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THE LEDGE

THE OLDEST MINING CAMP NEWSPAPER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

VOL. XVIII. GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1912. No. 41

The Store of Plenty

Purity Flour

ANOTHER CARLOAD OF THIS SUPERIOR FLOUR JUST TO HAND IN EXCELLENT CONDITION

The Russell-Law-Caulfield Co.

HARDWARE GROCERIES MENS' FURNISHINGS

WALLPAPER

We carry a Large Stock and have the variety to please you

JOHN L. COLES, Books, Stationery, Kodaks, &c

Greenwood's Big Furniture Store

HEADQUARTERS

FOR ALL KINDS OF FLOOR COVERINGS

WE ARE SHOWING NEW

LINOLEUMS - OILCLOTHS
CARPETS MATTINGS

See the line of Room-Size Matting Squares at $2.50 and $3.00 each

T. M. GULLEY & Co.

Opposite Postoffice. GREENWOOD, B. C. Phone 27

You will find a Welcome

at the Club Cigar Store and Pool Room

CIGARS, TOBACCOS, AND SMOKERS' SUPPLIES
FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY

Coast, Calgary and Local Papers and Magazines always on the tables.

Agent for Phoenix Laundry. Office of Phoenix & Midway Stages

WALTER G. KENNEDY PROPRIETOR

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., PRESIDENT
ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER

CAPITAL, - $10,000,000 REST, - $8,000,000

DRAFTS ON FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Every branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce is equipped to issue drafts on the principal cities in the following countries without delay:

Africa	Creta	Greece	New Zealand	Siberia
Arabia	Cuba	Holland	Norway	Soudan
Argentine Republic	Denmark	Iceland	Panama	South Africa
Australia	Egypt	India	Persia	Spain
Austria-Hungary	Faroe Islands	Ireland	Peru	Straits Settlements
Belgium	Finland	Italy	Philippine Islands	Sweden
Brazil	Formosa	Japan	Portugal	Switzerland
Bulgaria	France	Java	Roumania	Turkey
Ceylon	Fr'ch Cochin China	Malta	Russia	United States
Chili	Germany	Manchuria	Servia	Uruguay
China	Great Britain	Mexico	Siam	West Indies, etc.

The amount of these drafts is stated in the money of the country where they are payable; that is they are drawn in sterling, francs, marks, lire, kronen, florins, yen, taels, roubles, etc., as the case may be. This ensures that the payee abroad will receive the actual amount intended. A233

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

J. T. BEATTIE, Manager. Greenwood Branch.

P. BURNS & CO.

Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish and Poultry. Shops in nearly all the towns of the Boundary and Kootenay.

COPPER STREET, GREENWOOD, B. C.

Nairn's Linoleum

The Thistle Brand is the best on earth. New Import Shipment just received. See the patterns and get my prices before you buy and you will come back. New line of Kitchen Ware just opened up.

A. L. WHITE.

Phone 16 Greenwood, B. C.

THE BASIS

OF MY BUSINESS

CLEANLINESS
QUALITY
ATTENTION TO DETAIL

William C. Arthurs

THE BREAD & CAKE BAKER

Vienna Bakery, Greenwood

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

We have just issued a handsome

Illustrated Catalogue

that would do credit to any mail-order house, and which shows at a glance the grip we have on the better class of trade. We want you to see how fine a jewelry store we have.

SEND FOR ONE

A. LOGAN & Co.

GREENWOOD. - B. C.

St. Jude's Anglican Church
Services: Holy Communion 8 a.m. 1st and 3rd Sundays in this month; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 7:30 p.m.; Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
Rev. Franklin Watson, Vicar.

ROOMS TO LET

In the Swayne House, Silver Street. Clean, private and comfortable rooms in a quiet locality at reasonable rates. Hot and cold baths free to guests.

WANTS, Etc.

FOR SALE.—A work horse, weight 1,250, drive single or double to be sold cheap. Apply Mark Christensen, Ledge Office.

FOR SALE.—A Letterpress at a price. Apply at Ledge office.

FOR SALE.—Four old Copper Hand Books at 50 cents each. Apply at Ledge office.

FOR SALE.—One Incubator and two Brooders, capacity 250 eggs, good as new. Will sell at half cost price. Apply to F. Keffer, Anaconda.

DANDY DICK

The three act farce, Dandy Dick, will be played this evening, Thursday, in the Auditorium by local amatuers for the benefit of St. Jude's church. The characters of laughable farce will be delineated by Messrs Winter, McLaine, Manson, Loring, Redpath, Brake, Mrs. H. C. Cummins, and the Misses McMynn, Graham and Shaw.

Around Home

F. Jaynes is leaving for the coast this week.

E. Potts is the new steward of the Greenwood Club.

F. W Harrington is now a resident of North Vancouver.

The Grand Forks Agricultural Association has 330 members.

Jim Dale is in the city and reports business lively at Carmi.

Three carloads of headaches arrived in Greenwood last week.

D. L. McElroy has the contract for hauling ore from the Big Copper.

E. E. Gibson has been elected president of the Grand Forks Curling club.

C. J. Bunbury is in town this week and reports business brisk in real estate.

Paddy the Priest has been appointed night operator of the range at the Windsor Cafe.

The B. C. Copper Co. has purchased another auto. It is a Stevens-Duryea 54 horsepower.

At Grand Forks more than 20 men are now employed in the erection of the postoffice building.

Paul Nelson came in from Molson last week to spend a few merry hours in the copper metropolis.

While driving near Grand Forks Thomas Powers had his left arm broken in a runaway accident.

The dump of the Elkhorn mine is being used to improve the wagon road in the north end of the city.

A marriage license was issued on April 22 to Sam Bombini and Miss Vendela Anderson, both of Anaconda.

After visiting Mrs. Shaw for a number of weeks, Mrs. A. B. Estlin returned to her home in Melita on Tuesday.

C. C. Tilley is in the city this week from Princeton, where he has been in the real estate business during the past six months.

J. Nankervis has moved his store to the building adjoining the Pacific hotel, and known in other days as the Club Cigar store.

Service in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, April 28th, 11 a. m. Sunday School, and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. All are welcome.

This spring 28 ranchers will plant a total of 446 acres in apple trees. The area of orchards this summer in the Grand Forks valley will be 2,346 acres.

MARRIED,—on Monday, at St. Jude's vicarage, by the Rev. Franklin Watson, Almor Harvey Barnett to Miss Ruth Lilian Drury, both of Midway.

Mrs. Young and Miss Young of Toronto, who have been making a tour of the coast and California, are visiting Mrs. Shaw.

Mrs. Harry S. Brown who was struck by lightning a week ago was discharged from the hospital on Tuesday having greatly recovered from the effects of her terrible experience.

A. B. Tweedle has sold his ranch at Grand Forks to the Doukhobors for $21,000. It is only a matter of time until the Douks will own the country. The Socialists should put in with them.

Hugh D. McGillvray of Greenwood, and Miss Catherine Mulvany of Glasgow, were married in Nelson last Saturday by the Rev. E. S. Loggie. A multitude of friends extend congratulations to Hughie and his bride.

At Carmi Father Ferroux is putting in a current motor system to irrigate 20 acres of land. If successful the system will be extended to other land in the vicinity, and be the means of bringing many settlers into the country.

Dr. Alfred Pain of Hamilton, Ontario, who lost his life in the wreck of the Titanic was a first cousin to John L. Coles of this city. He was returning from London where he had just taken a post-graduate course in medicine.

A correspondent writing from Eholt, says there are more native Canadians in the United States than there are in Canada. Judging from the racket along the Canada Northern railway there might be some truth in the Eholt man's assertion.

Harry Bretzins writes from Lillooet to say that for six months he never lost a shift nor tumbled off the water wagon. Recently he got a piece of steel almost as big as a cold chisel in his eye, and had to walk 75 miles from Bridge river to obtain surgical assistance.

When the lightning took a smash at Anaconda last week it called at the Vendome hotel, broke a few windows, tore a hole in the kitchen floor but never touched the whiskey. Frank Bell and Peter Teddy were out joy riding in an auto at the time, and beyond raising them two feet from their seats the big bump in the air did them no damage.

