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. 52, 5th YEAR. CRESTON, B. C, FRIDAY JAN. 2 1914 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Fruit Growers Union Making Progress With Construction of Warehouse

DUCK CREEK NEWS

On Friday December 26, the Duck Creek Social Club held their second annual Christmas Tree and entertainment in Mr. Paul Hagen's house which he very kindly lent for the occasion. The guests began to arrive about 7:30 p.m. and by 9:30 there was over 100 people present. At 8:30 the doors of the large hall were thrown open and the guests were allowed to enter and see the tree. All the lamps in the room were out, the only illumination being the candles on the tree. The tree was very tastefully dressed with glass ornaments, silver tinsel, small oranges, bags of candy and crackers and was topped off with a large Union Jack. The tree stood nearly 12 feet high. A large mass of presents were placed all round the base of the tree, giving it a very cheerful look. Santa arrived amid a loud ringing of sleigh bells and after giving a little speech to the children set about giving out the presents amid the delighted cries from the youngsters as they examined their many presents. After all the presents had been distributed each child was given a bag of candy, an orange and a cracker. Santa Clause, having a number of calls to make, then had to hurry away. The hall was then cleared for dancing. About 11:20, Earle Morgan, Miss Bertha Pease and Ronald Smith presented a dialogue entitled 'Those awful boots'' and they were truly awe inspiring specimens. Great credit is due all of them for the admirable in which they carried out their different parts. They had the attention of the whole house, first for Miss Pease in her terrible plight and then Ronald Smith in his terror and a sigh of relief went up when the brave man, in the person of Earle Pease, entered. Morgan Pease with his funny remarks kept every one highly amused. At 12 o'clock everyone sat down to the good things which the ladies had provided and from the way people did justice to them we should imagine they were highly appreciated. Dancing then continued for a short while after which another dialogue entitled "Raps" was given by T. and D. Butterfield, T. Butterfield represented an Irish Carpenter and was full of the fun and humor characteristic of that race, and was so busy working that he did not have time to talk to D. Butterfield who represented "One of the boys' slightly intoxicated and D. Butterfield played his part to perfection the only difficulty being to determine whether he was really drunk or only pretending. The whole house was kept laughing from the beginning to the end, and the applause at the conclusion, spoke eloquently of what the audience thought of the piece. Dancing was then resumed with short intervals for songs and recitations until 5:15 a.m, when the party reluctantantly broke up.

The ice has been in excellent condition over Christmas and large crowds have enjoyed the skating every day from Wednesday last up to the present time.

On Saturday last the Social Club held another dance in the club house, about 12 couples were present and enjoyed a splendid dance. Everyone agreed they had had as good a time as they had the night before. Duck Creek is the place to come to if you want a really good time.

Harry and Miss Florence Bathie of Loco were down for the Christmas tree and dance.

The residents of Duck Creek received the finest Christmas box they ever had from the C. P. R on Sunday, when it became known that the C. P. R. had arranged to make Duck Creek a regular flag station. Mr. O. J. Wigen received word on Saturday last. The letter went on to say that the station at Wynndel will be cut out altogether.

Mr. F. J. May went to Yahk on Sunday on important business returning on the westbound train.

The Misses Emma Johnson and Phoebe Butterfield who have been in Cranbrook for the past two months came home for Christmas, returning to Cranbrook on Sunday.

Among the visitors to the dance on Friday last were: Mrs. Fowler, Mr. and Miss Callender, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Smith, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Bevan, Mr. Lowenburg, and Mr. A. B. S. Stanley of Creston. Mr. M. Beam and Mr. F. Marten of Erickson.

Below is a statement of money received and spent for the Christmas tree:

Collected by public subscription..$55 00

EXPENSES

To order to Eaton's for presents..	$41.00
Commission on postal notes.....	.25
On checks cashed.....	.25
Express to Creston.....	6 40
Freight to Duck Creek.....	.35
3 doz. parlor fireworks and postage	.25
Box Jap Oranges.....	1.00
Cutting 1 rick of firewood.....	1 00
Candy, nute etc. bought in Creston,	4.50
Total....	$55.00

(Signed) Thomas Butterfield
Sec.-Treas. Duck Creek Social Club

Miss Annie Johnson, Who has been residing in Nelson for the last two months, came home for Christmas returning, to Nelson on Sunday.

E. Butterfield was a visiter to Creston on Tuesday.

School reopens on Monday, January 5th.

Snow fell all day Wednesday, lumber men will now be happy.

O. J. Wigen, Matt Hagen, E Uri, Mrs J. J. Grady and O. Hindley were among the Duck Creek visitors to Creston on Wednesday.

Two carloads of lumber arrived here on Wednesday for different men in the district.

A most enjoyable dance was given on New Year's Eve by the Alice Siding Social Club to which a number of Duck Creekites were present. A very good program was arranged the old year was sent out in a very appropriate style and the New Year was heralded in to the strains of a waltz. The happy but sleepy party broke up at 7:20 a.m. Thursday morning.

"Old Chief Nassau of Admiralty Inlet" decorates the cover of the January issue of Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont. The leading article, "An Expedition into the Artic Regions," is descriptive of a trip to Baffin's Bay by a hardy company of adventurers led by "Lucky" Scott of Toronto, and is illustrated by some striking photographs taken on the trip Of particular interert are the replies to Mr. Hamilton Fisher's article in the November number on "Bull Moose and their horns;" Mr. R J Fraser's well written article on "The American Indian Language;" H. Mortimer Batten's "Prints from Canadian Trails;" an amusing story entitled "The Burning Moose," etc. The number is an exceptionally good one, the regular departments being replete with interesting information. Under the trap appears an account of St. Thomas Dec. 1st to 5th.

Nelson Brown left Wednesday for Bull River to resume his work there after a very pleasant visit with his parents and numerous friends in Creston.

S. E. Bradley is reported in the grip of the Grippe, but we hope for his speedy recoverp.

The construction of the Fruit Growers warehouse proceeds apace in spite of the snow which has come pretty steadily for the last two or three days.

Dont forget to write 1914.

The Womens Guild, of Christ Church will meet at the home of Mrs. A. G. Downton Tuesday afternoon. A full attendance is requested.

W. Jackson will represent the Farmers Institute and J. Compton, the Fruit Growers Union at the annual meeting of the B. C. Fruit Growers at Victoria this month.

'JOAN OF ARC' OF MEXICAN REBELS.

The above photograph shows the heroine of the Battle of Juarez, Guradulupe Candelaria, a 15 year old Mexican girl who dashed into the midst of a fierce engagement to drag rebels that had been wounded away from the firing line. She is here shown rolling a cigarette.

A prominent man returning from Mexico has declared, "If the world knew what was going on inside Mexico, the powers would intervene immediately". A hint of what happens there daily is evidenced in the following brief news item—General Villa has confiscated $500,000 worth of provisions and clothing from Juarez merchants and $100,000 from the Banco de Minero to support the rebels. The storekeepers mostly Spaniards appealed to United States Consul Edwards, but he said he could not guarantee the safety of their property, and returned keys that they offered him.

ALICE SIDING NEWS

The Dance given by Alice Siding Social Club, Saturday night was a great success there being about 65 present including a good crowd from Creston, Erickson, and Duck Creek. Dancing was kept up till 12 o'clock, interspersed with singing, when supper was served by the ladies. Games, songs, recitations, and dialogues lasted until 3 o'clock. A very amusing incident occurred while playing the Donkey game, each player being blindfolded in turn and taking a tail, with a pin sticking through it, after turning around two or three times, try to pin a tail on to the picture of a tailless donkey, in the right place. It is very amusing but when it was pinned on to Scotty's chin it was more than funny

Two new names were added to the Club, A. L. Doherty and Frank Martin being the new members.

Don't forget the dance at the Club House, New Years Eve. Wm. Johnson is Floor Manager, Bill has to have a hostess to look after the ladies and so will want a wife before New Years. Girls this is your chance.

The Alice Siding people turned out en masse for the Christmas tree at Duck Creek.

The ice is busy with skates now.

The Club Room was very tastefully decorated for the dance, for which a few of the ladies deserve great credit.

We regret to hear that Mr. Churchill is on the sick list, hope he will soon be around again.

The Annual meeting of the Sunday School Board of the Methodist Church was held at the Parsonage, Tuesday evening Dec. 13th. 1913. Report of the different branches of the work was given and a very substantial increase was shown. The Sunday School force including Home Department and Cradle Roll is over 90. The election of officers resulted in Mr. R B. Staples as Superintendent, Mr. Jim Adlard Assistant Superintendent, Mr. D. Smith Secretary, Miss Estella Smith, Treas. Mr. Herbert Gobbett Librarian, Mrs. J. McNarlends Superintendent of Cradle Roll, the Pastor Superintendent of Home Department.

The Teacher of Audult Bible Class Rev. F. L. Carpenter.

Intermediate Girls, Mrs. Geo. Cartright.

Intermediate Boys, Mr. R. B. Staples

Junior Intermediate, Mrs. Barraclough

Primary Class, Mrs. Rev. F. L Carpenter.

J. D Spiers leaves Tuesday for Rosetown, Sask. for a couple of weeks business visit.

The next regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Mrs. McKelvy on Thursday January 8th. All members and friends are urged to be present. The business of the meeting will be a quilting party and pieces of light or dark flannelette or cotton are asked for. The pattern is to be a necktie quilt.

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

We have been requested to correct a mistake that occurred in connection with the fall fair report. J. Lidgate contributed $5.00 to the fund, but owing to the mistake of the collector, it was not credited, so that the balance in the bank will be $66.74 and not $61.74 as originally stated. The management regrets the oversight very much but are aware that no doubt it was caused by the excessive work of the collector.

For Rent—Candy store. Apply to Creston Review.

"THE MISSOURI GIRL" COMING SATURDAY

Any attraction that has in it a triple extract of delightful rich humor is always welcomed by the theatre-going public. Such a vehicle is "The Missouri Girl," which played a return engagement at the Majestic on Saturday evening. From the rise to the fall of the curtain, the large and appreciative audience thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Fred Raymond's pastoral comedy. The play itself is typically a southern rural one, and the various characters are portrayed by the members of the company, in such an excellent and capable manner that it is difficult to single any one character for special mention The honors are equally shared between Mr. Frank Farrell and Miss Mildred Ford. The former as Zeke Dobson and Miss Ford as Daisy convulsed the adience and at time the players were compelled to wait until the laughter ceased before continuing their lines. Wm. Milliken as Col. Sweatman handled the part as if to the manner born, and indeed all the members of the cast accreuited themselves exceedingly well.

From the comments made at the close of the performance, it is safe to predict that if "The Missouri Girl" elects to play here again next season, they will be accorded a very flattering reception. Mention should be made also of the excellent musical and dancing numbers presented by Miss Ford, Mr. Milliken and Mr. Farell which gave added piquancy to an altogether enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Young cattle bought. Apply to C. Blair, Erickson. 46tf.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spiers a son, Dec. 27th.

Take guns rifles, phonographs etc. to EMBREE for repairs, He has the tools and he knows how.

A very plesant serprise party was held at the home of Mrs. R. J. Long, on Thuesday night, dancing and games were the chief amusements of the night.

Mr. E. Barraclough left Sunday on a business trip to Revelstoke.

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

Quite a large crowd turned out to the Socialist dance on New Years Eve. The proceedings began with a short entertainment, W. Truscott acting in the capacity of Chairman in a very pleasing way. The entertainment was followed by dancing which lasted till the early hours of the New Year. About midnight the ladies passed around refreshments which were greatly appreciated, and dancing was resumed. Except in one or two occasions the red flag was kept religiously out of sight and everyone enjoyed the occasion very much.

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

TENDERS FOR WOOD

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to Tuesday, January 6th. for the supplying of 25 cords of 4 ft. wood for the Creston Public School. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Printing as you like it at the Creston Review.

BE PREPARED FOR SPRING SEEDING

Now is the time for farmers to consider the question of a good seed grain supply for next Spring.

The greater part of the grain in the West was harvested under ideal conditions last fall and little difficulty should be met with in getting seed of strong vitality. Notwithstanding this there are some individuals and even sections of the Western Province that were not so fortunate at harvest time and now have seed of doubtful vitality in their granaries for the spring seeding.

Seed of strong vitality make a good start, helps to keep down the weeds and finally gives the big yield; while seed of poor vitality is a sure loss.

Therefore every farmer who suspects the vitality of his seed should send a sample to the Dominion Government Seed Laboratory Calgary for a germination test. In order that the report of this test may be of greatest value to the sender, preparitory to sending the sample he should first clean his seed as for seeding. Too often seed that is badly contaminated with weed seeds is sown. Every year the proportion of Western wheat and oats which contains wild oats is increasing. Such grain must take a lower grade because no satisfactory method of separating it has been devised. Samples of flax containing 15 per cent of weed seeds are only too common; this amounts to approximately 200 bushels of waste per car. When the cost of threshing, handling and freight on this useless material is added to the loss occasioned by the injury to the growing crop, the next profit per acre is very materially lessened.

Flax is the most badly contaminated weed which the farmer sows and since it is usually sown on new breaking his land is practically ruined at the start. Farmers who have clean farms, or farms free from some of the most troublesome weeds—wild oats, stinkweed, false flax, ball mustard, tumbling mustard, etc. should be very careful to sow only clean seed.

The Seed Laboratory at Calgary is at the disposal of the farmers or the public and it is hoped that they will make use of it in their efforts to obtaina pure seed supply.

In former years most of the samples have come in to be tested in March and April, overtaxing the capacity of the Laboratory and sometimes causing a delay in reporting on the samples.

It is therefore urged that samples be sent in as early as possible to avoid this delay and to enable the farmer to replace his seed who thereby finds it unfit for use

Mrs. Dow, entertained her Sunday School class of the Presbyterian Church from 1 to 5 o'clock Tuesday. About 10 scholars being present. The afternoon was enjoyably spent in games and reading stories. Lunch was served after which the children were each presented with a story book from their teacher. Georgina Barton, was presented with a hand painted napkin ring for attending the Sunday School class most regularly.

