his sleeves and closed his fists. Then get off my doorstep! he roared, while you are all there. I'm the lamplighter.

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor. Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs! she cried. What is it? It's a new baby brother! And expectantly she watched the effect of her announcement. You don't say so? Is he going to stay? I think so—very thoughtfully—He's got his things off.

Mother—Oh, Bobby, you naughty boy, you've been smoking! (Pause). Poor, poor darling, do you feel very bad? Bobby (who has been well brought up) Yes, thank you; I'm dying.

Not Entirely

Have you lived here all your life? asked a drummer of a lean, lantern-jawed Tennessee mountaineer who stood idly leaning against a rail fence.

The mountaineer shifted his weight from one foot to the other and replied: Not yit.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

Barber (beginning the haircut)—Have you heard the story about the man that—(resuming business)—that it short, sir? Customer (a tired editor)—Yes, a mere synopsis will do!

The manager of a well-known touring company wired to the proprietor of a theatre in a small town where his company was to appear: Would like to hold a rehearsal at your theatre at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Have your stage-manager, stage-carpenter, assistant stage carpenter, property man, chief electrician, and all stage hands present promptly at that hour.

Three hours later he received the following reply:

All right. He will be here.

I say, how is that new baby over at your house? It's a howling success.

Always the Way

This is the truth, it is no jest,
As you yourself can plainly see,
Just give a man a day of rest
And see how restless he will be.

You are ninety-seven years old? Yes.—What are your rules for reaching such an unusual age? I dunno as I have any in particular. Just keep on living, and you'll get there, young man.

No Escape.

I thought that poor little hen-pecked man was going to take a sea trip for his health?

He has changed his mind.

Why so?

He found out that through the wonders of wireless telegraphy his wife could keep in touch with him every day.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

Jones—My wife and I suffer from alternate insomnia.

Brown—Alternate insomnia! What is it?

Jones—Whichever gets to sleep first keeps the other awake all night.

You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.
NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers
stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 121
NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Wanted to Konw

About how much does an automobile outfit for a woman cost?

Oh! my, are you going to buy an auto?

No. I just wanted to figure out how far beyond his means your brother Bill is living.

Angry Diner—Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig. Waiter—I am doing my best, sir.

Traveller—Why do you make the sandwiches so dreadfully small? Waiter—We makes 'em small sir, so you won't miss the train.

Mrs. Flubdub—My husband goes out every evening for a little constitutional. Does yours? Mrs. Guzzler—No; my husband always keeps it in the house.

Progress

Daughter, I asked the young man who was just talking with you whether he knew how to dance.

Yes?

He said he knew the holds, but not all the steps.

Here, began a woman, here's an article in the paper on Woman's Work for the Feeble Minded!

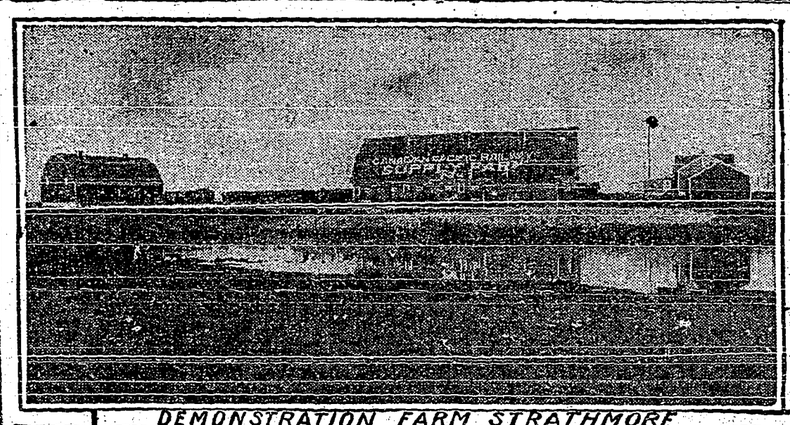
Her husband grunted.

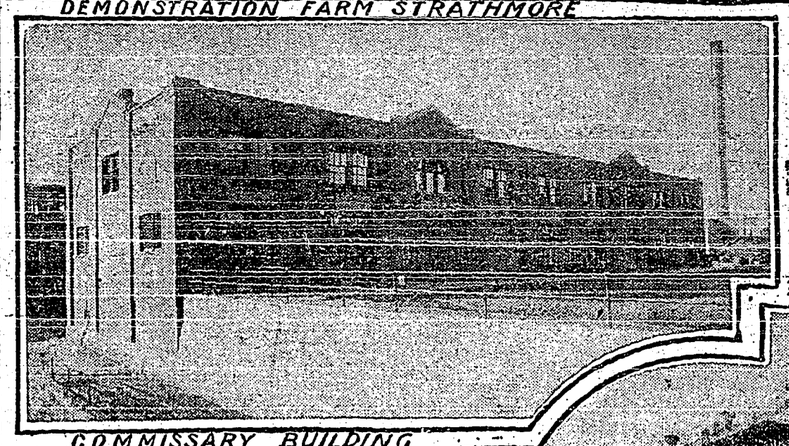
I'd like to know, he said, what women have ever done for the feeble-minded.

They usually marry them, dear, replied his wife sweetly.

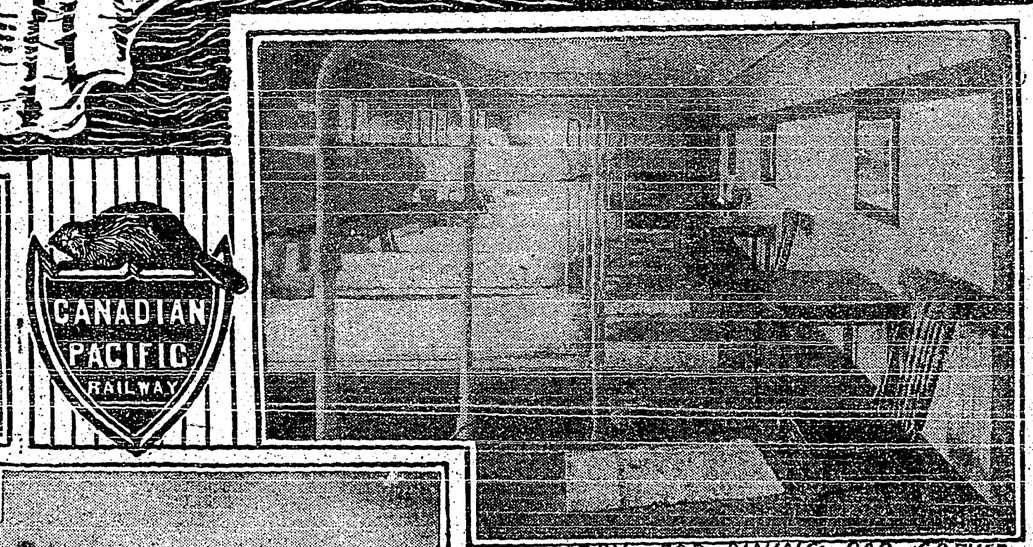
Modern Girl—If you really loved me all the time, why didn't you let me know? Modern Youth—I couldn't find a post card with the right words on it.

HOW THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CARES FOR THE PUBLIC & FOR THE MEN WHO WAIT ON THE PUBLIC.

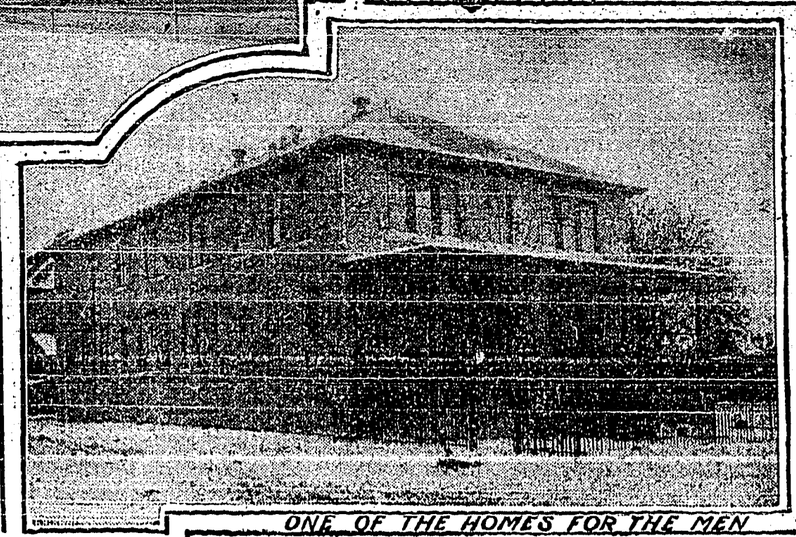




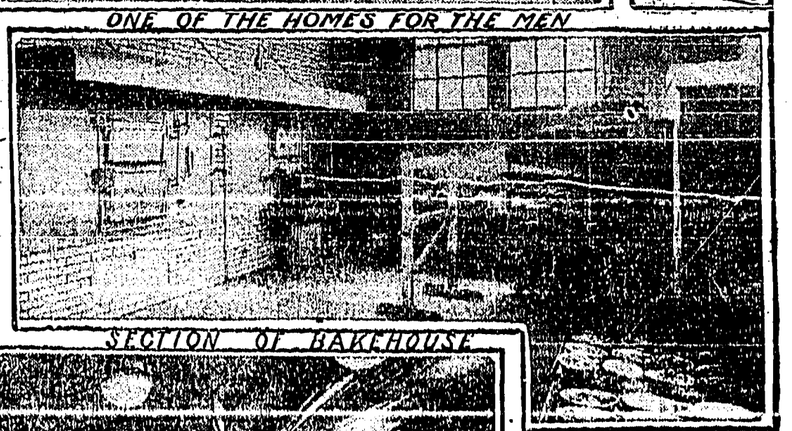
DEMONSTRATION FARM STRATHMORE



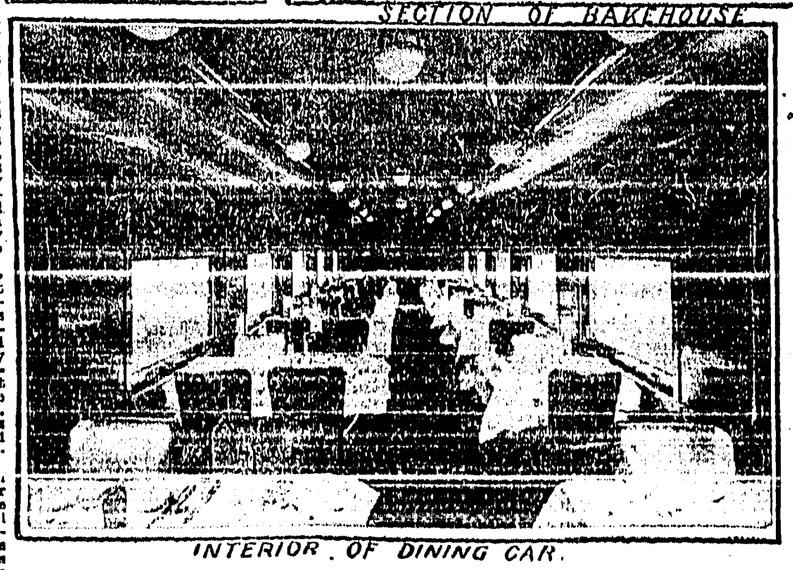
DORMITORY FOR DINING CAR CREWS



COMMISSARY BUILDING



ONE OF THE HOMES FOR THE MEN



SECTION OF BAKEHOUSE

INTERIOR OF DINING CAR.