CITY COUNCIL

The Council assembled on Monday evening.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—The Ledge, $9; R. W. Halcrow, $6; R. N. Loring, $15; R. N. Adams, $18.20; A. L. White, $12; Dr. McLean, $3; Electric Lights, $123.25; G. Clerf, $4; A. A. Frechette, $1; F. Jaynes, 40 cents.

The 1911 assessment roll was adopted for 1912, subject to any necessary alterations required and the assessor was instructed to prepare and return the roll on or before May 6.

The chief of police was instructed to stop all persons riding bicycles on the sidewalks.

The council then adjourned.

COUNTY COURT

County Court was held on Tuesday by His Honor Judge Brown.

Sam Lee obtained judgement against the Waterloo Mine syndicate.

The case of James Poggi vs Wm. Landers was settled by the defendent paying $10 and costs.

The cases of Hugh Megraw, R. C. Johnson and C. E. Oliver, against the Waterloo and Sailor Mining Companies, and Lewis Hind were stood over.

Naturalization papers were granted to Tom Peck, Fred Moser, John Anderson, Fridolph Werner, Frank Swanson, Mike Caia and Oscar Walstrom.

ANOTHER BIG BLAST

The Mother Lode mine was the scene of another great blast on Monday. There were 2,200 holes loaded with 10 tons of dynamite and discharged by an electric wire. The explosion was a complete success. This mine is establishing a great reputation for blasting. Last October eleven tons of powder were used in one blast which gives Greenwood the worlds record in that department of mining.

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR

Extract from speech of a storekeeper at a recent meeting: "No store will pay 10 per cent. on the money invested."

Extract from bill posted by another storekeeper: "I will sell for cash, 20 per cent. discount on boots, gloves, etc."

Western Float

Hope now has an improved mail service.

The Nanaimo Free Press is 39 years old.

Revelstoke will enlarge its fire department.

Coquitlam is a good site for an insane asylum.

The Tulameen hotel in Princeton is to enlarged.

E. L. Kepner is building a garage in Quesnel.

Several new houses have been erected in Nakusp.

Potatoes are being shipped from Scotland to Chicago.

At present there is no doctor in the Chilcotin district.

Pete Swanson will put up a $50,000 hotel in Princeton.

Emmet Rahaley has started a duck farm at Lost Lake.

Butter from New Zealand has a large sale in Vancouver.

Levi Wentworth died in Loomis last week, aged 82 years.

The C.N.R. steel will reach Hope about the middle of May.

A modern hotel costing $15,000 has been opened at Marcus.

W. N. Fitzgerald has opened a general store in Mission City.

As usual Kaslo will celebrate the 24 of May from force of habit.

Steps are being taken to open a public reading room in Duncan.

In Alberta the C.P.R. has leased the A. R. & I. railway for 99 years.

The G. N. railway has dispensed with its station agent at Bossburg.

About $10,000 will be spent upon the streets in Coalmont this summer.

For the summer months Kelowna has pushed its clock ahead one hour.

Telegraph poles are being shipped from Rossland to Albertan towns.

In Kelowna A. Lefevre was fined $5 for running a motor without a license.

J. J. Campbell is planting 17,000 fruit trees on his ranch near Bonington.

There are nine telephones in Parksville, and 16,712 in Vancouver.

A fire caused by a defective stove pipe destroyed Ben Green's house at Mara.

George Davis formerly of New Denver is running a barber shop in Quesnel.

Tom Daly of Keremeos is pitching this season for the Portland ball team.

There is a movement towards starting a moving picture show in Princeton.

The ranchers around Nighthawk have plenty of hay left from last years crop.

Fred Archer of Chilliwack has opened a furniture store in South Vancouver.

The streets of Calgary are being paved at an expense of $2.85 a square yard.

Several more Black Orpington chickens have arrived in Chesaw from England.

At New Michel Chancy Smith was fined $75 for poaching on the Game Reserve.

The street car line now under construction in Lethbridge will be open in August.

Robert Heath died in Barkerville a few days ago. He had lived there since 1862.

At Trail for refusing to pay his road tax Carman Solicciolí was fined $5 and costs.

May Reinhardt was fined $250 for selling liquor in Lethbridge without a license.

By June there will be a tri-weekly mail service between Merritt and Coalmont.

A young man in Kelowna has been fined $25, for firing a rifle within the city limits.

On his ranch in the Trail district J. D. Anderson is planting 7,000 more apple trees.

On the Ellis-Forde lands near Oroville 20,000 fruit trees have been planted this spring.

Recently 45 deer were seen mowing grass at the mouth of Ashnola creek, in the Similkameen.

In the vicinity of New Denver and Silverton about 50 men are working on the wagon roads.

Olaus Jacobson of Trail was sent to jail for three months for supplying an interdict with liquor.

There are too many cow-bells ringing in Hedley, to suit the light sleepers of that great gold camp.

Vernon wants the C.P.R. to put on a through sleeper between Okanagan Landing and the Coast.

Bradstreets states that L. D. Taylor has entered an action for damages against the Nelson News.

It is estimated that this year 6,000 carloads of fruit will be shipped from the Okanagan and Kootenay districts.

The North Coast Land Co. is clearing 10,000 acres of land for intending settlers between Quesnel and Fort George.

Recently near Nelson, several deer fleeing from cougars, sought protection among a gang of men at work upon a pile driver.

The new Cosmopolitan hotel in Blairmore will be built of brick. It will be three storeys high and have a telephone in every room.

The coming of the Coalmont Courier is having an effect in Princeton. The Star now twinkles on time with the two Jim's at the wheel.

Coalmont has formed a commercial Club. There must be a population of 1,500 in a town before a Board of Trade can be organized.

R. J. Clark has been elected president of the Hope Conservative association. At one time he was a reporter in Nelson, and always carried a cane.

The editor of the Blairmore Enterprise recently returned from California, and says that in 'Frisco the devil holds high carnival, and sin run amuck in daylight.

Bears can be shot in this province until the hot weather comes, and renders the fur of no value. For a short time after that they must not be shot, except in self defence.

A London paper objects to so many Canadians being elected to the British House of Commons. No objection has been made in Canada to Englishmen being elected to the Dominion parliament.

Henry F. Bragdon first president of the Goldfield stock exchange, committed suicide in Oakland last week by shooting himself. He was 65 years old, and in poor health. Fifteen years ago he ran a hardware store in New Denver.

Harold Cue died at the Printer's Home in Colorado Springs last week from tuberculosis. He worked on the Ledge in New Denver, Nelson and Fernie a few years ago, and later upon linotypes in London, Paris, New York and Seattle. His two brothers are residents of New Denver.

The Slocan Record says that in every town in B. C., there are houses that sell liquor without a license. In many of the incorporated cities and towns a system of blackmail is levied upon these people. If they have not the legal right to sell liquor they should be prosecuted.

The Kootenay Monumental Works, Nelson, B. C., manufacture all sizes and kinds of headstones and monuments.

NEWS OF FIFE

Alex Wilkinson and wife have returned from England, after an absence of three months.

Mrs. A. E. Spaulding has returned to the Lake for the season, having spent the last two years in Alaska.

Christina lake is entirely free from ice, and the launches are again afloat. W. T. Brown of Grand Forks was the first one to propel his boat across the wet.

Mrs. Elmer Ness has returned from a visit to her old home in Iowa.

Ola Johnson is cutting a road from his hotel to the government highway.

E. Spraggett has conferred a favor upon the settlers in this section by employing them on the government wagon road; thus allowing them to reach their homes every day; averting the inconvenience of camp life.

A petition is being numerously signed asking better depot facilities at Fife, and a change in the running time of the passenger trains. The people in this vicinity want the trains run so that they can visit Grand Forks and other points west, and return on the same day.

The end of passion is the begining of repentance.

THE LEDGE

Is located at Greenwood, B. C., and can be traced to many parts of the earth. It comes to the front every Thursday morning, and believes that hell would close up if love ruled the world. It believes in justice to everyone; from the man who mucks in the mine to the king who sits on the cushions of the throne. It believes that advertising is the life of trade; and that one of the noblest works of creation is the man who always pays the printer.

