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THE LEDGE

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GREAT

Midsummer

SALE.

For the next ten days we will place on sale our entire stock of summer goods at greatly reduced prices.

Our stock of Ladies' Waists and Whitewear is very complete, and, at the prices marked, Genuine Bargains.

BARCLAY & CO.

Dry Goods. Millinery. Boots and Shoes.

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.

C. A. McClung, Proprietor.

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

The Hotel Ladysmith

Greenwood, is the home for workingmen of all nations. It is convenient to the smelter on the hill. The dining room is supplied with tasty and substantial food, while the bar contains the best wet goods in the market. Electric lights all over the premises. Hot and cold baths.

Ola Lofstad, Proprietor

Passing Throng

S. P. Dickinson of Rossland is in the city.

Rev. Father Bedard left Monday on a visit to Spokane.

Alderman Meyer returned last week from a trip to the coast.

The travel into Greenwood was very heavy for the past week.

John Buckley of Phoenix is visiting Frank McKinnon in Prince Rupert.

Born—On July 13th to the wife of A. G. Bjorn, Ingram mountain, a son.

O. B. Smith and Dr. Dickson of Phoenix were visitors in the city this week.

C. J. Eales, Mrs. Eales and family returned from a trip to the coast last week.

Geo. Patterson left last week for Field to do the blacksmithing at the Monarch mine.

G. B. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor and family are spending a couple of weeks at Rock Creek.

Dr. and Mrs. Spankie leave on today's train for Vancouver, where the doctor will practice.

Jim Blake returned to the city Friday and is handling the throttle on the Mother Lode run.

A. R. McDonald has sold his interest in the Greenwood hotel to Luigi Penna, late of Phoenix.

Miss Ward, stenographer for J. P. McLeod, left Monday for a month's vacation at the coast.

The Greenwood smelter started to "smoke up" Monday, and in a short time will be in full blast.

Henry Rose and Ethel Flanigan obtained a marriage license at the government affice yesterday.

Mrs. D. C. McRae who had been ill at the hospital was taken to the coast Sunday for special treatment.

Archie Aberdeen returned to the city Saturday last after a month spent in the Sheep Creek district.

Dr. McLean of Phoenix moved into the city yesterday and has taken the offices vacated by Dr. Spankie.

Sydney M. Johnson, P. L. S., left yesterday for the West Fork to do survey work for the provincial government.

H. Browning, purchasing agent for the B. C. Copper Co., returned to the city this week after a three months' vacation.

J. B. Docksteader returned to the city yesterday after spending three months developing his claims near Sandon in the Slocan.

Wm. W. McLennan and bride of Alexandria, Ont., arrived in the city Friday last and have taken a residence on Long Lake street.

G. H. Collins is living in Prince Rupert. His company will build a cold storage as soon as 500 feet of water frontage can be secured.

Saturday last at the tennis court Mrs. J. E. Spankie was presented with a beautiful pair of cut glass vases by the ladies of the tennis club.

At the government office yesterday Henry Peterson and Ida Mystrom of Molson, Wash., got permission to go before a parson and declare their intentions.

Wm. Lord now holds the reins on the Mother Lode stage and always gets through on time. His former position at Boundary Falls is being filled by John Rusk.

The Bruce mine near Midway is improving with development. The ore body is about thirty feet wide and regular shipments are being made to the smelter.

Linwood Boomer and Miss Lizzie Gill are to be married in Rossland today. Mr. Boomer was formerly engineer on the Mother Lode run and Miss Gill teacher at Deadwood.

Sunday last the first baseball game was played this season in the city, between Phoenix and Greenwood, the former winning by 16 to 6. At times very good ball was put up.

J. E. Methot, customs officer at Myncaster, was a visitor in the city Monday. Mr. Methot intends taking a trip east this month, Mrs. Methot and family returning with him to Myncaster.

Driving has been discontinued at the Greenwood-Phoenix tunnel, and the force is now engaged leveling ground for the power house. The power plant, it is expected, will be installed this month.

