

MINISTER OF MINES VISITS CITY

Explained Certain Clauses of Mining Bill at Meeting Monday Night

Hon. William Sloan, minister of mines in the Brewster government, Mrs. Sloan, J. E. W. Thompson, member for Grand Forks, and Mr. D. Dunn, private secretary to the minister, arrived in the city on Saturday from the Kootenay. The party spent Saturday night in Phoenix, and on Sunday they enjoyed a day's outing at Christina lake. Monday Mr. Thompson took the minister, Mrs. Sloan and Mr. Dunn for an auto trip to Franklin camp, where the day was spent in inspecting the various mining properties. Tuesday was devoted to fishing at Christina lake, and on Wednesday the four members of the party left for Rossland.

A meeting, at which Mayor Acres presided, was held in the board of trade rooms on Monday evening in order to give the prospectors, the miners and the citizens generally an opportunity to meet the minister informally and to discuss with him matters of moment to the district.

J. E. W. Thompson, our member and chairman of the house committee on mining, was the first speaker, and reviewed exhaustively the mining legislation enacted by the late session. He spoke very enthusiastically of the minister's earnest desire to further the mining industry of the province. The party had inspected all the camps in the district. The most urgent needs of the district at a present was a road from Christina to Paulson and a few short branch roads in the North Fork district, and he felt confident that these would be forthcoming. With the minister's consent, Mr. Thompson made the announcement that P. B. Feeland, of the Granby company at Phoenix, had been appointed resident mining engineer of this district, and he would make his headquarters in Grand Forks. He also stated that another member of the government, Hon. Mr. Patullo, minister of lands, would visit the city during the summer.

Leo Mader gave a vivid description of the visible and potential ore wealth of the Paulson district, describing the development work now being done at the Inland Empire mine and other properties in the camp. A road from Christina lake to Paulson, a distance of about eleven miles, would be of material benefit to the district.

F. M. Kerby commended the appointment of a resident mining engineer for the district. It was a very good move, and would do more than anything else that has been done to ascertain the mineral wealth of the district. He also asked for an interpretation of the "blue sky" clause in the mining bill.

Fred Clark urged the completion of the railway the Franklin camp, and B. J. Averill asked for further information regarding diamond

drilling and free assaying by the government for prospectors.

Hon. Mr. Sloan said this was his first visit to southern British Columbia. All his activities heretofore had been confined to the coast, to the north and to the Yukon. He was surprised to find mining industry as far advanced here as it is. He was making a tour of the province in order to familiarize himself with the requirements of the various sections. He had gathered a great many facts on his trip, and he was sure that the tour would be productive of a great deal of good. At Fernie, from which town he had just come, he had impressed on the coal mine operators the undesirability of exporting coke to the United States while it was needed to keep the British Columbia smelters in blast. He did wish to make any rash statement regarding the end of the coal strike in the Crow's Nest, but he thought he was safe in saying that the miners would return to work inside of ten days and that the smelter in this city would soon be in operation again.

Regarding the construction of roads in the district for mining purposes, he did not see any difficulties in the way of promising this request; but, speaking in a lighter vein, he reminded those present that Mr. Thompson, as chairman of the mining committee, was practically his boss, and if they did not get everything they asked for they could blame Mr. Thompson and not him.

The term "blue sky" law, he said, was an importation from the States. In former days the only limit to wild-cat schemes for which stock was sold was the blue sky. That was derivation of the term. The law was designed to put a stop to "wildcatting" in mining. It would not prevent the owner of a promising property from stocking it and selling shares; but it would compel him to put the money obtained for the sale of these shares into development work, and the purchaser had a right to expect this much at least for his money.

Regarding the construction of a railway to Franklin, he said it would be difficult to induce any company to build unless sufficient tonnage could be shown. The stationing of a resident mining engineer here would do much to solve this problem.

