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THE LEDGE

VOL. XV. GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1909. No. 41

New Waists

New shipments of waists have been arriving daily for the past week, and we have now a very wide range of up-to-date styles.

Beautiful waists in LAWNS, MUSLINS and LINENS in all the Newest and Prettiest effects. Enough styles to satisfy the women who look for variety. Values to please the most critical

BARCLAY & CO.

Dry Goods. Millinery. Boots and Shoes.

NEW SCALP BOUNTY

$50 Reward for the Scalp of the Son of a Gun who Sells Cheaper than the

OIC

A. L. WHITE, 'PHONE 16.

Windsor Hotel

Is the best furnished hotel in the boundary district. It is heated with steam and lighted by electricity. Excellent sample rooms. The bar is always abreast of the times, and meals are served in the cafe at any hour, day or night.

McClung & Goodeve, Propr's.

SCOTCH - WHISKIES

James Buchanan & Co's

BLACK AND WHITE, AND HOUSE OF COMMONS

GREENWOOD LIQUOR CO.

IMPORTERS, GREENWOOD, B. C.

HOTEL BROOKLYN

PHOENIX, B. C.

Is opposite the Great Northern depot and is a delightful haven for the weary-traveler. Great veins of hot water run through the entire house, and bathrooms are always at the service of those in search of material cleanliness. The dining room is an enemy to dyspepsia, while the artistic appointment of the liquid refreshment makes the drinks go down like eating fruit in a flower garden. The sample rooms are the largest in the mountains and a pleasure to drummers with big trunks.

JAS. MARSHALL - - PROPRIETOR

PHOENIX BEER

is delicious in taste and free from impurities. Order a case or bottle at the earliest opportunity.

Phoenix = Brewing = Co.

(Limited.)

The Pride of Western Canada. Phone 138, Greenwood

GALT COAL

"Unequalled for Domestic Use."

Passing Throng

Trapper Smith is down from Beaverdell.

Jim McRae is taking a look at Prince Rupert.

Eholt expects the electric light this summer.

Major Cunningham died in Dawson last month.

Miss May White of Eholt has gone to the coast.

George H. Gray of Midway was in the city yesterday.

There is no rotten pork being sold in Phoenix just now.

Mrs. Harry Nash and daughter returned to Molson last Monday.

Work on the Bell mine, Wallace mountain, has been discontinued.

Tom Bean, the C. P. R. operator in Phoenix is to be transferred to Eholt.

John McKellar of Eholt was in the city for a few minutes last Tuesday.

Geo. Ham has gone to Olalla to work his claims upon Independence mountain.

The Balmoral hotel in Phoenix is still under the management of J. A. MacMaster.

Mrs. Crawford, mother of Mrs. W. B. Wilcox, died in Seattle last week aged 74 years.

The C. P. R. is now running a first-class passenger coach between Eholt and Phoenix.

John A. McMaster of Phoenix has gone on a short trip to the future metropolis af the north.

J. F. Royer came in from Grand Forks this week. He is running a livery in that live city and reports business good.

In Phoenix the snow has not yet disappeared, which keeps the farmers from planting their crops upon the high hill.

Harry McCurdy, oldest son of Hugh McCurdy, died in Spokane Tuesday from pneumonia, aged 17. His sister Maggie left yesterday to attend the funeral.

Ed Rippato was in the copper metropolis this week. All winter he has been scaling logs for E. L. Steeves near Canyon City upon the main Kettle river.

Some person, evidently with an idle mind, has been breaking the branches off shade trees in the south end of the city. This is a serious offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Peck MacSwain turned his face to the west last Friday and hiked for Seattle. He had on a new pair of shoes and will train for the slow Marathon race at the Yukon-Pacific exposition. Peck shipped his baggage by freight.

Norman McMillan died in Deadwood Tuesday aged 67 years. His wife and eleven children were at his beside during his last hours. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia. The funeral will take place today at 2 p. m.

J. W. Frost returned on Saturday after spending the winter in California. He reports a quietness in that state, especially in the southern portion. He leaves this week to work on his claims near Sturgeon lake, Ontario.

Gus Evans, the genial and brilliant editor of the Grand Forks Sun, is building a residence upon his fruit farm near that city. This has given rise to certain rumors Gus says that it is no sign when a man has a halter around his neck that he has a horse in his vest pocket.

The Spinsters' Convention given by local amateurs last week was one of the best entertainments seen this far west in many a day, judging by the remarks around town. Greenwood is indeed blessed when within its limits so many embryonic dramatic stars are doomed, almost, like the rose in the poem, to blush unseen.

A fire started Tuesday noon between the two buildings comprising the Norden hotel. The fire brigade turned out but their services luckily were not required. It is thought that a lighted cigar or cigarette carelessly thrown upon some waste paper caused a blaze that might have made a hot day for Greenwood. The firemen made time to the fire that is seldom beaten anywhere.

Work steadily progresses on the big tunnel proposition. The wash will be cleaned away, the buildings erected and the compressor in position so that boring can commence during the first week in May. Two shifts will be worked and about a dozen men employed. This force will be gradually increased as drifting will begin from the main tunnel when the work approaches the locality where ore may be expected.

The Pioneer hotel has one of the finest pool tables ever brought up the canyon.

J. W. Nelson has been confined to bed this week with a severe attack of grippe.

L. A. Smith, the hustling merchant of Anaconda, was in Spokane this week.

Andrew Spence of Beaverdell is in the city. His health has not been good this winter.

Cold winds in the day and frosts at night keep the grass from growing around Greenwood.

Another tunnel has been commenced upon the Athelston Fraction in Wellington camp.

Real estate has already commenced moving. Thus does hope push mankind into action.

Charles King, who has been chef at the Bell mine for several months, returned to the city on Monday.

Carpets valued at $1,200 are being laid upon the second floor of the Hotel Brooklyn in Phoenix.

R. Grigor of Oroville was in the city this week. He reports business fairly good in his home town.

E. H. Mortimer intends removing to Prince Rupert. He will be missed by a large circle of admiring friends.

George Hambly and Dan Inglis came down from the West Fork this week. Both will go back in about a week.

Spencer Bennerman and James Attwood of Midway have bonded one of their claims near Sturgeon lake, Ontario, for $30,000.

Last Saturday Bill Newman was committed to stand his trial at the May assizes for alleged complicity in the Bridesville holdup.

The evangelists will be here next week to save Greenwood. They should bring some paint and two or three live smelters with them.

Nick Burley, known here as an old-time pugilist, is serving a term in jail at Valdez for smashing a citizen of the copper city of Alaska.

Archie Aberdeen and Neil Ardell came down from Beaverdell this week. They have been partners for the past three months in shoving a hole into the Bell mine.

You think you've got all the fishing tackle you need? Well, take a friendly tip; don't think, but make sure and if you find you were mistaken call and fill your requirements at Holmes & Kennedy's

McKane Is Coming.

Alex. Stewart, Sr., of Eholt was in the city last week suffering from a severe cold that he contracted on the return journey from the East. For several weeks past Mr. Stewart has been paying a visit to his old friend in Newcastle, N. B., John McKane. He was delighted with his visit and the many valuable gifts Mr. and Mrs. McKane presented him with. Mr. McKane and his wife will pay a visit to B C. in July and remain a time with Mr. Stewart in Eholt. As Mr. McKane made millions in Nevada mining his visit to the Boundary may be beneficial. Mr. Stables, the leading merchant of Newcastle, accompanied by his son, will also be in the West this summer and spend a few days visiting Boundary points with Mr. Stewart.

When in Nelson drop into the White House Cafe, next to the postoffice. Turkish and other baths can be procured in the same building. Taylor Bishop, proprietor, employs all white help.

Locating Its Land.

The C. P. R., through F. W. McLaine of Greenwood, sent out four exploring parties this week to locate all timber and agricultural land that the company owns in the Boundary and Okanagan districts. The exploring will continue all through the summer. The following are the men engaged to do the work:

Messrs. Tye, Butler, Craig McIntyre and Hazzard will do the Okanagan.

Messrs. Powers, McCuragh, Sanderson, Keve and Prout will explore the West Fork of the Kettle river.

Messrs. Burwash, Locke, McCutcheon, Myers and Cook will work along Boundary creek.

Messrs. Collier, Essie, Hewar, Rickards and Gillis have been assigned to work the North Fork of the Kettle river.

In Phoenix D. J. Matheson has the agency for nearly all the best life, fire and accident insurance companies. He also insures plate glass, and if you are looking for insurance drop him a line with particulars of what you want.

Walker's Funeral.

The funeral of W. J. Walker, the young Scotch brakesman who was killed in Greenwood, took place in Nelson last Saturday under the auspices of the B. & R. T. From the undertaking parlors the cortege, which was a large one, headed by the city band, and which included in addition to the B. of R. T. members from other railway societies and proceeded to the Roman Catholic church, where a requiem mass was celebrated. The remains were then conveyed from the church to the cemetery where a further service was conducted. A large number of wreaths were laid on the coffin, and included among the number one from the crew of the train upon which the deceased was working at the time of the accident, from Mrs. Araanson and Miss McIntyre of Greenwood, and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. The following resolution of sympathy has been forwarded to the relatives of the late Mr. Walker in Scotland by the local lodge of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen:

"On behalf of the Brotherhood Railway Trainmen we wish to express our deep regret at the loss of our beloved brother, W. J. Walker, and we express our deep sympathy to his relatives in their bereavement."

We'll fit you out to snare the festive trout at a most reasonable price. Call and see us. Holmes & Kennedy.

Old Time Three Forks.

The closing of the postoffice in Three Forks, Slocan district, causes Sid Norman to write in the Los Angeles Mining Review as follows:

"A few days ago a short item in the Canadian press attracted my attention and told me that one of my old stamping grounds in the timber-clad regions of British Columbia had succumbed to the inevitable and given up the fight for prominence in the mining world. The restless throng has moved onward, hither and thither at the beck of gold or its equivalent, and now even the support of the Dominion postal authorities has been removed from Three Forks, B. C., which bid fair in the days of 1894-5 to become a Butte, a Denver, and a Cripple Creek rolled into one vortex of mining life. Well do I remember the little burg, perched on the high ground at the forks of the north and south forks of Carpenter creek, which surges in from its source at Bear Lake summit. In the days when I first knew Three Forks the outlook was one rosy succession of apples of silver in pictures of gold and there were few of us then who did not believe that it would make the very center of the greatest silver-lead district on the whole map. But, somehow things were not ordained right for the little settlement in the forest-clad hills, and the depreciation in silver and the consequent gravitation from the district gave it a severe set-back from which it never recovered. My first introduction to the camp was as a driver of the pack train then owned by Lane C. Gillam, now of Los Angeles, in the good old days when every pound of freight packed from Kaslo, on Kootenay lake, twenty-five miles to the east, commanded the satisfactory (for the packer) price of seven cents a pound. Afterwards I located the St. Keverne mine, adjoining the famous old dividend-paying Payne, on the mountain back of the little town and many the trip I have made down the precipitous incline to see a little real life. And now even the postoffice has been closed and Three Forks slumbers with the other promising embryonic cities that strutted their little hour upon the mining stage and sank into the bottomless pit of disuetude and decay."

When you want a monument or headstone, write to the Canadian Marble and Granite Works, Nelson, B. C.

The Ingenica.

A correspondent writing to the Quesnel Observer in January says that a shaft sunk 90 feet on McConnel creek had not struk bedrock. Owing to the difficulties of winter transportation between Fort Grahame and McConnel creek, which flows into the Ingenica river about sixty miles from the mouth, the greater part of the supplies are being brought in by way of Hazelton at present. Flour sells at $30 per hundred on McConnel creek, and $24 in Fort Grahame. In the event of discoveries of gold on the lower Ingenica a run on Fort Grahame supplies will follow.

Up to the present no further finds of rich ground have been made, and probably not more than sixty or seventy ounces have been taken out since the commencement of operations.

The Columbia cigar is a large and free-smoking cigar. It is sold in all mountain towns and made in Nelson.

The Kootenay Cigar Co. of Nelson have in the Royal Seal a cigar that is known and smoked between the wheat country and the blue Pacific.

Western Float

Ernest Bonner of Barkerville has floated a company in London for the purpose of doing some deep mining in Cariboo.

John Pinkerton is working a claim on Sugar creek in the Cariboo district.