The work steadily progresses in the Argo tunnel, and quite a number of people inspected it recently with a view of buying stock. The amount of stock is limited and those wishing to invest should call on the president, Ola Lofstad. The office of the company is in the Ladysmith hotel.

Jos. Wilmshurst, for six years road superintendent in this district, left last week to reside at the coast. Jas. F. Cunningham of Denoro has been recommended to the minister of works for the vacant position of road superintendent for this district.

The parsons should, when taking their vacations, arrange to have one on duty here all the time. Two couples from outside points came in yesterday to get married, and not a clerical knot-fastener in the city. This may be the means of heading off four perhaps deluded people, but it's not business, and has a blighting influence on an important industry.

Dan McGillis returned from the Slocan Friday last. He had been working on a lease near Sandon in partnership with Jack McLeod for the past six weeks, but the property did not come up to expectations, so they threw up the bond. Sandon is a little dull at present owing to not having railway communication since the high water, but business is expected to improve this month.

Jim Drum and Joe Kelly left Saturday for Wallace mountain to commence work on the Buster, one of the properties of the recently formed Alaska Mining Co. The shaft on the Buster is down 35 feet on a vein running from $150 to over $300 in silver. It is the intention to drift on this vein and ship the ore, and also to sink to a lower level. Four men are at present employed.

Saturday night, between forty and fifty persons were present at the complimentary banquet to Dr. J. E. Spankie. Judge Brown occupied the chair. A beautifully engrossed address, the work of R. K. Stuart, was presented to the doctor, and a number of speeches made regretting his departure from the city, and wishing him success in his new home. The doctor leaves in a few days for Vancouver.

There was a nigger show in the city Friday and Saturday evenings. The performance was pulled off in a tent. There was the usual street concert by the band—three horns and two drums. The bandsmen were all specialists. They were not numerous, but they could punch holes in the atmosphere. Several times the cornetist blew so hard that he lifted himself a couple of feet off the ground. Inside the tent the show was much better than any one expected it would be. The aggregation went west

W. L. Hogg arrived in the city last week from Montreal. Mr. Hogg was interested in mining in this district some years ago, and organized the Boston and Montreal company, which purchased the Sunset in Deadwood camp and other properties. His company purchased $55,000 worth of city debentures. He was also the chief financial backer of the Greenwood Daily Times during the boom. Mr. Hogg is on a visit of a couple of weeks here, but with an eye always open for business.

It is reported that several new firms will engage in business in this city early in September, including an independent meat market, a grocery, a clothing and gents' furnishings, book and stationery store, and another bank, a jeweler, druggists, bucksters, and innumerable booze foundrys, all run by foreigners. Well, competition is the life of trade, and, then, some people are not able to clearly discriminate between "desirable" and "undesirable" citizens until they get a knife between their ribs.

Insurance of any kind is a good investment, whether life, accident or fire. In Phoenix D. J. Matheson pays particular attention to this line of business and those interested should consult him at their earliest convenience in person or by mail.

Railway News.

A dispatch from Grand Forks in the Vancouver Province says:

The Spokane and British Columbia Railway company has commenced the construction of the old Midway and Vernon road from Rock Creek, about twelve miles west of Midway, to the coast. It is stated that the Spokane and British Columbia company has secured the Midway and Vernon charter, as well as some others, and will build through to Vancouver. This road is at the present time constructing a road from Spokane to its present southern terminal at Republic, Wash., and with the other charters in this province which they hold, will have a line direct to Vancouver from Spokane.

It is stated that an adjustment of the different charters will be applied for at the next session of the Dominion house, giving the necessary powers all under one charter, and that work will be pushed in the construction of the line from Midway as fast as possible. The construction of this road will mean much to the Boundary country, as it will considerably shorten the distance between the Boundary and the coast.

McLennan-Stewart.

The following is taken from the Alexandria, Ont., News of July 16:

The marriage of Miss Christie Stewart, daughter of Mr. Donald Stewart of Stewart's Glen, to Mr. William W. McLennan, of Nelson, formerly of Laggan, took place at the home of the bride on Wednesday, the 14th inst.

