Provincial Library

THE LEDGE

VOL. XV. GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1909. No. 39

New Waists

FOR EASTER.

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

J. R. Jackson of Midway was a visitor in the city yesterday.

W. Cookston was down from the Jewel mine a few kays last week.

Dr. Simmons and C. J. Wilson made a flying visit to Grand Forks Tuesday.

J. E. Methot, customs officer at Myncaster, was a visitor in the city Saturday last.

Thos. McNiesh, mayor of Slocan, was a visitor in the city Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Hugh McCurdy and family left yesterday morning for Spokane to join Mr. McCurdy.

E. G. Warren, superintendent at the smelter, returned this week from a visit to the coast.

Dr. Kingston and W. K. C. Manley of Grand Forks were visitors in the city this week.

W. Plunkett of Chesaw, Wash., was in the city last week visiting his mother who is ill at the hospital.

Mrs. C. Æ. Shaw was called to Keremeos last week owing to the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. W. M. Frith.

Government Agent McMynn went to Spokane this week in connection with the extradition of Bill Newman.

Mrs. John R. Jackson of Midway returned on Saturday's train from Victoria, where she has been spending the past three months.

P. M. Christopher leaves this week for the Sheep Creek district. He thinks conditions will be more stable in a gold camp than here.

J. W. Nelson of the Pioneer has had new cushions put on his pool and billiard tables, and now has two of the finest tables in the city.

Lorne A. Campbell of Rossland was in the city this week consulting with J. E. McAllister. The universe will not jump any coggs in the next week or two.

Al. Sanderson and Sam Sturch left yesterday for the east, the former to visit in Toronto, and the latter to try his luck in the mining districts of New Ontario.

J. E. Bayley and J. A. Goldsmith of Edmonton, Alta., were in the city this week introducing G and J Special, a new and powerful explosive. The explosive was tested both at the Granby and Mother Lode.

For the Easter holidays the Canadian Pacific railway company announce a rate of fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale April 8th to April 12th inclusive, good to return until April 13th.

Thos. Murray, one of the old old time prospectors of the West Fork district arrived from Spokane this week. Tommy made a winning in Idaho prospects last year, and this week disposed of his West Fork properties to C. H. Fair.

The Methodists will give their annual beefsteak-pie dinner Easter Monday, April 12th, in the church. Dinner served from 5:30 to 8. A programme consisting of musical numbers, and a scarf drill by seven young ladies, will be given after the dinner. Admission 50 cents.

The case of Massey vs. Boone & Cote came up for trial before His Honor Judge Brown and a special jury composed of Sid Oliver (foreman), D. A. McDonald, J. N. Paton, A. J. Logan, and D. W. McPherson. Massey sued Boone & Cote for $127.45 and got judgment for $63.

J. Peck MacSwain has been appointed to a lucrative position in in the converter department of the Greenwood smelter. It is a sign of better conditions when, unsolicited, a white man receives an appointment at the smelter. Peck has ability, and will not argue when difficulties arise, but just walk out.

Mike Hays came down from Beaverdell Monday last. He had been working on the Sally for the past six months. He says it was a bluff that George Hambly fell over the bluff, but George is real good company. Dan Inglis is trying to spoil the scenery on the Red Roy. Tom Henderson is taking out grade 1 ore on the Bounty Fraction. Bert de Wiele is pulling waste out of the Sally ore. Keith & Ketchum are doing nearly all the business on the West Fork. Gorman West is doing assessment on the Gopher extension. Work on the Bell tunnel is progressing rapidly. Mrs. Smith's dog was poisoned at Beaverton last week. Carmi is booming. Evangelists will not play an engagement on the West Fork this season. The dry Sunday struck Beaverdell at the same time as the license. That is about all the news from the West Fork.

Bass' ale on draught at the Windsor hotel.

IN SHAFT, TUNNEL AND STOPE

The Tunnel.

As work on the tunnel will be commenced in a few days, a few words about the ground which it will open up may prove of interest to our readers. The high-grade mines of Greenwood have been worked for years with varying success, and comprise an area of about three miles square north and east of the town so far as yet discovered. The first of these claims to be developed was the Providence and to Wm. Fowler is due the credit of "discovering" the values in the high-grade veins. Mr. Fowler took a lease and bond on the property and shortly aftes made a shipment. The smelter returns did not come up to expectations or assays. He protested and insisted on his rights. The B. C. smelters formed a combine and refused to treat his ore. He commenced shipments to Colorado, and then the local smelter men came to him on their knees. Fowler made a small fortune out of the Providence and sold to a local syndicate for $50,000. The syndicate paid for the claim by shipments, but, unfortunately, allowed Chicago parties to acquire a majority interest, after which the mining was done principally in newspapers.

The splendid results obtained from the Providence, lead to development being started on a number of other claims in its immediate neighborhood, among them the Elkhorn, the Fremont and the Strathmore. Considerable ore was shipped from the Elkhorn, but a fault in the vein necessitated prospect work and the vein has not yet been picked up.

Development on the Fremont consisted of a 170-foot shaft on the ore and drifting. The ore is rich but no shipments have been made.

The tunnel will be started on the Nelson, below and west of the Strathmore. The first of the high grade veins which it is expected the tunnel will encounter will be on the Strathmore. Under Superintendent Shaefer mining operations were carried on for about three years with a small force, and $30,000 worth of ore shipped to the smelter. Good ore was still being stoped when the mine was shut down, apparently without cause. On his inspection Dr. Peacock of New York said it was one of the best developed claims he had examined. Work done consisted of a 150-foot shaft and crosscut 240 feet to vein. A drift was run 1000 feet on the ore.

Next to the Strathmore is the Defiance, in which it is possible that the Prince Henry vein will be picked up. From the Defiance the tunnel will run through the Lake, Don Pedro, Coro Canadian, Crescent Fraction and Crescent, touching on the Last Chance, all more or less proven on the surface. From there on to Phoenix the ground has all been located. If the veins proven on the surface are encountered by the tunnel, with the leser cost of mining, the belt should prove one of the richest in the west.

The Rambler.

J. W. Nelson received word last week from his partner, W. H. Rambo, that a rich vein of ore had been struck in the north crosscut from the tunnel in the Rambler mine on Wallace mountain. The vein is 8 inches in width and runs in the neighborhood of 500 ounces in silver. The tunnel had been run 280 feet, and crosscuts were run north and south from this. At a distance of 20 feet north from the tunnel the vein was encountered. The Rambler was located in 1898 by W. H. Rambo and P. J. Kennedy. The mine has been developed by an 80-foot shaft, and from this a crosscut was run 104 feet and the ore drifted on. Another shaft was sunk 30 feet, and a tunnel run 280 feet. Five cars of ore have been shipped from the mine, running as low as $74 and as high as $173 to the ton in silver, and averaging $110 to the ton. On the Standard Fraction, an adjoin-claim owned by the same parties, a shaft has been sunk 30 feet, and a tunnel run 70 feet on the vein.

The frame work of the mill for the Jewell is in place and the building will be sheeted during the present month. The machinery is all on the ground ready to be installed as soon as the building is ready.

The shaft on the Diamond Texas is down 163 feet and is becoming well mineralized. The iron in the bottom of the shaft would indicate that the ore body is not far away. It is expected the shaft will run into the vein at a depth of between 165 and 175 feet.

A Costly Mistake.

A mining section which is coming rapidly to the front is Sheep creek, in the Salmo district, on account of its recent discoveries of rich gold ore. A number of deals have lately been put through, but an option taken up last month on one property serves as an illustration that it is unwise to count your chickens before they are hatched. It appears that a Sheep creek prospector gave a 60 day option at a low figure on one of his holdings to a party in Nelson. The time limit included the month of February, which has only 28 days. His miscalculation of the short month was his undoing, as in the meantime the prospector, in tramping over the optioned property uncovered a very rich ledge of gold ore. It was coming to the close of the option period, and the holder intended to let the deal go by, when the prospector, elated possibly with his find, or miscalculating the short month, of February, proceeded to Nelson and exhibited his samples. They contained chunks of gold as thick as a man's finger, and naturally their richness created a furore. In a short time the holder of the option heard about it, and on examining his papers found he had still two days to take up the option, which he promptly did, to the prospector's dismay, who figured the time limit from month to month, and made no allowance for only 28 days in February.

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.

THE TUNNEL BY-LAW CARRIED

Yesterday the vote of property holders on the Tunnel bylaw was taken and resulted, as everybody expected, in a large majority in favor of the bonus to the company. The vote stood 116 for and 2 against. It now remains for the promoters to perform their part of the contract. The ore is in the hill, waiting to be mined and treated. It is expected that white labor will be employed.

K. of P. Smoker.

Last evening about fifty members of the Knights of Pythias met in a social way after the regular lodge busines. The first part of the evening was spent in card-playing, and a lunch was served at 10:30. After lunch a general roast was inaugurated, caused by W. T. Thomson, C. C., asking A. D. Hallett to act as toastmaster. In the twenty minutes following A. D's. ancestry was traced back a thousand years, and all seemed to have been unfortunate in life and in their manner of exit from it. Finally W. T. Thompson made a short speech in reply, and in a few words expressed the regret of the members at Mr. Hallett's proposed departure from the city, and presented him with a gold watch in token of their appreciation of his long and faithful services in the lodge. A suitable reply was made. An hour was afterwards spent in speech-making, singing etc.

Mining on the Coast.