John Yorston, M. P. P. for Cariboo, was married in Victoria this week to Miss Janette Robertson of Nanaimo.

The Canada Northern railway has bought $2,000 worth of cars. There are amongst the number 2,000 box cars, enough to hold all the hobos in Canada.

In Fresno, one of the hottest towns in California, fifty saloons have been put out of business by a vote upon local option. The inhabitants will now make raisin wine and wink at the druggists when they want to have an alcoholic moisture cluster momentarily beneath their nostrils.

A man was arrested in Butte the other day for sending money out of the state to bet on a horse race.

The sawmill and timber limits of the Abbotsford Lumber Co. in the Fraser valley were recently sold for $375,000.

An exchange for dealing in wheat futures has been organized in Vancouver.

W. C. Pettipiece and Miss Kitchen, both of Revelstoke, were married in Portland this month.

Ed. Le Blond has opened his hotel at Spring Creek, 19 miles from Hazelton.

The snow has disappeared in the Bulkley valley.

Big game in B. C. is upon the increase, a fact that the man with a gun will appreciate.

Amos Hill, the oldest resident of Armstrong, died in that town last week.

Coleman will soon have two more railroads.

The bartenders in Fernie will form a union.

Flour has advanced 40 cents a barrel in Nelson.

James Stewart and Miss A. B. Fox were married in Grand Forks last week.

Arthur Austin of Anaconda, Montana, has been engaged to marry Miss Marion Hodges, daughter of the manager of the Grand Forks smelter.

F. M. George has bought the Bowen ranch near Grand Forks.

An English church is to be built in New Alberni.

Miners are advised to keep away from Nicola, as there are too many men there now.

The tax rate in Vancouver is 20 mills.

In Moyie the St. Eugene paid $43,000 in wages last payday.

P. Burns & Co. are putting in a cold storage plant in Cranbrook. They have not taken their ads out of the local papers in that town.

At Corbin in East Kootenay over sixty men are working in the coal mines.

The Bank of Montreal has opened a branch in Merritt.

Wm. McIntyre is building a new hotel in Merritt. It will be three stories high and cost $6,000.

There are forty men working at the Silver King mine near Nelson.

Hon. W. J. Bowser is hunting for health in Europe.

Laborers are scarce in Penticton and several men could find employment in that town.

The merchants in Penticton close their stores at 6 p. m. Upon Thursdays they close at noon and give the poor overworked clerks a chance to get in the lake and wet their feet.

Jack Cameron has sold his cigar store in Cranbrook to Scammon & McDonald.

J. W. Logan, East Grand Forks, Minn., wants the address of A. Mills, a railroad engineer.

Constable Routh of Michel, whilst walking along the railway platform at Moyie, slipped upon the peeling of an orange and broke his leg.

The Arcade in Vancouver is being razed to the ground in order to make room for a 13-story building that will be erected upon its site.

The Moyie Leader is going on twelve years of age and its editor has more fancy waistcoats in his trunk than any other scribe in B. C.

No provincial policeman has yet been appointed to take the place of Constable Booth at Penticton.

The Wm. Hunter Co. will open a store in New Westminster.

S. A. Harris, manager of the Liberal paper in Vernon, has been appointed trade commissioner in Japan to succeed W. T. R. Preston.

The Crows' Nest Lumber Co. of Wardner in East Kootenay has been sold to E. Filer and associates of Manistee, Mich., for $1,200,000. The capital stock of the company will now be increased from $1,250,000 to 2,600,000. Thus the new company will have stock of two kinds for sale.

The sawmill at Ferguson will cut logs this summer.

Jim Carrie and Jack Elliott will travel from Olalla to Fort George in their own wagon.

V. J. Rose of the Hotel Hedley was fined $100 for conferring a black eye upon Policeman Sproule. Costs money to hit a bobby in Hedley.

In Keremeos cedar posts are selling for 20 cents each.

Jim Ritchie has started a town seven miles from Penticton which he calls Dog Lake. It should be a howling success.

Ike Johnston, a lumber jack, was bitten at by a rattlesnake near Long lake, but owing to his heavy trousers the bite did not hurt him. Since logging in that district Johnston has killed hundreds of rattlesnakes.

Alex Chisholm has gone north to work his quartz claims up the Skeena river.

The C. P. R. intends to advertise the fruit lands around Rossland. They are 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea level, almost high enough to grow angel food, or nectarines fit for the gods.

The Kootenay hotel in Rossland, once made famous by Mike Shea, is now closed up.

The White Wings Poultry Farm is the name of a company that has been formed with a capital of $30,000 to run a chicken ranch upon Lulu island.

About sixty lumber jacks will soon be working in the woods near Trout Lake City.

Several mining experts are busy sampling the Nickle Plate ore, Hedley's big bonanza.

Captain John Segers, one of the oldest steamboat men in America, died in Rossland last week.

Ivan R. Poole and Alberta S. Tingle, both of Cascade, were married in Rossland a short time ago.

This year the city of Rossland will receive and expend a little over $70,000.

The social event in Rossland last week was the marriage of Clarence Clifford Bushnell to Miss Maud Kathleen Adams Henshaw.

A. B. Mackenzie of Rossland is returning from a trip to the Sandwich Islands. Archie does not intend to bring a sandwich back with him as he can always get plenty in the Golden City.

In Grinrod, the new Okanagan town, twenty-five lots were sold in one day.

The sawmill at Kaslo will go into action this week.

When the ice is out of Trout lake the sawmill at Gerrard will resume operations.

John Simpson, for many years in Poplar, is now a resident provincial policeman in Kaslo.

The Lucky Jim mine in the Slocan will soon be shipping 200 tons of zinc ore daily.

In Grand Forks four large brick business blocks are now being erected with more to follow.

A. B. W. Hodges and associates are developing a copper claim upon Moresby island. They will employ twenty men this summer.

A sawmill on China creek owned by Lorne Campbell is resuming operations.

Ed. Gove has moved from Spokane to Los Angeles.

A $14,000 hotel will be built at Port Essington this summer.

In the north Pete Burnstead has a line of traps along Mud river. Recently he found a cougar eating a silver gray fox out of one of his traps. The cougar attacked him and kept chasing Pete around a tree until his dog drove the cougar to flight. Pete should pack a gatling when he goes looking at his traps.

J. A. Kinney, the well known C. P. R. conductor, W. H. Gage of Castlegar, and H. B. Landers of Brilliant (formerly Waterloo), have sold to the Doukhobor society a tract of two thousand acres of land located in Pass valley, which lies about four miles north of Castlegar. The consideration is $20,000. It is the intention of the society to clear and improve this land and use it as pasture for its stock. The Doukhobor society some time since purchased 3,000 acres in the neighborhood of Brilliant, which will be devoted principally to fruit and vegetable raising.

BOWSER PLAYS HORN

Undertakes to Develop What He Calls Talent For Music.

HE STARTS ON THE CORNET.

Weird Noises Soon Attract a Crowd In Front of the House That Is Dispersed by His Wife—Musical Career Is Cut Short.

[Copyright, 1907, by T. C. McClure.]

Mrs. Bowser happened to be upstairs the other evening when Mr. Bowser reached home, and he had five minutes in which to hide a bundle that he had brought under his arm. Throughout the dinner hour she noticed that he had a triumphant look on his face, and now and then he gave vent to a soft chuckle, but she did not seek to fathom the mystery. If he had bought and brought home an X ray plant in order to discover if the cat had swallowed the ten cent piece he had lost in the morning he would have something to say about it in due time. He hung off longer than usual, but after finishing dinner and smoking half a cigar he turned on her and blandly said:

"Mrs. Bowser, you don't begrudge me any little happiness I can take around the house, do you?"

"Why, of course not," she promptly replied.

"You know I'm not much of a hand to go out evenings."

"No, you are not."

"I think it is a husband's place to pass his evenings at home as much as possible, but of course he wants a little something to divert his mind. I don't care to read and you don't care to play cards, and as it is a bore to run into the neighbors' I am sometimes a bit lonesome. It has seemed to me that if I had a musical instrument of some

"BLAST THE COOK!"

sort to play on it would take up my time and add what you might call zest to the occasion."

"But you haven't the slightest idea of music, you know," she rejoined without weighing her words.

"What? What's that?"

"That is, you haven't what they term a musical ear—that is, you don't sing, and the time you got a harp and tried to learn to play on it pedestrians stopped at the gate to see what was going on."

"By the seven spotted bulls of Bashan, Mrs. Bowser, but do you know what you are saying and who you are saying it to!" he demanded with a face as red as fire.

"I mean that you kicked the harp out doors after the third evening."

"Never! Never in all this world! I gave it up simply because of the cramp in my fingers. You tell me that I have no ear for music! Why, woman, I was leading a church choir while you were wearing short dresses. Is this insult intended to drive me out into the world tonight to get drunk and smash up some saloon?"

"You know it is not," replied Mrs. Bowser. "It is nothing to your discredit that you can't whistle a tune. There are lots of people that way."

"More insults, eh?"

"I mean that you couldn't—that is, I hoped you hadn't brought home another harp. The cook is very nervous, you know, and some of our neighbors don't even like to hear my soft playing on the piano. If you wasn't to take lessons and would hire some hall"—

Was All Mixed Up.

Poor Mrs. Bowser was all mixed up and could not finish.

Mr. Bowser, who was as pale as the dead and as weak in the knees as if he had seen a bear, looked at her for a moment and then pointed to the hall and stairs and said:

"Woman, you may go to your room. I will excuse you for the rest of the evening. To-morrow morning I will endeavor to find out whether you have a brain storm or wish to drive me from my home in ignominy and humiliation."

Mrs. Bowser went. She was glad to go. Mr. Bowser looked after her for a moment with set jaw and then brought out his package from its hiding place and removed the wrappers to reveal a secondhand cornet. He had seen it in the window of a pawnshop as he was about to pass, and while he stood looking at it the pawn man came out and offered him a bargain that he couldn't resist. It was the veritable cornet that a king of France was playing on when the revolutionists called to say that he must part with his head to show that he had no hard feelings against the common people. It would just fit Mr. Bowser. He had the wind for it. He could lay back in his Morris chair and blow and blow and blow and feel ten times the satisfaction of beating Mrs. Bowser at euchre. The instrument was purchased.

"And now I'm told that I have no ear for music," said the purchaser as he lifted it up and puckered his lips for a toot. "I am coolly and calmly and deliberately informed that I can't even whistle a tune, and I am recommended to hire a hall. By John, we'll see about it! The neighbors object to a little soft music, do they? We'll see about that too. We'll see whether the neighbors run this house or I do."

Mr. Bowser sat down and drew a long breath; then he raised the cornet to his mouth and let her go. The sound was a combination of grizzly bear growl and the shouts of a man slowly sinking to a horrible death in a quagmire. Other sounds followed. They were sounds of saws sawing against iron. They were sounds of a man with the asthma trying to hurrah for Bunker Hill on the Fourth of July. They were sounds of five or six dogs engaged in deadly conflict over a bone and five or six more joyously hastening up to take part in the scrap. The pawnbroker had told Mr. Bowser that when he got the thing to going not to stop and let it cool off, but to keep it at the redhot pitch. The instructions were carefully followed until the wind gave out, and the noise died away like the tail end of a cyclone. By that time Mrs. Bowser had come downstairs to say:

"Do you know that you will scare the cook to death with that noise if you keep on?"

"Blast the cook!" retorted the player as he raised the horn and blew another medley of wails and screams.

"And that pedestrians are already stopping at the gate?" she continued as she looked out of the window and caught sight of four men hanging on the fence.

"Blast the pedestrians!"

"And the neighbors will be knocking at the door. The folks that moved in next door two weeks ago are from the country and not used to such noises."

"Woman, retire! Retire upstairs! Retire to stay retired! I have hired my hall and propose to play this horn as long as I want to."

Music Was Weird.

Mrs. Bowser could do nothing else. Then Mr. Bowser resumed. The revolutionists that killed the king that blew on that horn had the proper idea of things. They knew that it was either his life or theirs. It emitted groans and grunts and toots and wails. It sounded flats and it sounded sharps, and between them it sounded several other things. Mr. Bowser had been insulted by Mrs. Bowser declaring that he was no musician. The thought of that helped his wind at least 50 per cent as he blew. He had been advised to hire a hall. He rolled his eyes around the room and imagined that he was in a hall filled with 10,000 people and that he had got to toot loud enough to send the shivers up and down the spines of every listener. For ten minutes the ruction went on, the earnestness and the determination of the player increasing every second, and then came a thundering knock at the front door to interrupt a long drawn wail. Mr. Bowser answered it. There were two policemen there and a crowd behind them.