COMMISSARY BUILDING.

A citizen of the world wishing to spend a holiday at Banff, in the heart of the Western Canadian Rockies or to make a business journey along the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway rents his sleeping car berth, boards the train, lives and eats in luxurious surroundings while being whirled across the continent, and has little idea of the vastness of the enterprise upon which he bestows his patronage, nor of the tremendous system which must be maintained in order that he and others, likewise minded, may travel in such safety, comfort and luxury.

For instance he goes to bed and does not know that an army of men four thousand strong is employed by that Dining and Sleeping Car Department. He is not aware that the same company could, within five days, transport an army of thirty thousand people from Vancouver to Halifax, giving each a sleeping berth and supplying ninety thousand meals a day, or practically half a million on the five day journey across the continent. Again, he does not realize that, if the dining and sleeping cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway were made up into a single train with a locomotive stationed at intervals ten coaches apart, that that train would be fourteen miles long. To man this city on wheels would require an army of three thousand dining and sleeping car attendants with several hundred additional men at terminals to handle supplies for them. This is exclusive of the thousand men who would be operating the train in the capacity of brakemen, conductors, firemen and engineers, a total aboard in all of 34.00 people.

TAKING CARE OF THE PUBLIC.

It would take a great deal of space to tell how the Canadian Pacific Railway takes care of that public which patronizes its lines and how also it takes care of those employees whose duty it is to minister to the comfort of that public. Yet the C.P.R. has taken many steps in that direction and it is safe to say that in a dozen particulars it stands ahead of any road on the continent when it comes to treating its dining and sleepng-car employees humanely and sanely. These men are as desirable a class of public servant as can be found in any private house from the point of view of efficiency, personal cleanliness and freedom from danger of spreading disease. The company is as considerate of its men as it is of the general public and it is fully aware that such a course is simple "good business."

Certainly the most colossal task that presents itself to the C. P. R. is that of provisioning its dining cars to feed the hungry multitudes who cross their thresholds each meal hour. It is estimated that in the summer season the C. P. R. serves on an average twenty thousand meals a day on its cars. For many years the company has been grappling with the problem of supplying this enormous demand in a way that would insure to the general public absolutely clean and perfectly wholesome meals and only now has the company come to believe that it has the situation completely in hand.

The first problem that presented itself was to have secure a really assured and permanent source of supply. To attain this and, incidentally, to show farmers in various districts the possibilities of their lands when scientifically worked, demonstration farms were started throughout the Dominion. These supply absolutely fresh provisions to the chain of commissary stores stretching across the continent and give the Canadian Pacific Railway the assurance of a permanent supply at cost prices. In this an absolutely radical departure was made in that the C. P. R. actually owns and operates the farms which supply it with provisions.

The advantage of this is not far to seek. Fresh milk and cream will soon be secured in whatever quantities are desired. A sufficiently large number of poultry can be kept to supply all requirements for table fowl and eggs. To insure freshness in the eggs used on dining cars the product is gathered from the nest (all eggs are non-fertile by the way) stamped with the [illegible] delivery to commissary stores. Milk and cream [illegible] pasteurized the products are placed in sealed bottles and these are opened in the presence of the passenger with the day and date of milking right on the bottle. Similar care is taken to insure absolute cleanliness in all other demonstration farm products.

Fruits and vegetables form a large item on dining car menus. The Canadian Pacific Railway imports these from all parts of the world and others them on the cables before they are available elsewhere, and then, when the Canadian products are ready the preference is given them. In fact the company specializes in the famous fruits and vegetables of British Columbia and contracts for these products for the entire requirements, especially apples and [illegible] year in advance. The quality of these fruits, such as apples, plums, cherries, pears, and vegetables, such as celery and potatoes now stands highest in the continent.

AN OBSTINATE PROBLEM

One really obstinate problem has confronted the Canadian Pacific and that has been the supplying of fresh bread and pastry to its patrons—bread and pastry of such a quality that the shield and beaver trademark would be its guarantee. Many experiments have been tried but that degree of success desired by the company is only now being attained. Final upon all plans comes the announcement on this year's appropriation list to the effect that the company will install a chain of modern bakeshops at such terminal points between Halifax and Vancouver as would insure a complete re-stocking of dining cars with fresh bread, cakes and pastry every fifteen hours. Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Vancouver are to have such railroad bakeshops as will several other points not yet definitely decided upon.

The care of meats, milks, vegetables and perishable goods for the twenty thousand people who must be fed daily by this one railway requires most elaborate refrigerator plants. All refrigeration is done artificially and the scientifically perfect degree of coldness is maintained to preserve the goods and so to maintain highest quality.

A MODERN SCIENCE.

Modern medical science, both preventive and curative, has reduced itself to practically one only science—bacteriology—with the allied art of preventing disease bugs from finding lodgment in any place that comes in contact with human beings, more particularly to keep all human food free from exposure to these germs.

Recognizing this, the Canadian Pacific Railway has worked out an elaborate system of individual service, reducing the handling of food to a minimum. All bread, cakes, pastry, pie, puddings, etc., are prepared in individual orders; in fact this system is extended to cover all possible service; even ice cream, which is made under most sanitary conditions, is prepared in individual portions, each portion wrapped in special case to prevent handling.

ITS FIRST CARE.

One of the first cares of the Canadian Pacific Railway is to see that all its employees are physically healthy and clean and to this end it has been deemed expedient to establish a chain of homes for the dining and sleeping car men over the entire continent. The C. P. R. is the only railroad corporation today which provides this class of employees with free lodgment and bed when away from home. At all large terminals such as Toronto, Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Vancouver these dining car and sleeping car employees are housed by the company. In establishing this system the management had one main idea in view. It would be able to give the general public the assurance that every employee had a physique free from disease, because all are subjected to a periodic medical examination, and it would itself then be in a position to assume responsibility for the cleanliness of employees. Under the system that prevails on the C.P.R. it is impossible for a dining or sleeping car employee to go out on a run, as it is called, without first having taken a bath and gotten his clothes newly cleaned and pressed free of any cost to the employee.

Nor is the Canadian Pacific Railway inspired by solely business motives in this work. The company is not a "soulless corporation" in dealing with its men. On the contrary, the homes, as the illustrations will show, are an embodiment of the cozy home spirit. Comfortable nooks and corners abound. All are scientifically ventilated and managed by competent caretakers. Libraries, bathrooms, including showers, large windows and indeed all the addenda of the modern home are present, and everything is spotlessly clean. Thus, when a C. P. R. man is away from home he is under the company's care. And so it comes about that [illegible] tion to report for duty in any hospital, if occasion for their service arose. The result of all this care shows in the health of the employee by going out from the terminal rested, in good health and in every way prepared to care for the public.

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

From the annual report of the British Columbia department of mines, just issued, it appears that 1912 was the best year for the mining industry in the entire history of the Province. The figures also indicate over 80 per cent of all the metalliferous and coal mines of the Province for the year was the product of the Kootenay and boundry districts. In addition to the mineral resorces ot these districts, the production of fruits on a commercial scale and the opening up of new and extensive markets for local fruits and dairy products is an industry of ever increasing proportions

* * *

At Saturdays meeting of the Creston Fruit Growers Union a committee was appointed to get out dodgers calling for a public meeting to discuss the advisability of holding an apple show in Creston this fall. That committee has been active and as a result a meeting is called for Saturday evening in the Auditorium, and it is to be hoped that every fruit grower who possibly can will come out and lend his counsel to the deliberation.

There is no question as to the ability of the district to produce the material for a first class show and with the Union as thoroughly organised as it is and the independent shippers all working together to establish the best market conditions for our product, there shonld be no reason why a splendid show could not be arranged for the fall. Come out Saturday and boost for Creston's industry.

* * *

The disquieting report comes from Ottawa that "Canadian shippers identified with the wheat carrying trade on the Great Lakes" have arranged with the Dominion Government for a subsidy for a line of steamers to carry wheat across the Atlantic from Port Nelson when the Hudson Bay Railway is completed. A member of a well known Collingwood shipping firm, who has been in Ottowa on this business, is said to be about to go to Great Britain to take advantage of the abundance of tramp steamers of about 3,000 tons on the British market at the present time, the intention being to purchase about a dozen such steamers.

If the shipping combine which has obtained control of the Great Lakes waterway for the carriage of the grain of the West to Atlantic tidewater succeeds in securing control also of the situation in regard to ocean freighting from the terminus of the Hudson Bay line to the European market, then the national purpose justifying the opening up of the Hudson Bay outlet for Western products will be defeated. The shipping combine is more fitly to be discribed as a railway and shipping combine, and it will be necessary for the Dominion authorities to enforce its powers to the full in order to prevent manipulation of the rates and of operation on both the railway to the Bay and the steamship route from Port Nelson in a way to give the railway and shipping combine control of the whole situation.