Recent developments of free-milling gold claims in the vicinity of Moresby island in the Queen Charlotte group has proved so satisfactory that the Nuba and Early Bird mining companies will jointly install a 20 stamp mill there early in April. The order for the plant has been placed in Germany. A new device, ball-bearing action is said to be capable of treating thirty tons of rock per day and to secure a higher percentage of recovery of the values in connection with a Willey table. Its adoption in the Queen Charlotte islands records a new era in Canadian mining annals.

The Nuba company owns 54 claims near Gold harbor. Twenty men have been engaged at development work since last fall. A smaller force is eng ged on the adjoining property. Both properties are traversed by the same vein, which varies in width from 2½ to 8 feet. The ledge has an enriched portion, 18 inches in width, giving, it is asserted, high values. A recent shipment of the run of the vein, treated at the Tacoma smelter is said to have netted $150 to the ton.

Still Going.

One effect of Greenwood's last mining slump is that The Ledge has pulled up stakes and moved to Nelson, where the population is more inclined to be stable. Nelson will be the fourth home of The Ledge, which formerly held out at Nakusp, and Fernie, and will be the several dozenth home of its publisher, who in the course of his brilliant and troubled career has launched some twenty-two publications. We have no doubt The Ledge will have increased prosperity in its new home, where it is already much in favor and where Colonel Lowery will have a broader field for the exercise of his peculiar talents.—Keremeos Chronicle.

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.

Blown up by Blast.

Last Wednesday an Austrian who does explosive work on railway construction in town, was caught with a premature blast and seriously injured. It is a miracle that he was not instantly killed, for he is a mass of contussions and wounds. Two teeth and some jawbone were carried away and the face and ies filled with rock, gravel and earth. Dr. Schon gave the unfortunate man emergent medical attention and then sent him to the Hedley hospital, where Dr. Whillans, railway physician, will have him in care. As with nearly all similar accidents carelessness is at the bottom. The young man, who is popular among his comrades, has not had much experience with powder and the result is a serious accident that must confine him for some considerable time.—Similkameen Star.

Some people squander a lot of money in trying to make fools of of themselves.

A group of promising silver-lead claims in the Babine mountains, adjoining the group which James Cronin has under bond, has been sold to a Toronto syndicate by Mr. Pemberton of Victoria. Mr. Pemberton purchased this group last summer from P. J. Higgins of Rossland, who located them last summer. He intends to try his luck again this season in the Omineca country. There is a large area there that has not yet been prospected.

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

By the way; when does the government intend to pay the returning officers and clerks for their work at the last election? There are quite a few of them who could use the money, and we understand that Hon. Mr. Fielding has "made a raise" in London. Surely the government can afford to be Liberal and pay its just debts within a year after they are due.—Similkameen Star.

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

The dog poisoner is at work in Rossland, and is not appreciated. He would be appreciated by many in Greenwood.

L. A. Campbell, general manager of the West Kootenay Power and Light Co., has returned from an extended visit to Mexico and a number of leading places in the United States.—Rossland Miner.

Chickens are prohibited from running at large in Kaslo.

Kaslo and Grand Forks will both celebrate Victoria Day. No returns yet from Bannock City.

M. Tebo, formerly a resident of Greenwood and Enolt, is in the real estate business at Alberni.

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

The people of Ladysmith are going to build a public hospital.

Last week Oscar Macsat, a Belgian, was instantly killed by a cave-in at No. 3 mine, Wellington.

Grindrod is the name of a new townsite just platted near Federby.

The town of Kelowna has appropriated $500 to assist the board of trade to advertise that city.

A. E. Howse of Princeton has returned from his European trip.

The provincial government is going to build a wagon road over Hope mountain.

E. F. Voigt has uncovered some very rich copper ore on Copper mountain in the Similkameen.

The irrigation ditch at Keremeos is about completed. It is eight miles long, will carry 1,000 inches of water, and is intended to irrigate 2,000 acres of land.

Mrs. W. M. Frith of Keremeos is seriously ill.

The Keremeos Trumpet has completed the first year of its existence and its name has been changed to the Chronicle.

The new hall at Keremeos Center will be opened by a grand ball on the 12th inst.

Phoenix lodge Knights of Pythias will give their annual ball Monday evening next, 12th inst.

The perrenial story of the rediscovery of the art of tempering copper is again going the rounds. Last time it was at Quebec; this time at Halifax. What concerns this end of the Dominion just now is not so much stiffening copper as stiffening the price of it.—Keremeos Chronicle.

Coffee mills are now run by electricity in Phoenix. Gin mills are still run by hand and water.

There is an editor in Summerland who doesn't know the meaning of "hit me," "that's the baby," etc. No wonder missionaries are being sent from the east, when an editor living next door to a theological seminary doesn't know the comon terms in use when working with the implements of Satan.

Elmer Hall, formerly of the Phoenix Pioneer, is now ranching near Bossburg.

Phoenix is now in the Sunday dry belt. Acting Mayor Marshall had the lid rivited down Saturday night, and Sunday many of the thirsty walked to Greenwood in hopes—but there was nothing doing here but worcester sauce and and other restaurant truck.

W. B. Wilcox has secured a divorce from his fruit ranch at North Yakima and is now in Spokane looking for a newspaper location.

E. P. Shea of Phoenix is being congratulated by his many friends on the birth of a daughter, which occurred Saturday last.

The Vernon and Armstrong papers and several others have established a veritable crusade against fake advertising of fruit lands and have shown up several real estate firms in very bad light, these having used Okanagan cuts to illustrate advertisements of Fraser river and Kootenay districts. These papers are doing very commendable work; it is a pity some means could not be employed to give these statements as wide publicity as those of the fakirs.—Grand Forks Gazette.

DeBeck & Taft of New Westminster have secured 1,400 acres of crown-granted lands situate on the line of the Great Northern railway in Langley district. The price was $30,000. It is the intention of the buyers to erect a sawmill at once. The tract is estimated to contain 30,000 feet of timber.

Hon. Dr. Young, provincial secretary and minister of education, announces that in addition to the six school sites reserved by the government at Prince Rupert by agreement with the Grand Trunk Pacific, half a block has been set aside as a site for a public hospital, the construction of which is already planned. Tenders are being called for an eight-room school of frame construction.

The timber limits of Joseph Fisher, Vancouver, have been sold to Andrew Howat of Salt Lake, Utah. The area comprises eight sections on Craycroft island up the coast. The price was $65,000. The same buyers also bought 6,500 acres of timber lands from Danaher & Hulbert of Vancouver. The consideration was $55,000. The limits are situated on Broughton island.

What does a woman with a drug store complexion do when she wants to make a bluff at blushing?

MORE ABOUT TRAMPS

Romances of the Highways by a Dilapidated Gentleman.

AFFAIR WITH MARRIED WOMAN

An Adventure That Landed Knight of the Road In Jail Along With Runaway Wife of a Connecticut Farmer. Experience In New Jersey.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

"IF I should tell you," said the dilapidated gentleman as he got a new brace for his feet and back—"if I should tell you that the tramp now and then falls in love and that his love is returned, you would smile in derision, and yet I should be telling you nothing but the truth. I could go further than that and tell you that there would be many female tramps on the road if the male tramps did not discourage them. I have met with this spirit of adventure and romance in women fifty times over, and sometimes it has caused me considerable trouble.

"You have heard of the tramp being arrested for burglary, robbery, arson,

"I FOUND A WEAK SPOT IN THE WALL AND WENT OUT."

thieving, assault, and so forth, but did you ever hear of one being arrested for eloping with a married woman? No? Well, that was one of my first adventures. I struck a farmhouse one day in Connecticut, and the farmer's wife gave me the best dinner I had had in a month. She was very inquisitive about life on the road, and she gave me to understand that she was not living happily with her husband. He was away from home that day, and before we were through talking she announced that she proposed to flee from home and become a dilapidated gentlewoman. Yes, sir, she was going to take to the road and become a tramp, and in my company at that, and she was so determined that it scared me. I began to argue with her, but she cut me short. She'd either take to the road or jump down the family well.

"The only way out of it for me was to promise to wait for her at a certain crossroads three miles away that night. She would have given me all her husband's spare clothing and a sum of money, but I wouldn't take them. I didn't wait for her at the crossroads, as agreed, but went on for four miles farther and turned in under a haystack. I routed out at daylight just as she came along looking for me, and as we stood there in the road arguing her husband and a constable came along, and we were gathered in. The husband wanted to kill me on the spot, and the constable promised me a thousand years in state prison. The wife was taken back home by force, and I was run into jail and afterward given a sentence of ninety days. They were a little doubtful about the elopement charge, and so they changed it to vagrancy. After five days in the coop I found a weak spot in the wall and went out, and over twenty other prisoners followed me. I think I squared things.

Resembled Another Man.

"In Pennsylvania, once upon a time, a motherly woman, the wife of a village carpenter, opened the kitchen door to me and then yelled out 'Tom!' and reeled back into a chair. My name isn't Tom, and it took me ten minutes to solve that puzzle. It appeared that I closely resembled a certain Tom to whom she was engaged several years before and who mysteriously disappeared. After waiting a year for him to show up she married the carpenter, but was an unhappy woman. Say, now, that woman must have been awfully nearsighted and had something wrong with her ears, or my resemblance to her lost Tom must have been something marvelous. It was no use for me to deny that I was Tom. I had his look and voice and build, and, having found me, she did not propose to let me go again. She was just set on going on the tramp with me, and when she went into hysterics over it I could think of no other plan but to agree. I was to wait for her at a bridge over a river five miles away, but I intended to keep walking all night. See what a trick luck played me.