"What the devil is this?" demanded one of the officers.

"Look at the red faced murderer!" added the other.

"A rope and a limb!" shouted the crowd.

Then Mrs. Bowser came down the stairs and talked softly and sweetly to the officers. She explained that it was only Mr. Bowser and it was only one of his little ways and that if they would not club or lynch him he would soon tire of his new toy and be looking after a chicken farm or a squab ranch, and in five minutes she had worked the crowd out of the yard. Then she took the horn out of Mr. Bowser's hands and said:

"When you get ready to retire, you can come along up."

Three hours later, as he had not appeared, she slipped downstairs in a wrapper and found him asleep on the lounge, and there were undried tears on his cheeks. His musical career had been cut short. M. QUAD.

Leap Year Laugh.

"You look worried, old man!"

"Yes. Had three proposals last night and don't know which one I ought to accept."—New York World.

Boiling It Down.

"Pimmie, what is your father's objection to me?"

"He says you don't amount to anything, Percy."

"Was that all he said?"

"No; that was only a small part of it."

"Tell me the rest, Pimmie."

"The rest of it consisted of strong adjectives. You don't expect me to repeat those, do you, Percy?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Church Festival Supper.

"Robert," solicitously said the good woman at the church festival, "will you have some more of the refreshments?"

"No-o," replied the small boy. "I think I'd prefer something to eat now."—Woman's Home Companion.

Certainly Would.

City Man (to villager)—Wouldn't it open your eyes if you were to look across at that lot there and see one of our city skyscrapers covering it?

Village Man—Waal, I guess I would, seein' as I've got twenty head o' cattle grazin' there.—Bohemian.

The Same Old Signs.

"I see the depot signs are more hopeful," observed Mr. Citman.

"Mebbe so," replied Farmer Fields. "But the only ones I saw said 'Beware of Grip Thieves.'"—Kansas City Times.

A Fortunate Breakdown.

"Did you see the Alps?"

"Oh, yes! Our car broke down right opposite them, and do you know I'm almost glad it did. I found them so charming and interesting."—Puck.

Wanted—A Diamond.

A box of roses every day!
Their meaning well I know;
Such interest in botany
But one intent can show.

Well, botany is nice, I grant,
And yet, it seems to me,
It's really time we had a course
In mineralogy!
—New Broadway Magazine.

A MYSTERY.

How Mother's Questioning Struck Her Son William Junior.

William junior had been cautioned by his mother not to do a number of things, too many for brief mention, but all very dear to him, and he had promised. However, after dinner his mother, happening to look out of an upstairs window, saw him in the midst of a transgression and reserved the matter in her memory.

That evening she detained William by her knee and questioned, as mothers do.

"Have you been a good boy all day, Willie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Real good?"

"Y-yes, ma'am."

"And not done any of those things that mother told you not to do?"

"Y-y-yes, ma'am."

"Not a single one?"

William looked at her sharply, his mouth open.

"Are you me?" he demanded.

"Why, no."

"Are you God, then?"

"Certainly not."

"Then how did you know I was slidin' down that board?"—Lippincott's.

May and December.

"Yes, madam, I am going to marry Watkins."

"Why, he is old enough to be your father!"

"I know he is, but unfortunately he doesn't seem to care for mother!"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Cultivating the Power of Observation.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he asked. No one answered. "And yet," continued the school inspector, "all of you eat many an apple in the course of a year and see the fruit every day probably. You must learn to notice the little things in nature."

The talk of the inspector impressed the children, and at recess the teacher overheard them discussing it. A little girl, getting her companions around her, gravely said:

"Now, children, just suppose I am Mr. Robinson. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't, you'll all grow up to be fools. Now, tell me, Maggie," she continued, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers are there on a hen?"—Woman's Home Companion.

The Force Accounted For.

"Where's the editor?"

"Runnin' a race with the sheriff to git warm."

"And the foreman?"

"Tryin' to git the stove red hot with rejected poetry."

"Well, where's the office boy?"

"Tryin' to mortgage the paper to buy a snow shovel."—Atlanta Constitution.

Always Forget.

"I am in favor of the 'open door' policy," said the starch salesman as he opened his samples.

"Then, by heck, yeou are like those loafers behind the cannon stove," drawled the old storekeeper. "Every one of them leave the door open every time they come in."—Chicago News.

SHE PAINTS.

A pretty maiden is Miss J.,
With cheeks to charm the hermit saints,
And yet, alas, some people say
She paints.

It is not very widely known,
Though oft some friend of hers acquaints
Some other in informing tone
She paints.

Oh, no, I do not keep aloof—
Her charm no whit this habit taints—
Although I have conclusive proof
She paints.

Here are the proofs right on my wall,
Before which all denial faints—
Oh, yes, they're pictures! That is all
She paints.
—Kansas City Times.

Uses For Brown Coal.

"The Utilization of Brown Coal" was the subject of a paper read at a meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry, in Melbourne recently by Wykeham Bayly. The author stated that Victoria, more than any other state, was favored with valuable brown coal, the deposits being practically beyond computation. In many respects the deposits were equal in value to those in Germany, which produces nearly 50,000,000 tons of brown coal annually. He had obtained ammonia sulphates and other valuable products from the coal, and found is exceptionally well adapted for making producer gas. By reducing the watery contents 10 to 18 per cent. and using hydraulic pressure, they had made bricquettes, which were superior in calorific value to those manufactured in Germany. He estimated that bricquettes could be manufactured at Morwell on a large scale, and delivered in Melbourne at 13s. 6d. per ton. It was, however, for producer gas purposes that the brown coal in Victoria could be best utilized

The Tender Passion.

Hate hath but one antidote, and that is love. One touch of love will heal all wounds that hate inflicts.

Love is true, ingenuous and blind. Nor will it be wed to envy or deceit or crouch with fear in gloomy nooks of ill foreboding, for love is gentle eyed and credulous as a suckling babe, fears naught nor falters at another's fortune.

Love's voice is soft and sweet as is the song of turtledoves, its touch medicinal as brew of healing herbs.

ECZEMA OF THE SCALP.

Zam-Buk Cures a Boy who Suffered For Three Years.

Now and again mothers find that sores or ulcers on the heads of children refuse to heal, despite all ordinary treatment. Then is the time to prove Zam-Buk's healing power. For three long years the son of Mrs. Grummitt, of 114 Morse Street, Toronto, had eczema of the scalp. She says:—"It broke out behind his ears, and was so painful he was unable to sleep at night. I used almost every ointment known, and called in the doctor, but all of no avail. A friend recommended me to try Zam-Buk, and I procured a supply. After using three boxes my little boy was completely cured."

Another case which mothers will read with interest occurred recently in Winnipeg. Mrs. C. Keep, of 592 Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, says:—"A year ago my little girl contracted eczema of the scalp, and notwithstanding all I did the sores spread until the child's scalp was completely covered. I took her to hospital, but none of the lotions and ointments applied had any effect on the disease. By degrees the child's hair came out, until she was quite bald. We were at this stage strongly advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. From first commencing with this wonderful balm the child got relief from the itching and pain. The sores were quickly banished, and in a remarkably short space of time the child was cured. The hair soon grew again and is now quite long and in a healthy condition."

All who have care of children should know that Zam-Buk is particularly adapted, because of its purity, to the tender skin of children. It cures with equal dispatch ringworm, blood-poisoning, ulcers, cold-cracks, chapped hands, frost-bite, piles, bad leg, etc. Used as an embrocation it eases the pain of sprains, and cures rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box; or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Erratic Science.

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas," wrote a small boy in the science examination. Other examples of the "howler" are compiled by a writer in the Scientific American.

"Air is the most necessary of all the elements. If there were no such thing as air I wouldn't be writing this essay now, also there would be no pneumatic tires, which would be a sad loss.

"Electricity and lightning are of the same nature, the only difference being that lightning is often several miles in length, while electricity is only a few inches.

"Air usually has no weight, but found to weigh about fifteen pounds to a square inch.

"The axis of the earth is an imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take its daily routine.

"The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot.

"Gravity is chiefly noticeable in the Autumn when the apples are falling from the trees.

"Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

"A parallel straight line is one which if produced to meet itself does not meet.

"The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

Mothers Value This Oil.— Mothers who know how suddenly croup may seize their children and how necessary prompt action is in applying relief, always keep at hand a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, because experience has taught them that there is no better preparation to be had for the treatment of this ailment. And they are wise, for its various uses render it a valuable medicine.

Henry of Navarre told his army to follow his plume.

"Got the notion by watching the women tag after my wife's new hat," he explained.

Herewith he pressed on to battle.—New York Sun.

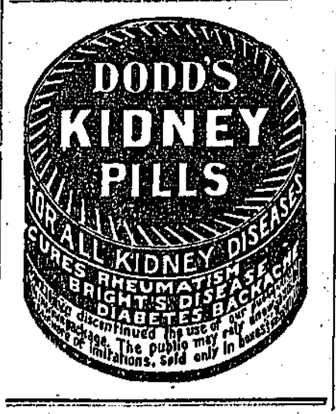
Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "has a way of keepin' deir consciences quiet by takin' de minister's advice on Sunday an' de lawyer's advice all de res' o' de week."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

A Mighty Nimrod.

A remarkable career has been that of Mr. F. C. Selous, the famous hunter and explorer, who will accompany President Roosevelt on his African big game expedition in the spring. He was only twenty years of age when he went to Matabeleland, in days when railways were unknown there and when the interior of the country was a sealed book to the European. For years he was in unknown countries hunting elephants, lions, and other animals, and at one period he was nearly three years without seeing a newspaper, a telegram, or any kind of money, and he was perfectly happy. He spent nearly a quarter of a century of his life penetrating the interior of South Africa. Then he went to Alaska on a fifteen-thousand-mile tour in search of moose and caribou. It was while on this tour that, in the wildest part of the Yukon, Mr. Selous came across a trapper's hut occupied by two Englishmen. One had just got his discharge from the Northwest Mounted Police, and the other, who had earned the nickname of "Neverwash," was the son of a peer.



STRUGGLING SINGERS.

A Great Army of Vocalists Eager For Engagements.

At present there are not as many Americans as usual in Milano—possibly the late crisis may have something to do with the state of affairs—but the city is flooded with Russians, eager to obtain a chance to appear on the boards and willing to pay well for an engagement lasting off and on for six months, a year or even two for the sake of experience.

In Milan, the commercial center of music, all engagements are made through agents, of whom there are from seventy-five to a hundred. Most of these publish a long list of their clients, and it is seldom that the same name appears in two different lists. The one now before me—one of the best—gives the names of 933 artists. These may be divided into three classes: (a) Those who do not desire an engagement, having a long contract (among these are the names of Caruso, Tetrazzini, Alda, Bonci and others equally well known); (b) those having short engagements, ending in a month or two, and (c) those who have nothing to do.

Remember, this is only one list, that it mentions only tried artists and that behind these is an army of singers who have studied from two to three years and are eager for an engagement; that foreigners do not have an equal chance with natives, and one has little idea of the difficulties a beginner and a foreigner has to encounter.

Caruso with his beautiful voice was floating about Italy for eight years, glad to get a chance to sing now and then in little theaters at $1 a night, and it was not until he was fortunate enough to get a contract for South America that he became famous. North and South America taught Italy to value him. Another great artist, now singing in New York, almost starved in Milan. Time after time he tempted fate in little towns, only to be "protested," until outside of Italy a queen admired his voice and his fortune was made.

If one has the divine spark and is willing to sacrifice everything for his art let him go into the battle an "enfant perdu," knowing all its perils. But young girls and boys should not be allowed to rush into the fray, thinking it a frolic.—Emil Bridges in Musical America.

The New Financial Game.

"William Bayard Hale, who has got more fame by suppressing an interview than he ever got by printing one, is a caustic, sarcastic man," said a magazine editor.

"I once heard Hale speak at a bankers' Christmas banquet. He always speaks well because he is a clergyman. One part of his speech I'll never forget. It bore on Christmas games.