It may be that in order to secure for the producers in the West the full measure of advantage to which they are entitled from the Hudson Bay outlet, a line of steamers owned and operated by the Dominion will have to ply between Port Nelson and the ports on the other side of the Atlantic. The people of this country can be assured of one fact, namely that the railway and shipping combine will leave nothing undone to dominate the situation. There will be need of viligent public attention to the developments in this connection.—Winnipeg Free Press.

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Percy B. Fowler, Manager Creston Branch

FATE OF A WORLD

Its Course From Chaos to Its Hopeless Death Struggle.

THREE ACTS IN THE TRAGEDY

The First Is Shown by Jupiter, the Second by the Earth and the Third by Mars, While the Moon Shows the Empty Stage After the Play Is Done.

No stage was ever set for such a tragedy as the planet Mars presents It is the last act in the drama of a world's history!

The first act in such a drama consists of scenes from chaos. The huge planet Jupiter offers us a spectacle of that kind in its streaming belts of thick clouds and its whirling vapors, glowing like steam above a furnace.

The second act is represented by the earth, with its fertile crust, its cool, invigorating atmosphere and its life sustaining seas that give birth to the clouds which, condensing on the mountains, furnish the rains and set the rivers flowing.

The closing act is the role of Mars, where the seas have vanished, the atmosphere has thinned out, the rivers have disappeared, the continents have turned into deserts, and life, driven into a corner, is battling against final extinction.

That there is yet intelligent life on Mars is the universal belief of all the observers whom Mr. Lowell has gathered about him at his Flagstaff observatory, where the extraordinary phenomena of that wonderful planet are studied as nowhere else in the world.

More than that, they tell us with ever increasing emphasis that the people of Mars, compelled by necessity, have developed a command over natural forces which would seem miraculous if exhibited upon the earth.

With them it has become simply a question of brain power against the inanimate powers of nature.

They have nights and days of the same length as ours. They have seasons almost precisely corresponding with ours, except that they are each twice as long. But their oceans are dried up, no rains fall (though there may be dews), and nearly all the atmospheric moisture is alternately locked up in one or the other of the polar snowcaps.

In such a situation no vegetation can flourish unless artificially stimulated by a gigantic system of irrigation. And without vegetation animal existence is impossible.

But whence can the inhabitants of Mars derive the water needed for irrigation? The answer given is that they get it periodically from the melting of the polar snows. Being without seas and rivers they have no other source of supply.

On Mars the reign of universal peace must have begun ages ago, introduced not by moral or sentimental considerations, but by the necessity of uniting all the engineering skill, all the inventive powers and all the physical forces of the entire population of the planet in a common battle for life.

The only thought of their inventors is of improved means for controlling the slowly lessening supplies of moisture that once in about two of our years may be drawn away from one of the poles while the summer sunshine is dissolving its thin snows.

This universal concentration of mental energy upon a single aim is conceived as having developed upon Mars a knowledge of the hidden forces of nature such as has up to the present merely been dreamed of on the earth.

We have just begun to learn how to use electricity in the mechanic arts, but they may have unlocked the secret forces inclosed in the atoms of matter which our science has recently assured us exist without showing us how to utilize them.

Only by such suppositions can the "canals," hundreds of miles wide and thousands of miles long, be accounted for, if, as the Flagstaff observers insist, those objects are really of artificial origin. It should be said, however, that in Mr. Lowell's opinion the bands called canals are, in fact, irrigated belts.

The real canals within them are invisible, while the progressive darkening of these belts, as the polar melting increases, is due to the growth of vegetation, stimulated by the water.

After the world life drama closes there is left an empty stage, and this is represented by the moon. The lunar world has lost all its water. Its tragedy is finished. The actors are all dead. Millions of years ago there may have been a battle for life there like that which now appears to be raging on Mars. And millions of years in the future the stage of the earth will probably be set for a similar tragedy. For, to the eyes of the overlooking gods (to change a little Shakespeare's figure):

All the sky's a stage,
And all the worlds and suns are merely actors.

—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

Folding a Coat.

Here is the way to fold a man's coat when you want to pack it in a box or a trunk. Lay the coat out perfectly flat, right side up. Spread the sleeves out smoothly, then fold them back to the elbow until the bottoms of the cuffs are even with the collar. Fold the revers back and double the coat over, folding it on the center seam. Smooth out all wrinkles and lay it on a level surface in the trunk.

Half the joy of life is in little things taken on the run.—David Starr Jordan.

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An Edison Phonograph will bring the World's Best Music into your home and costs one-third the price of a piano. No longer is the phonograph a "machine" to be ashamed of, but today, on account of its marvelous improvement, is a musical instrument found in the best homes.

Ask us for prices—Terms or Cash—which we will cheerfully furnish.

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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.

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Sow Burns' Fertilizers And Reap Dollars.

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THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR HOTEL IN THE KOOTENAYS

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

Porters Meet Trains

W. A. HERON, MANAGER

AMERICAN FRUIT MUST CONFORM TO CANADIAN GRADING

In future all American fruit marketed in Canadian markets must conform in its grading to the dominion system. Apples for example, can only be sold there when graded and marked as No. 1 No. 2, or No 3.

Apples boxed in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are graded and marked "extra fancy, fancy and choice." British Columbia growers protest aginst this alleged discrimination in favor of the American product. Buyers, they said, unfamilar with distinctions in the fruit trade, thought that American apples marked "choice" were first grade and this enabled the American grower to market his third grade at low prices in unfair competition with Canadian first grade.

Canadian dealers handling American apples argued that the discrimination was nominal and not real since as they contended, American O grade fruit marked "choice" ranks up with most of the Canadian pack that is graded No. 1.

The dominion government, however took the side of the home grower. At a recent meeting of the directors of the British Columbia Fruit Growers' association notification was received from Ottowa that amendments to the fruit marks act regulations regarding the marketing of imported fruit, on which point a committee of the association waited on the dominion government last winter had been given effect by an order-in-council passed on July 5

The directors consider the new regulations satisfactory, and say that "an injustice has been removed, as with the enforcement of the amendments American fruit will be sold under identically the same grade marks as the Canadian product, thus protecting the consumer as well as the British Columbia grower."

It is therefore vitally essential that all associations, independent shippers and individual growers who intend to send fruit to the Canadian markets shall conform strictly to the new regulations.

Each year finds new complications in the marketing of fruit. State and foreign laws and regulations are changed from time to time, and it is difficult if not impossible for the individual grower to keep thoroughly advised on this multiplicity of laws. Here is another important function for the association.

As an example of these frequent chan-

(Continued on Page 8)

SPOKANE INTER STATE FAIR
SEPT. 15 TO 21 1913

SPOKANE INTER STATE FAIR
SEPT. 15 TO 21 1913

International Polo Tournament
Daily Games between Canadian and American Teams
$35,000 in Premiums & Purses
Competition open to the World
The First National Indian Congress
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A thrilling reproduction of this famous battle with 500 Indians and 200 Soldiers
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We desire to call the attention of all those afflicted with any Blood or Skin Disease to our New Method Treatment as a guaranteed cure for these complaints. There is no excuse for any person having a disfigured face from eruptions and blotches. No matter whether hereditary or acquired, our specific remedies and treatment neutralize all poisons in the blood and expel them from the system. Our vast experience in the treatment of thousands of the most serious and complicated cases enables us to perfect a cure without experimenting. We do business on the plan—Pay Only for the Benefit You Derive. If you have any blood disease, consult us Free of Charge and let us prove to you how quickly our remedies will remove all evidences of disease. Under the influence of the New Method Treatment the skin becomes clear—ulcers, pimples and blotches heal up, enlarged glands are reduced, fallen out hair grows in again, the eyes become bright, ambition and energy return, and the victim realizes a new life has opened up to him.

YOU CAN ARRANGE TO PAY AFTER YOU ARE CURED

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Church Notices

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Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30

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Morning Prayer at 11:00 a. m.
Evening Prayer 7:30 p. m.
R. AXON, Student in charge

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Beginning the first Sunday in May
Junior Congregation and Bible Class 11 A. M.
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Service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
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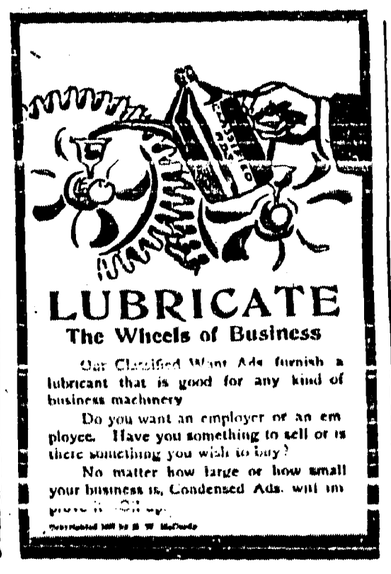

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Do you want an employer or an employee. Have you something to sell or is there something you wish to buy?

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

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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.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

If you feel "OUT OF SORTS" "RUN DOWN" or "GOT THE BLUES" SUFFER from KIDNEY, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, ULCERS, SKIN ERUPTIONS, PILES, Write for my FREE book. THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK EVER WRITTEN, IT TELLS ALL about these DISEASES and the REMARKABLE CURES EFFECTED by THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 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.

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Assets Nearly $3,500,000.00

Absolute Security

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Vacancies for agents giving either entire or spare time

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Try Murine Eye Remedy

If you have Red, Weak, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, 50c. Eye Books Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care

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Cause of Early Hardships

Her parents weren't always rich.

That so?

No. In their early days they had to struggle just like the rest of us.

How do you know?

Because she knows how to cook and do housework, and you don't suppose she'd learn those things if she didn't have to?

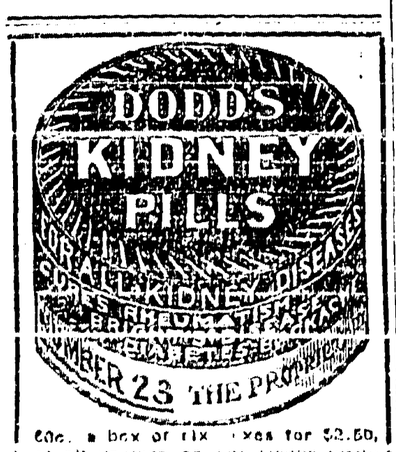
A Bulgarian officer who had lost a leg in the campaign was complaining of his hard case to a civilian. At all events, the latter said consolingly, you have the happiness of thinking that by your efforts your countrymen were enabled to plant a foot in Turkish territory. Perhaps, replied the sufferer, but I still regret it was mine.