The diamond drilling clause of the bill had been misquoted by some of the newspapers of the interior, especially the Nelson News. It was not the intention of the government to go onto a claim owner's property and diamond drill it whether he wanted it done or not. If a mining man wanted any diamond drilling done, he would have to make application to the government for it, and pay for it at actual cost either in cash or royalties. But the government had reason to suspect that there were immense deposits of iron ore, now lying idle, on the coast and in other portions of the province, and these the department had decided to diamond drill in order to ascertain the iron wealth of the country and, to promote the iron and steel industry of British Columbia.

The free assaying clause, said Mr. Sloan, was not being advertised very industriously, for the reason that there were resident assayers in a

REPORTED DIED OF WOUNDS

Another Grand Forks Man Makes Supreme Sacrifice For the Empire

Yesterday's casualty list contained the name of C. A. Coughlan, who about nine days ago was reported wounded, as having died of wounds.

Mr. Coughlan was employed by P. Burns & Co. in this city for a number of years, and had a large number of friends here. For two or three years he acted as manager of the local branch. He enlisted at Nelson, where he was employed at the time, and left here for Vernon with the 54th battalion. He is survived by his wife, who is living in Vancouver at present. A brother-in-law of deceased, H. Lutley, is a resident of this city.

RECOMMENDS GOVERNMENT TAKE OVER MINES

In the house last Wednesday, R. F. Green, M.P. for Kootenay, who failed to settle the coal strike in District 18, recommended that the government take over the mines and operate them.

The Obscure Mr. Hoover

Whenever the United States senate indulges in the luxury of an executive session from which the mere public and the reporters are kept out, some misrepresentative can be relied upon to display himself as a pluperfect ass. Our so-called "upper chamber" had such a session the other day and in the course of much denunciation of the food bills one master-mind spoke of Herbert C. Hoover as a "man who had emerged from obscurity only a short time ago and whom the administration now wants to make a food dictator."

Long before the war, it just so happens that Hoover had made

great many towns and cities, and the government did not wish to run in opposition to them. The government could not undertake to do free assaying for mining companies, or for persons not actively engaged in mining, but if a bona fide prospector sent in a sample it would be assayed, or analyzed if he so desired, free of charge.

Mayor Acres was the closing speaker. On behalf of those present and the citizens generally, he thanked the minister for his visit to the city, and hoped that he would make many more trips to this district during his tenure of office. He regretted that the exact date of his coming had been kept so secret, thus preventing a more fitting reception to the minister. The mayor concluded by saying that the people of the coast were too scantily acquainted with this section of the province, and in order to become better known to us, and to learn more of our resources, they should visit us oftener.

himself one of the master mining engineers of the world, with an income far beyond that of most of the jackleg lawyers who are now accidentally sitting in our senate. Whenever the engineers who were doing the world's big work foregathered, Hoover was known and admired and welcomed.

But it was the war which gave the man his splendid opportunity. Dropping his own life's work and the big emoluments it brought him, he devoted himself, without reserve and without pay, to the Christ-like service of feeding and clothing 11,000,000 Belgians and Frenchmen.

In all the history of civilization there has been no job like it, and in all history no such job was ever carried on with greater economy, efficiency, honesty and courage. No history of the war can ever be written without devoting pages of glowing praise to Herbert C. Hoover. His name will be known and honored when the nonentities in the present senate have ceased to exert any more influence on men's thoughts and affairs than the silent "p" in the word pneumonia.—Pittsburg Post.

RECRUITING WEEK IN THE STATES

President Wilson has designated the week beginning June 23 as recruiting week. The president asks for seventy thousand volunteers. The proclamation follows:

"I hereby designate the period June 23 to 30 next as recruiting week for the regular army, and call upon unmarried men between 18 and 40 who have no dependents and are not engaged in pursuits vitally necessary for the prosecution of the war, to present themselves for enlistment during the week designated to the number of seventy thousand."