"'There is one Christmas game,' he said, 'that has become very popular, especially in banking circles. It resembles hide and seek. You play it as follows: A cashier or president takes all the institution's money and runs and hides. Detectives swarm out to find him. If they succeed he comes home with them and has to pay a forfeit.'"

"John" Fully Americanized.

"Here is the badge of the complete Americanizing of a Chinaman," said a drug clerk who was putting up a box of quinine capsules. "Most Chinese are slow about forswearing oriental drugs and quackery. Many of them live here for years before they can be tempted to sample occidental medicines, and some of them live and die without making the experiment. In fact, when a Chinaman turns cosmopolitan taking American medicines is his final accomplishment. But when he does get the medicine habit quinine is his long suit. Whether or not it is good for what ails him, every Chinaman who has learned to patronize American drug stores feeds his system with quinine pills."—New York Sun.

Big Pensions.

The biggest annual pension that is paid in any part of the world is $95,000. The Duke of Richmond is the recipient of this vast annuity, which is perpetual, passing from son to son. The pension was granted 300 years ago by Charles II.

Taking the annual payment on account of pensions at the present time, Earl Nelson is in receipt of the highest outside the royal annuities—viz, $25,000 per annum, payable in perpetuity to all and every one of the heirs male to whom the title of Earl Nelson shall descend.

The Duke of Wellington's annual pension of $20,000 is for life, and Lord Rodney's pension of $10,000 is, like that of Earl Nelson, perpetual.

Treasury Note Plates.

The plates used in printing treasury notes contain four notes, and to distinguish one note from the other they each have engraved on the face separate check letters, A, B, C, D, and if you will examine the check letter you will find printed near it a number which is used by the bureau for identification and by means of which can be ascertained a complete history of the plate used in printing the same, by whom engraved, printed, etc. At present you will find a number in excess of 4,800 on the one dollar silver certificate notes. This signifies that 4,800 plates have been used thus far in printing this denomination.—National Magazine.

Ireland's Wittiest M.P.

Mr. Tim Healy, M.P., does more traveling in the course of a session than any other member of the House of Commons. He not infrequently arrives in London from Dublin at six in the morning and leaves again for the land of his birth the same evening, while on numerous occasions, after spending the night journeying to Dublin, he has opened a case in the law courts without getting a wink of sleep. Few people on this side of the water are aware that Mr. Healy is one of Ireland's leading barristers.

Small Moustaches In Fashion.

Small moustaches are the fashion in England. Cavalry officers initiated the style, delighting to have their moustaches trimmed "like toothbrushes." The hair covering it is to be confined to the upper lip, no side growth being encouraged.

An Architect's Patrons.

John Merven Carrere, at a meeting of architects in New York, said:—"Amazing, the age of an architect's patrons! The average man, in fact, is 35 before he begins to save seriously; his pile isn't made till he is 50; he begins to build himself a house in his old age, and his funeral takes place about the time the painters are called in."

Doctor (to patient)—Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held.

Patient (too sick to care for anything)—Very well, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like. —Spare Moments.

Recruit—Please, sergeant, I've got a splinter in my 'and.

Sergeant Instructor—Wat yer been doin'? Strokin' yer 'ead?—Punch

It is easier to prevent than it is to cure. Inflammation of the lungs is the companion of neglected colds, and once it finds a lodgement in the system it is difficult to deal with. Treatment with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will eradicate the cold and prevent inflammation from setting in. It costs little, and is as satisfactory as it is surprising in its results.

So Was Mother.

Even if there had not been kernels of rice on her hat and a glad light of love in her eye, any bachelor could have told that she was a bride. And the manner in which she spoke to her husband showed they had not been married long. A man in the passing crowd spied the couple and rushed over to meet the bride.

"Well, well, Agnes," he cried, extending his hand, "you don't mean to say that you're married?"

"Why,—why, yes," the girl stammered, vivid color mounting to her cheeks as she tried to defend her novel situation. "You—you know, it runs in the family. Mother was married, too."

THE TRUE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM

Caused by Uric Acid in Blood and Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

Not many years ago doctors thought rheumatism was only a local pain caused by exposure to cold or wet. Now they know that rheumatism is caused by the blood becoming tainted with uric acid. This acid contracts the muscles, stiffens the joints and irritates the nerves. Then the cold and wet make the joints and muscles groan with aching rheumatism. You blame the weather but the real cause is acid in the blood. If not promptly treated the stiffness spreads and the pain grows worse each year until you are a helpless cripple, tortured day and night. If the disease touches the heart it means sudden death. You can't cure rheumatism with liniments, plasters or hot cloths. You must go to the root of the trouble in the blood. The one sure, scientific way to cure rheumatism is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make new blood. They sweep out the poisonous acid, loosen the joints and muscles, and bring ease and freedom where before had been pain and misery.

Mrs. Fred. Sabeau, Canada Creek, N. S., says:—"Three years ago I was taken with a severe pain in my right hip. It grew gradually worse until it finally settled in both my hips and legs. The pain was really almost unbearable. At first I tried foot drafts and liniments, but this gave me only the most temporary relief, and I felt as if I was to go through the rest of my life as a suffering cripple. A neighbor whose daughter had been cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advised me to try this medicine, and I purchased three boxes. Before they were all gone I was able to get my foot up on my knee and untie my shoe, something I had not been able to do for two years, and I began to feel I had at last found a medicine to cure the trouble. I kept on taking the Pills until I had used, I think, a dozen boxes, when I was completely cured and I am as well and strong to-day as ever I was in my life. I want every sufferer to know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a sure cure for rheumatism, and that if they will give this medicine a fair trial, their pains and aches will disappear as mine did."

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.

Comparison.

Little Joe—Mama, I saw a dog today that had only three legs!

Mamma—Didn't you feel sorry for him?

Little Joe—Course not; he had one more leg than I have.

The Wife—It is the duty of every married man to make his home happy.

The maid—But suppose he is unable to do it?

The Wife—Oh, he can do it, all right—even if he has to stay away from it.—Chicago News.

TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH

Mix two ounces of Glycerine with a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and a half pint of straight Whisky. Shake well, and take in doses of a teaspoonful every four hours. This mixture possesses the healing, healthful properties of the Pines, and will break a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable. In having this formula put up, be sure that your druggist uses the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed only by the Leach Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.

Not Always Boys.

The old gentleman who was always declaring that boys were not what they used to be stopped in front of the smart child.

"Well, Johnny," greeted the old gentleman, "how are you today?"

"Very well, sir," responded the smart child, shyly.

"And do you ever think what you are going to do when you are a great big man?"

"N—no, sir."

"Ah, I knew it. Children are so shiftless these times. And why don't you give it any thought?"

"B—because I am a little girl, sir."

And the last seen of the inquisitive old gentleman he was making long strides down the street.

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any druggist's.

Mrs. Knicker—Wouldn't you vote the same way as your husband?

Mrs. Bocker—Yes, but I would first tell him which way to vote. —New York Sun.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Polite Nature.

"You love long rambles in the country?" asked the impudent girl.

"Yes, indeed," responded the young man in the green hat with the purple band and buckled shoes. "When I go into the country all nature seems to smile."

"Gracious! I don't blame her. It is a wonder she don't laugh outright."

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

"How did the furnace come to be choked?"

"I suppose father did it in a moment of desperation. He has been threatening that furnace all winter." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fairville, Sept. 30, 1902.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—We wish to inform you that we consider your MINARD'S LINIMENT a very superior article, and we use it as a sure relief for sore throat and chest. When I tell you I would not be without it if the price was one dollar a bottle, I mean it.

Yours truly,
CHAS. F. TILTON.

VICAR AS AUTHOR.

English Churchman Confesses to Writing Under Non de Plume.

Rev. J. Jessop Teague, vicar of St. Luke's, Woodside, a suburb of South Norwood, England, has admitted that he is the author of the many novels which have been published under the pseudonym of "Morice Gerard."

One of his stories, entitled "The Unspoken Word," is now appearing in an English paper, and Mr. Teague, while admitting the authorship, declared that he had nothing to do with the local publication of the story. That had been arranged by an agency which had purchased the story.

"Writing has been my hobby since I was a boy," he said, "and in my opinion there is nothing incongruous in a preacher following a literary calling. Not only that, but my work as a novelist has undoubtedly improved the literary quality of my extempore preaching, and may form a valuable adjunct to my sermons.

"Throughout my writings I have endeavored to suggest the highest ideals and to give a good moral tone to my work. The historical romances, I hope, have not been without their value from an educational point of view."

One of Mr. Teague's early successes was the winning of a $500 prize offered by The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle for the best serial story with "The Crowning of Esther." He has also written "The Rose of Blenheim," "The Red Seal" and "A Gentleman of London." He is bringing out two new books. One is finished, but the title is not yet selected.

ALWAYS,
EVERYWHERE IN CANADA,
ASK FOR
EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.

RAW FURS

Write for Weekly Price Lists. Shipments Solicited.
JOHN HALLAM TORONTO, ONT. 6

JUST CURED HIM THAT WAS ALL

WHAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DID FOR THOMAS MOON.

Doctors Could Not Cure His Dropsy but Dodd's Kidney Pills Cleared It Out Completely.

Maidstone, Sask. (Special.)—"Cured me completely. That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me." Such is statement made by Thomas Moon, a well-known resident of this place who for two years suffered with Dropsical Swellings brought on by diseased Kidneys.

"I had pains in the small of my back," Mr. Moon continues, "and across the loins. The swelling commenced first in my legs and gradually got to my body. I tried different doctors but kept getting worse every day until I was swollen up to an awful size.

"One doctor sent me to the hospital where I got a little benefit but the swelling soon all came back.

"Then I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and as I said before they cured me completely."

Dropsical Swellings are caused by diseased Kidneys failing to take the surplus water out of the blood. Cure the Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and the Dropsy naturally cures itself.

It Wasn't.

The play was not by any means brilliant, and obviously the man was bored. Suddenly he leaped to his feet.

"I heard an alarm of fire," he said. "I must go and see where it is."

His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared.

"It wasn't fire after all," he said, on his return.

"Nor water either," said the wife.

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

Slug 47—How do you spell——

Old-fashioned Proofreader — Any way you please. All rules of spelling have been abolished.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Wife—I saw Mr. Chacer this afternoon and he looked very bad. What's th matter with him—do you know?

Hubby—Compound fracture.

Wife—What sort of compound fracture?

Hubby—He's broke, and Miss Doughbag, discovering that fact, broke her engagement.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Reporter—How many were in attendance at that ward caucus you held the other night?

Politician—Why, I can give you only a rough estimate, but——

Reporter—That's exactly what I'm after. How many roughs were there?

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"That looks like a newly-made grave — that little hummock over there on the desert," said the traveller from the east.

"That's just what it is, neighbor," answered Arizona Al "The editor of the Weekly Cactus Spine was buried over there last week."

"What was his complaint?"

"He didn't have none. It was Coyote Cal that had the complaint. You see, there was a baby born up to Cal's house a spell ago, and the editor wrote an item about it, sayin' a tow-headed little girl had come to make Cal and his woman happy, but it 'pears that the printer got the letters mixed somehow. Leastways it said in the paper when Cal read it that it was a two-headed baby, and him bein' an impulsive cuss, there wan't nothin' to do but hold the funeral the next day but one."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Desperate Coughs

Dangerous coughs. Extremely perilous coughs. Coughs that rasp and tear the throat and lungs. Coughs that shake the whole body. You need a regular medicine, a doctor's medicine, for such a cough. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's — We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Any good doctor will tell you that a medicine like Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cannot do its best work if the bowels are constipated. Ask your doctor if he knows anything better than Ayer's Pills for correcting this sluggishness of the liver.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

COME WEST, BLISS CARMAN.

Bliss Carman, you'd better come west;
You say you're tired of the things you do,
The streets you walk, and the songs you sing,
And your soul's in need of a dry shampoo.

You've said that you ache for elbow-room,
For a look at the stars at least;
You've said you're tired of the poppy-cock
And pink tea air of the east.

Come out where the plains go rolling west
From the lakes to the Rockies' peaks,
Where the soul of the wheatland sings at dusk,
And the voice of the prairie speaks.

Come out where there's song to be sung again,
Where Youth and To-day rejoice;
You need the wine of the West in you—
And the West, it needs a voice.

—John Arbuthnott, in January Canada West.