A genial-looking gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked the shopman how much it would cost. Well, was the reply, if you want the empty bottle, it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing. Well, that's fair, said the customer; put a cork in it.

How old are you? said the young teacher to the new child. Six years and one muff. And how old do you think I am, dear? again queried the teacher. Don't know, miss, I can only count up to fifty.

Teacher—What is the derivation of the word lunatic?

Pupil—Luna, the moon, and—er—er—attic, the upper story.



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

The Growth of the 'Movies.'

It is estimated that five million persons a day visit twenty-thousand moving picture shows, that half a million people are directly or indirectly connected with the industry, and that its invested capital is not far from $200,000,000. 'The World's Work,' in comparison and comment, says: Here are the sums invested in a few of the old and basic industries of the United States, as shown by the last census: copper, tin and sheet iron products, 217 millions; furniture, 227 millions; petroleum refining, 181 millions; anthracite coal mining, 246 millions. The motion picture industry already ranks with these. Perhaps an even more striking comparison is with the printing and publishing business, which is one of the oldest and most widely distributed of all industries. Motion pictures utilize more than a third as much capital as is used by that great business. Perhaps no industry except the manufacture of automobiles has recently shown such astonishing growth as this, for the first commercial exhibition of motion pictures was made only seventeen years ago. But even more noteworthy than their financial importance is the educational influence of the pictures. They reveal new possibilities to teachers of history and science, and they put a new weapon in the hands of social reformers and sanitary engineers.

A soft answer, besides turning away wrath, frequently causes it. Teddy Brown, on arriving home after a long business journey, was in no mood to submit to the inevitable catechism of his loquacious spouse. Have you thought about me while you've been away? she asked. Yes, said Brown, with a groan. Sure? persisted Mrs. B. Yes, of course! repeated the weary carpet-bagger. How have you shown it? was the next query. Teddy drew a long breath, then softly replied: Well, my dear, I lodged at the Nag's Head. Then the storm burst.

At a concert which recently took place in a provincial town, a gentleman in the audience rose up just as the third piece on the programme had been performed, and said: Mr. Conductor, will you oblige me by requesting your vocalists either to sing louder or or in whispers as there is a conversation going on close to me which is conducted in such a loud tone as to hinder my enjoyment of the music. I prefer, certainly, to hear the concert; but if I cannot be so privileged I desire to hear their conversation. There was an extremely quiet and attentive audience in the hall during the remainder of the evening.

Nights of Agony come in the train of asthma. The victim cannot lie down and sleep is driven from his brain. What grateful relief is the immediate effect of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. It banishes the frightful conditions, clears the passages, and enables the afflicted one to again sleep as soundly and restfully as a child. Insist on the genuine at your nearby druggist.

Young Raymond had been busy all of the afternoon with his little pail and shovel on the beach. Bedtime came, and wearily he stood while his mother undressed him. Then prayers were next in order, and by that time he was almost in the land of nod.

Now, be a good boy, dear, and say, your prayers. Thank God for all His goodness to you. His head had fallen on her shoulder. Raymond, she said sternly, as she shook him, you cannot go to bed until you have thanked God for His blessings; for giving you a nice, comfortable home, and a lovely beach to play on, and a mother to love you. Think of the number of little boys tonight who are hungry and without a home and no nice clothes to wear, and—

Here Raymond's interest became roused sufficiently to protest sleepily;

Mother, I think them's the fellers that ort to do the praying.

A good story is told of two doctors, who met for the first time at a reception. Both were famous, though each adopted a different system of treatment. Said the one, loftily, as he shook the other by the hand; I am glad to meet you as a gentleman, sir, though I can't admit that you are a physician. And I, said the other, smiling faintly, am glad to meet you as a physician, though I can't admit you are a gentleman.

With a bright and breezy air, the commercial traveller entered the grocer's shop, opened his bag, spread his samples on the counter, and smiled expectantly. The grocer was in no mood for travellers; with a sweep of his hand he threw the articles into the street, and hurled their owner after them. Picking himself and his goods out of the mud, the traveller re-entered. Joking apart, he said, what about these samples?

A Canadian woman wanted to show her Chinese servant the correct way to announce visitors, and one afternoon went outside her front door, rang the bell, and made the man usher her into the drawing-room. The following afternoon the bell rang and, not hearing him answer it, she went to the door herself. To her surprise he was standing waiting outside. Why, Sing, she asked, what 'are you doing here? You foolee me yesterday. I foolee you to-day, was his reply.

She was a pretty young school teacher and was reading sentences to her class, letting them supply the last word.

The Sphinx, she read, has eyes, but it cannot—

See! cried the children.

Has ears but it cannot—

Hear! they responded.

Has a mouth, but it cannot

Eat! came the chorus.

Has a nose, but it cannot

Wipe it! thundered the class.

The lesson then ended.

[illegible] Woman second only to the press in the dissemination of news. The ladies are yet undecided whether to regard this as a compliment or otherwise.

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. 350

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

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

There's Many a Slip

Smithson had been really a power in his day. At any rate, he had held a job bringing in some thousands a year—that is to say, until the smash came. After that he failed to hold any job he got and became permanently out of luck.

His old friend Jenkins was a bit surprised, therefore, when Smithson stopped him in the street one day, and angrily exclaimed:

Do you know, I've just received the prize insult of my life! A man offered me a job this morning!

Offered you a job? replied Jenkins. D'you call that an insult? I thought you were looking for a job?

Yes, but not at $15 a week. Hang it all, I can borrow more than that from you!

J. Pierpont Morgan was always a silent man, and he would sometimes champion the silent with a story.

Old John Bates, an upholsterer, so the story began, was renowned for his silence. People who had been his customers for a generation had, many of them, never heard a word from him except: Good morning. Five dollars. Thank you. Good day. Old John, in fact, cultivated silence as a genius cultivates his art.

A patron one day said to John.

What's the best kind of mattress?

Hair, was the reply.

The patron, some twenty years later had occasion to buy another mattress, and again he asked:

What's the best kind, John?

Cotton.

Cotton? the patron cried. Why you told me twenty years ago that hair was the best.

The old man gave a quaint sigh.

Talking has always been my ruin, he said.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

He entered the Meteorological Service Office and said abruptly: This 'ere's where you give out weather predictions, ain't it.

The clerk nodded.

Well, continued the old man, I thought as how I could come up an' give you some tips.

Yes, said the clerk, politely.

Yes; I've figured on a little, and I find that ye ain't always right.

No. We sometimes make mistakes.

Course you do. We all do sometimes. Now, I was thinking as how a line that used to be on the auction handbill down in our country might save you a lot of explaining.

What was the line?

Wind and weather permitting.

He went out without waiting to say good-bye.

Miller's Worm Powders are a prompt relief from the attacks of worms in children. They are powerful in their action and, while leaving nothing to be desired as a worm expellant, have an invigorating effect upon the youthful system, remedying fever, biliousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and other ailments that follow disorders caused by worms in the stomach and bowels.

A schoolmaster had been severely correcting one of his boys, and finished by saying: Now sit down and write a letter to your parents, telling them how much you are taught here, and how little you profit therefrom. I should be ashamed to tell them. The boy cried a good deal, and then wrote: Dear Father,—I am very stupid, though there is more to be learned here than anywhere. Twice two's four, four boys go to one bed; six bed make one attic, and four attics make one well ventilated and appointed sleeping dormitory. One round of bread and butter makes one breakfast and every tea makes its own supper. This time, said the master, we will—er—overlook your conduct and you need not send that note. (He had been overlooking).

It was story telling time in the first grade. The teacher had taken her place in front of the class and asked: What would you like to hear today? A little hand shot up in the back of the room. Well, Bobby, what story do you want? Please, ma'am tell us about the little boy who swallowed the piece of ribbon and it made him sick at his stomach.

The teacher looked mystified. Bobby I never heard of that story. We had better take something else. But Bobby was not so easily downed.

Oh, yes, you have, teacher. You know it says:

He ran to the window as quick as a flash.

Flung up the shutters and threw up the sash.

The Oversea Dread

Stationmaster-cum-Porter of Wayside Halt)—'Ere, Bill, just keep an eye on that ole gal on the platform whilst I get my dinner.—Bill—Whof-for? She can't come to no 'arm. Stationmaster—I'm not thinking of 'er health; I am thinkin' about my station. She might want to burn it down.

Mrs. Green—I do admire your husband's taste, Mrs. Brown. He always dresses so quietly. Mrs. Brown—Not always. You should have heard him when he dropped his collar stud down his neck this morning.

A Kansas college is teaching its girl students how to be good wives. But does it guarantee them positions?

Poor Rules

You say you're no good. Why didn't you enter the amateur long jump?

Rules didn't suit me.

Why not?

They wanted to start us off with a pistol shot, and I do my best jumping when I hear a motor-horn.

THE DANGER OF ANAEMIA

Consumption May Follow Unless Its Ravages Are Checked

There is danger to every girl and every woman who falls a victim to anaemia—that is bloodlessness. They become listless, feel too weak, too wretched and too hopeless to take prompt steps to stop the trouble. Too often, through neglect, they drift into a worse condition, forgetting that anaemia frequently leads on to consumption. If you are anaemic in the least degree you should lose no time in beginning treatment, to increase and enrich the blood supply. To do this there is no other medicine so good as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps make rich, red blood, which drives out disease and brings again the bloom of health to pale and sallow cheeks. There are thousands of women and growing girls in Canada who owe their present good health to the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Among those who have been restored to health by this great medicine is Miss Rose Neville, Mount Forest, Ont., who says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills performed almost a miracle in my case. I was a victim of anaemia, in what my friends considered a dangerous form. I was very pale, always felt tired out, suffered from severe headaches, and had no appetite. I was taking doctor's medicine for a long time—in fact I tried two doctors—but instead of improving I seemed to be growing worse. My parents were at a loss to know what to do for me and thought I would not recover. Then a friend advised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I had only taken them a few weeks when I began to feel better. This greatly encouraged me and I continued taking the Pills for some time longer, and found my health again as good as ever it had been. In fact I am stronger than ever I was before. I have advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other girls who have found the results equally beneficial."