Mrs. C. Smith left on Christmas Day to visit her Daughter, Mrs. Wolverton, at Sand Point Idho.

Rubber shoes and gum boots at A. Mirabelli.

Get your skates sharened at EMBREE'S 35cents and attached to your shoes 25cents.

When you want your next job of printing done, no matter what the job is, bring it to the Review office. We guarantee a first-class job and our prices are right.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

CLARK'S POTTED MEATS—

Full flavored and perfectly cooked make delicious sandwiches.

The child's delight. The picnicker's choice. Everybody's favorite.

W. CLARK, M'f'r., Montreal.

BEST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

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

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WATERPROOF COLLARS AND CUFFS

Something better than linen and big laundry bills. Wash it with soap and water. All stores or direct. State style and size. For 25c. we will man you.

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FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

If you feel "OUT OF SORTS" "RUN DOWN" or "GOT THE BLUES" suffer from KIDNEY, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, ULCERS, SKIN ERUPTIONS, FILES, write for my FREE book. THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK EVER WRITTEN, IT TELLS ALL about these DISEASES and the REMARKABLE CURES EFFECTED by THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3.

THERAPION & you can decide FOR YOURSELF 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.

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

"Otto Higel"

Piano Action

CANCER

Book Free. A simple Home treatment removed lump from this lady's breast. Old sores, ulcers and growths cured. Describe your trouble; we will send book and testimonials.

THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, LIMITED

19 CHURCHILL AVE., TORONTO

LADIES WANTED — DO ARTISTIC congenial need work at home; make from three to five dollars per day decorating cushion tops. Armour Art Co., Dept. B., Bredalbane Block, Winnipeg.

His Devotion

Young Mrs. Flitter tells me that her husband is going to teach her how to skate this winter, says Mrs. Gooph, in the tone a woman employs when she conceals a reproof in a morsel of conversation. Isn't it nice to see a man so devoted to his wife?

Devoted—shucks! grumbles Gooph, from behind his magazine. He's so blamed jealous of her, he won't take a chance at having any other man near her.

She—I cried all day yesterday.

Neighbor—What for?

She—It was our wedding anniversary and Henry said: It seems to me that something awful occurred ten years ago today, but I can't remember what it was.

I don't believe I can ever learn those Latin conjugations, said the young man.

That'll be all right, replied the crammer. I am at work on a new system. I am going to set 'em to ragtime music and let you sing 'em as the choruses of popular songs.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM BACKACHE BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES

323 THE PRI

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

The Lame Trotter

When my father's got a lame trotting horse, sir, that he's trying to shuck off his hands, faltered the white linen nurse, he doesn't ever go around mournful like, with his head hanging, telling folks about his wonderful trotter that's just the littlest, teenlest mite lame. Oh, no. What father does is to call up every one he knows within twenty miles and tell them: Say Tom, Bill, Harry, or whatever his name is, what in the deuce do you suppose I have got over here in my barn? A lame horse that wants to trot, lamer than the deuce you know, but can do a mile in 2.40. Faintly the little smile quickened again in the white linen nurse's eyes. And the barn will be full of men in half an hour, she said. Somehow nobody wants a trotter that's lame but almost anybody seems willing to risk a lame horse that's plucky enough to want to trot.—From 'The White Linen Nurse' in Century.

Mangled Names

I remember one London critic telling me, writes E. N. in the Birmingham Post, how he had wired to a Glasgow paper the news that the great Nikisch had just arrived and would conduct the London Symphony orchestra on such and such a date. The telegraph operator, as usual, spelled the unfamiliar name along the line of least resistance. The Glasgow subeditor, not being a musical man, had never heard of Nikisch, but as the adjective 'great' was prefixed to the name, he naturally assumed that he must be a Scotchman, so the Glasgow public was informed the next day that the great McKish had arrived in London.

I remember also a London colleague reduced to a state of collapse by discovering that he had been made to say that Andrew Black had sung: Ninepin Andrew, instead of Non pin andrai.

For Sunday School Teachers

A teacher in a mission Sunday school in a Scottish town has some interesting stories to tell, in the Missionary Record of the United Free church, of the answers which have come from infant lips to her Bible questions. Sometimes one gets a perfectly natural but wholly unexpected reply. Asked what Naaman did after washing in the Jordan before he returned to his native land, one mite gave the obvious answer: Dry hisself. The class was told the story of the little Shunamite, his sunstroke and his restoration by the prophet, and wishing to inculcate gratitude the teacher asked what the mother would do when she got him back. Put a bannet on his heid, shouted immediately a practical youth.

The Price of Peace

She appeared to be somewhat excited when he came home that night, and he naturally asked the cause.

The man in the top flat has fallen in love with our cook, she said.

What of it, he asked.

He's been trying to get her to run away and marry him.

Do you mean the man who practices on the cornet every night?

She said she did, and he made a dive for his pocket.

Tell the cook, he exclaimed excitedly, that I am a poor man, but I will give $50 if she'll do it.

A Daring Escape

General de Negrier was one of the French officers who succeeded in escaping from German custody in 1870. He was in Metz—and in hospital—at the time of the capitulation, but instead of constituting himself a prisoner he put on his uniform, mounted his horse and ride off as an independent gentleman. Before long he was stopped by a sentinel who demanded his papers, and, as he had no papers, he handed up his ticket of admission to the hospital. While the German was slowly spelling it out Negrier shot him through the head and galloped off, crossing the Belgian frontier, and recrossing it, after a rest, to take part in the operations of Faidherbe's army of the north. It is not surprising that so resourceful a soldier got quick promotion and was successively the youngest colonel, the youngest general of brigade and the youngest general of division in the French army.

The little, mild, bald man had settled down in the train to read, and feeling drowsy after a trying day at business, fell asleep. On the hat rack above was a ferocious crab in a bucket and, reaching the edge of the rack, it fell, alighting on the little man's shoulder and grabbed his ear to steady itself.

All the passengers waited expectantly for development, but all they heard was:

Let go, Sarah! I tell you, I've been at the office all evening.

Sicilian Carts

Of all the vehicles in the world there is none to equal the Sicilian cart which is carved, yellow, paneled with lurid paintings that run the gamut of myth and history. One we saw had upon its panels scenes that represented Columbus sailing from Palos and discovering America, a bloody fight round the citadel of Acre, the hermitage of Santa Rasolia, and on its tailboard a vivid picture of the massacre of the Vespers. The carts are never very large, as carts go, but they are so marvelously wrought that they ought surely to come under the provisions of the law that forbids the exportation of any works of art. Wheels and shafts, axles, the edges of sides and posts and tailboards are all worked into neat geometrical designs, and on the axle is a carving built up clear to the bottom of the cart, a mass of intricate scrollwork and gingerbread, in the middle of which sits the patron saint of the fortunate owner.

An angry mother had her little son by the hand and held a menacing cane.

I'll teach you to tie a kettle to the cat's tail, said the mother.

It wasn't out cat, said the boy.

No, it wasn't, but it was our kettle, said the mother.

A woman prefers a man who has sown his wild oats in a conservatory to one who has sown them in a flower pot.

Just as Well Off

A man had his next door neighbor arrested on a charge of wilfully damaging a chicken.

The judge looked at the charge with mingled amusement and surprise, and when the plaintiff was put on the stand he asked him what damage had been done to the bird.

My next door neighbor caught the chicken in his garden, answered the plaintiff, and wrung its neck.

I see, returned the judge. What was the chicken worth alive?

It was worth 75 cents, answered the plaintiff.

What was it worth dead? questioned the judge.

Seventy-five cents, replied the plaintiff.

I fail to see where any appreciable damage was done, said the judge. The case is dismissed.

GUARD THE BABY AGAINST COLDS

The season for colds is at hand and unless the mother keeps a continual watch over her little ones cold will seize them and often more serious results follow. An occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will prevent colds, or if they do come on suddenly the Tablets will clear the stomach and bowels and instantly relieve the baby from cold. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sleep and Laughter

People who sleep well quickly recover from an ailment, and for this reason, years ago, sleep was pronounced as one of nature's cures for all diseases. Experiments go to prove that a person who accustoms himself or herself to a full and regular sleep is not so liable to an attack of disease as the person who forgoes his proper rest. More, when attacked by any ailment, a good sleeper recovers the quicker.

Laugh and live, is a time honored saying, and a famous doctor once recommended one of his patients to try a course of funny stories. The patient, who was suffering from a nervous breakdown through overwork, obeyed the doctor's instructions, and the effect of hearty laughter soon brought him round. The menu recommended was one funny story at each meal with two extra at dinner.

None of Them Horrid

Miss Prim—Allow a horrid man to kiss me—never!

Miss Peach—Neither would I; but thank goodness, there isn't one among all my male acquaintances.

Jacky had been imparting to a schoolfellow the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth.

Indeed, Jacky, replied the schoolfellow, and what will he do with the old set?

Oh, I s'pose, answered Jacky, they will cut 'em down and make me wear 'em.

For Frost Bites and Chilblains.—Chilblains come from undue exposure to slush and cold and frost-bite from the icy winds of winter. In the treatment of either there is no better preparation than Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, as it counteracts the inflammation and relieves the pain. The action of the oil is instantaneous and its application is extremely simple.

Genesis of the Phonograph

As long ago as 1895 Sir W. H. Preece, then director of the British postoffice telegraphs, sent messages without wires across the sound of Mull when the submarine cable was broken down. Sir William was also present at the birth of the phonograph and in 1877 he spent Independence day with Edison at his house in New York, and in discussing the telephone he remarked to the great American inventor: Then if what you say is true it will be possible to reproduce the human voice. Edison shut his eyes and said nothing, and the conversation changed. On the voyage home Sir William worked out a phonograph in theory, but, not being a mechanic he left it as an idea. In less than a month Edison sent Sir William Preece a phonograph, the first that came to England.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

London's First Stone Bridge

London only gained its true position and importance when the first bridge replaced the ferry across the Thames. The first stone bridge there seems to have been begun in 1176; there had previously been a wooden structure. It is said that King John, pleased with the bridges that he saw in France, brought over a skilled French workman, and he decided to raise the necessary revenue from the rent of houses built upon the bridge. Its arches were narrow, sometimes causing accidents to boats passing beneath and occasionally whole blocks of houses falling into disrepair, would topple over into the stream. There were twenty arches, one forming a drawbridge. Many reasons made a drawbridge desirable—not only the passing of masted vessels, but the power of raising it against an enemy.

When Senator Kern was running for governor of Indiana, he stopped one noon at a little hotel in Brown county for some food.

Hurry up, now, Kern said to the proprietor. I have only fifteen minutes before my train comes.

No hurry, governor, the hotel-keeper replied. You can eat all there is in the hotel in five minutes.

Got His Lessons

Brown—You seem more satisfied with your wife's cooking than formerly. Has she learned with time?

Smith—No, I have.

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

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Energy and Work

What becomes of the energy of motion of a street car when suddenly stopped?

Law—mass multiplied by velocity equals momentum. The mass of the car in pounds or tons multiplied by its specific speed in fee per second gives a product named foot pounds or foot tons. This momentum is expended at the instant of collision or impact in delivering a blow, as in the case of a cannon ball. If the body receiving the impact is movable part of the momentum will appear in it as motion. If immovable the car will be smashed or move backwards. And the molecules of the matter at point of impact will be increased in temperature and also be moved somewhat. That requires energy, and work has been accomplished from instant of collision until rest obtains. The answer is the energy of momentum is transformed into work.

Awful Asthma Attacks.—Is there a member of your family who is in the power of this distressing trouble? No service you can render him will equal the bringing to his attention of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. This remarkable remedy rests its reputation upon what it has done for others. It has a truly wonderful record, covering years and years of success in almost every part of this continent, and even beyond the seas.

Did as She Asked Him

A teacher in a tenement district hurried from the school to find the mother of a pupil who had been taken ill.

Can you show me where Mrs. Angelo Scandale lives? she inquired of a cherub transplanted from the sunny south to a dark, sunless alley.

Yes, teacher, I show you, and a willing, sticky hand dragged her on with such speed as to make her stumble over an Italian dame seated on the threshold. After the teacher's breathless flight towards the clouds the little hand stopped tugging.

There where Mees Scandale live, indicated the horizontal arm and finger, but she downstair sitting on the step, finished the smiling lips.

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Charles Whooten, Mulgrave, N.S.
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N.S.
Pierre Landers, senr., Pokemouche,
Thomas Wesson, Sheffield, N.B.

She was an excellent tennis player and could paddle a canoe most gracefully, but this was her first attendance at a horse show.

Are you a good judge of horseflesh? inquired one of her friends.

Oh, I should say not. I never tasted any, she said.

Eyes of the Starfish

At the end of each arm in the common starfish there is a little red eye. It is sheltered at the base of the terminal tube foot which has become altogether sensory. The eye or eye cushion shows little cups each closed by a lens lined by red, rodlike sensory cells, clothed externally by supporting cells and containing a transparent watery substance. Hellmuth Plessner made a number of experiments at Heligoland in order to discover how much a starfish sees with these eyes or eye spots. The answer is, not very much. It does not form an image nor does it perceive a moving object. But it has considerable sensitiveness in distinguishing different degrees of light and shade. Even the skin of the starfish is responsive to differences of illumination in the immediate vicinity, but by means of its eyes the starfish becomes aware of distant illumination that differs, either positively or negatively, from that of the immediately surrounding area.

How She Knew

I do think, exclaimed Mrs. Tolker indignantly, that Mrs. Gadabout is the most aggravatingly inquisitive woman, if I must say so, I ever knew. Why, I never pass her on the street but what she invariably turns her head and stares back at me to see what I've got on and how it sits from behind.

How—er—that is, I was wondering, my dear, how you found out that the mean thing looked back. Some one tell you? inquired Mr. Tolker innocently.

And Mrs. Tolker straightaway turned the stream of her indignation, seething hot, from Mrs. Gadabout to her insinuating wretch of a husband, as she fondly termed him, and after the first pyrotechnic outburst refused to speak to the fortunate man for the rest of the evening.

The girl who looks straight out of a carriage window is often looking at the man opposite at the same time, and the man is apt to forget that he is reflected through the window pane.