The Ledge is $2.00 a year in advance, or $2.50 when not so paid. It is postage free to all parts of Canada, Mexico, Great Britain and the county of Bruce. To the United States it is $2.50 a year, always in advance.

R. T. LOWERY

EDITOR AND FINANCIER.

GREENWOOD, APRIL 25, 1912.

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.

THE TITANIC HORROR

THE speed craze took a terrible toll when the Titanic went down, proving that a fast life is dangerous, even to a steamship. It was the greatest and most expensive boat ever set afloat, but its great speed and strength brought disaster upon its maiden voyage. It was built and specially designed to carry the rich, swiftly across the sea in ease, comfort and luxury. It might have done this for years if a cruel iceberg had not drifted along to show puny man that he is an ion compared to the greater forces of Nature. The sea plays no favorites, and wraps alike, between its wet sheets, the plebian and patrician, without ceremony, palaver or toadyism. A shipwreck cuts all men down to one size, and for a brief spell the lord and peasant become brothers and linger in the swim together. The ill fate of the Titanic makes that old saying stand out bright and clear, "Man proposes, but God disposes." Behind every life stands the spectre of death, and it matters little, when or how it beckons, except to the loved ones left behind. Dying one by one we make little splash in the human ocean,, but when we go together in great bunches over the divide to new territory, the world is stunned, and in horror uplifts its hands until time erases the sensation.

The sinking of the Titanic was one of the most dramatic marine tragedies in the history of the sea. Nero fiddled when Rome was burning, but he was on dry land. The band on the Titanic played through all the stirring acts of the great ships death struggle, and stuck to their instruments until the last scene of the great tragedy. All honor to the bravest musicians the world has ever known, who stuck to their posts until death, in order to keep hope burning in the hearts of those around them. The absence of fire, blood and mutilated bodies; coupled with the calmness of the night and faith in the staunchness of the steamship prevented greatly the panic that otherwise might have prevailed. The saving of so many women and children proved that their were brave and gallant men aboard, although a portion of the chivalry was probably inspired by the firmness of the officers with guns in their hands, and a belief that there were plenty of life boats for all.

The scene must have been grandly terrible as the doomed steamer took the final plunge leaving in its wake hundreds of shrieking human beings, whose prayers and curses could be heard for miles, as they sank uncoffined to their flowerless graves. And why all this horror, this tearing asunder of loved ones, this terrible loss of life and pelf, covered by a flood of tears, and hearts plunged into the sump of despair. Simply because the owners wanted a record trip, and casting prudence aside in dangerous waters the captain took a gambler's chance and lost the deal. A fitting illustration of the more haste, the less speed. The traditions of the sea were strictly followed, and the most valuable lives lost in order that the weaker might live to weep and mourn. In future the fast liners should carry plenty of lifeboats, aeroplanes, and a pair of wings for every soul aboard. The fate of the Titanic should be a warning for steamboats to never again trifle with safety, in order to throw a record at the feet of the speed lunatics.

THE LITTLE CHICKENS

YEARS ago when we lingered amid the beautiful surroundings of the Lucerne of America we owned a water barrel, (not a wagon) and a bull-dog. Now we are forcibly reminded of that manna story of the early days, for a kind and considerate neighbor (bless him) has placed in our backyard an open faced coop, filled with one hen and 13 chirping chickens, white, tender and youthful. They are dear, trustful embryonic cacklers and run to us like crinoline to a Mormon. May that confidence never be shattered as the summer deepens and they become more embonpoint. Fat from the maddening crowd, nestled in the shadow of our great typographical palace they are serenely living the simple life, and occasionally taking lessons in music, as they listen to our great press revolving in rhythmical activity. Every pleasure has a pain and we often sadly contemplate how we would feel if those dear chickens, larger grown, should wander into our print shop and never again be seen alive. Let us not think about such a sad possibility for we have trouble enough. Last week we left the wood-shed open vainly hoping that some wandering cackler would drop in and mistake it for a bank. Some did, but they left nothing negotiable. Thus are human hopes dashed to earth, and the market glutted with Dead Sea Fruit.

THE Slocan Record says that Bob Green is not big enough nor broad enough to fill Goodeve's shoes. Probably Bob would be cunning enough to fill them with cork soles.

WE are a queer bunch on this mundane sphere. We throw rotten eggs at the iconoclast when he is alive, and after he has cashed in we put a marble shaft over his grave.

THE ruling passion is strong in death, for we notice that John Jacob Astor lit a cigarette a few minutes before he went below to feed the fishes.

No, dear Lana, we are not going to Europe this summer. We have made our peace with God, but we are still shy a few swimming lessons.

ABE Lincoln was shot upon April 14, 1865; and now that day will be remembered for another startling event.

LOVE and money are not always powerful. Neither could buy a boat when the Titanic went flewey.

IN the years to come many a sailor will date time from April 14, 1912.

Do not forget, dear Mike, that emotion tends to despair and madness.

IT is about time spring and winter got a divorce.

LOVE that stands still soon turns to hate and dies.

Thinking Themes

It would be interesting to trace the reflex influences of our various degrees and states of culture upon our idea of God.

I wrote a book once on the idea of God as influenced by the idea of democracy. But the theme is larger, and has many bearings.

I do not mean that God is a figment of one fancy, nor that He changes. Without taking sides on that question, whether God makes man or man makes God, my only point is that our Notion of God is altered by our kind of culture.

With our sensitiveness to pain these days we could not possibly conceive the kind of God who would do the things He is represented as doing in medieval pictures of the punishment of lost souls.

God is the figure at the end of a man's deepest desire. He is, to us, simply the consummation of all that we would most profoundly like to be. "Heaven is the vision of the fulfilled desire."

Of course our coarser and immoral desires are always somewhat shamefaced; they mean we want to catch the best of what is passing; it is our love of justice, truth and right that are basic.

The Greek notion of purity was not ours; nor is the contents of a modern pure woman's mind on the sex question the same as the contents of the mind of Saint Catherine of Siena. So also, our conceptions of duty, of property, of social aims and relations, all change; and our mental picture of God changes with them. This constant change I believe to be no mere fluctuation, but a steady evidence of growth, a continuity of revelation.—Dr. Frank Crane.

Thrift

James Derringer was a guide in Wyoming. He led a happy and peaceful life lassoing mountain lions for moving picture men and escorting fat bankers on wild trips which took the party yards from civilization.

Ideal as such an existence must appear. Derringer was not satisfied. There was something lacking. He longed to acquire fame, but could not think of how his ambition might be realized until one day he happened to come across an article on the fossils of Wyoming. He read of the justly celebrated three-toed horse which used to gambol over the vast plains. He read of the diplodocus and all the other funny cusses that once roamed carelessly across his part of the map. Some of the great lizards were about the size of a subway express train, and just about as healthy to meet head on.

Conscious of the great interest scientists displayed in the remains of these curious creatures, Derringer, in his simple way, reasoned that they would take even more interest in a living specimen, so he proceeded to make a gigantic lizard of leather, inside of which he placed two bucking broncoes, which he kept lively by placing a few hornets in the shell with them. He then led a large party of scientists to a rocky valley, where the prehistoric monster had been anchored. At the signal his partner released the lizard and it rapidly faded from sight across the landscape.

The scientists were overcome with joy, and they are still searching for traces of the monster. As for Derringer, he is known the world over as the discoverer of the only living Dippierdocus.

A Gloucester fisherman realized that much money could be made by any one who could solve the great problem of distribution. For months he pondered over the matter and at last hit upon the plan which has made him king of the fish trade.

First he constructed small canals to all the principal cities. These canals were just big enough to allow the passage of a halibut or cod, but not wide enough to permit the fish to turn around. Salt water fresh from the Atlantic was poured into the canals from siphons every morning.

Then the live fish, as they arrived in Gloucester, were put in the canals and chased along to New York or Chicago, as the demand required, by large dog fish, muzzled and trained for the purpose. At night the dog fish would return under their own power.

Even a small garden may be used to supply the family with vegetables and to bring in a steady income as well.

J. A. owned a house in a Jersey suburb. He had a plot of ground 7 feet by 22. This was rather small for a truck farm, but J. A. determined upon a skyscraper garden. His plot is now 40 stories high, and on each floor—if it may be so called—is a different crop, ranging from oranges and strawberries to potatoes and cantaloupes.