A GENEROUS ARTIFICE.

How Late H. C. Hammond Gave Without Too Much Parade.

A characteristic action of the late Mr. Hammond occurred some two or three years ago when he first actively took up the cause of the Free Hospital for Consumptives. Subscriptions were not coming in very fast, and one Sunday night he paid a visit to the city editors of the morning newspapers with a suggestion. He wished to give $10,000 to the fund for the hospital, but at the same time he wished to conceal the fact that he was doing so because he thought it would arouse more public attention and stimulate subscriptions in a greater degree if it appeared that a larger number of persons had subscribed the sum in various amounts. He had therefore figured out a list of subscriptions ranging from $10 to $1,000, reading something like "J.S. $15," "Sympathizer $500," and so on. He offered to pay for the insertion of this list, if necessary, but only one newspaper, and that one very far from being the poorest in Toronto, would accept his money. Thus the public read of the sudden access of funds to the philanthropic institution and never for one moment suspected that the supposedly numerous donations were in reality one modest man's contributions to get the fund going.

The manner in which he took hold of the E. F. Clarke memorial fund and pushed it through to an adequate figure is also a matter of record, and owing to his great popularity it became truly non-partizan in its character.

Electric Smelting a Success.

Dr. Eugene Maanel, director of mines, has returned to Ottawa from Dunnarfvet, Sweden, thoroughly convinced that the process of electric smelting is a complete success, and reports to the Government that the enormous supplies of iron ores in both Ontario and Quebec can be profitably developed by means of the magnificent water powers with which those provinces are endowed.

He also investigated power development from gas producer engines and as a result a number of experiments in connection with such engines will be conducted in Ottawa.

A model plant is being built in the southern part of that city and the machinery is now en route from Europe.

The Dunnarfvet works have invented a steel furnace in which a three-phased current and two electrodoes are used, the bottom of the furnace furnishing the third electrode. The special advantage of this is that the three-phase current produces a rotation of the bath in a vertical plane, thus bringing new material continually into the slag line for purification. Dr. Maanel also conducted important investigations into three new zinc reduction processes.

Arranging a Divan.

Every one does not know that a wide divan is made more comfortable by having at its back two huge, hard pillows that will support the softer ones.

It is usual to heap up a great variety of these extra soft ones on a large divan so that any one sitting or reclining may arrange them according to one's comfort.

These are needed, it is true, but they also need a support. The wall is usually too far back from the front edge of the divan to serve. The two large pillows made of the material which covers the divan are not only comfortable, but artistic.

They may be stuffed with excelsior into coarse muslin or ticking, then covered with the chosen fabric. They look better with a heavy cord around the edging.

If the end of the divan is against the wall as well as its side a third pillow may be added to give an added framework to the little pillows.

This is not an expensive trick, but if a housewife ever tries it she will never let the divan go without this part of its equipment.

Washing Brushes.

It is best not to put one's heavy backed silver brush into common use for their hair, at least not in cities where the soot laden atmosphere leaves a coating of itself on the hair each day.

This is caught by the bristles of the brush, which makes it necessary to wash it at least twice a week, if not oftener.

This constant washing ruins a brush that has an expensive back. Therefore a brush should be used that has an ordinary wooden handle and back with good stiff bristles to withstand the softening action of water and borax.

A Wrap For a Doll.

If you want to make something new and attractive for the "big, best doll," which every little girl has and carries on important occasions, fashion her one of the new opera cloaks like the girls of this season wear.

They are made of broadcloth, lined with silk or satin. They fall loose from shoulders to hem of the skirt and have a gathered hood at the neck, which is lined to match the cloak.

This will be a new touch to the doll's wardrobe. Do not tie the cloak in front with ribbon, but with two tiny frogs, and then it will look very much like the real thing.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

JUST THINK!

With half the labor, and at half the cost of other soap, Sunlight does the whole washing in half the time, yet without injuring the most delicate fabric.

KEEN IMAGINATION.

The Way One of His Lectures Affected Louis Agassiz.

Children are not the only holders of the precious key of the imagination The finest minds often keep the power of "make believe," much to their own and the world's benefit. That such a possession couple with ardent enthusiasm makes demands on the nerves and strength is shown in the following anecdote, related by the late Moncure Daniel Conway in his autobiography. He was at one time a pupil of that famous man of science, Louis Agassiz.

One particular lecture Agassiz devoted to displaying some fossils of saurians, newly come into his collection. He made the subject a text for a general review of the chain of reptilian life.

As he proceeded, darting off to the blackboard to illustrate, comparing the extinct with the contemporary fauna, he became more and more animated. His face reddened with excitement until at last he said:

"Gentlemen, I ask you to forgive me if today I end the lecture at this point, although the hour is not out. I assure you I have been describing these extinct creatures until they have taken on a sort of life. They have been crawling, hissing, darting about me. I have heard the crawling and hissing until I am really exhausted. I regret it, gentlemen, but I trust you will excuse me."

Our admiration for the grand teacher was such as to make us break through all rules, and we gave him a hearty cheer. He bowed low to us and quickly disappeared.

The Shirred Sleeves.

In this day of mousquetaire sleeves it is a problem how to make them so that they will look shirred and yet be quite secure. Furthermore, when they are made of wash net or other washable fabrics it is almost impossible to launder them if they are made in the usual way.

One clever woman has found that the inside seam of the sleeve may be made like a French seam, through which a tape may be run. The tape should be a little longer than the sleeve is when pulled out to its full length. The seam for the second draw string may be taken up on the outer side of the sleeve, and through this also a tape may be run. When the dress is worn the string may be drawn up to the armhole until the sleeve is the correct length, and then the cord may be tied up inside. When it is time to launder them the strings may be untied, the sleeves pulled out to their full length and the work thus made easy.

Bleaching Muslin.

If you want to bleach unbleached muslin at home place a boilerful of deep blue water on the stove and, unrolling the muslin, put it in and let come to a steady boil. Remove from boiler without wringing and hang on line to drip dry in full sunlight.

When dry iron and depend on the first washing to make it a clear white, or wash again in the ordinary way before using.

"I can truthfully say that I believe that, but for the use of your Emulsion I would long since have been in my grave. I was past work—could not walk up-hill without coughing very hard."

THIS, and much more was written by Mr. G. W. Howerton, Clark's Gap, W. Va. We would like to send you a full copy of his letter, or you might write him direct. His case was really marvelous, but is only one of the many proofs that

Scott's Emulsion

is the most strengthening and re-vitalizing preparation in the world. Even in that most stubborn of all diseases (consumption) it does wonders, and in less serious troubles, such as anemia, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or loss of flesh from any cause the effect is much quicker.

Do not delay. Get a bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION—be sure it's SCOTT'S and try it.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you Mr. Howerton's letter and some literature on Consumption. Just send us a Post Card and mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE 126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

FAKE PICTURES.

There Are, It Is Said, Few Honest Art Dealers In Europe.

I was talking the other evening with M. Henri Rochefort, the most brilliant authority in Paris on art matters.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the chances today of an American millionaire in the European art market are shockingly bad. The demand for fine pictures is enormous; it has far surpassed the supply and is steadily increasing. Every one who can afford it wants his private gallery; even people of modest fortune have an old masterpiece or so, as they have an automobile. Consequently the prices of pictures have risen, risen, risen, until the temptation to fraud has become irresistible. There is no longer such a thing as an honest art dealer, or if some exceptional dealer happens to be honest he is sure to be incompetent."

"And the art experts?" I asked.

"Worse than the dealers," he declared. "Why should they know anything about art? They are stable boys today, art experts tomorrow. One of the most successful art experts in Paris was a billposter a few years ago. Any one may be an art expert who chooses to put up a sign. There are no qualifications, no diploma. A man simply calls himself an art expert and that settles it. And these are the fellows you rich Americans deal with Quel malheur!"

"You think our American millionaires buy a good many fake pictures?"

M. Rochefort laughed. "It's pitiful! It's shameful! But what can they expect? It's their own fault for buying pictures as they buy lumber or steel rails—according to specifications. I'll never forget the last pictures I was asked to look at by a rich American. He was so proud of them; so convinced that they were masterpieces. There were forty in all, and they had cost him 800,000 francs. It was a bargain all right if they had been genuine, for there were great names in the lot; several old masters, a Diaz, a Theodore Rousseau, a Daubigny and several Corots—the usual millionaire assortment.

"'Well,' he said as I studied them

"'Some of them are well done,' I admitted.

"'Ah!' he purred.

"'But they're not genuine.'

"'What! You mean you've found a counterfeit?'

"'My dear sir, I'm sorry, but—they're all counterfeits!'" — Cleveland Moffett in Success Magazine.

The Ethics of Kissing.

A Vienna magistrate has been called upon to decide whether kissing in the street is an offense against public morality.

Arnold Schmidt, a university student, was taking a fond leave of his sweetheart at the door of her house. This so shocked a clerk who saw the embrace that he complained to the police, and Schmidt was arrested for a breach of the public morals. He pleaded in court that his kiss was a token of respect to the maiden. An elderly spinster living in the house opposite who had been an involuntary witness of the scene, told the magistrate amid much laughter that she indignantly withdrew from the window at once, because, she said, "kissing was not aesthetic."

The court, after much deliberation, dismissed the case, holding that kissing was no transgression of common morals.

"Billycocks."

C. A. Phillips, who died recently, was a principal in a well known firm of Nuneaton hatmakers. The business was established about two centuries ago at Atherstone and subsequently passed by purchase into the hands of a Joseph Willday, whose family conducted it for more than a hundred years. As early as 1745 the round hats made of soft felt, then known as "Atherstone cocks," were not only sold largely in Great Britain, but sent to the American plantations. Mr. Willday so increased the manufacture of these cheap felt hats that they became known as "Willday cocks," from which arose the term "billycocks." The English armies which fought in America, India and at Waterloo were supplied with hats from Willday's factory.—London Express.

OLD OYSTER BED.

Irish Supply Is Shipped to London For First Time.

Oysters from a wild part of the west coast of Ireland, which, in view of their origin, may be described as a "novelty 800 years old," were eaten for the first time in London a few days ago.

The oysters of the Red Bank Galways, were cultivated by the monks of the historic Corcomroe Abbey at least as early as the twelfth century. In 1861 Thomas Dinley, who had traveled all over Ireland, wrote of these oysters in Galway Bay—"oysters of middle size, far excelling our Colchesters, as owned by several judges of both."

Napoleon III., when establishing the oyster industry which has now become so important in France, sent agents who practically denuded the Red Bank to obtain the parent stock for what have become the famous French beds of Auray and Arcachon to-day.

The entire output of the Red Bank oysters, which, after drastic tests, are passed for consumption, will henceforth be reserved exclusively for the Carlton and Ritz Hotels, and a number of invited guests who recently tasted the oysters found them not only "fat," but of delicious flavor.

Foiled.

"Yes," says the milliner sweetly to Mrs. Brightun, "the big hats are going completely out of style. Next season they simply will not be worn. You will have to come and get a new hat, or several of them, in fact, and the new ones will be very small."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaims Mrs. Brightun. "My husband will be so glad."

"He's different from most husbands, then," laughs the milliner.

"But, don't you see, I can make five new hats out of that last big one I got from you!"

And she goes out, leaving the milliner dazedly clutching the showcase. —Chicago Post.

Doctor Changed His Mind

In the year 1890, 18 years ago, Mrs. G. S. Gesner, of Belle Island, N. S., was in a sad condition. All her relatives had died of consumption and there was every indication that she was going the same way. This was aggravated by an attack of Kidney Trouble.

At this point her husband suggested PSYCHINE. The doctor who attended said PSYCHINE was worthless; but it effected a wonderful cure. Eighteen Years After in a letter bearing date August 14, 1908, Mrs. Gesner says: "I am better than I have been for years. My lungs have not troubled me since I took your treatment. My physician told me I could not take a better tonic than PSYCHINE, and I recommend it to all who are suffering from Lung Trouble and General Debility."

Psychine is the greatest of Tonics giving Health and Energy, and should be in every home. It should always be used for Colds, Loss of Appetite, Weariness, etc. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers, 50c. and $1.00.

Write Dr. Slocum, Limited, Spadina Ave., Toronto, for a free trial of Psychine and mention this advertisement.

Just a Confession.

"Though I am no philanthropist,"
The swindler said, "It's true
I'm always on the lookout for
The good things I can do."