In my time, declared grandma, girls were more modest.

I know, said the flippant girl. It was a fad once. We may get back to it.

A Carelessly Treated Cold

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Free? Oh, No.

Marvellous! exclaimed the elderly wallflower, your daughter shows such free movements in her graceful dancing.

Free! shouted the debutante's father, not much! I paid $10 apiece for every one of 'em.

In Place of the Watchdog

They manage somehow to get along on shipboard without a watchdog, but they have two dog watches.

Spiders, like worms and snakes, were formerly used as charms to cure disease. The spider was worn in a nut which was suspended around the neck. When the spider died the disease, it was affirmed, died with it, according to the claims made.

Many a man gets credit for being well informed just because people happen to ask him questions that he can answer.

A Child Market

The children of the poor are yearly sold at auction to the highest bidder at Ravensburg, in the Tyrol, in the child market held there, the boys and girls bringing only a few shillings in most cases. These children are taken away by those who buy them to do hard work, the boys being used for agricultural purposes and the girls for domestic work. If, as sometimes happens, a buyer cannot decide between two boys, he makes the two fight and gives his money for the winner.

Eh, said Sandy to the minister, you was a powerful deescourse on 'Thrift' ye preached the Sabbeth!

Ah'm glad ye were able to profit, said the minister.

Profit! Why, mon, I would have pit ma saxpence into the plate wi-out a thought if it had not been for your providential words! They saved me fourpence there and then!

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A Marked Bullet

How a Country Boy Got Away From the Farm

By EDWARD L. PARKER.

A murder in a quiet farming community relatively excites as much commotion as the shooting down of a man in a city. I was then eighteen years old and had never known anything so exciting as the killing of a man from I had known all my life. I ran out of the house and down the road to the scene of the murder. On my arrival I saw several of the neighbors standing on the porch discussing who the murderer could be.

Pushing by them, I went into the room where the crime had been committed and saw the body stretched on a lounge, where it had been lifted from the floor. I noticed that the shirt front, besides being covered with blood, had been blackened. Mr. Ackers had probably been shot by one so near him as to produce this blackening by burnt powder. Turning my eyes from the body, I saw a little round thing on the floor about the size of a small marble. I picked it up and found it to be a bullet. It was sticky with blood.

It occurred to me that it was the bullet with which the shooting had been done. I had never heard of detectives, for I had always lived on a farm, and this was before the day when the country newspapers were filled with stories about the wonderful doings of this class of persons. Therefore it did not occur to me that the bullet might be of use in furnishing a clew to the murderer. It did not occur to me that it would be a fine thing to possess a bullet that had killed a man, and I thrust it into my trousers pocket.

I had no sooner done so than Dr. Todd came in with several others and, after examining the body, said:

"He has been shot through and through."

Some one, noticing me, told me to get out. I did so reluctantly, for since this was the only exciting event that

"I CONFESSED THAT I HAD THE BULLET."

had come into my life I thought it a hardship not to be permitted to remain to see and hear all there was to be seen and heard. I joined the loiterers outside and learned that the police had been notified and were expected soon. A big man with a badge on his breast came before I left and went into the house with an air of authority. I envied him, thinking him to be a very important personage, for everybody made way for him.

I knew nothing, at least for some time, of what was going on with reference to the matter. The body was duly buried, the funeral being a very large one. I attended myself, moved by a desire to see all that I was permitted to see connected with the event of the murder, and when it was all over and I was obliged to settle back into my farm duties, unrelieved by any excitement whatever, I felt like a boy the day after the circus had come and gone.

It was then that I took the bullet from my pocket and looked at it as the only memorial I possessed of the only exciting event that had entered into my uneventful life. I owned a squirrel gun and was more or less interested in arms and ammunition. I dropped the bullet into water to wash the blood off it and wiped it on my trousers. I owned a little magnifying handglass which I had bought for 10 cents. Without any especial object in mind I brought it to bear on my prize. Two scratches on the lead were revealed by the glass, and I noticed that they were parallel.

Now, if I had not been of an inquiring mind my story would here come to an end, or, rather, it would never have been begun. I certainly did not connect these scratches with the discovery of the murderer. I simply couldn't understand what caused them. But I was not long in suspecting that they had been produced by the tiny protuberances, probably rust, in the barrel of the weapon from which the bullet had been fired. That theory accounted for their parallelism.

But I was not sure, and in order to prove the matter I got down my squirrel gun, and, looking down into the barrel, by focusing the sun's rays with my magnifier I saw a minute speck which might cause a scratch on a bullet fired past it. Loading the gun with a new bullet, I fired the ball into a tree, cut it out and examined it. But if the scratches had been made they had been so added to that I could not detect them. I fired another bullet into a bank with the same negative result. Looking about for some softer substance to put it into, I noticed the barrel used to catch rainwater from the roof of the house, and it occurred to me to catch the bullet in water. I made my experiment again, this time in the water barrel, and, examining the ball with my microscope, saw a scratch corresponding with the rust speck in the barrel of my gun.

Then the fact came into my brain that the barrel of the pistol which had been used to kill Mr. Ackers undoubtedly contained two little protuberances against which the bullet had rubbed on being fired, and the distance between these protuberances would be exactly the same as between the scratches. I do not mean that this occurred to me as a possible means of discovering the murderer. I merely looked upon it as an interesting fact.

Meanwhile the police were investigating. The period of the detective was coming on, and two or three men were working on the case. But they worked secretly, and I knew nothing about what they were doing, nor did I receive any information upon this till a man of the name of Coyne was arrested for the murder and held for trial. There was a lot of circumstantial evidence against him. Mr. Ackers had owed him some money, which Coyne had vainly tried to get. Coyne had been heard to use violent language to Ackers. Indeed, a threatening letter from the former was found among the latter's papers. Immediately after the murder Coyne had disappeared and was arrested in a distant city. He owned a pistol, which was captured by the police, and one chamber was found empty. The evidence consisted in these two features—the matter of securing payment of the debt and the revolver, one chamber of which had been discharged.

I was in court during the trial and heard the prosecuting attorney make a strong point against the prisoner by producing the accused's revolver. When the court adjourned I went to Coyne's counsel, and I confessed that I had the bullet which killed Ackers and which had not been found by the police. I also told him of my experiments and that I believed the pistol with which the murder had been committed could be identified by the scratches on the bullet.

The lawyer—Truesdale—stared at me while I spoke with eyes as large as butter plates, then asked me a lot of questions. The trial had ended for the day, and he immediately adopted means to be ready with the new evidence on the morrow. He told me to bring the bullet to him at once in cotton, fearing that it might receive other scratches. I did as he bid me, and the next day when the court convened I went there, as requested.

The moment I entered the courtroom Coyne looked at me with terrible anxiety on his face, having been apprised of what had passed between me and his counsel. As for me, I was wondering whether I would prove him a guilty on an innocent man. A barrel of water stood in the courtroom beneath the judge's bench. Truesdale instructed me to load my squirrel gun with a new bullet and fire it into the water. I did so, and he showed the bullet and the interior of the gun barrel to the jury, using the same means as I had used in my experiment, except that his microscope was more powerful and his light was electric. The scratch on the lead was apparent.

The bullet that had killed Ackers was then produced and the scratches shown the jury. It was of the same caliber as Coyne's revolver. A new bullet was then put in Coyne's pistol and fired into the water.

I was watching the prisoner, and as soon as the experiment with the squirrel gun had terminated I saw his face light up with hope. When the bullet was taken out of the water he showed great agitation. His counsel first examined the bullet, then looked at him with an expression of joy. The ball was examined by the jury and found to be without a scratch.

The demonstration that Ackers had not been killed from the prisoner's revolver was conclusive, and since this was the keystone of the evidence against him the state's case fell to the ground. He was acquitted, and, though many still believed him guilty, most persons were convinced of his innocence.

The moment he was made free he came to me and embraced me. "Come with me," he said. I went home with him, and he asked, "What can I do for you?"

"Help me get away from the farm."

"The best way to do that is to educate you. Would you like to go to college?"

I replied that I would, and he sent me to a preparatory school and after that to college and gave me also a profession.

The real murderer of Ackers was subsequently arrested. It took enough interest in the case to hunt down the pistol with which the murder was done and tested it for the scratches. It had become somewhat rusted and showed other marks besides those on the bullet in my possession, but there were two that gave the same distance measurement. The evidence was not necessary, for the murderer confessed.

ROMANCE OF SIR RUFUS.

Lord Chief Justice Who Served Before the Mast.

Sir Rufus Isaacs' career has been not merely remarkable, but romantic. At the Bar he was making $100,000 a year, and he reached this point without having to go through the usual drudgery. "Isaacs is the only man I know," Lawson Walton, his former master in the law, said once, "who had not to go through the grind of quarter sessions and county courts like the rest of us." He was at school at Brussels, and report says something of a pickle. Report says further that he made at least one voyage as a member of the lower deck. Born in London in 1860, the son of a Jewish merchant, he attains to a great office at the age of 53. He began life in his father's office. But of that he soon grew weary. Then he tried the Stock Exchange for a few years, but with ill success, and it was not until 1884 that he found his true vocation, and entered as a student at the Middle Temple. But at this date, after all his varied experiences, he was no older than many other entrants from the universities, for he was only 24, and was but 27 when he was called to the Bar and joined the Northern Circuit. His first big case was as a junior in the Chetwynd-Durham suit, which was heard in 1891. Then he acquired a reputation among counsel as one who knew the City and finance. He became a specialist in commercial cases. But his advocacy was found equally convincing in almost any class of trial, and by the close of the 'nineties he was universally spoken of as the coming man at the Bar, and there were the usual guesses at the fabulous income which rumor declared him to be making. Like so many other eminent barristers, Sir Rufus had an infinite capacity for work. He never spared himself, yet was always eager, alert, active, and alive. He took silk in 1898, and when Mr. Justice Bigham was raised to the Bench it was to Mr. Rufus Isaacs that the reversion of his magnificent commercial practice fell. Two years later Sir Edward Carson became Solicitor-General, which meant that another series of eminently lucrative briefs were brought his way. His advocacy was of a high order. Its secret was its persuasiveness. The voice was suave, but the argument also was very sound and good. There was no torrent of eloquence, but a flow of shrewd, keen observation, in which the points were driven home with quiet insistence. Sir Rufus Isaacs, as an advocate, was always sure of his facts, and his thrusts were neat and clean. When it came to a duel with a man in the dock of the calibre of Whitaker Wright the contest was exciting and dramatic, and the advocate had the better of the encounter. With a good case to work on, the new Lord Chief was also a brilliant and dexterous counsel. With a poor one, he could be relied upon to make the best of it, and turn to profit any favorable opening that arose during the hearing. He was always master of himself, and exhibited a perfect control. He entered the British House of Commons in 1904, and became Solicitor-General in 1910, and Attorney-General in the same year, with a seat in the Cabinet, where his opinion was highly valued by the Prime Minister.

They Like Lloyd-George.

David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the most popular man in Italy, according to Welshmen returning from the continent.

The common people of Italy, in discussing the British statesman, say that his well-known measures, such as pension for old people, insurance, etc., are greatly needed in Italy. Whenever Lloyd George speaks, in or out of Parliament, every word he says is printed in the Italian papers. Much more space is given to his speeches than to the utterances of the Prime Minister of Italy. His remarks are read avidly by workmen who can read to their friends who cannot. Britain's questions are Italy's questions. There are movements in each country in the same direction, and the Italian workingman believes that the British leader is the prophet of the new era.

Antiquity of Football.

At Derby a game of football was played as early as the third century, in commemoration of a victory over the Roman legion at Chester. The first football, used in the annual game, still played each Easter, is said to have been the head of a Danish invader. In the isle of Purbeck, too, says The London Chronicle, the free quarrymen from time immemorial have perpetrated their claim to a grant of land by kicking a football across it. In the 14th century the game was so popular as to call forth an edict forbidding it, on the ground that it interfered with the practice of more martial exercise. In later times Shakespeare referred contemptuously to the game, but perhaps few would be able to turn up readily the passage in King Lear describing "a base football player."

Knew His Man.

James MacNeill Whistler and Oscar Wilde did not love each other overmuch. Constantly they met in London drawing-rooms where each enjoyed a reputation as a wit, and it was not unnatural that jealousy sometimes fanned the fuel of their hate. On one occasion Whistler made a particularly apt remark that won applause even from Wilde. "By Jove, Whistler," he exclaimed, "I wish I had said that!" "Never mind," said Whistler, nonchalantly, "you will."

Part of the Dressing.

"Hey, waiter," said the fat man; "there's a button in this soup!"

"A button!" exclaimed the waiter. "Oh, yes, sir! We always make our soups out of dressed beef, sir."

HOBBLE LINGERIE.

New Under Apparel of Crape or Silk That Is Very Smart.

A hobble underwear apparel is the latest fad in the lingerie world, examples of these unique garments having been exhibited in New York shops recently. The new lingerie is made of the thinnest fabrics to be found, the materials most in use being silk crape, chiffon cloth and finely woven silk. Fine linen, which formerly was considered the daintiest of all for underclothing, is seen no more.

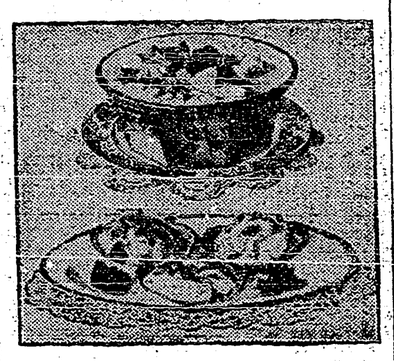
The new hobble style is essential with the fashionable dresses, which fit the figure so close at the hips, knees and ankles that a petticoat, however sheer, shows its outlines through the gown.

One of the oddest of the fashionable combination suits was of thin pink crepe de chine, made to be worn with a bust supporter and no corset unless possibly a webbing hip reducer. The upper part of the hobble garment was lace edged, and it was fashioned all in one piece, the skirt part reaching just below the knees, where it was drawn into an elastic band about an inch and a half in width. This band was just long enough to dispose of the slight fullness in the combination and to hold it close to the body. It also prevented the wearer from taking steps too long for her dress.