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.

'Twas the first night of the great drama, 'The Clue of the Return Hal; or, Did He Not Come Back?' at that home of the actor's art, the Thespian Theatre, Little Slocombe. Little Slocombe, and this should be noted before the curtain rises, is a great place, and is famed in several villages round about for its football. They are enthusiasts in Little Slocombe. But the curtain rises, and the play's the thing! Here comes the great detective specially wired for, to enquire into the strange and enthralling mystery which envelops the moated grange. Almost immediately he finds a clue. Four people have been shot. A hush falls upon the house as the great sleuthhound makes his momentous pronouncement. Ha, ha! he cries, in dramatic tones. There has been foul play here—foul play! Now what next shall I do? From the gallery came a voice, clear and insistent, to the perplexed detective:

Give 'em a free kick, guv'nor! That's the game!

Hullo, Bill, how precious white you look this morning! exclaimed a facetious cabby, addressing a brother-whip who had suddenly achieved notoriety by signing the pledge. Whatever made you go and turn yourself into a waterbutt?

'Cos I know'd I should be better able to hold the rein! was the curt but conclusive reply.

A wealthy young woman from out west was recently wedded to a member of the nobility of England, and the ceremony occurred in the most fashionable of London churches—St. George's, Hanover square. Among the guests was a cousin of the bride, as sturdy an American as can be imagined. He gave an interesting summary of the wedding when asked by a friend whether the marriage was a happy one? I should say it was, said the cousin. The bride was happy, the mother was overjoyed, Lord Sticklegh, the groom, was in ecstacies and his creditors, I should say, were in a state of absolute bliss.

Don't Put Off

seeking relief from the illnesses caused by defective action of the organs of digestion. Most serious sicknesses get their start in troubles of the stomach, liver, bowels—troubles quickly, safely, surely relieved by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

Caught Napping

I say, Tom, said Fred, whilst in a restaurant the other day I noticed two fathers and two sons at dinner and the charge was 25 cents per head, what do you think it cost them?

Well, that is easy, said Tom, The cost would be $1.

You are wrong, Tom. It would be 75 cents. The persons were father, son and grandfather, and three at 25 cents per head would be 75 cents.

There was a great cattle-show in London, and excursionists from all parts were being dumped in the metropolis by enterprising railway companies.

It struck the editor of one of the London daily papers that his readers would like to know what the strangers thought of the world's capital, and so he dispatched a reporter to King's Cross.

Outside the great terminus the reporter spied a braw Scots laddie, fresh frae the Hielan's.

Hoo dae ye do? he asked in the finesh Cockney Scotch as he extended his hand.

Gang awa'! yelled the Scotsman, ye are no long lost fren' o' mine, and I dinna want to buy any gold rings that ye've just picked up. I was warned aboot the likes o' ye afore I left Perth. So just pop off afore I gie ye a rap on the mou'!

In the next morning's issue there were the impressions of many visitors but none of them Scots.

She was a charitable old lady of a somewhat inquisitive turn of mind, and she was paying a visit to a naval hospital. Presently she came to the bedside of a poor fellow who was one of the victims of a gun explosion.

My poor fellow, she said, depositing a bunch of grapes within his reach, your sensations and sufferings at the time of the accident must have been terrible. Can you—will you describe them to me?

Well, mum, said John stolidly, I do not know as I can; but I can tell you I was on deck attending to my duty with the gun, when all of a sudden there was a most terrible row—and then the nurse says: Sit up and take this.

Now, here is a showcase, said the dealer, pointing to a peculiar-looking specimen of his wares, that is bound to become popular. It magnifies everything that is put in it to double its natural size. Can't use it in my business, replied the prospective customer. What I want is a case that will seemingly reduce the actual size of its contents fully one-half. What is your line? asked the dealer. My speciality is ladies' shoes, replied the other, with a suppressed grin.

Murphy was a new cavalry recruit and was given one of the worst horses in the troop.

Remember, said the sergeant, no one is allowed to dismount without orders.

Murphy was no sooner in the saddle than the horse kicked and Murphy went over his head.

Murphy, yelled the sergeant, when he discovered him lying breathless on the ground, you dismounted!

I did.

Did you have orders?

I did.

From headquarters?

No, sor; from hindquarters.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—I cured a valuable hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT after several veterinaries had treated him without doing him any permanent good.

Yours, &c.,

WILFRID GAGNE,

Prop. of Grand Central Hotel, Drummondville, Aug. 3, '04.

Mamma! exclaimed the beautiful girl, who had suffered affectation to obscure the little intellect she possessed, what is that long green thing lying on the dish before you? A cucumber, my beloved Georgiana, replied the mamma, with a bland smile of approbation of her darling's commendable curiosity. A cucumber? Gracious goodness, my dear mamma, how very extraordinary! I always imagined until this moment that they grew in slices.

And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones? asked an Arkansas judge of a meek looking prisoner.

Yes, sir, and I can prove it.

How can you prove it.

I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones's rooster, judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's.

The proof is conclusive, said the judge. Discharge the prisoner.

You are not opaque, are you? asked the sarcastic man of another who was standing in front of him at a recent show. Faith, and I'm not, was the unperturbed reply. My name is O'Brien.

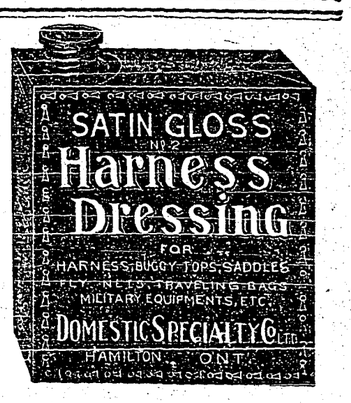
Some men, we know, have taking ways
But oh! alas! alack!
There are but few we know of who
Have ways of bringing back.

BLADDER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES

Are caused by poisoning impurities which clog the kidneys; intense pain is the result and sleepless night follow. The patient becomes annoyed with sharp pains shooting through the back and up the spine. These pains often so violent and acute that the victim suffers the greatest agony and is driven almost to despair. The refuse and sediment which settled in the kidneys must be removed in order to procure relief.

SANOL, the Kidney Cure is the only reliable remedy which has a combined effect of acting on the kidneys, and restoring them to their natural condition, and removing Kidney, Bladder and Gall Stones by dissolving same. It cleanses and purifies the system, strengthens and invigorates the Kidneys, and encourages proper filtration. It relieves the pain and gives strength and energy to the body. Price $1.50 per bottle.

Literature free from the SANOL MANUFACTURING COMPANY of CANADA, LTD., WINNIPEG, MAN.



THE WORLD'S BEST POLISH

COMPLETELY CURED OF DYSPEPSIA

By Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets

We are continually hearing from grateful people who have had experiences like that of Miss Alice E. Cooper, of Niagara Falls, Ont., who writes:

"I wish to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I received from your most wonderful Dyspepsia Tablets. Having taken other medicines without having received the slightest relief, I heard of your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and thought I would give them a trial. I have been completely cured of dyspepsia. I will be only too pleased to advise any one troubled with dyspepsia to give them a fair trial."

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets not only give the immediate relief from heartburn, flatulence, acidity of the stomach and biliousness, which is so much needed, but if taken regularly for a few days or weeks they completely cure the most aggravated cases of stomach trouble. When for 50c. you can get a box from your druggist, why go on suffering? National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 144

When buying your Piano insist on having an

"OTTO HIGEL"

Piano Action

Operatic Advice

You are too young to sing Juliet, my dear, said the great impressario. Wait until you have lived and suffered.

But perhaps I may never suffer.

Yes you will. Every prima donna suffers when she begins squeezing her 250 pounds into those girlish bodies.

You lazy fellow! said a squire reprovingly to a villager. Do you think it's right to leave your wife at the wash-tub while you pass your time fishing? It's all right, sir. My wife doesn't need watching. She'll work just as well as if I was near her.

Little Willie—What is logic, pa? Pa—Logic, my son, is your line of argument in a controversy. Little Willie—And what is sophistry? Pa—The other fellow's.

My Platonic Friend

Or Was It Above Earthly Love?

By F. A. MITCHEL

There is something pleasing in light hearted youth on the threshold of manhood or womanhood, all unconscious of the vicissitudes that flesh is heir to. Such a person I met during a sojourn in Rome. He was about twenty years old, tall, lithe and handsome as Adonis. Indeed, I never looked at him that he did not remind me of the statue of the Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican gallery. He gave the impression the statue gives that he was about to spring off into space.

I first saw him in the gardens on the Pincian hill. He was standing beside the great basin of the fountain, spattering the water with a light cane with childlike interest. I have compared him to a statue. Perhaps a better comparison would be one on the Capitoline hill, the Faun. While he had the lightness of the former, he had the relaxedness of the latter. I was standing on the opposite side of the basin from him, and he suddenly looked up to take me unawares.

He saw that my whole soul went out to him, not exactly as a woman's would go out to a strong man, but as to a younger brother, for I was twenty-five years old, and my ideal of the man I would marry was some one older, more massive.

Though our stay at the fountain was but for a few minutes, though no word was spoken between us, something told me that two kindred spirits had met and mingled. There is a certain kind of mating between a boy and a girl a few years older than himself that may last well into his manhood. The young man had returned my gaze in kind, his own indicating "I like you." I could understand how he, skimming along the surface of the waters of life like a young bird, would find a com-

"HE SUDDENLY LOOKED UP TO TAKE ME UNAWARES."

panion in a woman four or five years his senior more readily than in a young girl more like himself. And so I thought about him a great deal and wished that I might know him.

But, though I met him again and quite often, there was no way for me to make his acquaintance except by speaking to him without an introduction. I would not have hesitated to do so except that in a country where so much attention is paid to conventional forms I feared to give him an incorrect idea of my status. As for him, doubtless he would have considered addressing me without being duly presented an insult. I presumed he was an Italian, though I did not know.