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and sedatives are so blended in these pills hat no other preparation could be so effective as they.

"I see," remarked Uncle Jerry Peebles, "the life insurance companies have laid down a set of rules for making people live fifteen years longer. I ain't going to pay any attention to 'em. The life insurance companies have got a good enough thing as it is."—Chicago Tribune.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The old farmer stood in front of the "Human Frog" in the museum. "How did you ever find out you were a contortionist?" he drawled, curiously.

"Sh-" whispered the contortionist. "It's a secret, but I once tried to dress in the upper berth of a Pullman sleeper."—Chicago News.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

Mrs. T. Osborn, Norton Mills, Vt., says:—"I have no hesitation in saying that Baby's Own Tablets saved my baby's life and I cannot say enough in praise of this medicine. He was so weak and sickly that he took no notice of anything, and cried so much that I was worn out caring for him. After giving him the Tablets there was a great change, and he is now a bright-eyed, laughing baby, the pride of our home." Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, destroy worms and keep little ones healthy and happy. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"The late Senator Allison," said a Dubuque lawyer, according to the New York Tribune, "was a stickler for personal cleanliness, even for personal elegance. There was no quicker way for a man to get on his black books than to be unshaved, to have the trousers unpressed, the boots unpolished.

"We used to have here in Dubuque a decidedly slovenly lawyer. This lawyer appeared one afternoon at a meeting with a rose in his buttonhole. The sight of a rose in the buttonhole of such a sloven excited a good deal of comment.

"I wonder where on earth he got it?" said I.

"Senator Allison smiled.

"'Probably,' said he, 'it grew there.'"

The Uses of Bile in Indigestion

Bile is quite as important as are the gastric juices in the process of digestion.

Chronic indigestion disappears when an active liver supplies bile in sufficient quantities.

You think of bile as something disagreeable and poisonous, something to be well rid of. In the blood the bile is poisonous and harmful, but the liver takes the bile out of the blood and pours it into the intestines, where it fulfils a most important mission.

Without bile human life is short, for Bile hastens the passage of the food along the alimentary canal.

Bile neutralizes the acid which passes from the stomach to the intestines.

Bile prevents the fermentation of food in the intestines, which in turn causes gas, wind, flatulency.

Bile, in short, is Nature's cathartic and maintains a regular and healthful process of digestion and of elimination of waste matter by way of the bowels.

But to have a regular flow of bile the liver must be kept healthy and active and just here is where Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills come in, for they are definite, specific and direct in their action on the liver.

It is only by setting the liver right that constipation can ever be cured. It is only by making the liver healthy that biliousness and bilious, sick headaches can be thoroughly overcome. It is only by making the liver active that the most difficult cases of indigestion and dyspepsia will ever vanish.

A single box of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at 25 cts. a box will convince you of their extraordinary merit. One pill a dose, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

BURNS AS EXCISEMAN.

England Has Given Many Writers Government Jobs.

When Robert Burns, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated on the 25th day of last month, was driven by the expenses due to an increasing family to apply for a Government post he thought himself fortunate in obtaining the billet of exciseman. Not that he was blind to the disadvantages of the position.

"The worst circumstance," he wrote, "is that the excise division which I have got is so extensive—no less than ten parishes to ride over—and that it abounds, besides, with so much business that I can scarcely steal a spare moment." In return for the strenuous and almost unceasing toil involved in his official duties the reward was $250 a year.

From the very dawn of English literature the state has not been averse to show itself the patron of literary merit, and this apart from the laureateship, honorable but meanly paid. Chaucer held many offices about the court and under Government, and was more actively engaged in public affairs than any poet of celebrity since his time. It is true that he started in sufficiently lowly fashion. Appointed comptroller of the Custom of Wool, Skin, and Leather in the port of London, he was obliged to keep the books and fill in commercial documents with his own hand.

Better times were in store for the father of English literature. In due course he was promoted to be comptroller of Petty Customs, and more than once took a distinguished share in embassies and other diplomatic missions.

Chaucer's first great literary successor, Edmund Spencer, attained to an eminent position in the Court of Chancery. Milton rose still higher, when he secured his appointment to the post of Foreign or Latin Secretary to the Council of State under the Commonwealth.

Asked to celebrate the Battle of Blenheim, Joseph Addison was made Commissioner of Appeals in the Excise, and afterwards, as reward for his resultant poem, "The Campaign," obtained the post of Under Secretary of State. He became successively Secretary to the Lords Justices, who administered the Government until the arrival of George I., a Commissioner for Trade and the Colonies, and, finally, Secretary of State.

Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," Sir Richard Steele, as an essayist second to none, and Fielding, whose "Tom Jones" still ranks among the best novels in our language, were all recipients of Government posts, which, in some cases, proved to be of a very lucrative nature.

James Thomson, famous as the author of "The Seasons" and of the song "Rule Britannia," was made governor of the Leeward Islands. The sequel is curious. He sent out a deputy to do the work, and, after paying him, clear $1,500 a year from his governorship. As he was also in receipt of a pension, he was able to spend the last years of his life in ease, in happy contrast to poor Robert Burns, weighed down by sickness, debt, and dissipation, dying with a curse upon his lips.

ANCIENT JESTS.

A Familiar Tale Told In Many Centuries and Languages.

Most of the jests that have been current in English-speaking countries for centuries are known also throughout Europe. Students of folklore assure us that to a great extent these jests are of Asiatic origin, many of them having come from China and Japan, and some are thousands of years old.

Take, for instance, the well-known story of the impudent Irishman at an inn who looked over a man's shoulder while he was writing a letter. When he read, "I have much more to say to you, but a fellow is looking over my shoulder and reading all I write," he cried out, "Faith, sir, I haven't read a word!" This story is found in the "Spring Garden" of Jami, the last of the great Persian poets of the fifteenth century.

The story of the countryman who tried to pick up a paving-stone to throw at a savage dog and, finding that stone and all others rammed tightly into the ground, declared that these were strange folks who fastened the stones and let loose their dogs, was told in the thirteenth century by another Persian poet, the illustrious Sadi.

One authority in folklore traces a familiar tale from the ancient Hindoo collection, "Ocean of the Rivers of Narrative," through various versions, in many centuries and languages.

The Hindoo tale is in brief something like this: A rich man said to his treasurer in the hearing of a musician who had entertained him, "Give this man 2,000 panas." The treasurer, replying that he would do as ordered, went out. The minstrel asked for the panas, but was refused. On appealing to the rich man the musician received this response: "What did you give me that I should make a return? You afforded a short-lived pleasure to my ears by playing on the lyre, and I gave a short-lived pleasure to your ears by promising you money."

In Gladwin's "Persian Moonshee" a poor poet recites verses in praise of a wealthy man, who promises him a quantity of grain but later says to him: "You are a blockhead! You delighted me with words, and I pleased you in like manner. Why, then, should I give you grain?"

Lucian tells of a philosopher that complained to his pupil because his fees were eleven days in arrears and was thus answered by the youth's uncle: "Pray let us hear no more complaints of the injustice you suppose you have had at our hands, since it simply amounts to this—we have bought words of you and till now have paid you in the same coin."

In "Jacke of Dover, His Quest of Inquirie For the Foole of All Fooles," an English jest book of the sixteenth century, there is a tale almost precisely like the Hindoo narrative.

A Japanese story say that Kisaburo, a man of economic spirit, took lodgings on the side of a market for eels. The appetizing odor of fried eels entered his dining-room and seasoned his bowl of rice. The man with the eels presented his bill for the odor of the fish. Kisaburo laid out the money asked for on the bill and began to chat with him. When the man was about to leave Kisaburo put the money back into his pocket, replying to the other's remonstrance: "You ask me for payment for the smell of your fried fish. I do the same for the sight of my money." This story was known in Europe in the fourteenth century.

ONLY THING THAT HELPED HIS KIDNEYS

British Columbia Likes Gin Pills.

Chilliwack, B.C.

I divide the year about equally working on this ranch and on various logging claims, being consequently entirely dependent on bodily fitness for a living. At times I have suffered like many others in this country from backache and weak Kidneys, sometimes to the extent of being laid up for weeks together. Having tried many remedies I have pleasure in stating that your Gin Pills are the only one from which I have derived any permanent benefit. I had been using them only a short time when the trouble left me, and has not returned since. J. EDWARD JAMES.

Try them at our expense. Write for sample box, free if you mention this paper, then, when you see that Gin Pills are helping you, you can get them at your dealer or from us direct, 50c. a box—6 for $2.50.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 118

The Starting Point.

The minute a man begins to believe that things might have been worse he becomes an optimist.—Philadelphia Record.

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Cure.

A citizen of culture and poetic taste went to a public library and asked for Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."

He was rather taken aback when the librarian replied, with great hauteur:

"We don't keep unbound books in this library."—Youths Companion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Officer," said the whimsical tourist to the big, strapping policeman who had saved him from being run over by an automobile, "you remind me of a character in one of Kipling's stories. You've heard of Kipling?"

"Kip Ling?" said Officer Hooligan. "Sure! He runs a Chinese laundry about four blocks fr'm where I live. Trot along, sonny."—Chicago Tribune.

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Universally Recognized as the Standard of Excellence.

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SELECTED For the WEST.

BEST for the most Critical Buyer. BEST for the Economist. The quality of your seed contributes everything to your success. Insist on McKenzie's Seeds, grown for the West. Address

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WRITE FOR CATALOG.

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Take two Beecham's Pills on retiring and avoid any ill effects from a late meal. Then you will sleep soundly, awaken with a clear head and a high opinion of the great stomach remedy,

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ABSORBINE, JR., (mankind) $1.00 bottle.) For Synovitis, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Allays pain. Book free.

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Nat Darling.

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Is a comfortable home for all who travel to that city.
COCKLE & PAPWORTH.

Get your Seed Grain at
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IN PERRY
Blue Stem Wheat, Seed Oats, Seed Rye.

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In Phoenix the dining room will please the gastronomically critical, the beds bring sweet repose, while the beverages in the bar will appease any ordinary human thirst. Miners, muckers, tourists and millionaires always welcome.
J. A. McMASTER, Proprietor.

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Provincial Assayer and Ore Shippers' Agent. Correspondence solicited. Samples receive prompt attention.
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NewmarketHotel
Is the home for all tourists and millionaires visiting New Denver. British Columbia.
HENRY STEGE. PROPR.

TREMONT HOUSE
Nelson. B. C., is run on the the American and European plan. Nothing yellow about the house except the gold in the safe.
Malone & Tregillus

The Kootenay Saloon
Sandon, B. C., has a line of nerve bracers unsurpassed in any mountain town of the Great West. A glass of aqua pura given free with spirits menti.

Hotel
Alexander
PHOENIX, B. C.
Is a comfortable home for the miner and traveler. Good meals and pleasant rooms. Pure liquors and fragrant cigars in the bar.
R. V. CHISHOLM, PROPRIETOR.

J. R. Cameron.
Leading Tailor of the Kootenays.
Kaslo, B. C.

GREENWOOD
AND MIDWAY
STAGE
Leaves Greenwood for Spokane at 7 a. m., and for Oroville at 2:30 p. m.
J. McDONELL.

LOWERY'S CLAIM
During the 87 months that Lowery's Claim was on earth it did business all over the world. It was the most unique, independent and fearless journal ever produced in Canada. Political and theological enemies pursued it with the venom of a rattlesnake until the government shut it out of the mails, and its editor ceased to publish it, partly on account of a lazy liver and partly because it takes a pile of money to run a paper that is outlawed. There are still 25 different editions of this condemned journal in print. Send 10 cents and get one or $2 50 and get the bunch.
R. W. LOWERY.

Provincial Elections Act.

Greenwood Electoral District

NOTICE is hereby given that I have received an objection in writing to the following names being retained on the List of Voters for the Greenwood Electoral District on some or all of the following grounds, namely:

1. That the person objected to is dead;
2. That they ceased for a period of six months next before the holding of the Court to reside in such Electoral District;
3. That they are not, under the provisions of this Act, qualified to vote;
4. That he was not so qualified to vote when his name was placed on the Register of Voters.

AND TAKE NOTICE that at the Court of Revision to be held on the 3rd day of May, 1909, at the Court House in Greenwood, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, I shall hear and determine the same, and unless you, or some other Provincial voter, on your behalf, satisfies me that said objection is not well founded, I shall strike your name off the said Register.