A little ingenuity is all that is required in such a case.

A country boy desiring funds to complete his education took a correspondence course in mechanics and began to manufacture locomotives at home, sending out the completed work in neat cartons. He now supplies his engines to most of the big railroads. His example is worth following by those fond of light home work.—Wex Jones.

Curious Mistake

Sandy was an elder in the church, and a truly pious man. He had an eye for beauty and a love for it, but he married Tina because he knew she would make him an excellent wife.

"I suppose Tina is a handsome lass?" said Sandy's cousin, who met him in Glasgow not long after the marriage, and had never seen the bride. "I ken ye've gude taste, Sandy."

"Aweel," said the bridegroom cautiously, "she's the Lord's handiwork, Tammas. I'm no prepared to say she is His masterpiece."

Real Optimism

The following story was told by Attorney Henry W. Huttmann at a recent Germania Club dinner:

"All of us probably have different ideas regarding the deffinition of the word "optimism," but I think you will agree with me that the little story I am about to tell illustrates the extreme meaning of the word better than Webster does:

"An Irishman at work on the seventeenth floor of a new skyscraper lost his balance and fell. As he shot downward past the third floor a fellow workman heard him say to himself: "Well, I'm all right yit."

GET your Razors Honed and Your Baths at

FRAWLEY'S BARBER SHOP

GREENWOOD.

W. F. M. Greenwood Miners Union, No. 22, W. F M., meets every Saturday evening in Union Hall, Copper street, Greenwood, at 7.

Also in hall at Mother Lode mine Friday evenings at 7.

BERT de WIELE, Secty

LYNN CREEK DAIRY

MILK

DELIVERED

To any part of the city or district

J. McDONELL, Proprietor

GREENWOOD and MIDWAY STAGE

Leaves Greenwood for Spokane at 7 a. m., and for Oroville at 2:30 p. m. CHARLES RUSSELL.

TO HORSEMEN

"REVEUR," a Pedigreed Percheron Stallion, imported from France, weight 2,000 pounds, will stand from May 1st, as follows:—Mondays and Tuesdays, S. T. Larsen's, Rock Creek; Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lancashire Barn, Midway; rest of week at Stooke's ranch. Rates, $10; by the week, $15; to insure foal, $20. C. P. C. Rock, owner and manager.

T. THOMAS

CLOTHES CLEANED

PRESSED AND REPAIRED

TAILOR - GREENWOOD

MINERAL ACT.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE

"Lily" Mineral Claim, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District.

Where located:—In Carmi camp.

TAKE NOTICE that I, J. S. Harrison, as agent for J. O. Thompson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B29934, and W. D. Morton, Free Miner's Certificate, No. B14345, lawful holders of the said Lily mineral claim, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Cerificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 85 of the Mineral Act must be commenced before the issue of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated at Midway, B. C., this 17th day of April, A. D., 1912.

J. S. HARRISON.

Shiloh's Cure

QUICKLY STOPS COUGHS, CURES COLDS, HEALS THE THROAT AND LUNGS. 25 CENTS

H. W. Farmer & Co.,

REAL ESTATE,

Rock Creek, B. C.

Mother Lode Stage

CO., LT'D.

Leaves Mother Lode

9.30 a. m.

6:30 p. m.

Leaves Greenwood

2:00 p. m.

8:30 p. m.

Saturday last stage leaves Mother Lode 6 p. m. Returning, leaves Greenwood 10 p. m.

Greenwood Office

NORDEN HOTEL

Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,

Nelson, B. C.

J. R. CAMERON,

Leading Tailor of the Kootenays.

KASLO, B. C.

HAVE YOUR PHOTO TAKEN

BY

J. H. JAMES of Greenwood.

STARKEY & CO.

NELSON, B. C.

WHOLESALE

DEALERS IN

PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS

USE TUNGSTEN LAMPS

Greenwood City Waterworks Company

CITY

Transfer Co.

Baggage transferred to any part of the City. Furniture moved to any part of the District. General Draying of all kinds.

SIDNEY OLIVER.

About Float.

Float is not a periodical. It is a book containing 86 illustrations all told, and is filled with sketches and stories of western life. It tells how a gambler cashed in after the flush days of Sandon; how it rained in New Denver long after Noah was dead; how a parson took a drink at Bear Lake in early days; how justice was dealt in Kaslo in '93; how the saloon man outprayed the women in Kalamazoo, and graphically depicts the roamings of a western editor among the tenderfeet in the cent belt. It contains the early history of Nelson and a romance of the Silver King mine. In it are printed three western poems, and dozens of articles too numerous to mention. Send for one before it is too late. The price is 25 cents, postpaid to any part of the world. Address all letters to

R. T. Lowery

GREENWOOD, B. C.

Don't Be HOODWINKED

WE NEVER CHANGE BRANDS

The B.C. & Old Sport Cigars

ARE A 1 QUALITY

The BRILLIANTES

Are the Best Clear Havanas in Canada

Made by Union Labor in the best Hygienic Factory in the country. Call for them and get value for your money instead of rope.

WILBERG & WOLZ, Prop. B.C. Cigar Factory, New Westminster, B. C.

SMOKE.....

Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by

J. C. THELIN & Co., NELSON.

LOWERY'S CLAIM

During the 87 months that Lowery's Claim was on earth it did business all over the world. It was the most unique, independent and fearless journal ever produced in Canada. Political and theological enemies pursued it with the venom of a rattlesnake until the government shut it out of the mails, and its editor ceasad 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 20 different editions of this condemned journal in print. Send 10 cents and get one or $2 and get the bunch.

R. T. LOWERY,

Greenwood, B. C

CARMI. CARMI.

CARMI is situated on the West Fork of the Kettle river, at its junction with Wilkinson creek. It is 57 miles from Greenwood and 75 miles from Grand Forks. It is located on a large plateau on the west bank of the Kettle river and will be the central town for a dozen smaller mining camps. For the next two years it will be the supply point for the Kettle Valley railway during the construction of that road to Penticton, 87 miles.

CARMI has mining, timber and agricultural resources of great value. It has gold mines right at the townsite, and is a good smelter site.

Lots are being sold at from $50 to $250 each. Invest your money at home.

For further particulars apply to

CARMI TOWNSITE CO.,

CARMI, B. C.

WESTERN - - HOTELS.

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.

NEWMARKET HOTEL
Is the home for all tourists and millionaires visiting New Denver, British Columbia.
Henry Stege, Propr.

THE PROVINCE HOTEL
Grand Forks, is a large three-story brick hotel that provides the public with good meals and pleasant rooms. A new building but the same old rates.
Emil Larson, Proprietor.

THE KASLO HOTEL
Kaslo, B. C., is a comfortable home for all who travel to that city.
Cockle & Papworth.

SHERBROOKE HOUSE
Nelson, B. C. One minute's walk from C. P. R. station. Cuisine unexcelled; Well heated and ventilated.
LAVINGE & DUNK, Propietors.

TREMONT HOUSE
Nelson, B. C., is run on the American and European plan. Steam heated rooms. All white labor. Special attention paid to dining room.
Ransome & Campbell, Props.

TULAMEEN HOTEL
Princeton, B. C., is the headquarters for miners, investors and railroad men. A fine location and everything first class
KIRKPATRICK & MALONE, Proprietors.

BRIDESVILLE HOTEL.
Bridesville, B. C. Provides excellent accommodation for tourists and travellers. Fresh Eggs and Butter. Special Irish Whiskey always on hand.
THOMAS WALSH, Proprietor.

LAKEVIEW HOTEL
in Nelson, B. C., employs all white help and is a home for the world at $1.00 a day.
Nap. Mallette, Proprietor.

HOTEL CASTLEGAR. Castlegar Junction. All modern. Excellent accomodations for tourists and drummers. Boundary train leaves here at 9.10 a.m.
W. H. GAGE, Proprietor

GRANITE CREEK HOTEL
Granite Creek, B. C. Headquarters for miners, prospectors and railroad men. Good stabling in connection. Tasty meals and pleasant rooms.
H. GOODISSON, Proprietor.