FOR THE WINTER TABLE.

Try Casserole Cookery and You Will Add Variety to the Menu.

The housekeeper who has tested the convenience and the delicious results gained from cooking en casserole will be delighted to add to her list of recipes mutton en casserole. For this dish take two pounds neck of mutton, two turnips, carrots, two onions, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, twelve preserved cherries, juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, four tomatoes, two cupfuls of stock, salt and pepper. Wipe the meat; then cut it into neat, small pieces. Melt the butter and then fry the meat brown on both sides. Remove the meat, sprinkle in the flour and brown it carefully, says Good Housekeeping. Add the stock and stir until it boils. Put the meat into the casserole, add the sliced onions and tomatoes, some neatly cut



MUTTON EN CASSEROLE AND SCALLOPED TOMATOES.

pieces of carrot and turnip, the stock and a little salt. Put on the lid and simmer for about two hours until the meat is quite tender. Meanwhile, with a round vegetable cutter, cut out balls of carrot and turnip, using the reddest part of the former. Cook these in boiling salted water until tender; then drain and keep them hot. Season the stew with salt and pepper and stir in the lemon and ketchup. Arrange the vegetable balls and cherries on the top and serve as hot as possible.

Scalloped tomatoes in shells are delicious as an entree. Drain the juice from one can of tomatoes. Butter a baking dish and cover the bottom with the tomatoes. Dot with butter, dredge with pepper and salt and sprinkle generously with fine breadcrumbs. Arrange another layer of tomatoes and crumbs and so proceed until the shells are filled. Pour over all enough of the juice of the tomatoes to moisten well and then finish the dish with a covering of crumbs. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Worth Knowing.

Orange fritters are as delicious an accompaniment to broiled or fried ham as apple sauce to spareribs.

To eggs baked in individual casseroles add a slice of tomato and a sprinkling of cheese.

When serving afternoon tea try using slices of orange instead of lemon. This, with green tea especially, gives it a delicious flavor.

If rice is cooked in water it will absorb about three times its measure. If it is cooked in milk at least half as much more liquid will be necessary.

If seams are pressed over a broomstick or any rounded edge, with care in keeping them straight, there will be no shining streak to mark their length.

To brown dishes that cannot be placed in the oven heat a salamander or round iron plate with a handle attached until red hot and pass over the top of the dish, being careful not to scorch.

Recipe For Pumpkin Pie.

Stew pumpkin, cut into small pieces, in half pint of water and when soft mash with a potato masher very fine. Let the water dry away, watching closely to prevent burning or scorching. For each pie take one well beaten egg, half cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls pumpkin, half pint rich milk (a little cream will improve it), a little salt. Stir well together and season with cinnamon or nutmeg. Bake with a good under crust in a hot oven. Some steam the pumpkin instead of stewing it.

MORE "LABBY" STORIES.

The Laughing Philosopher Dearly Loved a Joke.

"Labby" was never taken seriously as a politician, but the world enjoyed him as a jester, and that the world was right in its estimate of him is proved by "The Life of Henry Labouchere," by his nephew, Mr. Algar Labouchere Thorold, which have just been published. He suffered two great disappointments in the course of his political career—Mr. Gladstone failed to include him in the 1892 Ministry, and Lord Rosebery refused to make him ambassador at Washington. We cannot wonder at either decision; but we can admire the philosophic vein in which "Labby" accepted defeat. "It should never be forgotten," says his biographer, "that Henry Labouchere was, in fact, a Frenchman. French by birth, he remained, to the day of his death, French in his method of formation of opinion, in his outlook on life, in the peculiar quality of his wit. It was this that enabled, or rather obliged, him to take that curiously detached view of English ideals which was at times so disconcerting even to those who thought that they understood him."

Here is his career in a nutshell:

Sent down from Cambridge.

Visited the principal gambling places of Europe.

Wandered for six months with Red Indians in the Wild West.

Wore pink tights in a circus, being in love with a lady performer.

Had many more adventures.

Spent ten years in the diplomatic service.

Founded "Truth."

Entered Parliament and became chief Radical wirepuller.

Writing to a friend with regard to his appointment as secretary of Legation to the Republic of Panama, he said:—"I had never heard of this Republic * * * so I remained comfortably in Italy and drew my salary like a bishop." After twelve months urgent messages reached him asking why he had not proceeded to his post. He replied: "I have spent twelve months in diligent inquiries respecting the whereabouts of the Republic of Panama, hitherto without success. If your lordship will inform me where it is I need hardly say I will hasten there."

His drolleries were innumerable; he was rarely in a serious mood for long. At his house in Old Palace Yard he kept a playbill of an American circus in which he figured (when he was attache at Washington) as "Bounding Buck of Babylon," a jumper. There was a lady in the troupe, of course. "I wore pink tights," "Labby" related, "with a fillet round my head. My adorable one said I looked a dear." As an attache at Stockholm he went to convey Queen Victoria's congratulations and inquiries on the birth of a royal baby. The solemn gentleman who received him replied that "His Royal Highness is suffering a little internally, and it is thought that this is due to the milk of the wet nurse having been slightly sour yesterday evening." Labouchere telegraphed this to the Foreign Office.

How young "Labby" concealed a piece of truantry by denying his identity to his own father in London and slipping back to Cambridge in time to anticipate parental suspicions is well known. The boy who tricked his parent was the man in after years who could play the wit upon his father's memory. The identities of his father and uncle, Lord Taunton, were confused one day by a gentleman to whom Henry was introduced for the first time. "The stranger opened the conversation by remarking, 'I have just heard your father make a remarkable speech in the House of Lords.' 'The House of Lords!' replied Mr. Labouchere, assuming an air of intense interest, 'well, I always have wondered where my father went to when he died.'"

He Was No Scot.

On one occasion Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Taylor, the golf champion, were at Biarritz together. A Scotch relative of Sir Henry's earnestly contended that Taylor was of Scotch birth, a claim which Sir Henry was inclined to support. One of the guests then intervened: "Well, all I know about Taylor is that he is a very nice man; my golf club engaged him to play an exhibition match at a fixed fee. Taylor duly came, but the weather was so wet that no golf could be played, and when we offered him payment he refused firmly, only taking his bare traveling expenses." Whereupon Sir Henry turned to a compatriot and said, "I'm afraid such a fact is quite fatal to our contention!"

Champagne Scarce.

A shortage of champagne, which seems probable in view of poor results shown by the 1913 vintage, will be felt more in England now than it would have been fifty years back. Sir Algernon West relates that in his early days "two bottles of champagne was the allowance for a dinner party. These were handed round after the second course, and drunk in homeopathic doses out of small tubes of glass, which contained little but froth. Lord Alvanley was the first who had the courage to protest against this meagre allowance, exclaiming one evening: "You might as well expect us to drink out of thermometers.'"

Prince Loses Bequest.

Prince Arthur of Connaught sacrifices $125,000 by his marriage to the Duchess of Fife, for the late King Edward directed in his will that $125,000 should be paid out of his estate to Prince Arthur if he married a girl with less than $250,000 dowry. As the Duchess of Fife has an immediate fortune of $1,250,000, the late King's bequest will revert to Princess Mary on her twenty-first birthday. Prince Arthur actually inherited $50,000 from King Edward.

FATHER OF BOURASSA

HE IS A FRENCH-CANADIAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Napoleon Bourassa Is Typical of the French Race in Canada at Its Finest—He Is a Painter, Architect and Decorator and Also a Novelist — Married Papineau's Youngest Daughter.

Thousands know Henri Bourassa, the picturesque schoolmaster of the Nationalists; tens of thousands have read his articles and heard him speak. Very few know much or anything about his father, Napoleon Bourassa. But to the select little world of art and literature in the Province of Quebec, the patriarchal old man of letters, upon whose face is written nobleness of character and loftiness of thought, holds a larger share of respect and affection than is even claimed by his brilliant offspring from the most devoted of his followers.

Napoleon Bourassa epitomizes the highest type of the cultured French-Canadian of the old school. At the age of eighty-five he can look back upon a life of noble endeavor to cul-

NAPOLEON BOURASSA.

tivate a taste for art and letters among his people. In this he labored not in vain, and old Quebec has many lasting monuments to his genius. When a very young man he courted and won the hand of the youngest and most talented daughter of that famous French-Canadian reformer, Papineau. She died in 1869, after twelve years of a happily married life, and Bourassa, still a young man, threw himself heart and soul into painting. He studied for some time under the late Theophile Hamel, at Quebec and Toronto, and was later for three years at Florence and Rome. During this time he was much with Overieck, the German religious painter, and followed his methods closely. In 1880 he was chosen by the Marquis of Lorne as a member of the newly-established Royal Academy of Arts, and served as its vice-president.

The church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Montreal, is an example of his powers as architect, painter and decorator, and even in recent years he has designed many fine churches in Canada and the United States.

Mr. Bourassa is not unknown to French-Canadian literature, and is the author of "Jaques et Marie," an historical romance relating to the departure of the unhappy Acadians in 1755, as well as several volumes of lectures. At the age of eighty-five he is still hale and hearty.

Couldn't Fool Her.

This story of Gibbon, the famous historian, was told by a contemporary:

"Gibbon had a small face, almost lost between a high forehead and a big double chin and a caricature of a nose which was crushed between the encroaching slopes of a pair of baggy cheeks. One day he was introduced by M. de Lauzen to Mme. du Deffand, a blind lady, who was in the habit of passing her hands over the features of her renowned contemporaries when introduced to her in order to get an idea of their appearance. Gibbons received these marks of attention, offering his face to the exploration of the blind lady's fingers with a delightful frankness.

"Mme. du Deffand passed her fingers over his chubby face carefully. She did her utmost to discover some other outstanding trait than the pair of abnormally developed cheeks, but all to no purpose. During the examination expressions of doubt and bewilderment chased each other over the face of the blind woman until at last, in an outburst of anger, she let her hands fall by her side and cried out, 'Bah; this is a bad joke!'"

Ship Called Iron Duke.

Britain's next great battle ship is to be called the Iron Duke, after the Duke of Wellington, although that soldier came by the nickname in a roundabout way. He was never so called until long after Waterloo. An iron steamship, a novelty at the time, was built in the Mersey, and named the Duke of Wellington, and so the vessel came to be known as the Iron Duke—the transition being easy and obvious. It was the duke' union of resolution and physical energy which made the popular name for the Mersey built steamship to fit him like a perfect cap.

Different Coinage.

Coinage is always a mystery to the wayfarer. In Johannesburg they talk in silver. In Holland they talk in florins; across the frontier they talk in francs. But there are places where they talk on a lower scale. And I greet the boy who brought me change for 8s. 9d. out of a sovereign with two farthings in it. But what is a man to do with two farthings in England? I suppose an omnibus conductor would throw me off the vehicle if I proffered him those farthings.

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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 Shippers' 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

BRITISH EMIGRATION

The emigration of people from the United Kingdom seems likely to assume very serious proportions, and is undoubtedly causing considerable uneasiness, for, as everyone knows, it is the young and energetic who are the more likely to try their fortunes in a new land. We shall not seek to explain the cause of the dissatisfaction and unrest which is producing this result, further than to repeat what a magazine writer recently said, namely, that Canada is as near the English farmer's son today as London was to his father in his youth. The depopulation of farming districts has its serious aspect and yet it is not wholly to be regretted. The "submerged tenth" is of necessity, recruited from the class above it, for it cannot be recruited from below. Therefore, if this class is numerically reduced by emigration, the pressure may be removed, and the result may be that the recruits of misfortune will be lessened in number, and there may be a better chance for those who are honestly struggling to do their best to rise above the level of their present despondency. We are not now referring to the criminal class, but even this stratum of society would grow less dreadful if so many persons were not forced into it from the non-criminal strata. Therefore, while it may be that to many people of England it may seem unfortunate and little short of disastrous that so much of the bone and sinew of the country is leaving it, this may be a phase of the case which is by no means devoid of encouragement, but may contain an element of sound hopefulness for the future.—The Colonist.

Funny are the arguments of some people. Recently 180,000 pounds of fish were caught off the Nova Scotia Coast and sent into the United States duty free. This leads a Liberal paper to point out that if this fish had been caught in the United States it could not have been brought into Canada without $1,800 duty being paid. But the fish were not and could not be caught in the United States, so we cannot see in what way Canada suffered from the fact that if they had been caught there and brought here duty would have had to be paid on them. —Colonist.

A Missouri newspaper is responsible for the following: "A gentleman requested that we publish the cause of the high cost of living. Our views in a condensed form are that we've let a lot of timber go to waste and are now buying wire fences and lumber from foreign countries; we throw away our grease and ashes and buy our soap; we raise too many dogs and buy too many hogs; we raise too many weeds and buy too many vegetables; we catch a 5c. fish with a $4 rod; we build a school house and send our children off to be educated; we send our boys out with a $40 gun and a $10 dog to hunt 5c. rabbits and 10c. birds, and lastly, we mortgage our homes to buy four-priced automobiles that we don't know how to operate or keep up. It is the cost of 'high living,' and not the high cost of living, that ails this country."

WINTERING THE FLOCK.

Sheep Require Proper Feed and Sensible Care to Thrive.

The farmer who carries his first flock through the winter is apt to run up against the rocks of inexperience.

If the owner is wise he will first consider the condition of his flock. For instance, ewes that are pregnant will not receive the same attention as ewes that are not, nor will young lambs being raised for ewes receive the same treatment as the others. This calls for three different bunches. To secure the best results these three classes should be separated—that is, the pregnant ewes by themselves, ewes not pregnant and wethers for fattening together, and lambs for breeding purposes in another flock. When all are allowed to run together none seems to make the progress it ought to. Knocked around, the young lambs will not make the growth necessary to develop the good, healthy breeding ewes, the pregnant ewes will not bring forth as strong, healthy young, nor will those being fattened for market make the growth they should.

The ewe flock should start into winter in good, thrifty condition—in fact, what many farmers call fat—and during the winter they should be so handled and fed that they continue thrifty. Consideration must be given the lamb which the ewe is growing. Feeds which produce growth should be supplied and also plenty of exercise. Both are important.