NOTES ON MANY SUBJECTS

And now comes the "blimp" as the latest war machine. In appearance it is like a perfecto cigar—one that tapers rapidly toward both ends from a fat middle; in effect it is a small Zeppelin, designed to carry only three or four men besides the pilot, but capable of flying at a height of two miles, and of making a speed of forty five miles an hour. It will be used chiefly for coastal scouting. Sixteen such craft are now building in the United States.

Before the Battle of the Welder-ness Gen. Sheridan spent three weeks and used up many thousand men and horses in making raids the sole purpose of which was to get information about Lee's left. "All that he accomplished," says a modern commentator, "one aviator could have done in a morning's flight."

The new Russian loan, like the American war bond issue, is officially known as "the Liberty Loan." The amount is three billion rubles—or about \$1,545,000,000. The bonds, which bear interest at 5 per cent, were sold at 85 per cent of their nominal value.

Boys who scoff at girl athletes may perhaps be more discreet after they have tried to beat the standing hop, step and jump of twenty feet and eleven inches that a Philadelphia girl made last month.

LEARNING TO BE A BIRDMAN

First Flight Thrills Not So Numerous As Average Person Expects

In a letter to his father in this city, George Traunweiser, who is now in the flying corps of the British army, gives the following experiences which he has had in learning to be a birdman:

"I reported at 5 a.m. at the aerodrome, and after a wait for the rest to rise, finally it came my turn, and I was told to put on my helmet. Oh! the joyous thrill, the expectancy, and the little tingling sensation in my stomach. It was all so new and wonderful, that I couldn't help being a little bit nervous, though I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

"I crawled in and they started her up. Such a noise it did make! And the instructor told me to put my hands on the controls—just lightly—and take note of what he did. Well, before I knew just what was happening we were up about 100 feet, and the fields seemed to be moving terribly fast underneath us, but had no sensation of fear, and it did seem so safe and so easy. Before I knew it I was just drinking in the beauty of the scene below me and enjoying to the fullest my initiation as a birdman. After a couple of circuits, down went her nose and off went her engine, and the earth was coming up to meet us at a terrific rate. Oh! what a thrill it gave me—not of fear, but of keen excitement and enjoyment. And then we landed as softly as a bird. The big, unwieldy machine seemed to flatten out and come to a stop. Dad, right then I thanked the little bit of luck that got me through, for then I knew that I was simply madly in love with flying. I was a trifle disappointed in that I didn't get as many thrills or nerve cracking moments as I had expected; and though we were doing 60 miles you would hardly believe you were moving unless you put your hand over the side. I haven't worn an overcoat up yet, and haven't been cold, though, of course, I have only been up about 1000 feet. It has been too misty to go any higher.

"That was the first one. In a while I was called again for another ten minutes, in which I handled her—banked and turned, etc., and was generally too busy to feel or see anything. I guess I managed pretty well, for that evening I went up again for thirty minutes, and I handled the machine all the time excepting when landing, and the instructor complimented me and said I was doing remarkably well and would hardly believe I hadn't been up before I came there. He then told the flight commander how well I was handling the machine, and the latter officer told the C. O., who spoke very nicely to me and thanked me for doing well. It was surely great, my getting along like that.

Next day it was windy, so I only
(Continued on Page 8.)

The Grand Forks Sun

G. A. EVANS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1917

The announcement made today from Ottawa to the effect that the government has decided to operate the coal mines in District 18, and that a commissioner has been appointed to take charge of them, will be welcome news to this district, as well as to mining and smelting centres throughout the province. In view of the present deadlock between the operators and the miners, the government took the only course that it possibly could take to bring about a resumption of work in our leading industry. If the commissioner appointed possesses a good executive head, the smelters of British Columbia should soon be in possession of an ample coke supply—enough to operate at full capacity—and there should be no break in the supply until after the war, at least. With this prospect in view, conditions in many sections of the province are brighter than they were a week ago.