One day I was walking on the Janiculum, a hill on the same side of the Tiber with St. Peter's, where the land is devoid of buildings and has something of the sylvan appearance about ancient Rome, when, leaning against a tree, I saw the young man who had so impressed me. He had taken a position similar to that of the statue of the Faun in the gallery on the Capitoline hill. For a moment my fancy ran away with me, and I went back in imagination 2,000 years, when fauns and satyrs and such creatures were supposed to inhabit this very hill. On seeing me a pleased expression came over his face—not a smile nor a look of recognition, but simply a sudden ripple of pleasure like a sunny pool stirred by a light breeze.

Our party passed on, leaving the young man behind. We descended the hill toward St. Peter's, which stood out white against the green hills and a little below us, and on reaching the Tiber took a car to our hotel.

One day in company with a friend I rode on the electric railway across the Campania to Frascati, a village in the direction of Alba Longa, from which tradition says, came the people who first settled Rome. While taking some refreshments at the hotel another car came, and I saw my friend descend from the outside seats. I lost him in the crowd, but when my companion, a woman, and I were climbing the hill back of the hotel, turning, I saw him following us. We wandered about in the country, and I noticed that he never lost sight of us until we had descended.

On returning to Rome, having told what we had done, we were informed that we had taken a great risk. Just beyond where we had gone is a town nearly all the inhabitants of which are criminals. Then for the first time the reason for our being shadowed by the young man was a possible need of protection.

One morning I met with a surprise. I lived in a pension on the fifth floor of a large building on the Esquiline hill. The floors beneath were occupied for different purposes—apartments, studios, music rooms, and the like. I usually descended and ascended by an elevator. But on this occasion, preferring not to wait for it, I walked down the stairs. Coming up between the second and third floors whom should I meet but my young friend. My look of surprise was met by the same pleasurable expression I had seen on his face before. I wished to thank him for his attention to me at Frascati, but he gave me no opportunity, bounding up the stairs so lightly as to seem to be made of air.

I wondered if he lived in the building, and, in order to find out, after that I usually walked downstairs, hoping to meet him when he came up. I did not have to make many such trips before I saw a door opened. He came out and descended the staircase directly ahead of me. This time he did not see me, for he was in haste and did not look back.

Determined to open an acquaintance with him, I resolved that the next time I met him I would drop something. He would pick it up, hand it to me, I would thank him, and in this way the conventional gulf between us would be bridged. An opportunity soon occurred. Entering the building in which I lived, I saw him coming on the street. Instead of taking the elevator, I walked upstairs, and when I heard a footstep behind me I purposely dropped my glove.

Then I heard the comer behind me mounting two steps at a time, and presently a voice beside me said:

"Signorina!"

I turned, and my friend was handing my glove to me. I said, "Thank you very much," whereupon he shook his head mournfully, indicating that he did not understand me. I knew enough Italian to say "Gracia" (thanks) and moved on, but the disappointment in my face was reflected in his.

Those were the first and last words spoken between us. I saw him once more I had made an engagement to go on one of the many excursions in the environs of Rome, and the only available train left early in the morning. I descended in the elevator, and when I reached the ground floor, hearing a step on the staircase, I turned and saw my friend coming down. He was dressed in a dark suit, his coat buttoned close under his chin, concealing his shirt bosom and even his white collar. He raised his hat and smiled—not a sad smile such as I would have expected had I known the errand on which he was going, but the smile of one who has not yet learned how thin is the crust on which mortals walk and the certainty of breaking through to destruction at last. Indeed, he seemed light hearted as a boy.

Soon after this, yielding to my desire to know him, I asked my landlady, who spoke both English and Italian, to write for me on a bit of paper in Italian some sentences to hand him when I should next meet him. I kept this paper with me always and never went out of or entered the building but I was ready to hand it to him should I meet him.

A week passed, and, though I entered and went out, climbing and descending the stairs, I did not see him. Then one day I received a letter through the mail addressed to Signorina Worthington at the pension where I lived. I opened it and found it written in the Italian language. The signature was unknown to me. Since I could not read it I took it to a friend, who translated it for me. It was as follows:

My Friend—I go to fight a duel. If I live you will never receive this letter; if I die it will be sent you by my second, who has instructions to do so. It is said that there can be no such thing as friendship between the sexes. I have disproved the statement by conceiving a pure affection for you with whom I have no acquaintance. So strong is this feeling within me that I have no desire to love or be loved with a view to marriage. I cannot believe that you will receive this letter, for it does not seem to me that I can ever die any more than that I can grow old. But if you do receive it be assured, dearest signorina, that, though my body perish, my affection for you is eternal.

My reception of the missive was proof that he had fallen. Rome, which till this moment had been full of interest, suddenly became repulsive to me. It seemed typical of the world of change in which we live. What is that gap of time from Augustus to Victor Emmanuel? It seemed to me rather a precipice toward which all Romans have been marching and over whose brink they have been pouring like the waters of a cataract. The Eternal City is rather the city of the dead. Of no other have we such records—of its men and women who shone resplendent for a brief season, then mingled with the oblivion of the past.

I returned to America with a sadness that has never entirely left me a sadness occasioned by one with whom I had no acquaintance, yet between whom and me there existed a pure affection unalloyed with human attributes. Of all my momentary meetings with him the most vividly remembered is that last, when I saw him on the brink of the chasm, yet as light hearted as a bridegroom going to meet his bride.

LAURA SECORD CENTENARY.

Story of Brave Woman Whose Fame Will Live In Canada.

Monday, June 23, was the centenary of a deed of heroism that will always live in Canadian history, the accomplishment of which made possible a great Canadian victory which had its effects upon the issue of the war of 1812-14.

On June 23, 1813, Laura Secord, daughter of a United Empire Loyalist, and wife of a Canadian militiaman, who had been wounded at Queenston Heights, accidentally overheard a conversation between some American officers who had taken up their quarters in her home at Queenston, the purport of which led her to believe that the Americans were about to attack and defeat the small British force commanded by Lieut. Fitzgibbon, at De Cew's Falls.

Leaving the house, ostensibly for the purpose of milking her cow and driving the animal before her in a manner that gave the American soldiers the idea that she was unable to catch it, she managed to pass the American pickets unmolested Once outside the American lines, she dashed into the woods and walked twenty miles by a circuitous, difficult and perilous route, through forests and swamps to Fitzgibbon's camp. As the result of her heroic deed, Fitzgibbon, on the following day, with less than 50 men of H. M. 4th Regiment, about 15 militiamen and a small force of Six Nation and other Indians under Capts. W. Johnson Kerr and Dominique Ducharme, surprised and attacked the enemy at Beaver Dams, and after a short engagement, captured Col. Boerstler of the U. S. army, his entire force of 542 men and two field pieces.

This was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable victories in our annals, and a victory, too, that helped to rid Upper Canada of the invaders and maintain this country as a British land.

At the time of her act of heroism Laura Secord was a woman of 38, the mother of five children. She was a fine, tall, strong woman and she lived to the old age of 93.

Other acts of bravery are attributed to her, including that of saving her husband's life, for after he lay wounded, it is on record, that he would have been clubbed to death by the enemy had not his wife came to his assistance.

A monument has been erected on Lundy's Lane in memory of this heroine, on which the following inscription is placed:

"To perpetuate the name and fame of Laura Secord, who, on the 23rd of June, 1813, walked, alone, nearly 20 miles by a circuitous, difficult and perilous route, through woods and swamps, over dity roads to warn a British outpost at De Cew's Falls of intended attack, and thereby enabled Lieut. Fitzgibbon, on the 24th of June, 1813, with less than 50 men of His Majesty's 49th Regiment, about 15 militiamen, and a similar force of Six Nation and other Indians, under Captains William Johnston Kerr and Dominique Ducharme, to surprise and attack the enemy at Beechwood (or Beaver Dams), and, after a short engagement to capture Col. Boerstler of the U. S. army, and his entire force of 542 men, with two field pieces. This monument, erected by the Ontario Historical Society from contributions of schools, societies, Her Majesty's 49th Regiment, other militia organizations and private individuals, was unveiled June 22nd, 1901."

Making the Mainland.

Prince Edward Island is ice-bound for about four months in the year, and during that time its 1,030 inhabitants have little intercourse with the mainland. One of the conditions on which they consented to annex themselves to the Dominion of Canada was the establishment of regular communication with the outer world during the winter.

Danger is little dreaded now, although it used to be a serious matter to cross the nine miles of ice between Cape Traverse on the island and Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick. Even women and children attempt the passage now, and everything possible is done to make the journey comfortable. That it is not quite a pleasure trip, however, may be gathered from the following:

In favorable weather the journey is accomplished in three or four hours. The boats are furnished with both oars and runners, one to use in open water, the other on the ice. The shore ice is usually good, and then all may ride. But the exciting time comes when the boat has to be pushed or pulled through broken or floating ice.

Then the managers with might and main work with oars and boathooks to force their way, or the passengers, women, of course, excepted, lay hold of straps attached to the sides of the boat, and seek to draw it along. Now and then someone goes through and gets a cold bath, but he is soon fished up by his companions, who cannot afford to laugh at his misfortune, since their turn may come next.

Passes 102nd Birthday.

Still in full possession of all her faculties and able to attend to some of her household duties as well as ever, Mrs. Franchetta Rodier of Windsor, Ont., has just celebrated her 102nd birthday at the home of her daughter on Glengarry avenue, where she has resided many years. Mrs. Rodier was born in the old town of Sandwich in 1811, and has lived here her entire life. She has so many grandsons and granddaughters as well as great-grandsons and daughters that she says that she cannot recall the names of many of them.

Improving Live Stock.

In New Ontario Live Stock Improvement Associations have been formed under the auspices of the Department, whereby twelve residents could form an association on payment of one dollar each, and thus the association would be entitled to the choice of one bull, five rams or two boars of any breed suited to the district.

CANADIAN INDIVIDUALITY.

President Falconer Sees a Great Fusion of Races.

"There are two strata that constitute the mass of the population of far-eastern Canada, exclusive of Quebec," said Dr. R. A. Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, in a recent address before the Canadian Club of Vancouver. "The first stratum was the Loyalists that came over from the United States at the close of or during the American war. That stratum settled in the Maritime Provinces and up along the shores of Lake Ontario. That old Loyalist stratum came with a very decided character. Those people left a land in which they had enjoyed a measure at least of comfort, in which they had won for themselves some refinement of life, and in which they cherished very powerfully certain ideals. It may have been that on the whole their opponents, who constituted the United States afterwards, may have been a people of greatest intellectual power. Leaders like Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton were men of outstanding ability. Probably the Loyalist was a man who sometimes acted peculiarly, but who was a man of very powerful sentiment. He turned his thought to the past, he looked towards Britain as the motherland, the land where the King dwelt, and he would not yield. . .