One method which gives generally satisfactory results is to have a shed to which there is a good sized yard adjacent. Here once a day, preferably in the morning, cornstalks may be fed upon the ground and good clean straw in racks. For the evening feed clover hay is best, being fed in the racks in the shed. A feed of grain, two parts oats and one part corn, one-half pound per head, is a good supplement to the morning feed. If the hay should be coarse or contain much timothy a good portion of bran, say a quarter in bulk, can profitably be added.

Pure fresh water should be accessible at all times. If it is some little distance from the yard, just so that it is easily accessible, it will give the ewes good exercise in traveling to it. The water must be clean.

The yard is necessary, for in it the ewes can secure needed exercise, and it should be for their sole use. Do not turn in the cows and hogs and horses and expect the ewes to thrive. Then, too, one must see that there are no sharp corners nor small doors nor openings in which the ewes can crowd or injure themselves. This yard should be so located that it is protected from the prevailing wind, and the ewes should have access to it at all times.

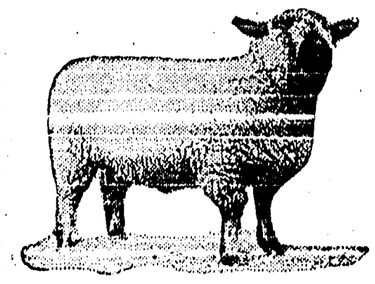

Photo by University of Idaho.

The pure bred Hampshire yearling wether Buxom Boy is from the flock of the University of Idaho. He was champion wether at the Oregon and Washington state fairs of 1913 in competition with all breeds, including Shropshires and Horned Dorsets. At the time the photograph was taken Buxom Boy weighed 225 pounds. He was bred by the University of Idaho and was dropped in February, 1911.

Expatriated by Mal de Mer.

There is tragedy in the attempts made to solve the problem of seasickness by the late Mr. William Louis Winans, the millionaire, who was an involuntary exile in England for the last twenty-seven years of his life. He was at heart an American citizen, but his doctors warned him that a voyage across the Atlantic, with the probability of seasickness, would be fatal to him. So he devoted the rest of his life to designing a vessel in which he could safely travel to America. But the fates were against him, and his invention never got further than the shelves of the patent office.—London Opinion.

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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. —30690.

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Several Sets of Second-Hand Harness

Sleighs and Cutters COAL FOR SALE

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Extention of Time

Notice is hereby given that the time for the reception of tenders for the construction of wharfs at Victoria Harbour, B C., is extended to Thursday, January 8, 1914.

By order,

R. C. Desrochers,

Secretary,

Department of Public Works,

Ottawa, December 9, 1913.

Penetrating a Disguise.

"What are you doing in this stack of costume plates and reference books?" asked the old time friend.

"Merely satisfying an idle curiosity," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I'm trying to find out who I was at my wife's recent costume ball."—Washington Star.

Almost an Insult.

Press Agent—Miss De Star, I'm going to work up a story that your pet Pomeranian poodle swallowed all your diamonds. Miss De Star—Why, sir, do you think I want people to think I have only enough diamonds to fill a poodle?—Chicago News.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.—Shakespeare.

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

How a "Heart Throb Specialist" Got Her First Job.

In the Woman's Home Companion appears a confession of a "heart throb specialist"—a newspaper woman who after many failures made a success in New York. Following is her own story of her first success:

"I had dropped into a criminal courtroom principally to escape the heat of the street. A young girl was being tried for attempted suicide. Perhaps because my own failure looked so dark I could read real drama between the faltering lines of her testimony.

"Here was an old story to the reporters. I knew they would turn in brief items, bare facts. I talked about the girl with the probation officer assigned to the case, with the girl, with her employers, and I secured photographs, including one of the corner where she tried to end it all, a cubbyhole much like my own. Then I wrote as if her story were mine.

"With the power born of desperation I forced my way into the presence of a Sunday editor who had spoken a few kind words to me. I begged him to read my story while the girl's case was still in the public eye.

"For a wonder he did read it while I sat beside him. When he finished he touched several buttons, and men fairly tumbled into the room.

"After giving them orders he seemed to recall my existence. He turned and stared at me over his glasses.

"'Let's see. You've been in here before, haven't you?'

"'Yes. I brought you a letter from Mr. Blank of the —— News.'

"'Humph! A story like that is worth thirty letters of introduction. Confounded nuisance letters are. Don't believe in 'em. Sold much stuff?'

"'Nothing unless you have bought that story.'

"His eyes twinkled.

"'Oh, I've bought it all right. I forgot to mention we pay $50 for a story like that with the pictures. I suppose that is all right?'

"All right?

"I closed my eyes. I saw a clean hall room, with a real window ledge over which I could look out upon a quiet city garden. I saw a telegraph operator clicking off a message to an anxious mother. And I tasted beefsteak—thick, juicy, rare!

"When I opened my eyes once more the Sunday editor was at the door. He flung his order over his shoulder:

"'Wait till I come back.'

"'In a few minutes he was seated beside me again, and I could hardly believe my ears. He was offering me a position on the staff!"

A Tiny Death Dealer.

A most agonizing death is caused by an insect half the size of a pea—a small black spider. It lives in Peru, in South America. This spider's venom scorches up the blood vessels and spreads through all the tissues, causing the most fearful agony a human being can have to bear. The worst of it is that the victim lives at least two days, enduring unthinkable anguish the whole time. The spider is luckily not common. It is known as the "specky," and when a man who knows what the bite means is bitten he generally blows out his brains.

A Proper End.

Elizabeth was taken to hear grand opera for the first time. Her musical education before this occasion had been confined chiefly to park concerts, whereof she knew the proper observances.

The performance was a matinee of "Koenigskinder." It was ended, and mamma rose to go

"Is that the end?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes, dear," answered mamma.

"Sit down, mummie, please," said Elizabeth. "It can't be. They haven't played 'America' yet."—New York Post.

Great Yarmouth's Rows.

The rows of Great Yarmouth are worth seeing. There are 166 rows altogether—narrow thoroughfares which connect the main streets, with houses on each side. They are from three to six feet wide. Special carts have to be built to traverse these rows.—London Mail.

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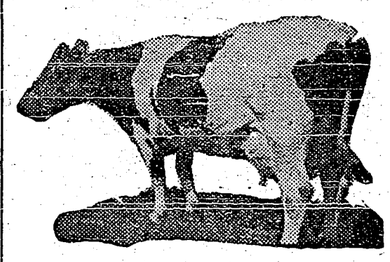
CRESTON REVIEW

IT PAYS TO KEEP COWS COMFORTABLE

To give his cows the proper shelter the dairyman must have a clean, warm, well lighted and well ventilated barn, writes E. E. Rushing in the Iowa Homestead. The size will depend altogether upon the capacity of the farm and the number of cows to be sheltered. My ideal is the basement barn, or, in other words, to build the barn on a hillside or some way that leads to a second story. In this way ventilation and doorways may be had in the sides and end of the barn.

The walls of the basement may be made of stone or brick, or if this cannot be afforded a wall under the side that stands next the hill may be constructed and the other three sides be made of framing. Many prefer the cement walls, which are cheaper than the rock or brick, as a man can build a cement wall himself, which will save all expense, except for the material. The stalls of the dairy barn should have tight walls and ceiling, but should



What may be done in the way of milk yield by cows of the good kind is shown in the record of the Holstein herd, owned by J. A. Turner of Virginia. He has a herd of seventeen pure bred Holstein-Friesians and five grades, a total of twenty-two cows. His records and books show that in a single year sixteen of his cows averaged over 10,000 pounds of milk, twelve averaged over 11,000 pounds, ten averaged over 12,000 pounds, eight averaged over 13,000 pounds, four averaged over 14,000 pounds, and one ran over 18,000 pounds. Of the herd fourteen cows produced twenty-eight quarts of milk each in a day, eight cows surpassed thirty-two quarts, two cows surpassed thirty-six quarts and one cow surpassed forty quarts in a day. The picture shows a pure bred Holstein.

be well ventilated. It should also have a sound floor.

The cows that are forced to stand in a dark, dirty stall cannot be expected to produce as much milk nor milk that will have the wholesome qualities as the cow that is furnished with a well lighted, airy stall, one that has windows to admit the sunlight and one that the foul air of the stable is replaced by the good, pure air, without subjecting the cow to injurious drafts. The stalls with tight walls and ceilings prevent loss of heat in cold weather and thus contribute greatly to the comfort of both the cow and the milker.

When the dairy cow is on full feed she is hard worked and is less able to withstand extremes of weather than other stock, for her energies are then being exerted in the direction of production rather than self preservation. It is more profitable as well as more human to keep her warm by making the stable comfortable instead of compelling her to use large amounts of expensive foods in maintaining her body temperature.

Nothing is more important in the dairy barn than a sound, impervious floor. There is more than one benefit derived from such a floor. The animals are more comfortable and hence profitable, the manure is saved and applied to the land without loss, the stables are cleaned with less effort, and cleaner milk is produced, which will always command a higher price.

TWO DAIRY PROBLEMS.

Proper Composition of Feed a Matter of Great Importance.

The dairy farmer has two great problems confronting him at all times—namely, the labor and the feeding problems. His success depends largely on his ability to cope with them, and especially with the feeding problem. His cows are, in a measure, machines through which raw materials pass and are turned out as finished products, the quality of which are determined by the individual cow. If the raw materials are not "balanced" the result may be fat on the cow's back instead of milk in the pail; it may mean flesh from the cow's body to make milk or a waste of material altogether. If not supplied in sufficient quantities the machine discontinues its work and the cow goes dry.

Far too many dairymen work on the assumption that if their cows are fed all they will eat or clean up nicely of feeds affording variety they are doing their best. The question of feed composition should receive more thought. A man may easily feed unbalanced rations that will waste enough material, for which he has to pay high prices, to make his business unprofitable, even under otherwise favorable conditions.—New York Tribune-Farmer.

Udder Inflammation.

Mastitis (inflammation of the udder) may often be induced in a cow by rough milking when the teats are sore or chapped. Chapped teats may be relieved by gently milking with vaseline [illegible] before and after milking. Several applications of zinc ointment to sore teats after cleaning them, will relieve most cases.

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W. A. HERON, MANAGER

1914

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Creston Drug & Book Co.

Phone 51

LISTER'S BOLD EXPERIMENT.

He Used His First Draining Tube on Queen Victoria.

A strange anecdote is related in the life of Lord Lister by Dr. G. T. Wrench. It seems that Lister actually used Queen Victoria as the first subject of one of his great experiments.

Shortly after taking up the chair of surgery in Edinburgh, according to Dr. Wrench, Lister was called to Balmoral to operate on the queen for an abscess. Dr. Wrench goes on to say: "The operation was successful. Lister put in a strip of carbolic lint to keep the wound open for drainage. But, unfortunately, the matter of the abscess did not come away properly, and the queen was still feverish and in pain.

"Lister, disturbed by this unfavorable course, walked alone in the grounds of Balmoral, a lonely walk being his custom when he had a difficult problem to solve. During his cogitations it occurred to him that a piece of india rubber tubing might form an excellent path of exit to the discharge of a wound. It is illustrative of Lister's bold faith in himself that, though his patient was the highest lady in the land, he did not hesitate to make her the first subject of his experiment.

"He returned from his walk, cut a piece of tubing from the spray apparatus and soaked it all night in carbolic. In the morning he made use of it.

"The queen made a rapid and complete recovery. Lister, confirmed by his royal experiment, adopted rubber drainage tubes as a part of his practice."

An Author Who Hated Water.

Mme. d'Arblay, better known as Miss Fanny Burney, who took such an important place in the literature of the eighteenth century, had an extraordinary and most undesirable peculiarity. She had the greatest aversion to washing and water. Sir Henry Holland was the physician who attended the gifted authoress during the last year of her life and she confided to him that she had not washed for fifteen years.

Still Matchless.

"And what became of that girl who was such a matchless beauty in our set when I went away?"

"She still is."

"What, after all these years?"

"Not so much of a beauty, but matchless. She's an old maid."—Houston Post.

Still Cool.

Hook—I understand he married a cool million. Cook—Yes, but he's complaining now because he hasn't been able to thaw out any of it.—Illustrated [illegible]

GUY LOWENBERG

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Our Classified Want Ads will place you or your needs in the limelight of public attention.

If you have not tried them, their illuminating power will surprize you.

THE WINDOW AT THE WHITE CAT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

(Copyright)

(Continued)

Ransom! Miss Letitia snapped. Mr. Knox, my father made his money by working hard for it. I haven't wasted it—not that I know of. And if Jane Maitland was fool enough to be abducted she'll stay awhile before I pay anything for her. It looks to me as if this detective business was going to be expensive anyhow.

My excuse for dwelling with such attention to detail on the preliminary story, the disappearance of Miss Jane Maitland and the peculiar circumstances surrounding it, will have to find its justification in the events that followed it. Miss Jane herself and the solution of that mystery solved the even more tragic one in which we were about to be involved. I say we because it was borne in on me at about that time that the things that concerned Margery Fleming must concern me henceforth, whether I willed it so or otherwise.

At 9 o'clock that night things remained about the same. The man Hunter had sent to investigate the neighborhood and the country just outside of the town came to the house about 8 and reported 'nothing discovered.' Hunter called me by telephone from town.

Can you take the 9.30 up? he asked.

Yes; I think so. Is there anything new?

Not yet. There may be. Take a cab at the station and come to the corner of Mulberry street and Park lane. You'd better dismiss your there and wait for me.

I sent word upstairs by Bella, who was sitting in the kitchen, her heavy face sodden with grief, and taking my hat and raincoat—it was raining a light spring drizzle—I hurried to the station. In twenty-four minutes I was in the city and perhaps twelve minutes more saw me at the designated corner with my cab driving away and the rain dropping off the rim of my hat and splashing on my shoulders.

I found a sort of refuge by standing under the wooden arch of a gate, and it occurred to me that, for all my years in the city, this particular neighborhood was altogether strange to me. Two blocks away in any direction I would have been in familiar territory again.