The political atmosphere at Ottawa has not clarified very much during the week. Sir Robert wants conscription without consulting the electorate. Sir Wilfrid also professes to want conscription, but wishes to secure a mandate from the people first. In addition, the Liberal leader has declared himself as being favor of conscription of wealth. Sir Robert's wealth conscription scheme seems to be rather mild, while Sir Wilfrid has not yet divulged his plan. In another week we should know more about these momentous questions.

Conscription of wealth is a new and an advanced policy, and people make sorts of guesses regarding the meaning of the term. Some interpret it as meaning confiscation of wealth, while others seem to think that it is only a system of mild taxation that would, in the end, have to be paid by laboring class. The kind of wealth conscription that we should like to see brought into vogue would be for the government to conscript, or commandeer, a portion of the wealth of our millionaires and money kings, use it without interest during the war and then return it to them. Men are conscripted in this manner—why not money? Surely a man's life is as sacred as a few dirty banknotes.

On July 1 Canada will celebrate the Jubilee of Confederation—the completion of the first fifty years of the life of the Dominion. The date finds Canada with a record of achievements and resources such as few young countries possess, and it finds her also throwing herself into the world's struggle for liberty in a way that sets the final seal of nationhood upon her brow. The Ottawa government appears to be desirous that the anniversary should be observed in a fitting manner by all municipalities this year.

In 1867 Canada embraced an area of 540,000 square miles, with a population of 3,600,000. In 1917 her area measured 3,729,665 square miles, with a population of about 7,600,000.

Why should not a professional man advertise if he wants to? asks the Victoria Colonist. There is a lot of humbug about so called professional ethics which constitute a sort of unwritten code devised by established practitioner to make the way hard for the feet of

the beginner. The Colonist says it has had many years' experience with human affairs, but two things it never observed. It has never known a professional man to object to having his name in connection with a case with which he has been connected, nor to protest against its having been mentioned in such connection. But—whisper it softly—it has known professional men to be very wroth because their names were not so mentioned. Some day, when we are feeling just right, we are going to print an account of a case in court and will simply say that both sides were represented by lawyers, or of an accident, and say a physician was sent for, and next day enjoy seeing the heathen rage.

We despise the newspapers that are continuously whining about the hard conditions brought upon the trade by the war. If the publishers are not willing to assume some of hard luck borne by the majority of the populace, they should get into some other business—or enlist.

Too many people fail to realize that the small man can not fill the big man's shoes by merely stepping into them.

The conscience that can not be awakened by the heaping of coals of fire upon its head, is surely in a bad way.

One trouble is that so often when a man starts out to become a diplomat, he ends up by being a doormat.

The price of The Sun is still the same as it was before the war. Our subscribers should bear this fact in mind and pay their subscriptions promptly. If we had all the money due us by delinquent subscribers we would be quite wealthy.

You can reach more readers in the Kettle valley by using The Sun's advertising columns than through any other medium published in the Boundary district.

In spite of the increased cost of material and paper, The Sun job office is still turning out high-grade printing at the prices that prevailed before the war.

The Sun, at \$1.00 per year, gives its readers three times more reading matter than any other Boundary paper. This fact accounts for the rapid increase in our circulation.

Besides being read by all the intelligent people of Grand Forks, The Sun goes to every ranch home in the Kettle and North Fork valleys. No other Boundary paper can give advertisers this guarantee.

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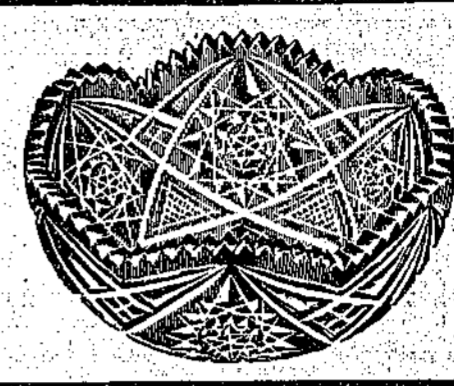
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For further particulars

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For reproduction of any of our TREES, etc., growing in the Province, we offer the following prizes for good prints, any size, all prints to become our property, whether winners or not. Prints to reach us at any time before October 1st, 1917, but priority of receipt will count in competitors' favor, and we are open to receive pictures right away. No limit to number of prints each competitor can send.