"As time went by another stratum began to overlie the east. It came almost a wave from Britain mainly, and that wave came from the smaller units, the country and cities of Britain, the small farmer and artisan and small townsman, and brought with it many of the ideas that were beginning to ferment in Britain during those years. He came and that stratum superimposed on the other and he brought with him a new type. Coming in between 1790 and 1850, he brought with him ideas that were becoming powerful and, coming to this new land, he believed that he would liar and whom I need not mention. What was the struggle? Simply this: 'Can we as men of British stock—men inheriting the Anglo-Saxon traditions—can we be relied on to govern ourselves or must we be governed from afar? And they said: 'We are the same people as those whom we left behind, we must govern ourselves and the people shall win.' And Canada governed itself.

"In the far east that struggle went on mainly, but in Ontario it went on to a lesser degree in the same way; in the far east led by men like Joseph Howe and others, and in the west by men whose names are familiar to every home in Canada.

"The Anglo-Saxon, the Briton, and those associated with them, can be trusted to govern themselves, and no other people but them have ever made that marvellous discovery. What is it based upon? It is based on a splendid insight into humanity and a very fine trust in human nature. It is based really and fundamentally on that old British conception of freedom; freedom which is at the very root of British history from the commencement. Freedom has put the Briton where he is, and it is the freedom in every part of the British Empire that our fathers struggled for, and it is on that in the long run that the Empire is based.

"For a few moments let me turn to Quebec. Quebec was beautiful, was romantic, was full of history, the scene of possibly the greatest historical event in some ways on this continent. Quebec, more conservative than any other section of the country; Quebec that arrogates to itself the right to call the Quebec man a Canadian—what has Quebec done and what will Quebec do? Quebec has already produced great leaders, and when Quebec has gone through what France has it will, I believe, produce still more brilliant men, and there should be more of the intellectual power that has characterized the Latin-race, so that in a short time Quebec ought to add to the intellectuality of the Canadian people."

M.P.'s Asked For Buttermilk.

Buttermilk has had to be added to the list of refreshments obtainable at the House of Commons at the special request of two members, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Kelly.

The demand at first took the catering department by surprise. Wines, red and white, and still and sparkling, liqueurs, spirits, ales, aerated waters, even barley water they readily provide, but buttermilk for Irishmen was something unthought of. Was anything wrong with the Irish whisky? No, said Messrs. Murphy and Kelly, and persisted in their passion for buttermilk.

So the committee gave way, and every day until the end of the session two bottles of buttermilk, thick and sour, were provided for them. To its nourishing and sustaining properties they attribute all sorts of virtues, and hope in time to be champion walkers of the division lobbies.

Galt Landmark Razed.

The work on the demolition of one of Galt's oldest structural landmarks began recently, when a big gang attacked the venerable Dumfries Flour Mill, on Ainslie street. The mill was established in 1816 by Absalom Slade, founder of Galt, and has been in constant service ever since, under various owners. In the early days, when Galt was a trading centre, Dumfries Flour Mill gristed for residents covering a radius of 70 miles. It is a coincidence that the present year, old Dickson Mill, on Grand River, with a history dating back nearly a century, was also demolished. The latter gives place to a large new four-storey shoe factory and the Dumfries Mill to an armory and drill shed.

New System For Calves.

To check the spread of bovine tuberculosis the Ontario Agricultural College has adopted the Bang system, by which calves at birth are taken from the mother, fed on milk either pasteurized or from healthy cows, and reared in a separate building, as it is well known that tuberculosis is contagious, but not hereditary.

CANADA'S RAILWAYS.

Now Leads World In Per Capita Mileage and Needs More.

It was a notable day for Canada when the first through train on the Canadian Pacific Railway reached Port Moody on the Pacific coast, having left Montreal seven days before That memorable occasion dates back to July, 1886. To-day Canada has more miles of railway per capita than any other country on earth, and leading railway officials tell us that the great construction has only fairly begun. Indeed, the facts would seem to justify this view.

Up to the present time, it may be stated, railway construction in Canada has been largely a matter of building main lines. Whatever rivalry there has been among the railway builders has concerned itself chiefly with the contest for through traffic between terminal points. But now that these main terminals are practically completed, the period is at hand for the extension of branch lines and the development of new traffic in the rich interior sections of the great west.

This is precisely the history of railway building in the United States, when the gigantic construction and colonization era transformed the face of nature, made deserts blossom into gardens, and created a new inland empire extending from the Mississippi to the foot hills of the Sierras. And history, we have learned, repeats itself.

Some impressive estimates were adduced a few weeks ago on the occasion of the Panama Canal conference at Calgary which showed in a striking light the real needs of the Canadian West as regards transportation facilities. The substance of the conclusions drawn was as follows:

"The three prairie provinces have an area of 432,000,000 acres. Laying aside 32,000,000 acres for waste lands and lakes, and 200,000,000 acres for purposes other than raising grain for export, we should still have an area of 200,000,000 acres of cultivable land, each acre of which on the average would produce an annual yield of 15 bushels, making an aggregate annual yield of 3,000,000,000 bushels of grain. That means that 90,000,000 tons of grain would have to be moved out of the prairies every year. Suppose one railway hauled one train every hour for 300 days every year, it would move 7,200 trains in the year. This means that something like 27 railways would be needed to remove the grain of a single crop. These 27 railways would have to double their tracks to return their empty cars; and the 200,000,000 acres left for stock-raising and other purposes would demand many more railways, as would also the increased passenger traffic that would result with this increased freight traffic."

It is those only who are unfamiliar with basic facts who undertake to criticize the present aggressive policy of the Canadian railway builders, and who make bold to assert that railway mileage extension in Canada is being overdone. A far more reasonable criticism would be to argue that current contruction programs actually fail to keep pace with the growing requirements of the commercial West. Wherever this is true, the railways themselves must suffer together with the community.—Arthur Bumstead in The Monireal Standard.

The Old Coffee House.

One of the buildings which looms up large in the history of St. John, N.B., is the Old Coffee House on the corner where now the Bank of Montreal stands. In the days when the U. E. Loyalists came north to New Brunswick it was a famous gathering place. An insight into the commercial life of the time is afforded one when it is remembered that the site upon which the tavern was built was valued by a would-be purchaser as worth "a Spanish doubloon and a gallon of Old Jamaica." Here for many years the men congregated to talk over the affairs of the town, to transact business, to interchange with every passing traveler and sailor the news from the outer world; here they read the story of Waterloo and fought it over again months after it had been lost and won. Here came the wits and poets of the day, and here men forgot the struggle they were making in the newer country when they talked with those from over seas of the glories of the home land. From Halifax, His Royal Highness, the Duke of Kent, for the moment moved his court to St. John, entertaining and being entertained with all the lavish hospitality of the times. Many years later, Edward VII., of peaceful memory, slept in the same old house that had sheltered his gay and dashing grandsire.

An Annual Ceremony.

A devoted band of old-timers in New Westminster annually perform a ceremony that is probably unique in Canada. They are the Ancient and Honorable Hyack Anvil Battery, and on the 24th of May each year they gravely assemble and fire the "anvil salute" of twenty-one guns in honor of Queen Victoria, who gave the city its name.

The ceremony originated in 1864, when the visit of Governor-General Seymour happened to coincide with the Queen's birthday. The ceremony has been performed without a break since its inception, and several of the battery, including Captain Peele, are the same men, albeit a trifle older, who first expressed the loyalty of the Royal City to its foster mother in this manner.

Buoy Drifted 10,000 Miles.

The Quebec agency of the Canadian Marine Department has received word that a gas buoy which drifted from its position in the Lower St. Lawrence River during the winter of 1912 has been picked up by the lightship at Hellewick, New South Wales. It is supposed that the buoy drifted round Cape Horn, a distance of 10,000 miles. The date of the buoy's disappearance is not given, but even if it took place early in the winter of 1911-12 the buoy would have to drift thirty miles a day or more to reach New South Wales in the time.

Good Form

Announcement Cards.

When a marriage has been celebrated quietly before the immediate family or just a few friends announcement cards are sent to inform others of the ceremony. These are in several forms, the following being the accepted style:

Mr. and Mrs. John Gray announce the marriage of their daughter
Alice
to
Mr. Andrew Hall
On Friday, June the sixth
Nineteen hundred and thirteen,
Saint Mary's Church,
New York.

Often a large visiting card of the bride and groom is inclosed with an announcement. This has the address of the new home and the day at home of the bride.

If there are no relatives to issue an announcement the news can come directly from the happy pair in this manner:

Mr. Andrew Hall
and
Miss Alice Gray
announce their marriage on Friday, June the sixth,
Nineteen hundred and thirteen,
at
Saint Mary's Church,
New York.

Now a few words about recalling wedding invitations. Illness, death or, alas, disagreement between the engaged ones which results in a broken engagement sometimes makes it necessary to recall invitations. Fortunately orders can be filled in a very short time by first class engravers, who are prepared for these events. To every one on the list of names who has been honored with an invitation should be sent a card a little larger than a correspondence card with a message which can be worded like this:

Owing to the sudden death of Mr. John Gray's father, Mr. and Mrs. John Gray beg to recall the cards issued for their daughter's wedding.

Announcement cards require no acknowledgment. Persons who observe strictly the receipt of cards call on the parents, who are the host and hostess, within two weeks of the notice of the wedding. A very gracious thing is the sending to the bride or groom a little note of congratulation. The posting of a visiting card to either one or to both with a phrase expressing sincere good wishes is also correct.

Announcement cards need not be acknowledged by gifts. Your familiarity and wish in this matter should decide. No married couple wish to be interpreted as bidding for presents when they announce their marriage. It is foolish and uncalled for to send a gift when only a slight acquaintance exists. Your sincere good wishes should go with the gift. Without them the most expensive present is worthless.

Letters of Introduction.