Back of me a warehouse lifted six or seven gloomy stories to the sky. The gate I stood in was evidently the entrance to its yard, and in fact, some uncomfortable movement of mine just then struck the latch and almost precipitated me backward by its sudden opening. Beyond was a yard full of shadowy wheels and packing cases. The street lights did not penetrate there, and with an uneasy feeling that almost anything in this none too savory neighborhood might be waiting there I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes after 10. Once a man turned the corner and came toward me, his head down, his long ulster flapping around his legs. Confident that it was Hunter I stepped out and touched him on the arm. He wheeled instantly, and in the light which shone on his face I saw my error.

Excuse me, I mumbled, I mistook my man.

He went on again without speaking, only pulling his soft hat down lower over his face. I looked after him until he turned the next corner, and I knew I had not been mistaken—it was Wardrop.

The next minute Hunter appeared from the same direction, and we walked quickly together. I told him who the man just ahead had been, and he nodded without surprise.

Did you ever hear of the White Cat, he asked—a little political club?

Never.

I'm a member of it, he went on rapidly. It's run by the city ring or, rather, it runs itself. Be a good fellow while you're there and keep your eyes open. It's a queer joint.

The corner we turned found us in a narrow, badly paved street. The broken windows of the warehouse still looked down on use, and across the street was an ice factory, with two deserted wagons standing along the curb.

CHAPTER VII

Too Late

At a gate in the fence beyond the warehouse Hunter stopped. It was an ordinary wooden gate, and it opened with a thumb latch. Beyond stretched a long, narrow, brick paved alleyway, perhaps three feet wide and lighted by the merest glimmer of a light ahead. Hunter went on regardless of puddles in the brick paving, and I stumbled after him. As we advanced I could see that the light was a single electric bulb, hung over a second gate. While Hunter fumbled for a key in his pocket I had time to see that this gate had a Yale lock, was provided at the side with an electric button and had a letter slot cut in it.

Hunter opened the gate and preceded me through it. The gate swung to and clicked behind me. After the gloom of the passageway the small brick paved yard seemed brilliant with lights. Two wires were strung its length, dotted with many electric lamps. In a corner a striped tent stood out in grotesque relief. It seemed to be empty, and the weather was an easy explanation. From the two storey house beyond there came suddenly a burst of piano music and a none too steady masculine voice. Hunter turned to me with his foot on the wooden steps.

Above everything else, he warned, keep your temper. Nobody gives a hang in here whether you're the mayor of the town, the champion pool player of the first ward or the roundsman on his beat.

The door at the top of the steps was also Yale locked. We stepped at once into the kitchen, from which I imagined that the house faced on another street and that for obvious reasons only its rear entrance was used. The kitchen was bright and clean. It was littered, however, with half cut loaves of bread, glasses and empty bottles. Over the range a man in his shirt sleeves was giving his whole attention to a slice of ham sizzling on a skillet, and at a table near by a young fellow with his hair cut in a barber's oval over the back of his neck was spreading slices of bread and cheese with mustard.

How are you, Mr. Mayor? Hunter said. This is Mr. Knox, the man who is engineering the Star-Eagle fight.

The man over the range wiped one greasy hand and held it out to me.

I recognized the mayor. He was a big fellow, handsome in a heavy way and 'Tommy' to everyone who knew my city government at play.

Hunter was thoroughly at home. We take care of ourselves here, he explained. If you want a sandwich there is cooked ham in the refrigerator and cheese—if our friend at the sink has left any. Get some cigars, will you? They're on a shelf in the pantry. I have my hands full.

I went for the cigars, remembering to keep my eyes open. The pantry was a small room. It contained an icebox stocked with drinkables, ham, eggs, and butter. On shelves above were cards, cigars and liquors, and there, too, I saw a box with an indorsement which showed the honor system of the Cat club.

Sign checks and drop here, it read, and I thought about the old adage of honor among thieves and politicians.

When I came out with the cigars Hunter was standing with a group of new arrivals. They included one of the city physicians, the director of public charities and a judge of a local court. The latter, McFeely, a little thin Irishman, knew me and accosted me at once. The mayor was busy over the range and was almost purple with heat and unwonted anxiety.

When the three newcomers went upstairs instead of going into the grillroom I looked at Hunter.

Is this where the political game is played? I asked.

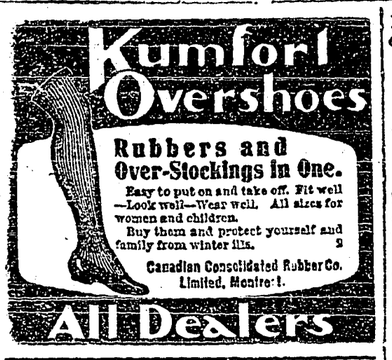
Yes, if the political game is poker, he replied.

What time do they close up? I asked. In answer Hunter pointed to a sign over the door. It was a card, neatly printed, and it read: The White Cat Never Sleeps.

The crowd was good humored. It paid little or no attention to us, and when some one at the piano began to thump a waltz Hunter, under cover of the noise, leaned over to me.

We traced Fleming here through your corner man and the cabby, he said carefully. I haven't seen him but it is a moral certainty he is skulking in one of the upstairs rooms. His precious private secretary is here too. I don't know I'm sure, by sight and the pictures we have of him were taken a good while ago, when he wore a beard. When he was in local politics before he went to the legislature he [illegible] for favors with membership tickets. A lush could hide here for a year safely. The police never come here, and a man's business is his own.

(To be Continued)



STRICTLY FRESH EGGS

Would Limit Time of Keeping Eggs In Cold Storage

Washington.—Production of eggs in the United States has steadily increased during the past 14 years. The price of eggs has also moved steadily upwards. Department of agriculture officials declare that cold storage is responsible for the high prices. Figures issued recently by the census bureau show that in 1899 American hens laid 1,293,662,000 dozen eggs, which was seventeen dozen for every man, woman and child in the country.

In 1909 they produced 17.3 dozens per capita, while this year it is estimated that they will produce 17.8 dozpes per capita.

As to prices the statistics show that in 1899 average best fresh eggs sold wholesale in New York, highest price at 36 cents, in 1904 at 47 cents, in 1908 at 55 cents, in November, 1912, at 60 cents. Last month they were 55 cents.

Department officials expressed the opinion that there should be a national law limiting the time which eggs may be kept in cold storage, six months probably being the limit. This they said, would put eggs on the market more uniformly and prevent them from being held for exorbitant prices. Further, it was declared that shipments of eggs from one state to another, except to retail dealers, should be prohibited in order to prevent evasion of the proposed storage limit law.

Not Coker-Nuts

A showman at Gloucester, England, was recently fined for obtaining money from the public by false pretences. He had set up a coker-nut shy, but the coker-nuts he had set up were made of solid iron, and they would not fall off the stands with the wooden balls he supplied.

The incident reminds one of a story heard recently. A Mr. Donaldson, who owned a sugar-refinary in Queensland, came to England one year and bought some machinery for his business. He took the machine to pieces and took it home in paris, carefully packed, intending to put them together on the spot.

An Australian custom-house official gave him a lot of trouble on his arrival, examining every part, and arguing about the amount to be paid. At last they came to an agreement about all but one box, which contained the metal nuts used in bolting the parts of the machinery together. About what was to be charged for these the official had no doubt at all.

Now as to these, he said, the duty will be four cents a pound. Mr. Donaldson protested that this was too high. Not a bit of it, was the confident reply; the schedule says distinctly that all nuts except coker-nuts, are to pay four cents a pound. These aren't coker-nuts, so four cents a pound you'll have to pay.

Sangfroid

President Wilson's sangfroid is unfailing, said a diplomat— as unfailing as his fund of anecdote.

Apropos of the shipping rebate, I complimented the president on his sangfroid the other day. He replied with his dry smile, that he tried to imitate the gravedigger.

A gravedigger, he explained, had the habit of visiting his cemetery every night at about midnight to see that all was going well.

Some boys decided to play a trick on him. They dug a trench in a dark spot which the gravedigger always passed over, and one of their number clothed in a white sheet, hid behind a tree.

The gravedigger at midnight duly appeared, and sure enough, he stumbled and fell into the grave.

Then the boy in the sheet stepped forth and said in hollow tones:

What are you doing in my grave?

What are you doing out of it? the gravedigger calmly replied

Pretty Tough

Which is the smarter, the dog or the horse?

No comparison. The dog is the wise one.

How do you make that out?

You know how the horse works. Did you ever see a dog working for a living.

The fool and his money keep many clever people from starving.

Fat Man—Do you serve lobsters?

Waitress—Certainly, sit down.

FULLY NOURISHED

Grape-Nuts a Perfectly Balanced Food

No chemist's analysis of Grape-Nuts can begin to show the real value of the food—the practical value as shown by personal experience.

It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements for both brain and body in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old age.

"For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon.

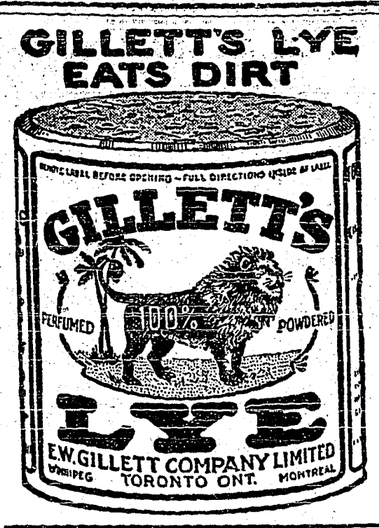
I use little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit, in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts alone and feel perfectly nourished.

"Nerve and brain power and memory are much improved since using Grap Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 lbs. My son and husband seeing how I had improved are now using Grape-Nuts.

"My son, who is a travelling man, eats nothing for breakfast but Grape-nuts and a glass of milk. An aunt over 70, seems fully nourished on Grape-Nuts and cream." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "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.



Too Hard

The incident in the Glasgow Court when a Suffragette throw apples at the judge recalls a little-known story connected with Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

In her dressing room one evening she summoned one of her attendants, and ordered her to bring some peaches from the nearest shop Either the maid misunderstood the order or she thought, as the saying goes, that any old fruit would do, for she came back a few minutes later with half a-dozen plump, juicy pears in a basket.

At the moment, Bernhardt was declaiming to a friend about the dearth of good new plays, and anybody would have thought she was too absorbed in her lamentations to notice the maid's mistake. She took a pear from the basket slowly and apparently unconsciously, and the maid turned to leave the room.

In an unlucky moment the girl paused at the door and looked round. Then, with astonishing swiftness and accuracy of aim, Bernhardt raised her hand and the pear flew through space, smashing itself to a juicy pulp on the girl's head.

Thank Heaven! was all she said; thank Heaven, my girl, that you did'nt bring apples.

Ancients Unions and Trusts

About the year 190 B.C., Thyatira came under the power of Rome, and though in the days of the republic it suffered much from oppression and extortion, great commercial prosperity came to it with the inauguration of the empire. About the time that St. John wrote the Revelation it was at the height of its wealth and prosperity as a business city. It is known that there were more trade guilds in Thyatira than in any other city of Asia, for inscriptions tell us that there were guilds of linen workers, wool workers, dyers, bronze smiths, potters, bakers, tanners and slave dealers. The selling of ready made garments was an important business of Thyatira, but whether there were the accompaniments of sweatshops, long hours and scanty pay we are not told.

Congenial Occupation

What's that friend of yours with the anarchist tendencies doing these days?

He has a job in an automobile factory.

Gee! I'll bet he loves his job.

He surely does. All he has to do is to blow up the tires.

Laundries in United States

There are 5,187 steam laundries in the United States employing 109,484 persons.

$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.

It Was Doubtful

After a third addition to the family it became necessary to secure the services of a permanent nurse.

Now, my husband is very particular whom he engages as nurse, said the mistress to a girl who had applied for the position. Are you faithful, and have you a kind, loving disposition? Will you——

Excuse me, madam, am I to take care of the baby or your husband?

Japan's Dummy Editors

There is a peculiar person on the staff of some of the Japanese newspapers, known as the 'dummy editor,' whose sole duty it is to go to jail in the interests of the journal. Whenever a paper publishes something unfriendly to the government it is suppressed and the dummy editor sent to prison while the real editor simply changes the name of the paper and continues to publish it as before.

Think That You Hear Every Day

Our boy never gives us a bit of trouble.

Plenty of room up ahead. Step forward in the aisle, please.

The trains on our road are always on time.

Eggs strictly fresh.

Our dog knows everything you say to him.

We'll be in one, two, three in the league next season.

Here, sir, is a machine that is absolutely noiseless.

A revolver that is perfectly safe.

Weather indications for this week —

It's so simple a child can operate it.

The best show on the road.

[illegible]

Pure whitewy.

Reliable clerk ant.

All a woman wants is to be wanted.

Test for a Fieldglass

Inquiry has it that the absolute and infallible test of a glass by the purchaser is to see what size letters can be read across the street from the tician's shop.

It isn't. The real test is a climb up a long and brushy hill until the breath comes a hundred to the minute, then a snatch for the glass, reposing in a shirt pocket, to see whether the buck is the one you want before you fire. If it won't go in your shirt pocket it is not the glass you want; others are made that will. If it shakes in your agitated hands it is not the glass you want; you cannot see enough more with a high power glass to pay for the times when it is unusable because you cannot hold it steady.

A Cinch

Howard—Is there any advantage in having your best girl highly educated?

Coward—Sure thing! No one tries to get her away from you.

A Pill for all Seasons.—Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

Care of the Sickroom

In taking care of an invalid it is a good idea to change the furniture around a little as one becomes so tired of the same furnishings in the same places. Be sure to coax all the sunshine in the room and allow fresh air to pass through often. Keep a patient's room tidy. Change your costume often just to make a little variety. Do not let bottles, half filled glasses, spoons, stand around, they may seem trifles to you who can get about, but are sometimes enormities to one who is nervous. Not of small importance is the tray. Always have a clean cover—paper napkins are nice for the purpose. Use your best china. Serve hot things hot and cold things cold, not warm.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget In Cows

English Hand Made Lace

Beautiful lace, possessing wonderful wearing qualities and daintiness of design is made by hundreds of workers in the rural villages of Bucks, Beds., and Northants, England. There are three varieties of lace made: 'Torchon,' adapted for underwear; 'Maltese,' made of lace thread, silk, cotton, etc., and 'Point Ground,' the finest pillow lace made. They also design coat collars and even Magyar blouses in lace, as well as stock collars and cuffs to match, blouse yokes, D'Oylies and tablecloths. Mrs. Armstrong, of Olney, Bucks, England, will on receipt of a postcard, send a booklet entitled 'An Interesting Home Industry,' free. It contains 128 pages, is copiously illustrated and tells the romance of English lace-making in a fascinating manner.