"A farmer hailed me before I reached the bridge and offered me a dollar and a night's lodging to help him kill a fat steer. Next morning the woman was picked up at the bridge, where she had waited for hours, and soon thereafter I was a prisoner. I admitted nothing and denied nothing. She was a woman, you see. They didn't charge me with alienating the wife's affections, but with firing a haystack six or seven miles away. I was railroaded to jail for six months, kept in chains for twenty days as a desperado, and then I went out through a hole in the wall and left a flaming old barrack behind me. I am no man to go back on a woman, but you see she had eloped by herself and with herself. I hadn't anything to do with it. They simply dragged me into the affair by the heels, and it cost the county $30,000 to build a new jail. The old one must have caught fire through spontaneous combustion.

"One August day a few years ago I was headed for Newport and my villa when I saw smoke issuing from a farmer's barn. I jumped the roadside fence, ran to the barn and saw that it was on fire and then hustled for the house and gave the alarm. The farmer had two hired men, and the family were eating dinner. All rushed for the barn, but it was too late. I worked as hard as any one in trying to save things and as a reward was taken into custody as an incendiary. The farmer pretended to remember that I had come along two or three years before and made threats because he would not feed me.

"I was locked up in the smokehouse while messengers were sent for a constable. Travelers on the highway and other farmers gathered, and for a time there was talk of stringing me up to a limb. Did I protest and deny? Not a word. It would have been breath thrown away. I caught just one sympathetic look in that crowd, and that was from the farmer's wife. Soon after I had been locked up the fire spread to a wagon shed, calling the crowd away, and then the woman came to the smokehouse and passed me a crowbar through a little wicket and said:

"'Dig your way out through the back wall as soon as you can. My husband set the barn on fire with his pipe, but they will send you to prison if you don't get away.'

Stammered His Thanks.

"I began to stammer my thanks, but she cut me short by saying that she would meet me at a certain dead tree a mile down the road at 11 o'clock that night and go on the tramp with me, and so I turned to my work. The smokehouse was of brick, but I busted out a wall in five minutes and took leg bail through the orchard. At 11 o'clock that night I was ten miles away and still going. I can't say that the woman kept the dead tree date, but the chances are even up that she did. She probably called it a case of ingratitude on my part, but it wasn't. It was doing the best thing for her to keep away.

"To get a case nearer home, I came into town two weeks earlier last fall than usual on account of a woman. In sauntering through New Jersey a constable picked me up on a charge of horse stealing, the very last offense against the law that a dilapidated gentleman would think of committing. He might as well steal a sawmill. However, I should probably have been convicted of the crime had not the real thief confessed. That put the court in a hole, and to get even with me I was charged with being a suspicious person and given a sentence of thirty days. Over in Jersey you are a suspicious person if you can't tell how far it is from the Cape of Good Hope to New Zealand. It was thirty days or a fine of $10, and a widow among the spectators in court stepped forward and came down with the cash. She said I could go home with her and work out the fine trimming the orchard and digging potatoes, and she pretended to see the closest kind of resemblance between me and a schoolmaster who had once loved her, but died before the matrimonial knot could be tied. What did I do? Why, just as any sensible, chivalric, dilapidated gentleman should do. You could see romance, sentiment and a spirit of adventure in that woman's eyes, and after expressing my thanks for her kindness I got out of the courtroom through a window and ran for dear life. Several men took after me, but they stood no show. When a d. g. is running away from a woman filled with romance and ready to go tramping he has wings, and it takes an aeroplane to overhaul him." M. QUAD.

HER FLOW OF WIT.

Her voice is very sweet to me,
Though others think it rasps a bit.
While peevish critics frequently
Complain that she has little wit,
I listen gladly and am stirred
Most deeply by her every word.

The drama seldom is her theme.
She wastes no time discussing art.
The classic muse she does not deem
A fitting subject, bless her heart!
From science she discreetly turns,
And politics she sweetly spurns.

Though others think her dull, I sit
And listen with supreme delight.
It seems to me her flow of wit
Is always beautiful and bright.
Her constant topic is, you see—
Well, if I must admit it, me.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Narrow Escape.

—Harper's Weekly.

Miss Brown Sings.

"Won't you sing something?" asked the hostess.

"I am afraid I can't," said Miss Brown.

"Oh, Miss Brown,' said lady No. 1, "you know you have a perfectly charming voice."

"I'm all out of practice."

"Nonsense!" emphasized lady No. 2. "It's lovely. You must sing."

"Yes, you must," said the hostess.

"Come now," said lady No. 3, "be a dear, do! I'm just dying to hear you I simply can't wait."

"Some other time."

"If you persist in denying us all this pleasure," broke in lady No. 4, "we shall never forgive you. I've just been longing to hear you. You simply must."

Whereupon Miss Brown, sighing deeply to herself, went to the piano and started her song, while ladies No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 continued their conversation where it had been broken off.—New York Herald.

TWO LOVERS.

How They Parted After Spending an Evening Together.

IN the low, subdued light of the parlor they sat on the davenport, casting but one faint shadow. The radiator was humming a quiet, sleepy good night song, broken only by the soft suction of fervent lips.

"I must be going," he said, with a little catch in his voice.

"Yes," she assented, as if against her will.

In the hushed silence he drew still nearer and caught her other hand, and so natural was it that she scarcely took notice of the act.

"Love is a great and wonderful thing, isn't it?" he whispered full into her ear.

She brushed her hair into his eyes but gave no other answer. Mere words would have jarred.

"And its sharpest sorrow is the parting," he added in a philosophical tone, for love makes all men philosophical.

"You really must go now," she said, with sad firmness. "It will be an age, but"—

He arose and carefully picked his way to the hall, while she lifelessly followed.

"But we will see each other again," he tried to cheer her with.

As he drew his arm away at the storm door he poured into her ear the final comfort, "Good night and goodby, dearest own!"

"Goodby," she whispered chokingly "till—till office time tomorrow!"

And through the parted curtains she watched him blow her a sad kiss and then dragged herself up the bedroom stairs.—New York Herald.

Not His Style.

"I read and hear many pleasantries with respect to the independence of spirit evinced by female servants in this country," observes a Bostonian "but I question whether as a class they in any degree approach the captiousness of their male coworkers, especially those manservants imported by the rich.

"A friend of mine had engaged an English servant at a good wage, and everything was apparently arranged to the satisfaction of the servitor when suddenly he inquired:

"Beg pardon, sir, but am I to wear livery, sir?"

"Yes."

"And what color will the weskit be, sir?"

"Red."

"Red! Then, sir, I cawn't take the place, sir. I'm much too blond, sir, to wear a red wesket, sir!"—Harper's Weekly.

"Mum's" the Word—A Lost Art.

Mrs. Knagg's Husband—By gum, Maria, ain't it wonderful how those old Egyptians could make a woman dry up and stop that way?

Heard In the Divorce Court.

"Your honor, I don't think I should be obliged to live with this woman any longer," said the dispirited and dyspeptic little man who was the plaintiff in the case. "Her cooking is something dreadful—biscuits like clods, and her coffee is mud! Why, to every cupful there is half a cup of grounds!"

But the judge's ruling was that half a cupful was insufficient grounds for divorce.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Problems of His Own.

"De mos' wonderful invention of de age," said Mr. Colliflower, "is de flyin' machine."

"Look yere," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "don' come aroun' jollifyin' me 'bout no high altitude transportation. I's got worry enough gittin' dis here wheelbarrow over to dat morter box an' back ag'in." — Washington Star.

The Usual Holdup.

"Yes," said the man who had been traveling in the far west, "I saw three trains held up in one night."

"You don't *say*!" exclaimed the innocent bystander. "Was any one hurt?"

"No," answered the traveler. "They were held up by women in a ballroom."—Puck.

The Desideratum.

"I want an airship, hubby."

"What for?"

"So we can look down on our neighbors."—Philadelphia Press.

New Use For an Old Abuse.

Miss Judge (as the cat was carefully washing itself)—Isn't it too bad that Polly Gass wasn't born a cat?

Mrs. Everything—Why?

Miss Judge—Then she could use her tongue on herself.—Bohemian Magazine.

AFTER FIVE YEARS OF SUFFERING

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS EFFECT ANOTHER GRAND CURE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Mrs. Margaret Brady Tells How They Relieved Her of Rheumatism and Made Her Stronger in Every Way.

Green's Brook, Pictou Co., N. S. (Special).—That diseased Kidneys are the cause of the ills from which so many women suffer and that they are cured completely and permanently by Dodd's Kidney Pills, is once more proved in the case of Mrs. Margaret Brady of this place.

"For five years," says Mrs. Brady, when interviewed regarding her sickness and cure, "I was ill with Kidney and Liver complaint, which caused Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Heart Flutterings. My nervous system was affected and my blood seemed to lack vitality.

"I tried medicines and was under the doctor's care, but received no benefit till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and Diamond Dinner Pills. They relieved me of Rheumatism and made me stronger and better in every way. These remedies and no other cured me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diseased Kidneys and all diseases that are caused by diseased Kidneys or impure blood.

A Mystery Solved.

"Yes, sir, I have a wife and six children in New York—and I never saw one of them," said a New York man to his inquisitive companion.

The couple sat a few moments in silence, the interrogator again commenced.

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir—I so stated it."

Another and a longer pause of silence. Then the interrogator again enquired:—"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."—Rochester Herald.

If you are a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that no praise bestowed on it is too high. It does all that is claimed for it, and does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test of years. All the best dealers sell it.

"How do yoah 'possum taste, suh?" asked the solicitous waiter.

"Well," responded the patron who had ordered the article, "it tastes pretty good, but it isn't 'possum."