Writing a letter of introduction is a task that falls more often to a man than to a woman, but there comes a time in the life of almost every woman when such a letter is a necessity. Perhaps she wants to give it to a friend who is going to a distant city or to a cousin or other relative. But just here a word of caution is necessary—don't be too lavish in giving these letters. Most people are averse to having strangers introduced to them by mere acquaintances. Don't address such letters to any one but intimate friends or give them to Tom, Dick and Harry.

A letter of introduction should be short and straight to the point. Something like this is all that is necessary:

My Dear Mrs. Smith—This letter will introduce to you Miss Dorothy Clark, who is going to spend a month or two in Colorado Springs. She is an intimate friend of mine, and as I want all the people I am very fond of to meet her I am sending her to you.

Any little attention you may extend to her will be gratefully appreciated by me. Cordially yours, MARY BROWN.

Letters of introduction should never be sealed by the person giving them, and if they are not business letters, but simply friendly letters like the foregoing, they are rarely delivered in person, but sealed and sent by the recipient to the man or woman to whom they are addressed together with the card of the recipient on which is written the address of the house where she is stopping. And if you should receive such a letter of introduction from a friend you must call without delay upon the person introduced to you by letter.

Notes of Condolence.

Unfortunately it falls to the lot of all of us to have to write letters of condolence occasionally. And even people with the warmest hearts in the world often dread this duty extremely and, putting it off to the last possible moment, sometimes turn out a stiff and stilted note that inadvertently wounds those whom they intended to comfort.

Letters of condolence should be short and simple. Almost all one can say at such a time is to let the friend know that one is deeply sorry and feels for her in her grief. Don't harrow already overwrought feelings by too familiar allusions to the deceased. Such a letter should always be sent shortly after the funeral has taken place. Letters of condolence must be answered by the recipient or by some relative or friend who kindly undertakes the task for the bereaved one.

The Riverside Nurseries

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

Pears Plums **APPLE TREES** Peaches Cherries

GUARANTEED HOME GROWN

Cellared—Roots in earth, no danger of winter killing

"We can hold your trade."

Established 1900 by the HON. MARTIN BURRELL
Minister of Agriculture

ALL STOCK DELIVERED TO YOUR RANCH AT CATALOGUE PRICES

For Catalogue and Price list, write to—

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

Mowers
and
Rakes
Deering
McCormick

Garden Hose
and
Agricultural Implements
Cheap While They Last

Creston Mercantile Co.

FRUIT TREES
AND ORNAMENTALS
Coldstream Estate Nurseries
VERNON, B. C.

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

For further particulars apply to our local Agent.

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

Wall Paper

Complete New Stock Just Arrived

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

Harry Leonard

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

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY BY GETTING MY ESTIMATES

AMERICAN FRUIT MUST CONFORM TO CANADIAN GRADING

(Continued from Page 5)

ges in State laws James H. Wallis, state dairy, food and sanitary inspector of Idaho, is directing the attention of dealers, packers and merchants to a statute enacted at the last session of the legislature of that state, senate bill No. 60, as follows:

Section 11. Berries and small fruits whenever sold in boxes, shall be sold in boxes containing a standard dry quart or dry pint, and if said boxes contain less than this amount, the information must be given to the purchaser and such package must be labelled with a statement of the net contents."

Inspector Wallis announces that this provision of the law will be strictly enforced and instructions have been issued to the field deputies to file complaints against all persons violating it.

The fruit industry has been aptly likened to a manufacturing enterprise, requiring something more as the price of success than mere production of a product. After the fruit is ripe upon the tree it must have correct packing. Storage is a problem in itself. The search then for markets is the biggest problem of all. Utilization of the surplus in byproducts is another important detail, a manufacturing business in the fullest sense of the word.

Only in rare instances is the individual capable of carrying the industry along in all its varied details. And even the exceptional individual can not hope to perform the marketing end of the business as efficiently as it can be attended to by a strong co-operative organization that is directed by a group of thoroughly capable and experienced men—Spokesman Review.

CANYON CITY NEWS

The many friends of Mr. Knott will be pleased to learn that he has had his operation and is getting along as well as could be expected.

The Ladies Aid Social Tuesday night was the best they have had, the program gotten up at short notice was a credit to the committee and those that took part. Mr. O. Crab giving a very touching resitation which must have taken hours of study, anp the way it was rendered was fine.

Canyon City has an Orchestra which can compete with any of its size, two violins, cornet and piano. The solos rendered at the social were grand. Thanks to Mr. Robarge who certainly knows what he is talking about in the musical line.

"J." is acting truly the good and galant samaritan. "Lonely and you comforted me. Broken hearted and ye bound it up, left and forsaken and ye visited me."

Miss Gilpin of Creston spent the past week at Mrs, C. Hall's.

Mr. J. Crawford had his hand badly hurt, which will give him considerable pain before it is healed again.

J. Wood Jr. is home for his holiday. No place like home and pantry. Eh!

Mr. McInnis is making quite an improvement in his new residence. How's the floor Less? Any good for a two step.

Mr. B. Smith is on the sick list.

Miss Flossie White visited Creston Thursday.

Mr, Otto Johnson must have serious notions in his head, you aught to see the fine house he is putting up. Take a look at it Bobby for "There's somebody waiting for you."

It might be a word in season to mention, that insulting post cards are not allowed through the mail and anyone sending such is liable to prosecution.

Mr. and Mrs. Darce returned from returned from their holiday at Kitchener where they spent a week fishing and enjoyed themselves as campers do.

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.

Goin' Fishin'?

See us first for outfit. We have a complete stock, can sell you rods from 50c up to $3.50. Everything reduced in the line of

Fishing Tackle

We have everything for Summer Wear but you should see our complete line of

OXFORDS Children's, Youths' and Men's Oxfords, $1.00 and $1.25

S. A. SPEERS, General MERCHANT

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

SECOND CANADIAN HIGHWAY POST

As a further evidence (if such evidence is needed) of the progressive character of the people of the Creston district, we would like to mention the fact that we have what is in all probability, the second sign post in the great system of the Canadian Trans-Continental Highway, Coast to Coast. Early last week, our local automobile squad in full strength, mustered in front of the Garage, and there with suitable ceremony and in the presence of a great concourse of people, the hole was dug and the post dropped in bearing its significant inscriptions and pointing to the rising of the sun and "even unto the going down of the same."

Apart from the historical character of the event it has a significance in the fact that the district which sends its products East and West and Nerth and South, should thus give to all points of the compass this example of its enterprise, that other cities of larger size and greater pretensions may take courage to lift themselves from the slough of despond into which a lethargic public sentiment has allowed them to drift.

A dance will be given under the auspices of the Ladies Guild of Christ Church, in Mercantile Hall on Labor Day, September 1, Admission $100, ladies unattended 25c. Refreshments served.

STUFF BEHIND THE CROP.

It's Always There—Successful Farming Means Discovering It.

Behind every big crop you will find the stuff that made it grow. It may not all be in the form of a finely ground dust purchased in a bag, nor in a crop plowed under, nor in a heavy application of barnyard scrapings, but wherever there is the big crop there must be the abundance of available elements to produce it. There are other things than fertilizers that make crops grow.

The old Englishman Tull claimed that "tillage is fertilizer," and if you mean by fertilizer something that brings a fruitful return Tull was about right.

If you are in the field when the crop that makes the remarkable yield is planted you will usually find deep and careful plowing and repeated harrowing, rolling and dragging that produce a perfect seed bed, firm below, free from clods, fine on the surface to hold moisture during drought. Continue to watch this crop and you will find that the tillage is frequent and careful; that there is an extra dose of fertilizer added just before fruiting time. The invariable tendency is to hasten seeding by neglecting tillage, and quite as invariably it is a mistake. A few days in planting have little to do with the yields of most crops, but an extra harrowing of the seed bed may mean a great deal. Those who skimp on tillage are usually blessed with a naturally perfect soil of sand and loam, but they usually have a shortage of natural fertility which they must make good.

If you must skimp on tillage do it after the crop is planted, but have first conditions right.—Country Gentleman.

A son may inherit a farm, but not a crop.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

NEW 1914 PRICES
Effective August 1, 1913

Model T Runabout . .	$600
Model T Touring Car . .	650
Model T Town Car . .	900

With Full Equipment, f. o. b. Walkerville

Ford Motor Company
of Canada, Limited
Walkerville, Ontario

CRESTON AUTO AND SUPPLY COMPANY
R. S. BEVAN, Mgr.

The British Columbia Nurseries Co. Ltd.
OF VANCOUVER, B. C.

Are very extensive growers of High Grade Fruit Trees Of All Kinds

Long Experience, Ample Capital and Up-to-date facilities enable us to produce the best grade possible. Our "ONE-YEAR" TREES on "THREE-YEAR WHOLE ROOTS" Excell all others

We Guarantee Satisfaction in Every Transaction

We are now represented in this district by Mr. A. Miller, of Creston, who will call upon the planters for their orders in the near future. It will pay you to see him before placing your order

80 PAGE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE FREE

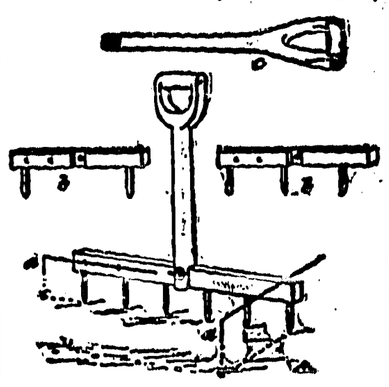
B. C. Nurseries Company, Ltd.
1493 7th Avenue W. Vancouver, B. C.

PUTTING IN PLANTS?

If You Are, Here's a Dibble That Will Help You.

The illustration shown herewith, taken with the description from the Orange Judd Farmer, indicates how a dibble may be made to space plants at equal distances. It consists of a beam in which pegs are set at the desired intervals and a handle which bolts to the beam.

If an old spade handle is not to be had a crocheted limb, as shown at c,



DIBBLE FOR SPACING PLANTS EQUALLY.

will serve the purpose. Stout wires, as shown at a, a, indicate the positions of the next row and help to keep the planting on the square.

At b, b, are shown other cross beams spaced differently from the one attached to the handle. For use in the greenhouse a handle only three or four inches high may be used.

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. 40340B 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 $5 a box, or two for $5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.