FIRST PRIZE \$5.00 worth of our best grade of nursery stock, customer's selection, for Spring 1918 delivery, delivered free at your nearest station. Also two prizes of \$2.50 each in trees, etc.

Name and address of sender to be written *lightly* on back of prints.

Those who will be in the market for trees, etc., for Spring 1918 should write us NOW. This is very important. Our General and Rose Catalogs and Price List are at your service. Orders placed in the Summer get the best attention and the customer is sure to get just what he orders. If you want to know anything about our goods, ask the editor of "The Sun."

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PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

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 How to Enlarge It
 Words, Their Meanings and Their Uses
 Pronunciations with Illustrative Sentences
 Helps for Speakers
 Helps for Writers
 Helps for Teachers
 Business English for the Business Man
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LEARNING TO BE A BIRDMAN

(Concluded from Page 1.)

had 20 minutes. Yesterday I had 30 minutes, and today 30 minutes without a landing, and I took her off the ground myself. Lieut. Goodwin, my instructor, is highly pleased with me and takes me up every chance he gets. Today he said if it was fine tonight he would let me make some landings and I could go on my own 'solo' just as soon as I wished. Most chaps take from four to eight hours before they 'solo,' but he said I could do it in two easily. I am simply struck raving mad about it; it is simply the greatest, most wonderful game in the world, and I shall never regret joining it.

"We have some great exhibitions here—stunts that simply take your breath away. It is just one great hourly show—looping, speeding and, best of all, spinning nose dive—a dead vertical drop—spinning like a top for perhaps 200 or 300 feet, and then away like a shot again. I do hope I can get in a scout squadron; they are such hot stuff, and it is a game.

"Thirty hours we are supposed to have in the air, first on old-type dual control machines, and then up-to-date planes of whatever type we are chosen for. The scouts are the fast, small risky machines used as fighters; the battle planes, great large biplanes, rather slow of control, but very stable and of large carrying capacity. The reconnaissance and observation machines are very steady—very slow and steady, and easy prey for Fritz's scouts. It is the work of the scouts to keep Fritz away, and that will be my job, if I can land it.

"I will probably do my first 'solo' this week, then five hours alone and off I go to a higher school for six weeks, and I will likely be either in France or on defence work here. I hope it is France, for I do want to get some of Fritz's pets before it is over with.

"I have been flying four days and have already had more instruction than chaps who have been here ten days, so I guess I have a license to put my chest out a bit. Had to quit for a while, but had 25 minutes more up aloft. It is a perfect evening for flying, and I would have liked to stay out for hours, but

nothing doing. I made two circuits and three landings, and did them very well. Lieut. Goodwin told the flight commander that I was ready for my 'solo' any time now, so I have hopes of getting up alone soon. I don't want to hurry it too much, though, for it is a bad place to make mistakes.

"The country is so beautiful from the air—all so green and well laid out. Everything is so clearly marked, that it is a truly wonderful sight.

"I had better stop. I am so enthusiastic, I guess I talk too much about the one thing. But just let tell you about the meals. Really, folks, here is where words are liable to fail me, for I leave the table so well filled I can hardly walk. And such good food! After the fare I have existed on this last twenty-two months it is like heaven. Porridge, bacon and eggs, toast, marmalade and coffee; fish, or Rissoles if you want them, roast beef, cold meats, two or kinds cottage pie, or something like that, not too many potatoes but two or three sorts of vegetables, puddings of two or three kinds—rice and fruit, and lettuce, coffee; and tea in the lounge-room at 4:30—bread, jam and cake. Dinner, 8 p.m.—Cold meats, lettuce, soup, pudding and fruit, coffee after. I surely should get fat.