"No, suh," rejoined the waiter, "an' dat's a sign it's genuine. De genuine 'possum is a great pretender, suh; yas, suh."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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

Intelligent Corporal.

Officer—Now, supposing the patrol sent out didn't return at the proper time, what would you do?

Corporal (after much thought) — Sell their kit, sir."—Punch.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Advertisements on the scenery!" exclaimed the star. "That's carrying commercialism really too far."

"It isn't commercialism," exclaimed the manager. "We want the scene to look like a real meadow, don't we?" —Tit-Bits.

A LAUGHING BABY IS A WELL BABY.

When baby laughs, and gurgles and crows mother knows he is well and happy. When he is cross, fretful and sleepless give him a dose of Baby's Own Tablets and see how speedily they will change him to a happy, smiling child. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of childhood and bring healthy, natural sleep because they remove the cause of sleeplessness. If the little teeth are coming through they help them along painlessly. Mrs. Octave Paulin, Caraquet, N. B., says:—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a splendid medicine for stomach and bowel troubles, and to promote sleep. I strongly advise mothers to use them when their little ones are ailing." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

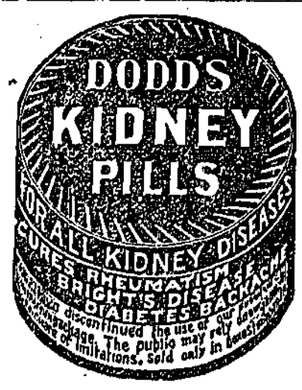
Mrs. Gillet—Did that famous Arctic explorer promise to come to your reception?

Mrs. Perry—Yes; he says he will be here unless it's too cold a night. —

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

"Why don't you come in occasionally between drinks," demanded the wife, "and see the play?"

"I don't need to," replied the bibulous husband. "The bartender is familiar with the plot, imitates the actors, and also knows a lot of gossip about their personal and family affairs."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



RECORD OF THE TURK

Has Won and Lost More Land Than Any Other Nation.

ONE TIME A WORLD BUGBEAR.

Then the Tide Turned, and One Great Misfortune Followed Another Till He Was Almost Swept Out of Europe by the Treaty of Berlin.

The "Terrible Turk," who may be taken as typifying the empire of the sultans, holds one record at least which he is not likely to be deprived of. He has won and lost more territory than any other nation.

There was a time when the sultan was the bugbear of the world. Even little children in England shook in their shoes when they heard his name mentioned, and those people who lived anywhere near him dared not call their lives their own.

But at last the tide turned. The Turk began to lose, and one great misfortune followed another.

Spain was the first big bit of the Turkish empire to break free. The Moors, who were subject and paid tribute to the sultan, were driven from province after province until at length they were cooped up in the solitary kingdom of Granada.

The last Moorish king to reign in Spain was Boabdil-el-Chaco, or Boabdil the Unlucky. In 1482 Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Aragon and Castile, declared war on him, and in 1492 he had to surrender everything.

Hungary, which now forms half of the dual monarchy of the Emperor Francis Joseph, was a province of the sultan for 150 years. Then it was torn from him by the sword.

After this came the turn of the czars. The Russians, whom he once despised, have been the Turk's worst enemies. They have either robbed him themselves or encouraged others to rob him.

Peter the Great set the example, but was not, on the whole, very successful in his wars against the Moslems. At one time the Turks could have captured and massacred Peter and his army, but were frustrated by the slave girl, Catherine, whom Peter had married.

Catherine the Great tore the Crimea from the unhappy Turk, together with thousands of square miles of territory along the shores of the Caspian.

In 1821 the Greeks, who had been slaves of the sultans for many centuries, rose in rebellion and drove the Turks out of the country. But then the Greek leaders began to quarrel among themselves, and civil war followed. The Turk took the opportunity to seize the country once more.

But the massacres and other horrors which followed aroused Europe. In 1827 the Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino. The combined fleets of Britain, France and Russia took part in the operation.

In 1828 Greece was acknowledged as a free and independent kingdom, with a king of its own.

For nearly a century Egypt, which the Turk conquered in 641, has been part of the sultan's empire in little more than name, and since 1882, when the English occupied Pharaoh's country after Arabi Pasha's rebellion, the Turk has had practically nothing to do with Egypt.

The Moorish corsairs who had their lair in the pirate city of Algiers acknowledged the sultan as their suzerain, but were defiantly independent as regarded all the rest of the world.

Their swift sailing dhows preyed on the commerce of all Europe, and from start to finish they seized many thousands of white captives, many of whom they ransomed, while others they doomed to slavery.

When asked to keep his piratical subjects in order the sultan declared himself helpless to do anything. The freebooters went on doing as they liked for a long time. Then France became weary of patience and forcibly took possession of the city in 1830.

Since then she has annexed 307,080 square miles of Algerian territory once subject to the sultan.

Then came the Turk's worst time. Russia made war on him, and the Balkan states, which had been held as provinces by Turkey for hundreds of years, revolted, flew to arms and did everything they could on the side of Russia. Had the czar been left to himself the Turkish empire would have been practically destroyed. The other great powers, however, were afraid to see Russia too powerful. They insisted on summoning the congress of Berlin.

By the terms of the treaty of Berlin the Turk was almost swept out of Europe. Bosnia and Herzegovina were handed over to Austria to keep in order. Roumania, Servia and Montenegro were declared absolutely independent of him. Bulgaria was created into a principality, nominally under the sultan's suzerainty, but in reality free. And then Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The True Bohemian.

"A true bohemian is a man who borrows a dollar and then invites you to lunch with it."

"Wrong again. A true bohemian is a man who invites himself to lunch with you and then borrows a dollar."

From the New Primer.

See the wom-an. She has faint-ed.

Why did the wom-an faint?

She looked up sud-den-ly and saw the beard-ed face of a man with a gleam-ing knife be-tween his teeth.

Was the man a-bout to harm the wom-an?

Oh, no! He was eating pie with the knife.—Chicago News.

Cause of His Haste.

Perambulating Pete—Wot is youse runnin' fer, Mike?

Meandering Mike—De woman at de house back dere offered me a cake.

Perambulating Pete—Well, wot wuz de matter wid it?

Meandering Mike—Matter? Why, it wuz a cake uv soap.—St. Louis Republic.

Millions Unemployed in Britain

According to the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions in Great Britain more than 7,000,000 persons are suffering hardship and want on account of hard times. Ten per cent. of the 5,000,000 skilled workers in the country are wholly or partially unemployed. For every skilled worker out of employment two unskilled men are without work. Each idle workman represents, it is estimated, a family of five.

The federation calls upon union men to refuse to work overtime in any trade or shop which happens to be extra busy. Engineering trade unions, with a membership of 153,363, report 12 per cent. unemployed, while shipbuilding unions, with a membership of 60,631, have 25.2 per cent. of their members out of work. Other trades show similar returns.

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.

"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!"—Everybody's Magazine.

The Friend of All Sufferers.—Like to "the shadow of a rock in a weary land" is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to those who suffer pain. It holds out hope to everyone and realizes it by stilling suffering everywhere. It is a liniment that has the blessings of half a continent. It is on sale everywhere and can be found wherever enquired for.

"Over here," said the Arab guide, "we have another mummy. From the cooking utensils found near her she is supposed to have been a cook. For two thousand years she has remained just where she was found."

"Bosh!" scoffed the American tourist, "that's no cook."

"Why not?"

"Who ever heard of a cook remaining in one place that long?"

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

"I shall tell the unvarnished truth in this investigation!"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I don't know as varnish is important. But how about whitewash?"

"MY KIDNEYS HURT ME ALL THE TIME"

Gin Pills Cured Them. Free Sample Box Leads to Cure.

Only those who have been tortured with Kidney Trouble can appreciate how Mr. Trumper suffered. Being a railroad man, he was called upon to do all kinds of heavy work. The constant strain of lifting, weakened the kidneys.

I received the sample box of Gin Pills and was greatly benefitted by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes of Gin Pills, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad and did not lose a day.

FRANK TRUMPER, Napanee, Ont.

Do sharp twinges catch you as you stoop? Are you subject to Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago? Does your Bladder give trouble? Take Gin Pills on our positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded, 50c a box—6 for $2.50. At dealers, or direct if you cannot obtain from druggist. Sample box free if you mention this paper. Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 117

Identifying the Girl.

Domestic social incident reported by Mr. Punch:—

"James, as I passed the servants' hall to-day I saw you kiss one of the maids."

"Yes, my lady—when would that have been, my lady?"

"About 4 o'clock."

"Oh, yes, my lady—that would have been Jane, my lady."

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.

When Grover Cleveland's son Richard was born his good friend Joseph Jefferson drove over to Gray Gables to congratulate the father.

"How many pounds does the child weigh?" asked the noted actor.

"Fifteen," was the reply.

"Nine," said the attending physician, who had just come in.

Mr. Cleveland assured the doctor that he must be mistaken. "The child weighs fifteen pounds," said he; "I weighed him myself with the scales Joe and I use when we go fishing."—Success Magazine.

WRITE FOR CATALOG OF

McKENZIE'S SEEDS

Fortune favors most often the planters who exercise care and discretion in the selection of their seeds. Be sure of the seeds you use. Protect yourself from loss of time, labor and money by using

McKENZIE'S PURE SEEDS

Selected, grown for and adapted to the West. Renowned for their PURITY, VITALITY and RELIABILITY.

Write to-day for our Large 1909 Handsomely Illustrated Catalog of

Vegetable Seeds, Flower Seeds, Clover Grasses, Seed Grain, Planet Jr. Tools, Cyphers Incubators, Poultry Supplies.