The ceremony was performed on the Verandah by Rev. K. A. Gallan in the presence of a large number of friends. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a robe of cream satin and a veil of net. Her bouquet was of sweet peas. She was attended by her sister, Miss Flossie, who wore a white lawn dress. Mr. Colin Campbell of Laggan assisted the groom.

The wedding dinner was served in a novel improvised arbor of cedar boughs. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. McLennan left for Ottawa to spend a short honeymoon and on their return were tendered a reception at Mr. Duncan McLennan's at Laggan. The bride's traveling costume was Alice blue broadcloth with white mohair hat. The wedding gifts were numerous. Mr. and Mrs. McLennan will reside in Greenwood, B. C.

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.

Precious Metal.

Louis Jacquot, of Jacquot Bros., who are operating on Burwash creek, arrived in town Saturday with 125 ounces of gold taken from their claim, and about 15 ounces belonging to a neighbor on Burwash. The 125 ounces represents only a portion of the cleanup of the Jacquot Bros. for the season.

The news brought from Burwash creek by Jacquot is in line with what has been coming in all spring, and a good yield of the yellow metal may be expected from that creek between now and the freezeup.

Clark, Ericson, Arp and Ashum are putting a big crew to work on their property and will be washing up constantly as long as water runs, which will be late in the fall.

Jacquot has purchased seven tons of freight since coming to town and already Captain Tom Smith of the Frontiersman is freighting it up the Tahkini river, a distance of about sixty miles to Mendenhall landing, from which place it will be freighted on to Burwash by teams.—Whitehorse Weekly Star.

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.

Hope to Coutlee.

For the past few drys there have been reports of a race between the C. P. R. and the Canadian Northern surveyors for a route down the Fraser, where it appears the C. P. R. wants the south bank as well as the north.

Now comes an apparently well-authenticated report that Engineer Bassett, who it will be remembered was in here in the spring and early summer of 1905 locating the V., V. & E. from Hedley both ways, is now in the Coquihalla with a large party, and the belief is that it is for the C. P. R. he is working.

Should this be so and the C. P. R. mean business there will be high jinks in the Coquihalla, for the G. N. R. will have to throw on the high gear if they expect to keep the C. P. R. from beating them hollow in the race. With the link from Midway to Nicola connected up and a route down the Coquihalla to Hope the C. P. R. would have a cinch on the Boundary-Coast passenger traffic.

Thus it transpires bit by bit that the snail pace maintained in building the V., V. & E. during the past four years has been the means of hatching up numerous difficulties that would never have been heard of if the work had been pushed vigorously to completion.

With the cherished scheme of a joint route down the Coquihalla for the V., V. & E. and the C. N. R. that valley was to be a veritable vale of amity suggestive of the millennium itself; but the V., V. & E. tarried too long and Dan Mann's men went nosing down the Fraser, and as a result of the incursion we have Bassett's C. P. R. braves in war paint war paint waiting only the leadership of General Fred McLaine to make the Coquihalla welkin ring with bloody war-whoops.—Hedley Gazette.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Western Float

Kaslo is bound to be heard from. The boys in that city have organized a band.

The hum of the mowing machine is heard around Bridesville.

Captain Edward Newman was killed near Conconully by his team running away.

Col. Dewey will soon resume operations on the Q. S. mine near Loomis.

Nighthawk wants a doctor, a shoemaker and a blacksmith.

In Mission City eggs are 35 cents a dozen and potatoes $2 a sack.

James Gilker of Nelson was in New Michel the other day looding at the prospects for starting a clothing store.

Fernie may some day be the Pittsburg of Canada.

The earthquakes shook Mexico last week.

Marvin Hamilton died in Victoria last week. For many years he was Hudson's Bay company's manager in different parts of the province.

It is estimated that the wheat yield in the Canadian Northwest will reach 100,000 bushels this year.

In the Slocan sixteen men are working on the Westmount and another strike of rich ore has recently been made. Frank Griffith the manager, has gone east to undergo a surgical operation for internal trouble.

The Fern mine, eleven miles from Nelson, is to resume operations. There is a 10-stamp mill on the property.