Worms, however generated, are found in the digestive tracts, where they set up disturbances detrimental to the health of the child. There can be no comfort for the little ones until the hurtful intruders have been expelled. No better preparation for this purpose can be had than Miller's Worm Powders. They will immediately destroy the worms and correct the conditions that were favorable to their existence.

Correctly Classified

A Washington man who was being shown through one of the ancestral homes in the Shenandoah valley by an aged colored servitor stopped before a portrait.

What a fine painting! he exclaimed. Why, that must be an old master!

Excuse me, boss, said the retainer, but you're mistaken. Dat's de picture of ole Missus Taylor.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Then There was Trouble

Young Wife—Today is the anniversary of our wedding. I shall have one of the chickens killed in honor of the occasion.

Her Husband—Oh, leave it alone. It wasn't the chickens fault.

The chicken wasn't killed and the dinner was a failure.

Brief Decisions

They say matrimony is a lottery. A lottery has many more blanks than prizes.

Some self-made men are anxious to file plans and specifications for the making of others.

Benevolence is often too local in its practice.

Admiral Dewey once described quaintly in Washington a man who was a borrower and a sponger.

He is one of those chaps that one occasionally meets, the admiral said, who use all their friends as coaling stations.

MOTHERS

REMEMBER! The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! Zam-Buk is purely herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always.

50c. Box at All Druggists and Stores.

USE ONLY ZAM-BUK FOR CHILDRENS SORES

WINCHESTER

Repeating Shotguns

Over four hundred and fifty thousand sportsmen use and endorse Winchester Repeating Shotguns. The U. S. Ordnance Board after subjecting one of these guns to the severest of tests reported officially that the gun could not be improved upon. For field, fowl or trap shooting they are equally good. Then why not a Winchester?

FREE—Send your address for catalogue of Winchester—the Red W Brand—Guns and Ammunition.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Proof of Value

of the time-tested, world-tried, home remedy—proof of its power to relieve quickly, safely, surely, the headaches, the sour taste, the poor spirits and the fatigue of biliousness—will be found in every dose of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents

Ragtime Oratory

Why do you refer to that speech of mine as ragtime oratory? asked the statesman.

Because, replied the musician, it is written strictly with a view to pleasing the popular taste.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE SO EASY

Worked Like a Charm

Why don't you buy something at my table? demanded the girl at the charity fair.

Because I only buy from the homely girls, said the man. They have a harder time making sales. The girl was not offended and he worked this right down the line.

Harold (on a visit)—Do your specs magnify, grandma?

Grandma—Yes, Tommy!

Harold—Do you mind taking them off while you cut my cake?

Show me a well bred horse and a poorly fed one and I will show you a poor horse. Show me a poorly bred one and a well fed one and I will show you a fair horse. Show me a well bred one and a well fed one and I will show you a market topper.

HEAD GOT BALD IN PLACES

Very Itchy. When Brushed, Dandruff All Over. Hair Came Out in Great Bunches. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured Head in Three Weeks.

15 Hallam St., Toronto, Ont.—"About two years ago the dandruff began. My head got worse and scabs formed on it which made it bald in places. It was very itchy and gave me a tendency to scratch it which made it worse. I always had to wear my hat whether in the house at work or out. Whenever I brushed my hair it sent the dandruff all over. The hair came out in great bunches until I was nearly bald and when it was at its worst it came out roots and all.

"I tried [illegible] which made it worse than before. I tried several things after that but they were no good. After nine months like this I had hardly any hair left when one day I happened to see the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper. I straightway sent for a sample. After first washing with the Cuticura Soap I applied some Cuticura Ointment and I could feel a great relief. After finishing the sample I went and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three weeks they had cured my head." (Signed) B. Horn, May 16, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little, that it is almost criminal not to use them. A single set is often sufficient. Sold everywhere. For liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. Skin Book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

TO KEEP YOUTH

and beauty—to prevent wrinkles and "crow's feet" and deep black circles under the eyes—nothing is as good as

Dr. Pierce's FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

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

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS

Regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

WOMEN NEED GIN PILLS

For Weak Backs and Headaches

Miss Ethel Balcombe, of Port Dufferin, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with Kidney Disease for several years. My back was weak. I had terrible headaches and was so restless that I could not sleep at night. At last a friend told me about GIN PILLS. I at once got a box and after taking them, I felt better—after taking three boxes, I was cured."

50c. a box, 6 for 2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto. 215

Hemmandhaw—When Beanbrough got married, one of his friends threw an old shoe through the carriage at him and hit him on the head.

Shimmerpate—Couldn't he find out who owned the shoe?

Hemmandhaw—No; it belonged to a horse.

FARMER'S WIFE ALMOST A WRECK

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Own Story.

London, Ont.—"I am a farmer's wife and a very busy woman. Last summer I was taken with severe pains in my back so bad that I could not get up or scarcely move without pain, and my periods were painful. My husband called in a good doctor and I was under his care for some time, but he did me little or no good.

One day a friend of mine told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had been greatly helped by it. I began taking it and soon got well, and my periods became natural again. Since then I have had perfect health. In fact I have never felt so well in my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine many women need. If you think this letter will help other women please publish it."—Mrs. K. C. Young, Tambling's Corner, London, Ontario, Canada.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Bad Company

A negro with a bad cut in his head came to a doctor. The doctor fixed him up and as the man was about to depart the physician said:

That's a pretty bad cut in your head Henry. Why don't you profit by this lesson and keep out of bad company in the future?

Well, I'd like to, doctor, replied Henry, sadly, but I ain't got no money to get er devorce you see.

Some girls can no more learn how to flirt than a fish can learn how to swim.

An Old Ruse

The influence of women in Louis XV.'s day was all powerful. The men, in consequence, feared them. It became the fashion for women to dash about Paris in cabriolets, driving often somewhat rashly, and increased accidents were put down to this cause. Gabriel de Sartines, minister of police, dared not forbid any woman to drive in Paris, so he caused an edict to be issued prohibiting their doing so until they were forty years old. After this declaration, notes Mrs. Bearne in 'A Court Painter and His Circle,' there was not a cabriolet to be seen driven by a woman.

Buy from the Factory

Here's a chance for you to buy your range from the factory and save 30%—to buy it on easy terms and to get the very range you would choose, even if you had to pay the retail price.

Our free book shows you exactly what the range is like. It describes each point clearly, and we guarantee our range to be just as represented.

You might as well save the retail profit. Mail the coupon to-day.

Dominion Pride Range

W. N. U. 978

Primitive Fishhooks

What sort of hooks did our ancestors, our really remote ancestors, use, when wild in wood the noble savage ran? I am inclined to agree with the American view that the earliest type of hook, if hook it can be called, was a straight bit of flint buried in the bait. When the fish had swallowed the bit of meat, or whatever it was the tightening of the line pulled the flint across its throat, and, as it stuck there, the fish could be hauled ashore without more ado. Perhaps some bright innovator of that misty past one day tried a bit of flint which had a double curve like a pair of buffalo horns and found it effective, and perhaps out of that developed the genuine double hook, which seems to have been a very early form. And perhaps the single hook came into being because it was realized that one bend was as efficient as two for most purposes.

The Class in English

The editor at the Wisconsin Experiment station, desiring a complete reference library of the resources of the state, sent a circular letter to the horticultural dairying and other agricultural organizations of Wisconsin, asking for copies of their last reports.

Most of them came all right, but one organization wrote: Our last report we hope is not yet published, but we take pleasure in sending under separate cover a copy of our latest report.

That large bump running across the back of your head, said the phrenologist, means that you are inclined to be curious, even to the point of recklessness.

I know it, said the man who was consulting him. I got that bump by sticking my head into the dumb waiter shaft to see if the waiter was going up, and it was coming down.

Say, old man, began Bilmson, lend me your ear for a while, will you?

My friend, replied Jones, shrewdly suspecting a touch. I'd gladly lend you both of them, then I wouldn't be able to hear you ask me to lend you anything!

ANXIOUS TIMES FOR PARENTS

Children Often Seem Pining Away and Ordinary Medicine Does Not Help Them

The health of children between the ages of twelve and eighteen years, particularly in the case of girls, is a source of serious worry to nearly every mother. The growth and development takes so much of their strength that in many cases they actually seem to be going into a decline. The appetite is fickle, brightness gives way to depression; there are often serious headaches, fits of dizziness, or occasional fainting and a complaint of weariness the slightest exertion. Ordinary medicines will not bring relief. The blood has become thin and watery, and the child must have something that will bring the blood back to its normal condition. At this stage no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Their whole mission is to make new blood, which reaches every part of the body, bringing back health, strength and energy. Mrs. James Harris, Port Rowan, Ont., says: "At the age of thirteen my daughter began to look very pale, and seemed listless and always tired. She did not take interest in her school work or in those amusements of girlhood. In fact she just seemed to drag herself about, complaining of always being tired; did not eat well, and did not sleep well at night. I took her to our doctor who said she was anaemic, and advised me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She took the Pills for nearly two months, when she was as well and lively as any girl could be, gained nicely in weight, and has since enjoyed perfect health. I am quite sure that what the Pills did for my daughter they will do for other pale, weak girls. I have also used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills myself with the best results and can only speak of them in terms of greatest praise."

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.

Official Bread

This is the way to make official bread, given out by the chief cook of the department of agriculture.

For three pound loaves—make ferment of one ounce cake compressed yeast, one ounce granulated sugar, half ounce salt and twenty ounces water. Place in even temperature for an hour. Weigh four and one-half pounds flour and let it warm. Mix flour and ferment together. Cover mixture and warm for twenty minutes. If dough is too stiff add lukewarm water. After twenty minutes more take up dough with hands slightly greased and fold over over and over fourteen times. Cover, set aside for twenty minutes; then fold nine times. After twenty minutes more mould into loaves and bake forty minutes in a steady oven 400 to 410 degrees F. A cup of water in the oven will make a tenderer crust.

A man who kept a small shop was waiting on a single customer early one morning. His little boy and he were alone at the time, and the shopkeeper was obliged to go upstairs for some change. Before doing so he whispered to the little chap to watch the customer, to see that he didn't steal anything.

Very soon the proprietor returned with the necessary change and the boy sang out: He didn't steal anything, Pa. I watched him.

Say, calls the bright youth to the honest agriculturist who is working in his garden, why don't you set a hen on your egg plants?

Ma set one on 'em last year, answers the agriculturist, barely looking up.

Did she? Hatch anything?

Yep. Hatched out that bed of cockscombs by the fence.

LUMBAGO CURED EVERY ACHE GONE

Thousands Still Suffering That Can be Quickly Cured by "Nerviline."

THE CASE OF HAROLD P. BUSHY

"Three years ago I discovered that a man subject to lumbago might just as well be dead as alive." These words open the sincere, straightforward letter of H. P. Bushby, a well-known man in the plumbing and tinsmithing business.

"One attack came after another, and lumbago got to be a chronic thing with me. I could scarcely get in a day's work before that knifing, cruel pain would attack my back. I used a gallon of liniments; not one of them seemed penetrating enough to get at the core of the pain. I read in the Montreal Witness about Nerviline, and got five bottles. It is a wonderful medicine—I could feel its soothing, pain-relieving action every time it was applied. When I got the disease under control with Nerviline, I built up my strength and fortified my blood by taking Ferrozone at meals. This treatment cured me permanently, and I urge everyone to give up the thick, white, oily liniments they are using, and try an up-to-date, penetrating, pain-destroyer like Nerviline.

"Please public my letter the world over. I want all to hear of Nerviline."

Don't be cajoled into receiving anything from your dealer but "Nerviline." Large family size bottles 50c., trial size 25c., all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

Envious

The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on 'Married Life and its Duties.' Two old Irish women were heard coming out of church commenting on the address.

It's a fine sermon his reverence would be after giving us, said one to the other.

It is indeed, was the quick reply, and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does.

Welcomed

I'll have to arrest you, said the policeman.

The man who was having trouble with his wife threw both arms around the officer and exclaimed:

This isn't any arrest. This is a rescue.

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

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. What did you learn he was asked on his return home.

Didn't learn nothing.

Well, what did you do?

Didn't do nothin'! A woman wanted to know how to spell cat, and I told her.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

Why is it that you are so strongly opposed to extending to women the right to vote?

My wife has become a Suffragette.

Well, what of it? Do you find that she neglects the children or that she isn't paying enough attention to the business of running the house.

No, it's not that. She's becoming so well informed on public matters that I have to keep busy reading all the time in order to prevent her finding out my ignorance concerning such things.

We don't print any such stuff as that! said the editor loftily, as he handed back the manuscript.

Well, you needn't be so haughty about it! retorted the irregular contributor. You are not the only one who won't print it.

One of the family

Mrs. Duff (to new maid)—But, Mary, there are only two in the family. Mr. Duff and myself. Why have you set places for three?

The New Maid—Sure, ma'am it was the cook that told me you had a piano player in the house.

What are Post Toasties

Thin, wafery bits of choice Indian Corn—perfectly cooked; delicately flavoured; then toasted to an appetizing golden brown, and packed in tightly sealed packages without being touched by hand.

"Toasties" are for breakfast or any other meal—served direct from package with cream or milk, and a sprinkling of sugar.

Post Toasties are convenient, save a lot of time and please the palate immensely!

But after all, a trial is the best answer.