BEST IN THE WORLD

WHERE QUALITY TELLS

A. E. McKENZIE CO., LTD.

BRANDON, MAN. CALGARY, ALTA.

Seedsmen to Western Canada.

RAW FURS

Write for Weekly Price Lists. Shipments Solicited.

JOHN HALLAM TORONTO, ONT. 6

Whether you consider Dependable Quality, Ease and Comfort, Dressy Appearance, or Reasonable Price, Elmira Felt Shoes and Slippers meet each and every requirement.

Insist on the dealer showing you the "Elmira" Trademark when purchasing felt footwear.

Sold by Dealers Throughout the West. 43

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.

CHAFPED FROM FINGERS TO ELBOWS.

Boy's Agony Relieved by Zam-Buk.

If you are suffering from badly-chapped hands you will be able to comprehend a little of the agony which Henry Walker, of 14 Manufacturers Street, Montreal, endured before Zam-Buk gave him relief. His mother, telling of the case to a Press representative, said:—

"Henry works with his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbows, and passing from a warm room to the biting cold, as he was obliged to do, he got the worst case of chapped hands and arms I have ever seen. From his fingers to his elbows was one mass of raw flesh, with bad cracks here and there. Whenever he washed it brought tears to his eyes, the pain was so acute. He tried several kinds of salves, but nothing relieved him really until he tried Zam-Buk. This balm seemed to take away the burning and smarting almost at once. The cracks began to heal, and a few applications of the balm cured him. His hands and arms are now smooth and soft.

"We have also used Zam-Buk for other emergencies. I sustained a burn on one of my fingers. Zam-Buk took the fire out and healed up the sore. It really seems a wonderful household preparation.

"On one occasion my son Harry had his foot frozen. It was very swollen and discolored, but Zam-Buk both relieved the swelling and removed the discoloration. Zam-Buk is so handy and so effective that we shall always keep a supply handy."

Miss Hattie Bertrand, of Salisbury, (Ont.), says: "Every winter I suffer from chapped hands, but I have found a cure in Zam-Buk. Applied at night, it heals the cracks by morning, and takes away all the soreness."

Similar effects follow its use for eczema, scalp sores, blood poisoning, ulcers, ringworm, children's sores, cuts, burns, and bruises. It also cures piles. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box; or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

What it Meant to Bill.

Patrick Jones, New York's superintendent of school supplies, was talking at a dinner about corporal punishment.

"Corporal punishment in our schools is no more," he said, "and that is a good thing. Undeniably, though, many a boy showed wonderful pluck.

"I remember a boy named Bill, a brave fellow, was doing miserably one day in a geometry recitation.

"'Now, sir,' said the schoolmaster savagely, 'for the last time, what is the square of the hypotenuse of a rightangled triangle equivalent to?'

"'It's equivalent to a lickin' for me, sir. There's the club,' said Bill."—Boston Herald.

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

Mother (reprovingly)—Don't you know that you should never let a man kiss you?

Daughter—But, mamma, it seems so forward for a girl to do the kissing. —Boston Transcript.

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.

"Sometimes I s'picions," said Uncle Eben, "dat de onlies' man dat really an' truly loves work is de one dat's hirin' somebody else to do it."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

An amusing anecdote relating to the King's recent stay at Brighton was related the other evening by Rev. Cecil Maunsell.

The reverend gentleman, who vouched for the authenticity of the story, said that a few days ago a boy walked up to his Majesty as he was strolling along the esplanade at Hove, and said to him:—

"Mister, can you tell me the time?"

"Yes," replied the King, taking out his watch, "it is a quarter to one."

The boy then informed his Majesty "that he had been waiting two hours to see the blooming King," adding "I am not going to wait any longer."

"Neither shall I," replied the King, as he resumed his walk. His Majesty himself, said Mr. Maunsell, afterwards related the incident with much gusto.

Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.

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

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will disabuse you of that notion in short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.

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

A LIVELY CHASE.

And the Poor Dear Girls Didn't Enjoy It a Bit.

"Aren't you afraid to go home alone, girls? If you'll wait just a few minutes John will be home, and he will be glad to go over with you."

Thus spoke Mrs. Smith to three young ladies who lived 200 yards down the road and who were about to leave her house after an evening call.

"Oh, no, we're not afraid! We'll just get out our hatpins, and then if any one comes for us we'll give battle." This was from the youngest of the three, and she flourished a long and dangerous looking pin, finally jabbing it into an imaginary foe. The two others took their hatpins in their hands, and the three, bidding good night to their hostess, made their way down the path to the gate, all on the alert and in readiness to repel attack. They were as brave and bold as ever warriors were. They turned from the front yard into the road and started toward home.

"Girls, what's that?"

The three stopped and listened, but only for a moment. Away back on the road they could hear the footfalls of a man. They went on at a rapid walk. The footsteps of the man grew nearer, and they could hear that he was walking more quickly than he had been.

The girls walked faster.

The man walked faster.

The girls almost ran.

The man was coming nearer, and he almost ran.

The girls broke from their walk and scurried rapidly on. They were but a little distance from their front gate now.

Then, oh, horrible! The man began to run after them! They did not have the strength to scream out. It was all they could do to keep on running. The villain was almost on them now, but they were just a few feet away from their front gate. They got to the gate, opened it, and their pursuer was upon them. They would probably have fainted, but they caught a glimpse of the man who had chased them, and—it was the brother of two of them.

"Well," said he, all out of breath, "you're nice ones to run away from me that way. I was going to stop in at Mrs. Smith's to bring you home, and then I saw you starting out."

The girls did not speak just then, nor for many months did they say anything of the fact that two of them could never afterward find their hatpins.—Detroit Free Press.

PLACING TABLE SILVER.

Where and How Forks and Spoons "Ought to Go."

Many inexperienced hostesses who wish to give a more or less formal luncheon or dinner are not quite sure how forks and spoons should go.

Custom varies somewhat in this respect, and just at present it is not so much in favor to have an array of silver resembling a jeweler's display at each plate. Only enough for one or two courses are laid.

In any case the forks go to the left of the plate. In the order of using they are taken from the outside in. The spoons and knives, in their order, are at the right of the plate.

If most of the forks and spoons are not on the table in the beginning, the order of serving should be as follows:

If a fruit punch or bouillon are used, the glass holding the punch should stand on a doily on a dessert plate, and the spoon for the course is also laid on the plate. The bouillon cup and saucer should be on another plate, and the spoon should be at the right of the plate.

The forks and knives for the main courses are at the sides, also the fork for the salad, but it is better to have the ice cream fork and spoon passed on the plate after the table is clear, as it makes the table cluttery to have them there during a long meal, also makes clearing the table more difficult.

Coffee is served in the drawing room after dinner in coffee cups, and the spoon rests on the saucer.

CURE FOR NERVES.

They May Be Calmed by Silence, Solitude and Sleep, Says One Writer.

In an article on "Nerves" published in Harper's Bazar the story is told of one of our noted scientists who went to Dresden to consult the famous specialist for broken down nerves. On hearing his symptoms the great physician said indifferently:

"Ach so? It is probable that you have—yes, all the gelehrten [learned] have neurasthenia naturally." The remedy suggested was "play golf and go to Egypt. You can get Munich beer in Cairo, though it is disgustingly expensive there."

Silence, solitude and sleep are the sovereign remedies suggested for jagged nerves. Slight daily doses of the three "S's," it is claimed, will prevent a nervous breakdown and may be obtained by even the most busy people. But "all the learned have neurasthenia" is at once a warning and a consolation to the brain worker. To "drive the machine" with skill and care is the problem of the successful American.

The writer of this article urges that we ought to thank God that we belong to the most nervous, restless, all pervading race the world has ever seen since the days of Julius Caesar. It is our "nerves" that make us what we are.

Natural Kindness.

At an out of the way railroad junction a traveler found himself hungry, but with only two minutes to spare before his train left. "I'll take a cup of coffee," he said to the young woman in charge of the restaurant. "I've no time for anything else."

"You can take all the time you want, sir," said the young woman cordially. "You look at this bill of fare, and I'll telephone to the superintendent to delay the train a little while."

"Why, can that be done?" asked the traveler in amazement.

"Certainly," said the young woman. "Of course it can. It's a branch road and no other train coming or going over it today, and the superintendent would want you to have a good meal. He owns this restaurant."

When Your Child Has a Cold

Are you satisfied with anything that sells under the name of cough medicine.

Or do you search out a medicine of proven value such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

How few cases of consumption there would be if every child's cold were looked after as it should be.

Did you ever think of it in this way? It is the neglected cough and cold that leads to the dreadful lung diseases sooner or later. From repeated attacks the lungs are weakened and there comes pneumonia or consumption with their dreadfully fatal results.

How watchful parents should be of their children. How careful to use effective treatment instead of trusting to cough mixtures which are often of little value or of harmful effects.

Because it is prepared from linseed, turpentine and other simple but wonderfully effective ingredients, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is particularly suitable as a treatment for children's coughs and colds.

Croup, bronchitis, and even whooping cough yields to the influence of this great medicine and for this reason it is kept constantly on hand in the majority of homes and has enormous sales.

Mrs. John Chesney, Innerkip, Ont., writes: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured my little girl of whooping cough when the doctor had given her up and since then we always keep it in the house as a treatment for coughs and colds. It is the best medicine we ever used."

These is no getting round statements such as this and you want the most effective treatment possible when your child becomes ill. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cts. a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SUNKEN REEFS.