Dated this 6th day of April, 1909.

GEO. GUNNINGHAM,
Registrar of Voters,
for Greenwood Electoral District.

Bray, William Henry, Greenwood, miner.
Fee, James Parker, Greenwood, miner.
Foulds, Geo. Albert, Greenwood, miner.
Gamsby, Clem Burton, Deadwood, miner.
George, William E., Greenwood, miner.
Gray, George Herbert, Anaconda, clerk.
Harrington, Fred W., Greenwood, miner.
Holden, Percival, Midway, gentleman.
Jenson, Einor, Eholt, provincial cous.
Louttitt, Wm. John, Greenwood, miner.
Miller, Thomas F., Eholt, carpenter.
Morgan, James, Greenwood, machinist.
Mitchell, Thomas, Greenwood, miner.
McKinnon, Daniel, Greenwood, carpenter
McMillan, Willian Neil, Deadwood, miner
McNeill, James Henry, Midway, merchant
McElroy, David Lawrence, Greenwood, cook.
Newman, Henry M. W., Midway, farmer.
Napper, Arthur H., Greenwood, clerk.
Perry, Edward, Greenwood, miner.
Shields, Thomas, Midway, farmer.
Sanderson, Alex., Greenwood, meat cutter
Ahlgreen, Samuel M., Greenwood, blacksmith.
Albi, John, midway, hotelkeeper.
Anderson, Edward, Greenwood, merchant
Archibald, Chester Herbert, Greenwood, plasterer.
Augustine, Alphus Price, Greenwood, surveyor's assistant.
Allen, John, Mother Lode, miner.
Baillie, Nicholas, Greenwood, miner.
Baker, Edward, Greenwood, miner.
Baker, Henry Francis, Greenwood, miner
Barton, Robert, Eholt, caapenter.
Bellock, Louis Andrew, Eholt, fitter's helper.
Bellock, William, Greenwood, engineer
Bellfontain, Michael, Eholt, miner.
Best, John, Greenwood, miner.
Blair, Henry, Greenwood, miner.
Bloor, George Henry, Eholt, car repairer.
Bothwell, Chas. Edw., Greenwood, miner.
Boyer, Fred, Greenwood, hotelkeeper.
Bradley Fred, Greenwood, miner.
Broy, Chas., Boundary Falls, smelterman
Bunting, Ernest, Midway, clerk.
Burns, George, Greenwood, miner.
Burns, John, Greenwood, miner.
Butler, Albert Edwin, Boundary Falls, laborer.
Beggs, Arthur Wellesley, Greenwood, operator.
Beldon, Joseph, Greenwood, gentleman.
Boomer, Dalton Matthew, Denoro, miner.
Bradbury, Horace, Greenwood, miner.
Burby, Joseph Theodore, Boundary Falls, machinist.
Bryant, Havelock, Greenwood, teamster.
Buckley, Fred, Greenwood, sectionman.
Buxton, Ches. Edwin, Greenwood, miner.
Carlson, Eloff, Midway, section foreman.
Carlson, Swan John, Greenwood, miner.
Cessford, Albert, Denoro, engineer.
Chalmers, Frederick Wm., Greenwood.
Chisholm, Rod V., Denoro, hotelkeeper.
Coatesm, Thomas, Boundary Falls, coal miner.
Coulter, Charles, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Crawford, John Alfred, Greenwood, engineer.
Crooley, John, Greenwood, hotelkeeper.
Crouse, Charles M. Midway, merchant.
Curnow, Richard, Greenwood, prospector
Cameron, Sam, Rock Creek, carpenter.
Carlson, Charles, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Clapperton, James Boundary Falls, engineer.
Connell, J. W. Greenwood, Greenwood, lineman.
Church, Wm. H., Mother Lode, engineer
Cock, David, Mother Lode, miner.
Cookcton, Ernest, Mother Lode, miner.
Cooper, Richard. Mother Lode, miner,
Daimper, Isadore D. D., Greenwood, machinist.
Dallas, James, Midway, hotelkeeper.
Davidson, James, Greenwood, miner.
Dallnire, Eugene, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Davis, John, Anaconda, smelterman.
Derrick, Richard, Gaeenwood, smelterman.
Dinnin, John Henry, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Dixon, Frank Alex., Greenwood, laborer.
Dow, James, Greenwood, axeman.
Downey, Wm., Greenwood. tailor.
Doyle, Wm. Samuel, Greenwood, contractor.
Davidson, James Duncan, Mother Lode.
Davidson Wm. Hill, Grescent mine, blacksmith.
Dunlop, James Norman, Greenwood, telephone manager.
Eddy, Allan Fairbanks, Rock Creek, farmer.
Ellis, James Wyaum, Greenwood, printer
Eustis, Gabriel, Greenwood, engineer.
Evers, August, Greenwood, painter.
Fewer, Patrick, Greenwood, miner.
Fletcher, Thomas, Greenwood, engineer.
Forrest, David, Boundary Falls, prospector.
Foley, Peter A., Mother Lode, miner.
Fraser, Michael, Boundary Falls, laborer.
Frasea, Alex, Neil, Greenwood, smelterman.
Forster, Walter, Anaconda, prospector.
Galloway, Charles Scott, Greenwood, miner.
Galloway, Charles C, Greenwood, merchant.
Gardom, Reginald, Midway, H. M. customs.
Garner, Fred, Greenwood, cook.
Gibson, Henry, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Gidon, Claude, Anaconda, farmer.
Gowdy, John. Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Gowing, Arthur J. M., Greenwood, baker.
Greenwood, Joseph, Greenwood, laborer.
Glencross, John, Mother Lode, miner.
Grant, Kenneth, Boundary Falls, smelterman
Hamilton, William Henry, Greenwood, miner.
Hanna, William, Greenwood, miner.
Han en, Nels, Boundary Falls, fireman.
Harris, James Anderson, Boundary Falls, smelterman
Harritt, John Wm. Eholt.
Harritt, Walter R., Eholt, Engineer.
Hayter, Charles Alfred, Midway, watchman.
Hein, Christ, Denoro, miner.
Henderson, George, Greenwood, miner.
Henderson, Thomas, Greenwood, miner.
Hickey, Pat, Greenwood, miner.
Holmes, John, Greenwood clerk.
Hardy, Neil, Greenwood, minar.
Hallett, Percy B., Greenwood, clerk.
Hoop, Thomas, Greenwood, mechanic.
Higgs, Ambrose, Greenwood, miner.
Hodge, Geo. T., Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Ibison, Robert, Greenwood, miner.
Jacobs, Israel Robert, Greenwood, farmer
Jones, Robert Wallace, Greenwood, miner
Kane, Michael Henry, Greenwood, miner
Kennedy, Peter, Boundary Falls, carpenter.
LeBeau, John, Eholt, carpenter.
LaPorte, Oliver, carpenter.
LeBau, Louis, Greenwood, carpenter.
Lennox, James, Greenwood, miner.
Lacey, Frederick, Boundary Falls, blacksmith.
Langlis, A. Douglas. Denoro, miner.
Laughlin, Robert C. S., Eholt, wiper.
Linglater, John, Greenwood, miner,
Luddington, Milton, Mother Lode, miner
LeBlac, Peter, Greenwood, tiemakerr
Loftus. Francis Joseph, Anaconda, lumberman.
Loftus, Albert L., Anaconda, lumberman.
Mabbott, Joseph H., Greenwood
Marks, Wm., Greenwood, miner.
Marshall, Geo., Greenwood, machinist.
Martin, Joseph, Greenwood, miner.
Marvis, Arthur, Greenwood, lineman.
Mason, Fred, Greenwood, miner.
Mathison, Robert, Greenwood, dentist.
Melville, Chas. Edward, Midway, barber.
Miles, Alfred, Midway, laborer.
Milne, Davie, Anaconda, farmer,
Moffatt, Robert John M., Greenwood, F. O. and agent.
Montgomery, Wm., Greenwood, smelterman.
Morrissy, Michael Thomas, Boundary Falls, miner.
Murry, Arthur A., Greenwood, miner.
Maire, Joseph A., Denoro, cook.
Meade, Roger, Boundarp Falls, smelterman.
Mee. Charles, Denoro, miner.
Mills, Wm., Mother Lode, laborer
Melior, Joseph Ed., Mother Lode, laborer
Morrison, Kenny, Boundary Falls, carpenter.
Murry, Duncan, Greenwood, engineer.
Moaris, Rupert Lewis, Midway, farmer.
McAulay, Thomas, Midway, hotelkeeper.
McCallum, John, Midway, farmer.
McDonald, Donald, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
MacDonald, Ed. Sanfield, Eholt, miner.
MacDonald, Daniel James, Greenwood, miner.
McDonald. Duncan J., Eholt, liveryman.
McDonald, James, Eholt, liveryman.
McDonald, Wylter, Greenwood, miner.
McEachern, Ronald, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
McEachern, John, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
McIntominey, William H., Greenwood, miner.
McKenzie, Kenneth, Greenwood, carpenter.
McKinnon, Danial Archibald, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
McKinnon, Hugh, Greenwood, laborer.
McLaren, David McL., Greenwood, druggist.
McLareh, George. Greenwood, miner.
McDaren, James Carson, Deadwood, miner
McLean, Francis, Greenwood, carpenter.
McLennan, Neil, Greenwood, miner.
McReynolds, Joseph, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
McAllister, Robert Danford, Greenwood, salesman.
McArce, Patrick, Mother Lode, miner.
McClellan, Joseph, Mother Lode, miner.
McClennean, Joseph, Mother Lode, miner
McDowell, Chas. Arthur, Boundary Falls, engineer.
MacFarlane, John Howard, Greenwood, accountant.
McInnis, Jesse Hall, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
McIntosh, Ormond, Mother Lode, cage tender.
McKinnon, K. A., Boundary Falls, carpenter.
McKinnon, Charles A., Mother Lode, miner.
McLaren, Geo. Grant, Greenwood, miner
McLeod, Harry, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
McLeod, Angus, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
McLean, Neil, Greenwood, miner.
MacLean, Hector, Boundary Falls, miner
McPherson, William Wallace, Denoro, miner.
McQuarrie, Murdock R., Denoro, miner.
McKerman, Wm. J., Greenwood, miner.
Naden, Geo. R., Greenwood, broker.
Nicholson, Roderick Anderson, Greenwood, carpenter.
Nicoson, James Isaac, Greenwood, miner.
O'Connor, John Thomas, Greenwood, miner.
Olson, Gust. Greenwood, smelterman.
Otto, Jacob, Greenwood, miner.
O'Connor, John T. Mother Lode, blacksmith's helper.
Page, Daniel, Greenwood, miner.
Bainton, Edward, Boundary Falls, fireman.
Park, Thos., Greenwood, smelterman.
Parker, Alfors, Greenwood, miner.
Patterson, Wm., Greenwood, miner.
Pelly, Arthur Morton, Greenwood, gentleman.
Peugelly, James, Greenwood, smelterman.
Penson, Ernest A., Anaconda, farmer.
Penny, Wm., Boundary Falls, laborer.
Peterson, Chas Gus., Greenwood, miner.
Petrie, James, Greenwood, mechanic.
Price, Sidney, Eholt, fitter's helper.
Phillips, Chas. Asaph, Anaconda, blacksmith's helper.
Pool, Richard Frederick, Greenwood, miner.
Pickthall, John, Greenwood, miner.
Reed, Samuel, Greenwood, blacksmith.
Reid, Geo. Wm., Greenwood, blacksmith
Richardson, James, Eholt.
Roberts, Robert, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Robertson, Robert Angus, Greenwood, miner.
Robinson, Alexander, Greenwood, miner.
Roscorela, John, Greenwood, miner.
Rose, Duncan, Greenwood, publisher.
Rundle, Josiah, Greenwood, miner.
Reid, Wm. Pollock, Greenwood, lumberman.
Reed, John H., Greenwood, tie maker.
Robinson, Thomas, Sunset mine, miner.
Robinson, Wm., Sunset mine, miner.
Ryan, Peter, Boundary Falls, smelterman
Rawlings, John, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Reople, Geo., Queen's hotel, miner.
Roberts, John R., Greenwood, laborer.
Sandy, Wm., Greenwood, miner.
Sandy, Robert, Greenwood, miner.
Seely, Hartford, Greenwood, miner.
Semple Andrew, Greenwood, smelterman
Setterington, Jessie, Greenwood, miner.
Shannon, John James, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Shovel, Sam, Deadwood, miner.
Smailes, Ralph, Greenwood, merchant.
Smith, James Henry, Greenwood, smelterman.
Smith, Mark Wm., Greenwood, smelterman
Stapleton, John, Greenwood, miner.
Stegen, Peter, Greenwood, miner.
Stent, Henry, Conner, Greenwood, laborer,
Stevenson, Howard R., Midway, agent.
Stevenson, Lindsay, Greenwood, laborer.
Stewart, Alexander, Boundary Falls, Smelterman.
Setter, Herbert Henry, Greenwood, smelterman.
Scott, Hugh Scrimgeour, Greenwood, miner.
Soby, Major, Greenwood, mechanic.
Smith, Sidney, Anaconda, electrician
Smith, Alex, Mother Lode, miner.
Snow, Wm. J., Greenwood, miner.
Sowter, Arthur Basil, Myncaster, H. M. customs.
Spriggs, Robert, Mother Lode, miner.
Stallard, Harry, Denoro, laborer.
Stewart, Geo. Ed., Boundary Falls, laborer.
Sturch, Samuel, Greenwood. miner.
Sullivan, Robert Pat, Boundary Falls, laborer.
Sweezy, Benj. M., Boundary Falls, laborer.
Semerad, Charles V., Greenwood, hotelkeeper
Sharks, Frank, Greenwood. miner.
Thompson, John Oliver, Midway, farmer.
Thompson, Josiah. Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Tatterstall, Wm, Greenwood, miner.
Thomas, Harry Ralph, Greenwood, carpenter.
Vandergrift, Ernest Joseph, Greenwood, mines.
Walker. Thos., Midway, merchant.
Webb, David, Anaconda, miner.
Webb, Sidney Valdis. Midway, farmer.
Webb, Geoffrey D., Boundary Falls, boiler maker's helper.
Wells, Geo., Greenwood, steam fitter.
Wells, John Prescott, Greenwood, railway employee.
Wheeler, Geo. W., Greenwood, miner.
Whitford, Richard, Greenwood, miner.
Whitty, Wm. Boundary Falls, miner.
Williams, James Henry, Greenwood.
Wilson, Thomas, Greenwood, miner.
Wilson, Wm. Muir, Boundary Falls, plumber.
Winter, George Morley, Greenwood. miner.
Wood, Christopher, Greenwood, capitalist
Wright, Henry St. John, Jr. Greenwood,
Webb, Thomas, Anaconda, miner.
Welland, Arthur, Eholt, car, repairer.
Werner, Martin, Greenwood, miner.
Washkoski, John, Greenwood, hotelkeeper.
Young, Stephen, Greenwood, miner.
Yeo, James Alfred, Eholt, roadmaster.