GRAND UNION HOTEL
Hedley, B. C. American plan and moderate rates. First-class mineral display from all sections and will exchange for specimens from any part of the world. Reliable information will be given investors and working men.
ANTON WINKLER, Proprietor.

HOTEL KEREMEOS
Opposite depot. Extensive alterations have recently been made rendering this hotel one of the most comfortable in the interior. A choice selection of liquors and cigars. New pool room and sample rooms in connection.
Mrs. A. F. KIRBY.

ALGOMA HOTEL
Deadwood, B. C. This hotel is within easy distance of Greenwood and provides a comfortable home for travellers. The bar has the best of wines, liquors and cigars.
JAMES HENDERSON, Proprietor

Bank of Montreal

ESTABLISHED 1817

Capital, all paid up, $15,413,000. Rest, $15,000,000.

UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $1,855,185 36

Hon. President: LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G. C. M. G.
President: R. B. ANGUS, ESQ.
Vice-President: SIR E. S. CLOUSTON, BART.
General Manager: H. V. MEREDITH, ESQ.

Branches in London, Eng. {All the Principal Cities in Canada} New York, Chicago

Buy and Sell Sterling Exchange and Cable Transfers. Grant Commercial and Travellers' Credits, available in any part of the world.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT Interest Allowed at Current Rates.

Greenwood Branch - C. B. Winter, Mgr.

W. J. McMillan & Co., Ltd

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Corner Smythe and Beattie St's, VANCOUVER, B. C.

Agents for STIRTON & DYER Cigars

The Best Value of any Cigar made in Canada

Brands: SALOME. SAVANNAH. SMART SET. CARIBOO. UTOPIA.

TEMPERANCE
is all right if shorn of humbuggery. Too much water drinking is just as injurious as too much liquor or anything else.

OUR PURE WINES AND LIQUORS
are medicinal if not abused. Every household should have a moderate supply of pure wines or liquors in the closet for emergency—either unexpected visitors or sudden illness, when a drop of pure liquor in time may forestall all necessity for drugs.

Greenwood Liquor Company, Importers, Greenwood, B. C.

Greenwood to Phoenix Stage

Leaves Greenwood Daily at 3 p. m.
Arrives Greenwood Daily at 10 a. m.

GREENWOOD OFFICE — CLUB CIGAR STORE

H. M. LAING, PROPRIETOR

WINDSOR HOTEL

The Windsor Hotel is one of the best furnished hotels in the West. It is located in the heart of Greenwood and within easy reach of all the financial and commercial institutions of the Copper Metropolis. Heated with steam and lit by electricity. Commodious sample rooms. The bar is replete with all modern beverages and the cafe never closes. Rooms reserved by telegraph.

The Windsor Hotel Co
J. E. Cartier, Mgr.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL

OKANOGAN FALLS

This hotel is situated in one of the most delightful sections of the Okanogan and provides ample and pleasant accommodation for the tourist, sportsman and farmer. Information about the district cheerfully furnished. Stage line to Oroville, and steamer on the lake.

ARNOTT & HINE - Proprietors

WHAT CANADIANS ARE DOING

J. H. COLLINSON
Hamilton, Ont.

Now the boy scout movement has spread over Canada — with branches in every city, it is well that we should know something about the men who have done so much to make the organization a success — the pioneers of scoutcraft. In Mr. J. H. Collinson of Hamilton the boys have always had a firm friend and when the idea was brought to Canada he at once organized a local troop and because the first scoutmaster. Today the boy scouts in Hamilton are very strong and, thanks to the energy of their

J. H. COLLINSON

popular master, increasing each year.

A. W. CAMPBELL
Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals.

A lofty aspiration flits through the brain of most healthy men. Some aspire to heights of poetry or art yet untouched, some aspire to become even more oratorical than the incomparable Cicero; one man opined that if he could write the songs of a nation he didn't give a Teddy bear who made the laws. This brings us to Archibald William Campbell, Deputy Minister of Railway and Canals, who is content to let the lawmakers, songwriters, and so forth proceed and progress ad lib., so long as he can help to secure good roads for Canada. He is enthusiastic and consistent in this desire. Years ago he was dubbed "Good Roads" Campbell. It is a nickname that is a credit to him, because no man north of the 49th parallel has done more to educate the people to recognize the value of good roads than Mr. Campbell. He is recognized as the greatest living authority in this Dominion on the subject. He does not discriminate about roads; so long as it is a road he knows the how to build it. Just now, of course, he is principally interested in railroads.

"Good Roads" Campbell was born in Wardsville, Middlesex County, Ontario, in the year of grace 1863. His parents were of good Scotch blood, and kept a store in Wardsville. Archibald William went first to the Public School in closest proximity to the store, then he went to the Collegiate in closest proximity to the Public School aforesaid. Then followed a post-graduate Collegiate course in St. Thomas, from whence he went to Toronto University to study civil engineering. He graduated in 1886, and from that year until 1890 he engaged in private practice as a civil engineer in St. Thomas. Then he accepted the position of City Engineer in St. Thomas, and filled the position with distinguished success until 1896. It was at this time the Ontario Government had hearkened unto many agitations about the need for better roads throughout the province. One Archibald William Campbell, City Engineer of St. Thomas, had displayed a deal of interest in road-making, and had demonstrated he knew something about the business.

He was the very man the Provincial Government needed, and he was induced to accept the position of Chief Highway Commissioner for Ontario. His duties were to educate, demonstrate, enunciate, propagate—in fact, do all he could to get better roads over all the territory the Legislature controlled.

"Good Roads" Campbell tackled the task with the vim only capable in the man who loves his work, and knows how to go about it. Seven years he carried on the good work, with the results you can see to-day all over Ontario. During the seven years he spoke at seven hundred public meetings on everything incidental to good roads. In 1908 he was appointed Deputy Minister of Public Works in the Ontario Government.

Lucky Miss Knoche.

Such was the description of a young man who, at an entertainment given at Brooklyn, U.S.A., by the Westport Protective Home Circle, in April, 1905, was offered as first prize in a lottery. When the holder of the winning number, Miss Katherine Knoche, stepped forward to claim her reward, the spectators present clamoured for the marriage to take place there and then. Mr. Arnett was willing. "It's up to her," he said; "whatever she says goes. I'm game." The lady, however, though willing enough to espouse the gentleman — who, indeed, chanced to be an old acquaintance — demurred at such excessive haste, so the couple resolved to defer the ceremony till a later date.

Maud—"I'm afraid Gertie's husband has ceased to love her."
May—"Heavens! Why?"
Maud—"He hasn't quarrelled with her for a week."

Katherine: "Papa won't let us marry as long as I am a minor."
Kidder: "Then he believes in non-union miners, I reckon!"

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"THE HERRING"

By J. Nideroest.

(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)

"Really, Vladimir Auchelevitch, you must put some restraint upon your men. The prison has become the talk of the town. The papers openly hint at deeds of great brutality, and even the 'Novole Vremia' has taken up the matter. I cannot go out without hearing it whispered abroad. Besides, you forget, we live in Christian Russia and not in heathen Persia."

"It is easy enough for you to talk," the Governor retorted to his wife. "We must have confessions, and those revolutionary vermin are such stubborn brutes. Unless some force is used they will not talk. However," he continued after a moment's reflection, "you are right in a way. Things have been a bit lively here, and I'll see what can be done."

Kardoff, the Governor's chief, assistant, could not see the force of the argument. He firmly believed in the persuasive power of nagaika and screw to loosen the tongues of his obstinate wards.

"Herrings, thirst, pepper eyes," he muttered to himself as he left the chief. "Bah, I set my faith upon our old ways. There is no secret on earth which they won't reveal. However, he has his orders and needs must obey."

. . . . . .

In the small cell of the citadel a prisoner raised himself painfully from his plank bed. His limbs were aching, his head swam. Yet after awhile he would dimly recall the events of the last twenty-four hours; how he was dragged from his bed, how the police searched his room and found the papers. He recollected the blows he had been dealt by the brutal gendarmes, and the jolting of the cart over the pavements, then his arrival in this cell. He was so hungry.

He buried his face in his hands, when the door flew open and Kardoff, accompanied by a warder, appeared on the threshold.