Grocers everywhere sell

Post Toasties

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Historic London Street

Friday street is one of the most interesting and ancient of the thoroughfares of London. As long ago as 1305 a reference to it appears in the city records, and even then it was probably old. Close by it stood the Nag's Head tavern, which is famous in history as the pretended scene of the consecration of Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The name of Friday street is derived from the fact that in medieval times many fishmongers resided there and held their Friday market in the vicinity. By a strange contrariety of nomenclature the Wednesday club met at a hostelry in the street, and there in 1695, under the direction of William Paterson, discussed at great length the proposals which eventuated in the establishment of the Bank of England.

Origin of the Drama

The drama, in the only sense in which it is worth talking about, had its origin in Greece immediately following the defeat of Darius and Xerxes, about B.C. 460. Its birthplace was Athens, and its fathers were Aeschylus and Aristophanes—Aeschylus of tragedy and Aristophanes of comedy. When the Greek and Roman civilization went into eclipse under the black cloud of northern barbarianism the theatre, as with nearly everything else, became extinct, but during the middle ages acting was in a measure resumed in the form of the Moralities, or moral plays of the ecclesiastics, and it was from such plays that the modern drama was slowly evolved.

Wonderful Rose Gardens

In the outskirts of the city of Lyons in sunny France, are the most wonderful rose gardens in the world. There a great flat stretch of land is set out in countless rows of the queen of flowers, all a-bloom, variegated in color and perfume. These rows, in a single garden, are often a hundred feet in length, with not more than 18 inches of space between rows and each plant in a row is not more than a foot from its neighbor.

There in this floral paradise, the gardeners strive to propogate new kinds of roses by the process of grafting one species upon another. Only the other year one gardener produced a new rose of a rare coral tint and luxurious perfume. One cannot gaze upon this wondrous scene, without breathing a fervvent thanksgiving that there are in the world such beautiful things as roses.

No More Lickin's

Father was sitting by the living-room table reading the evening paper and now and then, reading an item or so aloud so that mother, who sat sewing across from him, might also hear the news of the day.

Well, well, Ma! he said presently. I see that the fishermen along the Maine coast have gone out of the whaling business entirely.

Gee! put in little Johnny, who was sitting at one end of the table making a pretence of studying his lessons. Gee, Pop, but I wish you was a fisherman!

France's Foreign Legion

The French foreign legion, which is always the cause of so much bad blood in Germany, is the only regiment of its kind in existence. It dates from 1831, when France undertook the conquest of Algeria. It consists of two regiments, each four battalions strong, drawn from all the adventurers of Europe. It is popular not only because no questions are asked, but because promotion is open to all, within limits, and a certain number of the officers have risen from the ranks. All classes are to be found among its members and all nationalties, but the many Germans do not describe themselves as such—they are all Alsatians. The reason for its continued existence is that France cannot spare its men nor send enough who would leave the comforts of civilazation for the wastes of Africa or the swamps of Tonkin.

A well known poet and benedict is accredited with a bon mot. A lady the other day said to him:

Oh, Mrs.—, I have just seen your wife for the first time since your marriage. But I had supposed that she was a taller woman. She seems shorter than when I last saw her

Certainly, replied the poet, solemnly. She has married and settled down you know.

Business and Poetry

Not everyone can successfully combine banking and literature, as did Lord Avebury. William Sharp (Fiona MacLeod) attempted it when a clerk in the London office of the Bank of Melbourne, with the result that the manager quickly gave him choice of accepting an agency in an out of the way place in Australia or quitting the service. Sharp took French leave for a day in order to think the matter over and went into the country to hear the cuckoo. Next day day the manager demanded angrily why he had been absent from his post. Sharp explained. We can't do with one who puts the call of a cuckoo before his business, said the chief, coldly, and Sharp left the bank.

A popular doctor was not long ago much pleased with a certain aerated water, and by his assiduous recommendations procured for it a celebrity it justly deserved. The doctor acted solely in the interests of humanity generally, and expected no return. To his surprise there came one morning an offusive letter from the company, saying that his recommendations had done them so much good that they ventured to send him a hundred——' Here the page came to an end. This will never do, said the doctor; it is very kind, but I could not think of accepting anything. Here he turned the page and found the sentence ran: of our circulars for distribution.

Jack—Jimson must have had a substantial raise.

Jack—He's bought a new car.

Jim—No, he hasn't had a raise, simply killed a rich relative with the old car.

Morals of Christabel

Savage attacks have been made in some of the British papers and in some American papers on the articles which Christabel Pankhurst has been running in The Suffragette on the dangers of marriage. They have been accused of immorality and indecency. Certainly they are neither immoral or indecent. They are perfectly straightforward, and also in substance they are entirely true, constituting a needed and valuable warning, and increase the pressure of men to improve in sympathy with women and in restraint. The criticism to which they are fairly open is that they resemble the articles on drink which the early prohibitionist used to have printed. They are shrill and they exaggerate.

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

Distinctive Dress in England

At Coutts' bank the clerical assistants must all wear frocks, and no one in the employment of the bank is allowed to go about with his trousers turned up. At Hoare's bank it is the custom of all those employed to wear white ties. Members of the legal profession observe the etiquette of their calling by abstaining from the wearing of light or fancy colored clothes and always wear silk hats. The beadles of some Presbyterian churches in England wear dress suits instead of the Anglican cassock. Some brewers' workmen and draymen wear scarlet knitted wool nightcaps. In fact, nearly every trade and profession has its own conventions and unwritten laws concerning the dress of its members.

THE GIRL BREAD-WINNERS

What a change has taken place within the last quarter of a century in the method of life of the daughters in the family! From the quiet and secluded home the girls have gone out to office, store or factory, to mingle with the great crowd of workers, and whether by brain or muscle to feel the strain and fatigue of the bread-winner.

This revolutionary change in the method of life has not proved beneficial to health and vigor, and in the surging crowd you find many a pale, anaemic face, and many an emaciated figure.

The blood gets thin and watery, the digestive system becomes deranged, the appetite fails, and the starved nerves tell of their condition by neuralgic pains and bodily aches. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is needed, and nothing can so quickly restore health and vigor to the body and bring back the healthful glow to the wan cheek.

English Harvest Feasts

The feasts that now take place at the close of the harvest season in England are small affairs compared with the old fashioned harvest suppers held formerly. In some of the northern counties the farmers would give churns of cream, and it was servved out in cups to the laborers. Nowadays a glass of ale or cider is the substitute for the old time feast. In some parts of the north of Ireland the ancient custom still lingers as the churn supper. A very old custom is the baking of a large cake by the farmer's wife. This is cut up and served out to every one, including children, accompanying the horkey cart, into the farmyard. The horkey cart was the cart on which the last load of the season was drawn.

Petted Daughter—They asked me to play at Mrs. Highup's last evening, and I did; but——

Fond Mother (proudly)—Were not they entranced?

Petted Daughter—Hum! When I played 'O Life on the Ocean Wave,' with variations, half of them left the room.

Fond mother (ecstatically)—That is wonderful! They must have felt sick.

Poverty No Help

The reason a girl's mother is willing for her to marry a poor but honest young man is because he is honest and not because he is poor.

The self made man never quite gets the job finished.

For nursing mothers

Na-Dru-Co Laxatives

offer the important advantage that they do not disturb the rest of the system or affect the child.

25c. a box at your Druggist's.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 175

Blissful Ignorance

A man went to a judge and asked whether he could bring suit for slander against a man who had called him a rhinoceros.

Why, certainly, said the judge. When did he call you that?

About three years ago.

Three years ago! And you only start suit today?

But, your honor, yesterday I saw a rhinoceros for the first time.

A woman who owns a motor-car greatly enjoys taking her poor friends out at first, but finally becomes mightily tired of it.

Women give to men the very gold of their lives, and they invariably get it back in very small change.

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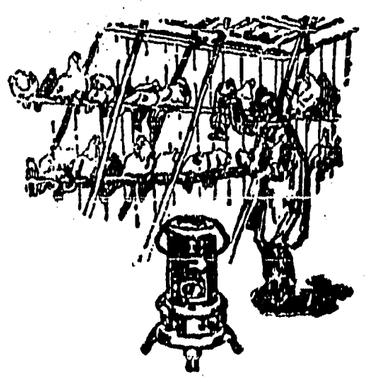

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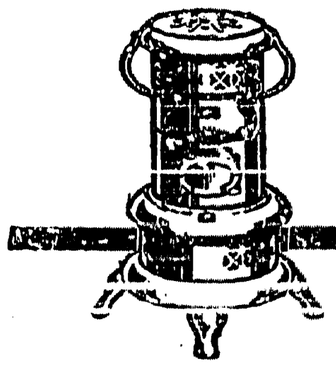

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LOCAL MASONS INSTALL OFFICERS

At a meeting of the Creston Masonic Lodge No. 54, held on December 27th the degree of Past Master was conferred upon James Compton by R. M. Reid, P. M and the new officers were duly installed by R. M. Reid, P. M., assisted by S. A. Speers, P. M. and James Compton, P. M.

The following officers were installed

W. Watcher, W. M.
A. Miller, S. W.
J. Blinco, J. W.
F. Putman, Treas.
G. Lowenburg, Secy.
Rev. W. G. Blake, S. D.
James Compton, J. D.
T. W. Bundy, S. S.
H. Taylor, J. S.
H. Hamilton, I. G.
J Brown O. G.

After the officers were installed refreshments were served.

There will be services in Christ church on Sunday as follows: Sunday school at 11:30 a.m., Evensong and address at 7:30 p.m. There will also be Evensong at Erickson at Erickson at 3 p.m. and at Sirdar on Tuesday there will be Evensong and address at 8p.m. Rev E Bull will officiate.

Mr. Bowles accompanied by his son and daughter leave today for Spokane to join Mrs. Bowles. They will take up their residence in Spokane.

The Editor and his wife acknowledge with thanks the presentation of a splendid goose for Xmas dinner, the gift of Geo. Johnson.

BERNARDO'S MONSTER.

Gigantic and Unique, Once the Glory of the Medici Garden.

In the Demidoff garden at Pratolino, some eight or ten miles from Florence, there still crouches the monster in stone and stucco called the "Appennino," once the glory of the famous Medici garden. Some sixty or seventy years ago the statue was more talked of, but nowadays it appears that few folk know or care for such things. It is a good specimen of its style, and a reminder of its existence is just as well. Its height, if erect, would be about 100 feet, or say one-fourth the height of St. Paul's cathedral. At the back one can enter into rustic grottoes built into its interior, and from underneath the hair of the head a cascade may be made to flow forth at will over the shoulders and body of the colossus, creating a sparkling effect in the sunshine.

Buontalenti, the protege of Cosimo di Medici, who schemed this gigantic thing in 1569, employed the best talent available for the setting of it up, sculptors, masons, etc., and we are told that its abnormal size led to some of the artists losing all sense of proportion and being rendered unfit for ordinary work, one of them losing his reason as a consequence of helping to build the monster.

The audacity of the conception is worthy of the great genius, who, trained under the eye of Michelangelo, hesitated at nothing, knowing that the Medici money was at his back and he had only to ask when a daring idea of his needed funds.

This famous boy Bernardo (Buontalenti) seems in his day to have outshone the Admirable Crichton, being painter, sculptor, architect, engineer and mechanician and much besides.—London Sphere.

Morphine a Pain Producer.

"Morphine," says a woman who was a morphine fiend and then saved herself, "does not give pleasure. It creates pain. This is its ultimate and positive effect. The pleasure it is supposed to produce is a mere temporary form of anaesthesia. The exhilarating effect is the first thrill of pain vibrating so rapidly one does not recognize it as such. Let that be written in letters as tall as the mountains. Morphine is a pain producer. Morphine is a nerve destroyer. It weakens the will. It disrupts the foundations of the mind."—American Magazine.

Made an Enemy.

"Have you ever placed yourself in the hands of a beauty doctor, Mrs. Muggsworth?"

"Why do you ask me that?"

"My husband wants me to go at once."

"Yes. I have been taking regular treatments from one for the past year."

"Then I think I'll not go. It seems to be useless."—San Francisco Call.

Heavy and Light Bread.

Mr. Pester—I see by this morning's paper that our baker was fined $25 for selling lightweight loaves of bread, and I'm glad of it. The scoundrel! Mrs. Pester—You're so hard to please. Only yesterday you were complaining that the bread I baked was too heavy.—Kansas City Times.

We Thank the Citizens of Creston and District for their Liberal Patronage During 1913 and Wish them a Happy and Prosperous New Year

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BE A FOE TO FEAR.

It Never Won a Cause or a Battle Nor Built a Railroad.

Was anything ever done by one who was afraid?

Would Columbus have made his discovery of the new world if he had been burdened with dark forebodings?

Would the gospel ever have been preached to the remotest parts of the world if the missionary had feared his mission?

Would there have been a United States if the signers of the Declaration of Independence had feared for their lives, as well they might?

Would the railroads have crossed the continent and pierced the desert and would our captains of industry have had the courage of their convictions in building our industries—the wonder of the world for size, output and wages—if they had been timid while risking millions?

Was a battle ever won by a general who feared? Was ever a great cause vindicated by one without a strong heart and undying hope? Was ever a prize secured by a competitor who did not enter the race believing he must and would win?

Is anything more contemptible than cowardice? Is anything more noble than courage? Is anything more childish than fear or anything sweeter than confidence in an age of unrest, unreason, suspicion and disturbance?

Let us turn from the dismal swamps and lift up our eyes to the hills. Let hope inspire and courage strengthen and the battle will be won.

This is the lesson to teach the children in our schools, to tell to the patient toiler at his work, to speak to the anxious business man at his desk, to impress upon the preacher in his pulpit and the counselor in the hall of legislation.

And faint heart never won fair lady. —John A. Sleicher in Leslie's.

Rebuked.

"The photograph flatters you," commented the earnest young man.

"Then it is more polite than you are," replied the indignant maiden.—Buffalo Express.

No Contortionist.

Fat Man—Did you give them a good shine, Bootblack—Sure, sir. Look for yourself. Fat Man—I'll take your word for it.—Boston Transcript.

Stole False Teeth.

A pedlar was remanded for a week at Bromley, Kent Eng., on a charge of stealing a number of articles, including a double set of false teeth. The magistrates granted the woman who owned them the loan of the teeth on condition that she produced them at the next hearing.

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Church Notices

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

Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m.

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