"In your letter you ask me about the long rides I spoke of. Well, we were in back of Vimy Ridge, and the ride I spoke of was to the general headquarters of the British army. It was about 75 miles each way. I took special dispatches there on three occasions. On the trip I mentioned I was sent to get a magneto for the lighting lorry. I left at 1.30, with orders to return before dark if possible. Well, I went there in one hour and twenty minutes; waited an hour for the magneto, and came back in one hour and twenty five minutes. Some going, eh? The roads are perfect and we are not stopped for speeding. We wear a blue and white band on our arms, and that is the magic wand. Staff officers, cars, everything, must stop and show their passes—but signals, never. At night patrols show their red lamps and drop a barricade at certain points. We shout 'signals' and never even slow down. Half the time we barely can get under the barricade as it is lifted. Oh! it is a great game. But I think this will beat it, although I never knew they would work me so hard. Studying for the examinations was bad enough, but this is the limit—4.30 a.m. every morning, and we are at

it steadily all day outside of a couple of hours some afternoons, until nearly 9.30 p.m. I have the care of one machine and have two men under me, but there is so much to do I have to help all the time, putting in wires, painting, patching holes in the fabric, and washing the brute. Oh, yes, an officer has a real easy time of it! Why, I can't stand still for five minutes without getting sleepy, and it is absolutely fatal to sit down."

Got His Name

In Dublin a zealous policeman caught a cab driver in the act of driving recklessly. The officer stopped him and said:

"What's yer name?"

"Ye'd better try and find out," said the driver peevishly.

"Sure, and I will," said the policeman, as he went around to the side of the cab where the name ought to have been painted; but the letters had been rubbed off.

"Aha!" cried the officer. "Now ye'll git yersel' into worse disgrace than ever. Yer name seems to be obliterated."

"You're wrong!" shouted the driver triumphantly. "'Tis O'Sullivan!"

But She Liked It

Very strong peppermints are grandlather's favorite confection. One day he gave one to four-year-old Marjorie, and waited slyly to see what she would do when she should discover the pungent flavor of the candy. A few minutes later he saw her take the partly eaten peppermint from her mouth and place it on a table beside an open window.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you like the candy?"

"Oh, yes," replied Marjorie. "I like it, but I thought I'd let it cool for a little while."

W. H. Beach has purchased a 24 foot launch for use on Christina lake.

For Sale—Good horse, 1 set harness, buggy, and light wagon good as new; price \$150. T. Bowen, West end.

You can not reach The Sun's numerous readers except through the columns of The Sun.

The Sun is always a live issue in Grand Forks.

Addressing Mail to Soldiers

In order to facilitate the handling of mail at the front and to insure prompt delivery it is requested that all mail be addressed as follows:

- (a) Regimental number.
 - (b) Rank.
 - (c) Name.
 - (d) Squadron, battery or company.
 - (e) Battalion, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department.
 - (f) Canadian Contingent.
 - (g) British Expeditionary Force.
 - (h) Army Post, London, England.
- Unnecessary mention of higher formations, such as brigades, divisions, is strictly forbidden, and causes delay.

1/2



THE TIME

You waste in looking up domestic help could be saved by simply inserting a "Help Wanted" ad. in our Classified Columns. Our paper is read by the desirable class, and goes into hundreds of homes that get no other.

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Isn't the news of your store something like the news of the whole city?

There is news every week in Grand Forks—some weeks more than others—but every week there is news.

Isn't there news in your store every week? Isn't there something to advertise?

Your customers are shopping every week. Aren't you losing many of them the weeks you do not advertise?

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RESOLVE—To use news paper space regularly, and be sure it is in The Grand Forks Sun.

Grand Forks Sun Readers Want to Hear From You Every Week