"Well, prisoner, are you ready for your supper?" the former inquired. "Just tell me the names of your friends, and I'll promise you a meal which would be placed before any nobleman."

The prisoner made no reply, but turned his head against the wall. Kardoff's mouth was distorted in a mischievous grin. "All right, your excellency, just as you like. You may fast a little longer," and with a mocking laugh he went away, banging the door behind him.

The prisoner sat down, exhausted. For three days he had tasted nothing but water. He knew he would die — and he was only seventeen.

In the evening Kardoff appeared once more.

"My pretty bird," he commenced, "you're a stubborn customer; but we cannot allow you to starve. You must, however, be content with plain fare. Here, give him his supper."

The warder put down a dish containing a herring and a chunk of dry bread. The prisoner fell on it like a hungry wolf. The herring, it was true, was terribly salty, and the bread was dry, but it was food.

Kardoff watched him with gleaming eyes as he picked the bones, and then withdrew once more.

The prisoner sat down contented. The food had revived him, he already felt stronger. Now he was prepared for his tormentors. He would not betray his associate.

After a while he felt thirsty, and went towards the window recess to have a drink of water.

The jar had disappeared!

"A drink! A drink! For mercy's sake, one drop of water!"

As the night advanced his thirst became more unbearable. His throat was dry and sore, and his tongue stuck to his palate.

At eventide Kardoff came. He did not enter the cell, but looked through the trap in the door.

"Water!" the prisoner cried.

"Confess, and you shall drink."

"No!"

He leaped towards the door, but the trap was already closed, and as he walked off Kardoff chuckled. "A capital idea, indeed; and so artistic, too. Who would have thought it? But there, we live in a Christian country and not in heathen Persia!"

The prisoner shook with fever heat. His agony had become unbearable. He knocked and knocked, and feebly whispered "Water!" But all was silence around him.

In his despair, he climbed up to the window and pressed his tongue against the cold iron bars. The rough bars lacerated his lips and tongue, and he greedily swallowed the blood that flew from the wounds.

It was the third day since his meal. Kardoff cautiously opened the door. Behind him stood a warder carrying a bottle of beer. It was uncorked and the froth trickled down the side of the glass.

"Now, then, prisoner, if you confess, you will have this beer, and as much more as you like. Who is your accomplice?"

The prisoner looked at it with greedy eyes. Then with a sob he muttered:

"I will not!"

"Just as you like." To the warder: "Take that beer away!"

The warder obeyed. Now he crossed the threshold — now he had disappeared round the corner.

The prisoner uttered a cry of despair and then, as if automatically, his lips moved:

"Vladimir — Feodorovitch — Matlakoff—"

The next moment he had the beer to his lips. It was cool; it was refreshing; every drop seemed to bring new life into his body. But with his strength returned the consciousness of his deed.

He had betrayed his friend in the frenzy to save his own life — and the glass fell to the ground with a crash.

"Well, now," the Governor said to the gleeful Kardoff, "you see that it worked, and, besides, it is ever so much more civilized. Indeed, indeed, we live in Christian Russia and not in heathen Persia! Don't you forget that, my friend."

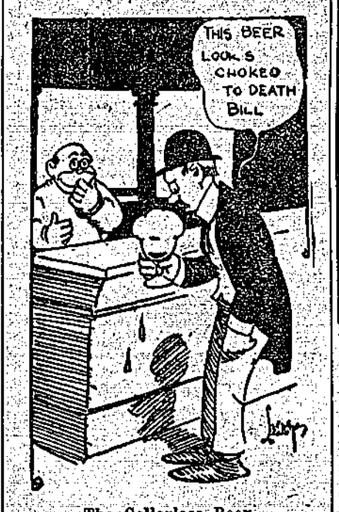
MOST ANYTHING

Says Queen Mary, "I think it's a fright,
These gowns are so awfully tight,
When at court, ladies bow,
There's a terrible row—
A rip, then a split, what a plight!"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said;
"I do not fear th' alarm clock's ring;
Last night I didn't wind the thing."

This time of year, the Esquimaux,
Amid the Arctic ice and snow,
Begins to have the laugh on us
Who sit and swelter here and cuss.

"Yes," said Diogenes, "I've quit looking for an honest man. I'm hunting a fountain pen that won't ink your fingers."



The Collarless Beer.

Prof. Burton N. Gates of Amherst college is trying to develop the stingless bee. While he's at it, he might tackle the collarless beer.

The young lady had an agonized look,
Like a person who sits on a tack
Very
Softly she said: "I think I mistook
A big bumblebee for a blackberry."

How would you like to be a king,
With crown upon your head;
With crowds to hail you while you reign,
And knock you when you're dead!

Eliza she never was nifty,
She was kindly and gentle and thrifty;
She gave poor people pies
And she never made eyes—
But then—she was seven and fifty!

A man killed by an auto was named Frank Butzin. That's what an auto driver says of any man that gets in his way.

Is grass greedy because it always wants mower?

LAMENTATION
by Tom Akers.

Whisper the news so sad,
Tell it with tears and sobs;
Everything's to the bad:
Men are a bunch of slobs.

Gloomy and dark the day,
Everyone's full of dope;
Ne'er can our hearts be gay—
There is no "White Man's Hope."

Artist: My object was to try and express all the horrors of war. How do you like it?
Friend: I have never seen anything more horrible.

The housewife says: "Our summer trip
Won't cost us much this year;
I've planned just how to save some coin."
Her husband says: "You dear!"
"Yes," she replies, "we don't need much
For our vacation rest;
I'll get but six new gowns, while you
Can have your old suit pressed."

Vacation approaches! My watch I shall hock
And loaf at Lake Kahnilminanikok.*
*In Northern Ontario.

Subscribe for The Ledge

GALT COAL

"Unequalled for Domestic Use."

LIFE NOT WORTH LIVING

is the way Miss Alta Abel of West Baden, Ind., summed up her existence after having sought in vain for health. She writes: "I was a complete wreck—always tired, worn out and nervous. I had to spend about one-third of my time in bed.

"Vinol, your delicious cod liver and iron tonic, was recommended, and I can truly say it has done me more good than all the medicine I ever took in my life. That nervous and tired feeling is all gone. I have gained in health, flesh and strength, until I feel like another person." (We guarantee this testimonial to be genuine.)

What Vinol did for Miss Abel, we know it will do for every nervous, run-down, overworked, tired, thin and discouraged woman in this vicinity.

Try a bottle of Vinol with the understanding that your money will be returned if it does not help you.

John L. White, Druggist, Greenwood, B.C.

POULTRYMEN

Are you in need of eggs for setting from Thoroughbred White Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes, S. C. Black Minorcas? My winnings at Grand Forks, B. C., 1910: S. C. Black Minorcas, 1st and 2nd, cock; 2nd, cockerel; 1st, 2nd and 3rd, hen; 1st and 2nd pullet; 1st, pen. At Grand Forks, B. C., 1911: S. C. Black Minorcas, 1st, cock; 2nd and 3rd, cockerel; 2nd, 3rd and 4th, hen; 2nd, pen. White Plymouth Rocks: 1st, cock; 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th, hen; 1st, pen. At Trail, B. C., 1912: S. C. Black Minorcas, 2nd and 4th, cockerel; 4th, pullet; 2nd, pen; White Wyandottes, 1st, cock, 2nd, pen; White Plymouth Rocks, 1st, cock; 1st and 2nd, hen. Also special for best hen in show. This year I have heading my Black Minorca pen a cockerel from the yards of T. A. Folds, London, Ont., who claims he has supplied to his customers winners for the largest shows on the continent. I have only one pen of each breed. My customers get the same eggs as I hatch myself. Eggs $3.00 a setting of 15. E. B. W. MILLS, Grand Forks, B. C.

NEW ADVERTISING SCALE.