THE LEDGE

Is published every Thursday at Greenwood, B C, and the price is $2 a year, postage free to all parts of Canada, and Great Britain. To the United States and other countries it is sent postpaid for $2.50 a year. Address all letters to The Ledge, Greenwood, B. C.

R. T. LOWERY,
PUBLISHER.

GREENWOOD B. C., APRIL 22, 1909

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL GREENWOOD, B.C.

A blue mark here indicates that your Subscription has become deceased, and that the editor would once more like to commune with your collateral.

NOTHING hurts us if we forget it.

LACK of thought makes slaves of millions.

A LIAR is not believed when telling the truth.

WHAT is the matter with Watts of Watts-burg?

AS A shade tree the squash has been a failure in B. C.

THE majority of men will sacrifice friendship for money.

MAN would never have discovered sin had it not been for the theologians.

A TRUE genius is always opposed by the dunces and pinheads in any community.

WE must work if we would appreciate rest. He who does not toil is seldom happy.

THE C. P. R. seems to have grown independent of preachers and the country press.

THE mind of man is brightened by contact or collision with mentalities that run in a different channel.

NATURE is wasteful, extravagant and destructive. Man is an apt pupil especially when he has a brain storm.

THE lack of coke will soon be a burning question in this part of the Boundary. Variety may be the spice of life but it is possible to overdo the spice.

CHEMISTRY is a wonderful science You can make a fool out of the wisest man by mixing a large quantity of alcohol with the gastric juice in his stomach.

IT IS well that the working man has a broad back, for upon it we find perched the army, church, state and many other things too numerous to mention.

TURKEY seems to be booming, but life is safer here in the Boundary where the ordinary man, after he pays his bread and grocery bill, gets at least a Mexican standoff.

THE flight of time gradually makes us all the one size. Death is the great equalizer and makes the hobo sit with kings, while St. Peter looks at their transportation.

JIM HILL thinks that wheat will the United States will soon have to import that cereal. Little wonder that land is in demand in Canada.

LOCAL OPTION in the States is changing conditions, especially in the South where the dust rests on the wine glass, and the old colonels are taking lessons in the art of drinking water.

THE rise in the price of flour is working a hardship upon the poor people of the large cities. Bread is not the best of food and we would advise the use of porterhouse steaks in its stead.

IN America even the poor waste too much. Scientists tell us that the ordinary individual eats three times as much food as is necessary. If that is true, then the poor can get rich by cutting down their food supply and using more air.

THE enormous activity of the real estate market in Vancouver has been mainly caused by advertising in the newspapers. The prices may be ten years ahead of the times, which will eventually cause a temperary lull or panic, but, then, that is the history of all progressive cities.

IN Revelstoke there is a movement on foot to build a cog-wheel gradient railway up and over Mount Victoria. A similar railway up and over the glacier near New Denver would give thousands of tourists a chance to see some of the most striking, beautiful and picturesque scenery in the world.

IT seems that coal miners are doomed to an eternal struggle with the mine owners. Their occupation is a dangerous one and they are entitled to the highest wages. If the coal miners would get real wise they would not work underground at the risk of their lives and health for any scale of wages. What, then, would the world do for black diamonds, for there would be no strikes and no coal?

THIS is a world of restless people. People at the coast are moving into the interior, and those in the interior are going where the rain softly drops and the air has a saline odor. Thousands from the east and the United States are flocking into the great Canadian prairies east of the mountains, while old settlers on the plains are flitting to Kootenay, Okanagan, Keremeos or some other favored clime. In Victoria some are going into the territory of ossification, while here in the Boundary some one is occasionally going to heaven and others to that place where the brimstone never pinches out.

The bachelors of Boundary Valley lodge, I. O. O. F., will entertain the married members, their wives, and the Rebekah lodge to a progressive card party and dance on Thursday, April 29th, in the Eagle's hall. Cards, 8:30 to 10:30; dancing from 11. A cordial invitation extended to all members of the order, including visiting members and their wives.

Leadville

After strenuous mining for thirty years Fryer hill continues to ship ore from most of the old time producers, adding monthly to the output of the district. The Little Chief, Chrysolite, Matchless, Dunkin, Robert E. Lee and others are shipping steadily an excellent grade of iron. In one of the lower levels of the Matchless recently a good body of chloride ore was encountered and daily shipments are being sent out from it. Mrs. H W. Tabor now owns the property, and it is being worked under lease by local men. All of this ore comes from the first contact, and no effort has ever been made to go to the second contact to look for ore bodies. Now and then a leaser will run across some of the old high grade silver ore that made the hill famous in early days, but it is now found only in pockets. Iron is now the principal output from the hill.

Say! What about fishing tackle? Take a look at the new goods in Holmes & Kennedy's window.

Was Another Murder.

A young lady in our midst who, according to our society editor, gave a bridge party last evening, must indeed be one of the best hostesses in British Columbia judging by the reports of those present. There were numerous and beautiful decorations in the room, the most notable being a "bridge" which very much resembled that at Elko, but of course it was a "bridge" party. Amongst those present were the following: Messrs Wat A. Frost, O Thee Bunck, Heer I Quit, Misses Y Did Shee Doitt, O. Isle Buster, Let Me Ather, Y Not Killit. All those present say that if the hostess had been present they would have thoroughly enjoyed themselves, but owing to the fact that she left early in the evening with another friend for parts unknown they were deprived of the pleasure of her company. It is reported that Schlitz beer with ice cream floats was served for supper. Keep off the grass, G.—Fernie Ledger.

Mrs. Wm. Plunkett of Chesaw, who died in the Greenwood hospital a few days ago, was buried at her former home in Michigan.

Greenwood City
Waterworks Co.
Supplies Electricity for Power, Light, Heating and Ventilation. Power furnished to mines for hoisting and air compressor plants, with a guarantee that the service will be continuous. Get our rates before completing your estimates.

The Butte copper production for March totaled 28,000,000 pounds. The mines averaged 29 days' operation. Boston & Montana output was about 7,600,000 pounds, Anaconda 6,900,000 pounds, North Butte 3,800,000 pounds, and Butte Coalition 3,000,000 pounds.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Herbert D. Scribner, at one time an owner in the Alamo mine in the Slocan, recently went crazy in 'Frisco from overwork, and committed suicide.

George W. Hughes is in Southern California in search of health. He has completed the sale of the Lucky Jim in the Slocan for $150,000.

Mrs. Robert Adams, formerly of the Clifton House in Rossland, died in Spokane last week.

At Molson, the Molson Gold Mining company has installed an up-to-date stamp mill.

You should fire a gun with one eye closed, but when you trade horses or propose to a widow you'll need 'em wide open.

Even Solomon, with all his wisdom, never succeeded in handing friendly advice to a woman.

If a man is a financial success people overlook the means that made him so.

You mustn't be a dead one until you get ready to give the undertaker a job.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to deceive himself.

A liar ends by making truth like falsehood.

To err is human, to repent divine, to persist devilish.

Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battle ever knew.

SEEDS
SEEDS
SEEDS
Flower and
Garden
Seeds
J. L. WHITE
MILLER BLOCK.

Central
Hotel...
PHOENIX
The nearest hotel to the Granby mines. One of the largest dining rooms in the city. The bar is replete with nerve bracers of all kinds, and the most fragrant cigars. Drop up and see me.
A. O. JOHNSON
PROPRIETOR.

The Pacific Hotel...
Is under the management of Greig & Morrison. The Rooms are Comfortably furnished, and the bar contains the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The Pacific Cafe...
Is the best-appointed Restaurant in the Interior of British Columbia. The best cooks and most attentive waiters only employed. Open all the time.
Max Gates, Proprietor.

The...
Hume...
Nelson, B. C.
GEO. P. WELLS, Proprietor.
First-class in everything. Steam heat, electric light, private baths. Telephone in every room. First-class bar and barber shop. 'Bus meets all trains.

STARKEY & CO.
NELSON, B. C.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS

PROCTER &
BLACKWOOD
NELSON, B. C.
Real Estate,
Mines,
Insurance and
Fruit Lands.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Frank Fletcher
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.
NELSON, B. C.

THE CLUB
Cigar Store
Tobaccos, Pipes, and all other Smokers' supplies. Next door to Pacific hotel.
JAS. DRUM

T. THOMAS
MERCHANT TAILOR
Clothes Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired. Agent for
Blaine Bros'
Ordered Clothing.

ASSAYING
Gold, Silver and Copper. Each 50c.
G. G. WEST, 530 Richards St.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Pioneer
Hotel...
Greenwood, B. C.
The oldest hotel in the city, and still under the same management. Rooms comfortable, meals equal to any in the city, and the bar supplies only the best
Corner of Greenwood and Government streets.
J. W. Nelson

Lakeview - Hotel
NELSON, B. C.
Is a home for Miners. Rates $1 a day. All White Help.
N. MALLETTE - - PROPRIETOR

Regular monthly meetings of Greenwood lodge No 28, A. F. & A. M., are held on the first Thursday in each month in Fraternity hall, Wood block, Government street, Greenwood. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.
JAS. A. BIRNIE, Secretary.

W. F. M. Greenwood Miners' Union, No. 24, W. F. M., meets every Saturday evening in Union Hall, Copper street, Greenwood, at 7:30.
Also in hall at Mother Lode mine Friday evenings at 7:30
GEO. HEATHERTON, Secretary.

The Hotel Slocan
Three Forks, B. C., is the leading hotel of the city. Mountain trout and game dinners a specialty. Rooms reserved by telegraph.
HUGH NIVEN, Prop.