Sweeping the Ocean Floor Instead of Sounding.

The mishap of the cruiser Yankee brings forth the comment that it is the more remarkable as occurring on the coast "perfectly charted." Premising that the Yankee got off her course in a dense fog, it may be said that, while our coast is as well charted as that of any nation, "perfect" is not the characterization yet to be employed. The methods of surveying the ocean floor to locate reefs and shoals are now undergoing a revolution which when fully accomplished, will reveal to the mariner many danger points which have heretofore escaped record. The old way of finding out reefs and rocks not evident to the eye was by sounding. Now the coast survey proceeds by "sweeping"—that is, by sinking to the depth a pipe bar, which is trailed along by two boats, one at each end of the cable passing through it. Any obstruction encountered is immediately perceptible and is at once noted, located and observed. Coastal waters are carefully "platted," and each plat is thoroughly gone over. The superiority of "sweeping" over "sounding" is made evident by the fact that in a comparatively limited area of the Maine coast, covering rather more than forty linear miles, fifteen reefs have been discovered heretofore uncharted. It often happens in sounding that the lead line avoids some narrow spindle of rock whose point is just below the surface of the water and which goes uncharted. When the cruiser Brooklyn was gashed by one of these unsuspected pinnacles on our coast a few years ago it was found to be isolated and surrounded with deep water up to within a few feet of its sides. Sweeping will minimize the probability of repetitions of such accidents.—Boston Transcript.

The Emperor's Style of Dust.

There is a good story told of a German driving an English friend from Frankfort to Homburg, when a motor car passed at a terrific pace, raising a cloud of dust.

"Ah!" said the German. "There goes our emperor."

"How do you know?" inquired the Englishman.

"Do you suppose anybody else could raise a dust like that?" was the reply.

"I purchased a bottle of *Scott's Emulsion* and immediately commenced to improve. In all, I think I took 14 bottles, and my weight increased from 133 pounds to 184 pounds in less than six months. I know from personal results the efficacy of *Scott's Emulsion*."—FRED. R. STRONGMAN, 417 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Strongman's letter. He had a trying experience, had got run down

Scott's Emulsion

built him up, as it has thousands of others.

The strengthening and flesh-producing properties of SCOTT'S EMULSION, are unequalled by any other preparation, and it's just as good for the thin, delicate child as for the adult. Be sure to get SCOTT'S. It's been the standard of the world for 35 years, and is worth many times the cost of the numerous imitations and substitutes.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a full copy of Mr. Strongman's letter and some other literature on the subject. Just mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

WALLACE NESBITT AS "JUNIOR."

Privy Council Handed Jolt to Him In Recent Steel-Coal Hearing.

Every member of the bench and bar in and about Toronto, from the veteran justice to the recently titled lawyer, is enjoying to the full a story that has come back to town concerning Mr. Wallace Nesbitt and the Privy Council. All of them know Mr. Nesbitt. They are aware that he stepped down from a high place on the bench to again mingle in the fight as one of the best versed legal men in practice on constitutional and corporation questions of law. In short, Mr. Wallace Nesbitt has a reputation as a distinguished lawyer throughout the country, second to none.

The tall, carefully garbed lawyer is always listened to with the greatest of attention by courts he addresses, for even though he enunciates what seems at first like a startling departure from the code, judges know that his comprehensive knowledge of all branches of his subject may take him even farther than they have been. This must be kept in mind to appreciate the points of the story.

During the hearing by the Privy Council at London of the appeal in the famous Steel-Coal controversy, Wallace Nesbitt appeared for the Dominion Iron & Steel Co., but for the purpose of argument before the learned court, the Steel Company retained Sir Robert Finlay to appear for them.

It is more than probable that Mr. Nesbitt knew more about the intricacies of the case than did Sir Robert. At any rate when the London man was pleading, Mr. Nesbitt rose a number of times and interjected remarks to keep things straight. It became evident to those who knew the Lords that some of them did not like this, even though Mr. Wallace Nesbitt had appeared before them on numerous occasions formerly. Finally, however, the chairman of the court spoke up after a little extemporaneous address from Mr. Nesbitt, delivered, as the court thought, in the wrong place, and gazing at Sir Robert Finlay, addressed him thus:

"It would greatly facilitate the present hearing of this case, sir, if you could manage to keep 'Your Junior' quiet."

It is said this terrible dig kept Mr. Nesbitt quiet for a good half-hour.

M'GUIGAN'S ENERGY.

He Is Famous Among Railwaymen as a Snow-Fighter.

It is doubtful if people realize how big a man is the individual who is about to build Ontario's power line, Mr. F. H. McGuigan. The name, by the way, since many are in doubt in this matter, is pronounced as if spelt Magwiggan. From the time when in order to help his widowed mother he started out as a water boy on a construction gang until he resigned the general managership of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. McGuigan's life was one of strenuous activity.

On one occasion when, as superintendent of a United States line, he was fighting a snow blockade, he never took off his clothes for seventy-two hours. For forty-eight hours he had no sleep, and during all this time nothing to eat except sandwiches eaten standing up between rushes at the snowbanks. Talking of that time long afterward he said he fought like this because he was young and ambitious to make a record for keeping his division open. Asked if, with his added experience, he would do it over again, he said he would not. On the contrary, when he became convinced that a heavy blizzard was on and a blockade absolutely unavoidable, he would issue an order to keep all trains at the terminals and all engines in the roundhouses till the storm was over. Then, when the storm was past, they could start out to clear the line with a lot of fresh men and live engines instead of having to dig out frozen trains and "dead" engines with a force of tired and half-frozen men.

Pioneer of the Wilds.

In the sudden death of William Wylie at his home in Edmonton the other day, there passed from the scene of northern activities a man who spent 46 years of his life practically isolated from civilization in the great wilds of the Athabasca district. Up to September last Mr. Wylie had been for all those years in the employ of the Hudson Bay Co. at Fort Chipweyan. At the present time there is only one white man, Timothy Gaudette, of Fort Good Hope, who has lived longer in the north than he. So fond did he become of the isolated life that he rarely left the post. This fall he went to Winnipeg, but could not live there, and returned to Edmonton with the intention, it is believed, of returning to Fort Chipweyan in the spring if death had not terminated his career.

This old settler was a Scotchman, and Dr. Mackay of Edmonton, a retired Hudson Bay physician said of him: "I never knew a finer man, nor one with a keener sense of honesty." When he arrived at Edmonton last September, mention was made of him for up to that time he had never seen a steam car or a telephone, and could not imagine such a thing as an automobile. He lived a strange life, did this honest worker, but he was one of our nation-builders.

A Mother's Devotion.

A young student of the O.A.C., named Craven, whose home is in New Zealand, was sitting just behind Mr. and Mrs. John Knowles of Guelph, and their child in the train that was wrecked near Guelph Junction a short time ago. When the first shock occurred he saw the mother take her child in both hands, and hold it up anxiously. As the couch toppled over she fell back, holding the child high above her head and safe above the debris of broken seats and shattered glass. The mother herself was thrown right across the car and was pinned down by the seats that fell around her. She seemed to be suffering pain from injured hips and legs, but her one thought seemed to be her child. Her husband escaped with an injured hand. He took the child and passed it out of the car, while others helped him to carry Mrs. Knowles from the wreck.

A Costly Promise.

An amusing little story is being told of Miss Lillah McCarthy, the well-known actress and wife of Mr. Granville Barker. When she was ten years old her father, wishing to train her memory, bribed her with a sovereign to learn the second book of "Paradise Lost." So rapidly did she commit the words to memory that he again offered her 10s. to learn "Romeo and Juliet," which was no light undertaking. Success again followed, and he repeated the offer with "Macbeth." So quickly did Miss Lillah rattle off the lines that her father remarked: "It is becoming rather expensive. Next time you shall have sixpence."

A Nervous Wreck

Mr. W. A. Harron occupies the important position of telegraph operator on the C.P.R. in the North-West, and upon his quick brain and steady nerve depend the lives of many thousands of travellers daily. Not so very long ago this bright Canadian youth lay at his home in Newton, Ont., in a state of nervous exhaustion and premature decline.

Mrs. M. E. Harron, writing quite recently says: "I must say our son would have been in a consumptive's grave long ago had it not been for PSYCHINE. He was taken down with La Grippe and a severe cold. His whole system was weak, including his lungs, which were seriously affected, as is always the case after La Grippe.

"After taking several remedies and treatments we procured PSYCHINE and tongue cannot tell the marvellous results brought about in two months. He gained over twenty pounds in weight, and strength and appetite returned."

PSYCHINE is the greatest tonic known to medical science. It builds up the system and tones up every organ of the body, enabling it to resist and throw off disease. Weak nerves cannot exist where PSYCHINE is used consistently. Send for a trial bottle and prove the truth of these statements.

PSYCHINE is sold by all druggists and dealers, 50c. and $1.00.

Chicago's Model Park.

What is expected to be Chicago's model park is now being built on the north side. To make room for it, the heart of one of the worst slum districts in the city has been torn down, six acres of buildings in all being razed. In place of the tumbledown structures there will be, in the course of a few months, a playground, a swimming pool, club-house, library, and a lunchroom. There will be a natatorium, with a swimming pool 35 by 150 feet, which will accommodate 200 bathers an hour. Besides the indoor gymnasia, there will be outdoor enclosures of the same kind, one for women and girls and another for men and boys. A baseball diamond, which can be turned into a fotball field in Fall and a skating rink in Winter, will occupy part of the open ground, as will also a running track. Another feature will be a playground for children under ten years old.

Relief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They revive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.