The newspapers in Greenwood, Phoenix and Grand Forks have adopted the following scale for legal advertising:

Application for Liquor Licence (30 days) ..... $5.00.
Certificate of Improvement Notice (60 days) $7.50
Application to Purchase Land Notices (60 days) $7.50
Delinquent Co-owner Notices (90 days) $10.00
Water Notices (small) $7.50

All other legal advertising, 12 cents a line, single column, for the first insertion; and 8 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. Nonpariel measurement

WATER NOTICE

I, Harry Marrion Welstead, of Rock Creek, B. C., by occupation a rancher, give notice that I intend on the 1st day of June next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to apply to the Water Commissioner at his office at Fairview for a licence to take and use ten cubic inches of water per second from a spring which sinks about a quarter of a mile from 4 mile post on Nicholson Creek, a tributary of Kettle River.

The water to be used on Lot 311 for irrigation purposes.

H. M. WELSTEAD, Major.

Dated this 15th day of April, 1912.

COUNTY COURT OF YALE.

A SITTING of the County Court of Yale will be holden at the Court House, Greenwood, on Tuesday the 25th day of June, 1912, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

By order,
W. G. McMYNN,
Registrar C. C. of Y.

Synopsis of Coal Mining Regulations.

COAL mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the Northwest Territories and in a portion of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal sub-divisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of $5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available, but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon: If the coal mining rights are not being operated, such returns should be furnished at least once a year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10.00 an acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Send for a catalogue of headstones and monuments, made by the Kootenay Monumental Works, Nelson, B. C.

ASSAYER

R. W. WIDDOWSON, Assayer and Chemist, Box B1108, Nelson, B. C. Charges:—Gold, Silver, Lead or Copper, $1 each. Gold-Silver, or Silver-Lead, $1.50. Prices for other metals: Coal, Cement, Fireclay analyses on application. The largest custom assay office in British Columbia.

THE UNION HOTEL

EHOLT, B. C.

A COMFORTABLE HOSTELRY

John McKellar
Proprietor.

The.... Hume..

Nelson, B. C.

W. C. WELLS, Proprietor.

First-class in everything. Steam heat, electric light, private baths. Telephone in every room. First-class bar and barber shop. 'Bus meets all trains.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

Opposite Postoffice, NELSON, B. C.

American and European Plans.

H. H. PITTS, Prop.

CENTRAL HOTEL

PHOENIX.

One of the largest hotels in the city. Beautiful location, fine rooms and tasty meals.

A. O. JOHNSON - PROP.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,

PHOENIX B. C.

The Newest and Largest Hotel in the City. Everything neat, clean and comfortable. Steam heat and electric light. Meals and drinks at all hours.

R. V. CHISHOLM, PROPRIETOR.
DANNY DEANE, MANAGER.

THE RUSSELL HOTEL

Is pleasantly situated in the heart of Grand Forks, and is convenient to all the leading financial and commercial institutions of the city. Travelers will find it a comfortable place to sojourn when in the city.

FRED RUSSELL

BULL CREEK HOTEL

One of the oldest stopping places on the West Fork. Good accommodation and plenty to eat. Fish and game dinners in season. Rooms reserved by telegraph.

GORMAN WEST - Prop.

ON PARLE FRANCAIS

NATIONAL HOTEL

GREENWOOD, B. C.

The Really Best House in the Boundary. Recently Remodelled and Strictly Up-to-Date. Restaurant in connection

ROY & BOYER - PROPS.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

Stanley Street, Nelson, B. C.

Pleasant location. Best Family Hotel in the City. American and European Plan. Good Home for Steady Boarders. Rates: $1.00 to $1.50 per day.

J. S. BARRATT - Proprietor

Shiloh's Cure
STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

BOUNDARY MINES

Last week the Rawhide shipped 5,328 tons of ore.

Last week the Granby smelter treated 24,420 tons of ore.

Last week the Mother Lode mine shipped 8,145 tons of ore.

Last week the Greenwood smelter treated 13,609 tons of ore.

Last week the Granby mine shipped 23,452 tons of ore.

Last week the Jackpot mine shipped 762 tons of ore.

John Moran resumed operations at the Big Copper this week. The ore will be shipped to the Granby smelter.

In March the B. C. Copper Co., made a net profit of $57,000. Its March copper was produced at a cost of 8.34 cents a pound.

In the Beaverdell camp some work is being done on the Diamond and Bounty Fraction.

Acting for Spokane capitalists David Oxley has taken an option on the Rambler in the Beaverdell camp.

B. C. MINING NEWS

Tantalum is $500 per pound troy weight.

Manganese iron carbonates have been found near Princeton.

During March the output of coke was only 8,000 tons at Colman owing to a lack of cars.

W. H. Comins is in from the Anthony group of two claims on west side of Sheep Creek, where he has been working all winter. This property is being opened by two shafts, one of which has been driven to a depth of 50 feet. In the larger shaft he has struck a good sized ledge of gold-copper ore that averages $20 to the ton, and he has a carload of ore on the dump. Mr. Comins has not reached a sufficient depth to be below the area of surface disturbance. The ledge, however, is widening as the progress is made downward; and he has every confidence that he has a property that can be made to yield profitable returns when more work has been done upon it. Mr. Comins will resume work in a few days. On the north fork of Sheep Creek, he says, three residents of Frontier are at present doing assessment work on a claim that has a gold ledge that is eight feet wide and which carries good values in gold.—Rossland Miner.

The Daily Province says: Details of the extensions and improvements at the mines of the Canadian Collieries in the Cumberland field involving an expenditure of nearly $2,000,000, were discussed at a conference held here between Mr. A. D. McRae, managing director of the company; Mr. W. L. Coulsan of Victoria, general manager; and Mr. F. Perry of Montreal, Canadian representative of Laird Bros., a Parisian banking house which is heavily interested in the enterprise. Mr. Coulson stated that at least 1,000 additional men will be employed in connection with the various improvements within the next thirty days. A contract for the extension of the standard-guage railway line to the new No. 8 mine, a distance of six and a half miles, has just been awarded to Mr. Clarence Howard of Victoria. The shaft is down 70 feet and it will be extended to a depth of 1,000 feet to tap the coal seams proved up by diamond drills three of which are still engaged exploring the field. The coal output there a year hence, it is expected, will be nearly doubled, and brought up to 5,000 tons daily. The company will build 200 new dwellings at the No. 8 mine this summer, and 75 at the old mines at Cumberland, where 25 were built last year. The hydro-electric plant on the Puntledge river will be completed next fall and will provide an electrical energy for operating all the mining plants in the field. It will furnish 6,000 horsepower, the capacity of which will be doubled later as requirements justify. The fans will also be operated by electricity. It is not proposed at present to increase the output of the Extension field, which now produces 1,200 tons daily. The coal bunkers and wharf capacity at Ladysmith and Comox are also being enlarged.

A FREE COUNTRY

B. C. is a free country and apparently any kind of talk goes. George Sinclair of Spokane says an I. W. W. orator got on a soap box at Yale the other day and delivered the following hot air.

"'Gentlemen it may mean that you will have to return to work. We are agitating for a nine hour day. We will not stop at this. Soon it will be eight hours, then seven, then six, next five, then four, three, two and one. And then, gentlemen, we will perhaps be able to get money for laying off.'

"Ridiculous as this might seem, the speech took hold of the simpletons who enthusiastically applauded.

"At another meeting the speaker said they could hold out for a long time yet. He continued: 'Remember if any "scab" comes to town to treat him right. Take him up to the hotel and buy him a good dinner. Of course something may be put in his coffee, but then gentlemen, that would be an accident.

"'You may have to labor again for the contractors. Some night a rail will be dislodged and the track will be torn up. A rockslide down the mountainside will occur. Once again gentlemen, that would be an accident.

"I am a great believer in dynamite. I think it is a good weapon to use against capital. Anything may happen. A train or something else may be blown up but, after all, gentlemen, that would be an accident.'"

In a province that allows the British flag to be torn down and trampled in the tobacco spit no notice is taken of such fiery speeches. B. C. is a picnic ground for the alien agitator.

A SOCIALIST CAPITALIST

There may be money in politics. In some cases it beats the newspaper business, in fact we do not know of any business to equal it. We cite the following examples: In 1904 Mr. J. Hawthornthwaite was at work on the roads near Nanaimo for $2.50 per day and if the truth were told, glad to get that amount for his day's work. Eight years afterwards he lays politics to one side and proudly boasts of the comfortable sum of $125,000. No wonder the woods are full of "hot air artists" when it pays so well. So much "unearned increment" cannot be good for a Socialist, and in fact we hav' our doubts about Hawthornthwaite being a Socialist any longer. He must surely belong to the capitalist class.—Mail-Herald.