It is reported that the B. C. Copper Co. will test some properties near Kamloops with the diamond drill.

Over eighty men are now employed at the Snowshoe and the shipments are between 600 and 700 tons daily.

Heavier rails are to be laid on the Mother Lode railway spur, over which the ore is transported to the smelter at Greenwood.

For the first six months of this year the Granby has produced 12,000,000 pounds of copper. The ore treated produced an average of 24 pounds to the ton.

During this year the Granby has made a profit of three cents upon each pound of copper produced.

About a dozen men are working at McIntyre's sawmill, about two miles from Phoenix.

The C. P. R. intends to electrify its branch running into Phoenix.

The New Dominion Copper Co. elected its officers and directors in New York a few days ago.

E. A. Black, the jeweler, has moved into his new Phoenix store. He now has one of the finest stores in the province.

The Bonanza mine, near Bossburg, has resumed operations.

Charles DeBarro died at the residence of D. McKay in Otter valley. He was one of the first placer miners on Cranite creek.

In Walla Walla Sheriff Thorp of Oroville had his nose broken by a foul ball while looking at a baseball game.

The railroad is expected to reach Princeton some time in November.

T. D. Brandon of Rossland has bought an interest in the Coleman Miner.

In Rossland Paulson Bros. have sold their store to the Union Co Operative Co.

Idaho men have been inspecting the Poplar Creek camp with a view to buying the Marquis & Gilbert and other claims.

The Okanagan peach crop is a failure this season owing to the severe frost last winter.

In Vancouver Police Magistrate Williams fined himself $5 and costs for speeding an auto on the street.

Carl Hand, formerly manager of the Payne in the Slocan, inspected the Nickel Plate near Hedley a short time ago.

A steamboat is now running on the Nechaco river and Fraser lake.

Chief Hidson of Kelowna is ill in Vancouver with typhoid fever.

The "black hand" has shown up in Michel.

T. Dale, who lost his arm some time ago while working on the Dominion dredge at Nakusp, has entered action in the exchequer court to recover $5,000 damages. He was offered $200 and the position of watchman on the dredge in compensation for his injuries, but refused to take it.

The Dominion Trust Co. has purchased $5,000 acres of land in the Nicola valley at a price of $50 an acre. It is intended to provide an adequate irrigation system and subdivide the property for fruit growing.

The Summerland Review, which has a reputation for veracity, says a citizen of that town killed a hen the other day, in the crop of which was found a small hardware store embracing six 22 cartridge ends, 2 brass rings, 10 carpet tacks, a solid brass knob and socket, a small brass ball and a small wire staple.

Nelson will spend $6,000 to advertise its resources. Other cities would do well to follow this example.

Across the river from Waneta Great Northern railway is surveying 6,000 acres into small blocks.

The Kamloops Sentinel is now issued daily. This makes two dailies in the interior of B. C.

In seven weeks 68 buildings were erected in Prince Rupert at a total cost of $94,400. McRae Bros. built one that cost $2,000.

Since John Houston sold his paper in Prince Rupert the price has been reduced from $5 to $1 a year.

Premier McBride will visit Prince Rupert upon August 16.

Duncan Ross was in Prince Rupert last week.

M. M. Stephens has built a residence in Prince Rupert and expects his family this week.

At Gleichen, Alberta, Sun Calf, a bad Indian, is reported to have killed his brother, Old Bull, with an axe.

J. A. Sizer, a timber cruiser, has found coal near Quatsino. If the coal is good it will be a great benefit to the north end of Vancouver Island.

Leo Buchanan of Kaslo will open a law office in Vancouver.

Tells of North.

John Simpson, who at one time taught school here, but lately of Athabasca Landing, was in town this week on his way to Grand Forks where he has 27 acres of fruit land requiring his attention. Mr. Simpson has been in Athabasca Landing nearly a year and during that time he obtained a great deal of information concerning the country north of Edmonton. Mr. Simpson said:

"At the Landing there are five stores, a large hotel, a newspaper and a branch of the Imperial Bank. The hotel, the bank and the newspaper are the most northerly in America east of the Rockies. Athabasca Landing is 105 miles north of Edmonton by stage and is on the southern bank of the Athabasca river, which is navigable for steamboats. It is expected that the Canadian Northern railway will soon be extended northward to the Landing.