"It takes but two to make a bargain."

"Yes, but only one gets it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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

Irascible Magistrate— Officer, why did you bring this prisoner up before me? Can't you see he's as deaf as a door nail?

Policeman—Oi was told ye'd give him a hearing, sor!—Judge

The Nova Scotia "Lumber King" says:

"I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST liniment in use.

I got my foot badly jammed lately I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT and it was as well as ever next day.

Yours very truly,
T. G. McMULLEN.

Nothing Lacking.

A Highland minister, who was rather a pompous gentleman, came to a shepherd's house to baptize a child.

"Are you prepared?" he asked the ond parent.

"Ou ay, munnister; I have got a grand ham for tea."

"I mean spiritually prepared," thundered the cleric.

"Af coorse I am; oh, yes. I got twa bottles o' first-class whisky from the inn," replied the imperturbable Celt.—Tit-Bits.

HAD GIVEN UP HOPE

But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Vigorous Health.

Medicines of the old fashioned kind will sometimes relieve the symptoms of disease, though they never touch the disease itself—they never cure. Ordinary medicines leave behind them indigestion, constipation and headaches. Purgatives leave those taking them feverish and weakened. On the other hand Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do direct good to the body, the blood and the nerves. They fill the veins with new rich blood; they tone and strengthen the nerves; they cure disease by rooting it out of the blood. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm.

Mrs. George R. Wilson, Moncton, N.B., says:—"A few years ago after confinement I contracted a severe cold and although I took considerable medicine, I got no better. In fact my condition was gradually getting worse. I was all run down, had no appetite and grew so weak that I could not do my housework. At last the doctor who was attending me told my husband that I was going into a decline, and I feared so myself, for a sister had died of consumption. When almost in despair a friend suggested my taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got half a dozen boxes. Before I had taken them all I began to get better. Then I got another half dozen boxes, and before I had used them all I was able to do my housework again and was in better health than I had enjoyed for years. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from going into consumption and I warmly recommend them to every weak person."

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.

AN ANTARCTIC STORM

Braving the Perils of a South Polar Winter's Night.

FIERCE FURY OF THE GALE.

Adventures of a Party of Explorers in a Journey Over the Broken Pack Ice—The Solid Wall of Wind That Flanked a Friendly Iceberg.

The arctic explorer has always had hardship and danger enough, but the antarctic discoverer has far more terrible conditions to meet. Luckily he meets them with all the equipment and method that arctic exploration has taught mankind. Yet they are most dangerous, as the story of those who have lived through the south polar winter night can testify. One of the experiences of Bernacchi on the cruise of the Southern Cross some years ago shows what an antarctic gale means.

He and a comrade, Ellifsen, started out on a short sledge journey to carry provisions from one camp to another. It was in September, and the broken ice pack over which they must travel was but a foot and a half thick and likely to break in pieces afresh or pile up in deadly masses at the mercy of the sea and wind. The two men had three sledges and eighteen dogs. They had hardly started before the wind rose and a gale threatened. Halfway to their destination there was an iceberg imbedded in the pack ice, and they hastened to reach this before the storm should break.

For five hours they toiled over the ice, the wind gradually rising. The gale broke in fury just as they reached the iceberg, under whose lee they pitched a tiny silk tent, into which they crawled after having fed their dogs as best they could. Hour after hour the wind raged, and the thermometer went to 9 degrees below zero. The snow drifted over and into the tent. Sleep was impossible.

The explorers, who had met typhoons in the China seas and cyclones in the tropics, found by the aneroid as well as by their own sensations that this gale surpassed them all. Worst of all, it seemed as if the ice was beginning to crack. They knew well that the iceberg which protected them from the full force of the storm was the most dangerous place possible in other ways, as the ice was sure to separate first immediately round the berg, throwing tent, men and dogs into the icy seas. The cracking of ice was now to be heard above the roar of the wind. They dared not stay in their shelter.

A little to the east, Bernacchi remembered, was a cave in the body of the iceberg. Once in that, they would not at least be precipitated into the sea, even if they were carried away, iceberg and all. It was so dark that the wall of the berg could not be seen even when the hands touched it. The two explorers groped as best they could along the slippery walls, both hands on the ice and their bodies pressed against it. Halfway around they left the lee side and met the gale. It came like a solid thing, bearing them back and down. Not one inch could they more against it, and further exposure meant death. They groped back, blinded, deafened and almost paralyzed with cold, to shelter. Then they commenced a toilsome hunt for a foothold on the lee side somewhere. Toward morning they found a low spur or projection, upon which they scrambled and lay down perfectly exhausted in the snowdrifts, which grew each moment. To this they owed their lives, for the snow soon covered them and kept in the warmth of their bodies.

They dared not sleep for fear of never waking, so they roused each other alternately. At last day broke, and the gale abated. Crawling over the snow, their garments frozen stiff as boards, their beards solid lumps of ice, they managed to reach their tent. The ice had not broken, though it was cracked here and there. They took food, slept, fed their dogs, who were deep in the drifts, but alive, and then courageously went ahead, "not caring to be beaten," as Bernacchi expressed it. It was 8 o'clock at night before they reached camp, but the next day they were exploring and taking photographs and observations just as usual. Man may seem puny against nature, but he conquers her from the arctic to the antarctic by his unconquerable soul.—William Rittenhouse in Forward.

A Clever Barber.

"By heck, Cynthia," drawled old Farmer Hardapple after his visit to Chicago, "them thar city barbers are mind readers."

"That so, Hiram?" said his wife.

"Why, I should say so. The one I met knew that you cut my hair last, and, by gum, he never saw you in his life."

Partridge at $7 a Plate.

In the grill room of the Plaza hotel, Lattard, head waiter, has devised a new dish which is scheduled at $7 a plate. It is "partridge Napoleon I." and is prepared by roasting four birds on a bed of sliced grapes, apples and pineapple, over which a quart of champagne has been poured. The fruit simply gives flavor to the birds and is not served.—New York Herald.

Grant's Little Story.

General Fred Grant shows in a little story how a willing but prejudiced witness may confound himself. "Any complaints, corporal?" said the colonel, making one morning a personal inspection. "Yes, sir. Taste that, sir," said the corporal promptly. The colonel put the liquid to his lips. "Why," he said, "that the best soup I ever tasted!" "Yes, sir," said the corporal, "and the cook wants to call it coffee."

Not to Be Disturbed.

"Sody crackers? Yes'm," said the country storekeeper. "I got 'em. I'll—er—send 'em up to you."

"Well," replied Mrs. Medders. "I did 'low to take 'em with me."

"Yes'm; but, you see, Bill Bruser 'e's a-dozin' on top o' the bar'l jest now, an' he ain't in the best o' humor today."—Philadelphia Press.

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.

A Cast-Iron Trust.

There is a trust in Fuller's earth with the final process known only to one or two persons, whose lips are rigidly sealed. The deposits of Fuller's earth exist chiefly at Bath and Nottinghamshire, England, and at Maxton, in Scotland, in addition to deposits in the London district. The industry is practically controlled by a combine which strictly preserves the methods of preparation of the earth.

Costiveness and its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.

Lady Patron—Mr. Photographer, which view of me do you think would be the most pleasing?

Photographer—Madam, if you would not take offence—

Lady Patron—Not in the least.

Photographer—Then I would say ah—er—back view, madam.—Bohemian.

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

"I'm going to have some photographs taken, John," said the wife of his bosom the other morning. "Have you any preference as to position?"

"Well," rejoined the husband to his wife, "if you were to pose before the camera while in the act of sewing a button on my trousers it would make a picture that I could contemplate with pleasurable emotion."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Ladies First.

At a Sunday school in the country a teacher was examining her class on the Bible, the lesson being a part of Genesis. She asked her class: "Why did the serpent tempt Eve instead of Adam?" For some time there was silence, but at length a little boy held up his hand and replied: "Please mum, 'cause it's ladies first."

"SALADA" TEA Is Delicious

Always of High and Uniform Quality.

Lead Packets Only. At all Grocers

30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb.

Do You Suffer? *from* HEADACHE, LOSS OF SLEEP, INDIGESTION, TORPID LIVER, BILIOUSNESS

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will quickly remove the cause of these distressing complaints and restore healthy action to every organ. You will feel like a new person after taking a few doses of Beecham's Pills. They rid the system of impurities, improve the digestion, banish headache and

Give Positive Relief

in all cases of Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion and Disordered Liver.

The excellent results obtained by the use of Beecham's Pills have proved them worthy of the confidence they enjoy. They have helped thousands and recommend themselves.

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

Seldom See a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.

ABSORBINE

will clean them off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. $2.00 per bottle delivd. Book 8 D free. ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1. Removes Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicosities, Old Sores. Allays Pain. Book free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 137 Hanmouth St., Springfield, Mass. LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Also furnished by Martin Sale & Wynne Co., Winnipeg, The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

KEEP YOUR IGNITION RIGHT

$15 — 76% of all Gasoline Engine troubles come from poor ignition. The "VIM MAGNETO" does away with batteries and can be used on any Engine. It always gives a good hot spark. Fully Guaranteed — Agents Wanted.

A. R. Williams Machinery Co. Limited, Toronto

THE
Mainland
... Cigar

Is smoked in every camp, town, city and hamlet in British Columbia. It is made in Vancouver by Wm. Tietjen and sold on the road by

Nat Darling.

Smoke...

Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by

J. G. Chella & Co., Nelson

KASLO HOTEL
KASLO B. C.
Is a comfortable home for all who travel to that city.
COCKLE & PAPWORTH.