MURPHY'S LETTER

J. W. Murphy sat down long enough last week to send The Ledge $2 and write the following letter: "We do not have paydays every month as at the Mother Lode. We have a new railway close to my ranch, and a new town called Neville, not yet two months old. It has five lumber yards, four general stores, blacksmith shop, half a dozen implement agencies and other things that go to make a live town. We yet need a newspaper, and as Neville is located on Whiskey creek I believe an editor could live here. Excuse me for writing so much, but I thought you might like to hear of a live town, after living so long in Greenwood."

ROCK CREEK NOTES

The Rock Creek bachelors gave another very successful dance last Friday evening. There were many present from outside points, Greenwood, Midway and Chesaw. Bush orchestra supplied the music which was excellent.

A third general store is to be started at Riverside almost immediately, in the building just vacated by Thos. Hanson. It is associated with the Rock Creek implement Co., and if its success equals that of the Implement company, the shareholders will hardly need to work any more.

Tom Hanson will give a grand opening ball, at the Rock Creek hotel upon the evening of May 15.

The Hooper bridge has been completed for a week, and Dad expresses himself as well pleased with the B. C. Government for its generosity and forethought. Fishing is now possible on the opposite bank, and May 1st is very near.—TEHECHE.

THE DEAR DOCTORS

The doctors are all friends of ours. We expect them to stay with us until death. Yet, at the risk of incurring their displeasure, we reproduce the following.

We don't know where it came from any more than we know whose rainspout the doctor's medicine comes from. We find it in a paper credited to "Ex." If we know the author we would gladly give his name, because the article is really good. Here it is:

The doctor from Algoma said that newspapers are run for revenue only. What in thunder do doctors run for, anyway? Do they run for glory? One good healthy doctor's bill would run this office for six months.

An editor works a half day for $3.00, with an investment of $3,000; a doctor looks wise and works ten minutes for $2.00, with an investment of three cents for catnip and a pill box that cost $1.37.

A doctor goes to college for two or three years and gets a diploma and a string of words the devil himself cannot pronounce, cultivates a look of gravity that he palms off for wisdom, gets a box of pills, a cayuse and a meat saw and sticks out his shingle a full-fledged doctor. He will then doctor you until you die at a stipulated price per visit, and puts them in as thick as your pocketbook will permit.

An editor never gets his education finished. He learns as long as he lives, and studies all his life. He eats bran mash and liver, he takes his pay in turnips and hay, and keeps the doctor in town by refraining from printing the truth about him.

If we didn't get some of the glory out of it we would agree to take one of the pills after first saying our prayers. If the editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if the doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

If we make one there is a lawsuit, tall swearing and a smell of sulphur but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of varnish. The doctor can use a word a foot long, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it.

If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he will charge the man for the visit. If the editor calls on another man's wife he gets a charge of buckshot. Any medical college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor. He has to be born one.

The editor works to keep from starving while the doctor works to ward off the gout. The editor helps men to live better and the doctor assists them to die easy.

The doctor pulls the sick man's leg the editor is glad if he collects his bill at all. Revenue only? We are living for fun and to spite the doctors.—Exchange.

Meanness is the parent of insolence.

J. O. PATENAUDE

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Ask your dealer for "Mathieu's Syrup". When headache and fever are present with a cold take Mathieu's Nervine Powders to reduce the fever and allay the pain. J. L. Mathieu Co., Props, Sherbrooke, Que. (11)

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THE NEW HERO

By W. Matthew

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"Sold out the House."

Audley turned away from the box office and went out again into the heat of the Summer afternoon, walking aimlessly for a block or so while he made up his mind how to put in the four hours he still had on his hands before the boat left. There was a play on at the Imperial he was particularly anxious to see. Kenworthy had written him about it.

"The hero is a marker for Earl Drayton," he had said. "Big hearted, but impulsive, and his own worst enemy."

Poor Drayton! He had been Audley's roommate at Old Orange, was one of the most promising members of the class; and then, in his junior year, came the ugly scrape which caused his expulsion from college. Other men would have wormed themselves out of the predicament without marrying the woman, but Drayton was not of that sort. And she had dragged him down to her level.

"I should like to have seen the thing," Audley thought as he turned into the glare of Broadway, "but I'll be hanged if I'll stand three hours and pay a dollar for the privilege. I've two minds to trot straight over to the boat. It ought to be cooler by the riverside."

He took a car downtown, and was making his way through the narrow street to the wharf when the clang of a gong startled him.

"The patrol!" some one shouted and the great free show of the neighborhood was on view.

Audley was jostled and shoved out of the way, for he had no thought of quickening his steps for any such entertainment. He was dragging himself out of the scurrying crowd when the wail of a child gave him pause.

Audley was fond of children, as he was fond of dogs and horses, and could not bear to see any of the three suffer. The cries came from a little fellow who had been knocked down by the rush of the morbid.

"Are you hurt, young man?" Audley demanded, as he bent over the child. He was a boy of some four years of age who kept rubbing one of his legs in a way to suggest that it had been trampled upon.

"Mamma, mamma!" was all the reply that could be obtained, however.

Audley looked up, but not one of the numberless female heads thrust eagerly out of the windows over him made any pretense of claiming kinship with the youngster.

"Where is **your** mamma?" Audley asked.

The cries ceased for an instant and two warm arms were stretched out to the six-footer, who had not intended doing more than to lead the child to the doorstep out of the crush. But there was evidently something wrong with the leg, so Audley stooped, gathered the little chap under one arm, and repeated, "Where is mamma?"

For reply the boy pointed to a tenement doorway close at hand, and then proceeded to snuggle his tousled head close to Audley's immaculate collar.

"How far up?" inquired the modern Samaritan, after he had ascended the first flight.

The place was in an awful disorder and stiflingly hot. The boy had begun quietly to cry again and to clutch at his leg. The man was fain to drop him on the ruckle of rags by courtesy termed a bed and proceeded to make an examination for damages. He was in the middle of the process when women's voices from across the hall reached his ear. Two women, who had been hanging half clad out of the window, were discussing the situation.

"Yis, Mrs. Rafferty," one of them was saying, "only this day wake I was telling Tim it would come to this. Took away by the patrol! Lord save us! who's to look out for the boy. The Society'll have to take him. There's too many childer under me fate already — the Lord forgive me for sayin' it. And Earl's a purty boy, the very picter of his pa, God rest his sowl!"

The name struck Audley with a strange familiarity. Wetting the corner of a cloth—whether towel, napkin or dish rag, Audley recked not — he proceeded to polish the grime from the youngster's countenance, then stood off and gazed at the result.

For the moment he was transported in memory five years back to his room at Old Orange. His room chum was showing him the picture of a chubby little four-year-old.

"Yes, Dick," he heard Drayton's voice say, "that's your chum as a baby. That's the stuff out of which this particular center rush was evolved. Great mystery this growth, eh, old man? I mean to save this photograph for my son, if ever I have one."

Audley, gazed at the atom of God's handiwork, clean now and smiling. He never for a moment doubted the truth of his suspicion, but looked around the greasy walls for the proof he knew was there.

Above the bed, in a little rosewood frame, hang a faded photograph, the photograph of Earl Drayton had showed him in their college room ten years before. He leaned forward and took it down, the boys' great blue eyes following his every movement. On the back of the picture in the shaky hand of a dying man was scrawled: "God teach my son a better life than I have known — Earl Drayton."

Audley slipped the photograph into his pocket and raised Earl, Jr., laughing and crowing, to his shoulder. In the narrow, dirty hallway the pair were crushed into the corner by four men carrying a stretcher. The gong had been the alarm of the ambulance, not of the patrol wagon, and little Earl was a real orphan now.

No one heeded the two as they passed into the street. Such dramatic interest as there was for the people of the Greenwich precinct centered in the cold, stiff thing upon the stretcher upstairs.

For Audley there was no longer any regret over the play he had missed. The principal actor of a more wonderful drama lay snuggled close to his breast in the sunshine.

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