Get your Seed Grain at
BROWN'S
IN FERRY
Blue Stem Wheat, Seed Oats, Seed Rye.

AT THE
Hotel - Balmoral
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.

C. S. BAKER
Provincial Assayer and Ore Shippers' Agent. Correspondence solicited. Samples receive prompt attention.
P. O. BOX 120, GREENWOOD, B. C.

Newmarket Hotel
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 57 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. T. LOWERY,
Greenwood, B. C.

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, 1899, 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, 1899.

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

Bray, William Henry, Greenwood, miner.
Fee, James Parker, Greenwood, miner.
Foulds, Geo. Albert, Greenwood, miner.
Gramby, 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 cons.
Louttitt, Wm. ohn, Greenwood, miner.
Miller, Thomas F., Eholt, carpenter.
Morgan, James, Greenwood, machinist.
Mitchell, Thomas, Greenwood, miner.
McKinnon, Daniel, Greenwood, carpenter
McMillan, William 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.
Barby, 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.
Conlter, 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, fineman.
Church, Wm. H., Mother Lode, engineer
Cock, David, Mother Lode, miner.
Cooketon, Ernest, Mother Lode, miner.
Cooper, Richard, Mother Lode, miner,
Daimper, Isaiere D. D., Greenwood, machinist.
Dallas, James, Midway, hotelkeeper.
Davidson, James, Greenwood, miner.
Dallaire, Eugene, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
Davis, John, Anaconda, smelterman.
Derrick, Richard, Greenwood, 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, Crescent mine, blacksmith.
Dunlop, James Norman, Greenwood, telephone manager.
Eddy, Allan Fairbanks, Rock Creek, farmer.
Ellis, James Wyatt, 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.
Frasca, 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.
Gideon, 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
Halpeny, Robert M., Eholt, conductor.
Hamilton, William Henry, Greenwood, miner.
Hanna, William, Greenwood, miner.
Hansen, 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, miner.
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, fineman.
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. G. 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
Mellor, 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.
McIntomney, William H., Greenwood, miner.
McKenzie, Kenneth, Greenwood, carpenter.
McKinnon, Danial Archibald, Boundary Falls, smelterman.
McKinnon, Hugh, Greenwood, laborer.
McLaren, David McI., Greenwood, druggist.
McLaren, 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.
McAree, 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. Asapin, 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.
Roseorela, John, Greenwood, miner.
Rose, Duncan, Greenwood, publisher.
Randle, 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.
Smith, Wm. T., Greenwood, miner.
Stapleton, John, Greenwood, miner.
Stegen, Peter, Greenwood, miner.
Stent, Henry, Conmer, 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.

JAS. W. GRIER ..... MANAGER

GREENWOOD B. C., APRIL 8, 1899

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.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do:
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

THIS AND THAT.

THE boycott can be worked both ways, although it is not the most manly method of fighting.

THE LEDGE has an apology to make to those business men who ordered their advertisements discontinued last week. The notices to discontinue arrived too late for last issue. We sincerely hope they have not suffered any financial loss through their ads having appeared in The Ledge a week longer than they wished.

THE LEDGE is unfortunate in not being able to appeal to the the higher intelligence of some of our citizens on the tunnel question. "Vote for the tunnel and have Boundary creek lined with smelters," is, we confess, a line of argument far above us. If in a year 25 or 50 tons of high-grade ore are delivered at the portal of the tunnel daily the promoters will be doing wonders.

MANY of the people in Greenwood will be pleased to know that Ross is going to start a paper in Vancouver. This information should be particularly gratifying to Mayor Bunting and the other members of the city council. Mr. Ross and his paper have always been somewhat of a burden on the taxpayers of this city. Now that he is going to fasten on Vancouver that city may relieve a part of the burden which has been so patiently born by the people of Greenwood.

SOME clouds really have a silver lining. Last week The Ledge lost $27.50 in advertising and three subscribers, because the publisher believed he knew his own business, and had the same right to express his opinions that is accorded to others living under British rule. This month we have added $100 to our advertising patronage and 24 new subscribers to our list, presumably because the publisher does know his own business and his own mind.

WHY is it that unlicensed houses are allowed to sell liquor in prohibited hours and the licensed houses are closed? If one is closed the other should also be. Booze sold in a club or in the red-light district makes just as much noise as that sold by licensed dealers. Why discriminate? Why should the police commissioners insist on a strict enforcement of the License Act, and then violate the Lord's Day Act by experting mineral claims on Sunday? The violation of the one law is as serious an offense as the violation of the other. The police commissioner should learn to obey the laws before he insists upon a strict observance of them by others. The police commissioners can ask for an inspection of clubs and demand a cancellation of the license if they are violating the law. It was done in Vancouver a few weeks ago.

THERE are persons in this city who appear to have nothing else to do but circulate the report that The Ledge is going to quit. It will stay with the game as long as its editor can hang on by the eyebrows. Even if The Ledge and its staff were to move tomorrow the Conservatives will not again allow themselves to be at the mercy of of the Ross-Naden machine, and its paper. The city treasury has been exploited in the interests of Ross's paper since Greenwood was incorporated. The Grit machine has made tools of a number of Conservatives, in and out of the council. A provincial election will shortly take place in this riding and Mayor Bunting and his Grit colleagues see the necessity of having the Liberal paper continue, so they place all the city printing with the Times. In this they have the support of the Citizens' Alliance, otherwise known as the McAllisterites, the men who want whites to work for $2 a day and keep a family on it.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

On Saturday the Greenwood smelter reported that it would not shut down but run as usual, which looks as if The Ledge was right in this latter statement and seems to put the management in a bad light, in having made either a bad bungle or a deliberate attempt to frighten the men into a reduction of wages.—Grand Forks Gazette.

The Methodists will give their annual beefsteak pie dinner Easter Monday, April 12th, in the church. Dinner served from 5:30 to 8. A programme consisting of musical numbers, and a scarf drill by seven young ladies, will be given after the dinner. Admission 50 cents.

Probably nothing tries a lazy man more than the thoughts of what he may have to do tomorrow.

No doubt his satanic majesty grits his teeth when he meets a man who loves his neighbor as he loves himself.

He who never acts never makes.

Don't visit a pawnbroker expecting to realize anything on your good reputation.

Some people seem to think that loud talk makes a sound argument.

A woman may lead a man to church but she can't make him religious.

When a man gets short of money many of his friends get short of sympathy.

If it were not for their vanity it would be impossible to please some people.

You better eat, drink and be merry today for tomorrow you may be married.

There is more than one kind of smokeless powder that is dangerous to mankind.

A married man seldom gets the last word because of his inability to remain awake.

When there is any doubt about a dog's sanity an ounce of lead is worth a pound of cure.

If there is anything better than a friend you can trust it's a friend who can and will trust you.

One half of the world may not know how the other half lives but it tries mighty hard to find out.

Nowadays a man is more apt to be applauded for saying a good thing than for doing a good thing.

It is strange that the first thing a boy wants to do when he sees a vacant house is to break the windows.

It is not always the man who pounds the hardest on the bar who has the most money to pay for the drinks.

A woman can do a thing she doesn't want to do without making unprintable remarks, but few men can.

It is said that meerschaum pipes can be made from Irish potatoes, but the trouble is that they are so made.

If it wasn't for a headache in the morning often a man wouldn't know that he had a good time the night before.

Even dirt glitters when the sun is shining upon it.

Our only happiness is that which we give to others.

The better we appreciate the real thing, the less we are disposed to accept the spurious copy as a substitute.

In the kingdom of the blind a one-eyed man is a monstrosity.

In the presence of the woman he loves the homliest man is aware of his fatal beauty.

Desire haunts the corridors of inaccessibility.

Success is lying in wait for the man who always looks forward.

Some of the smart young Berts and Percies who are fond of saying "I don't think!" little know how true it is.

Courage will stimulate you to take quick action to grasp the opportunity discerned by judgment.

We wouldn't mind the unexpected if it didn't happen so often.

The early worm catches the obituary notice.

Don't try to grasp an opportunity by putting salt on its tail.

One thing that always carries its face value—a kiss.

Painters are now putting on their spring overcoats.

It isn't necessary to egg a hen on when she wants to sit.

Even the wise barber isn't always able to put you next.

Beware of a tight man when he succeeds in breaking loose.

Things that make some girls blush make others turn pale.

After praying for what you want get busy and do a little hustling.

A man who yells at the top of his voice seldom wins an argument.

If you have a good friend don't try to convert him into a good thing.

Many comedies look like tragedies from the stage manager's viewpoint.

If women are talking machines, men who sow wild oats should be classed a sewing machines.

If you are looking for a wife, Alonza, sidestep the girl who doesn't make a confidante of her mother.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

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

TO RENT.
A 320-acre farm, half mile from Sidley, in British Columbia, fenced, 12 acres in fall wheat, 48 acres plowed last fall, house, barn, etc. For terms address or come and and see
L. M. ARGERMYER,
Molson, Wash.

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.
MRS GREIG, PROPRIETRESS.

WANTED:
South African Scrip
Write, giving price, to
F. M. ELKINS
1206 Haro Street,
Vancouver, B. C.

The... Hume...
Nelson, B. C.
GEO. P. TWIGG, 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

Northern Hotel....
EHOLT, B. C.
First-class meals and rooms. Railroad men, miners and others will find a pleasant home at this hotel. The bar contains fragrant cigars and the most popular beverages of the day.
N. LUSE, PROPRIETOR

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. S. BIRNIE, Secretary.

W. F. M. Greenwood Miners' Union, No. 32, 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