"It is too early to go there now, however, as it costs nine cents per pound to have groceries taken from Edmonton to St. John. It is expected that a branch will be built from the main line of the G. T. P. to the head of navigation on the Peace river and this will place the entire Peace River country within easy reach of Prince Rupert.—Moyie Leader.

Everybody is more or less suspicious of a suspicious man.

Riches of Ingenica.

Looking for a new and feasible route into the Ingenica country, which it is proving itself a camp of surpassing richness, S. R. McClinton of Vancouver, president of the Ingenica-Finlay River Development company, is in Edmonton. Mr. McClinton represents the largest company operating in the new goldfields. He owns 26 claims on McConnell creek, and is already shoveling $35 a day. He says all the supplies will go via Edmonton in future and that the strike is the richest discovered in North America and will soon attract thousands of gold seekers.

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

The doctors have discovered that what is vulgarly known as the "blues," is nothing more nor less than a disease, and is caused by a defective circulation in the cells of the brain cortex. From an article in the British Health Review it appears the blues are frequently caused by a defective circulation, and is aggravated by any weakness of the heart. Anything that causes a bad circulation may bring it on. When the circulation is bad the brain cortex is never quite normal, says the Review. This scientific fact is really the explanation of the idea that May is the unlucky month for marriage, for in that month we meet with the worst circulation in the brain, and consequently greater depression and bad temper.

The White House Cafe in Nelson is next to the postoffice, right in the heart of the city and is noted for its excellent coffee and short orders. Visitors to the city should not fail to drop in and have a meal cooked by white labor.

The Coolness of Peter.

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

Copyright, 1908, by E. W. Cooley.

"B-R-R-R-ING!" sounded a bell shrilly in the stillness.

Peter Quiggles opened his eyes with a start, then sat bolt upright and stared. Not four feet from him stood a man with a mask over his eyes. He was holding a dark lantern, flashing the light glaringly in Peter's face.

"How dare you," began the man with the mask, offended—"how dare you set an alarm clock to go off at the very moment I'm ransacking the house? D'ye want to scare me to death? How do you know but I might be subject to heart failure or something and that the sudden fright"—

"I—I'm sorry," began Peter humbly. "I didn't mean to disturb you. I—I can't sleep comfortably on one side all the time, you know, and I have to set the alarm to awaken me so I can turn over."

"Oh!" said the man apprehendingly. "Well, don't let it occur again."

"I'll try not to," replied Peter obligingly. "But, you know," he hesitated, "you can't always tell about that clock. You can't always anticipate its behavior. It is a very absentminded clock and possesses some very peculiar notions of its own. Really it is the most aggravating clock you ever saw. Why, once I set the alarm for 4 o'clock in the morning, I wished to go to the station to meet my uncle, you know. He was a very rich bachelor, with no immediate family. Besides, he was in exceedingly poor health. And, would you believe it, that miserable clock betrayed the confidence imposed in it?"

"And your uncle?" asked the man interestedly.

"My uncle was compelled to hunt me up and ring us out of bed. It was very embarrassing. Of course we had to make some kind of an explanation. But unfortunately, you know, my wife and I had no opportunity to consult together. We told entirely different stories. That made my uncle suspicious."

"Naturally," said the man.

"Then, to make matters worse," resumed Peter, with a sigh, "my uncle was a chronic story teller, one of those people who take a frenzied delight in relating a long narrative with a joke at the end of it—the kind of a joke, you know, that you don't really laugh at until the next day."

"I understand," said the man, taking a seat on the edge of the bed resignedly. "I've heard them kind of jokes myself. I call 'em vaccination jokes. They have a point to 'em all right, but they don't take until later. Besides, they are pretty near as bad as having the smallpox."

The man chuckled softly. "Well," Peter continued, "at breakfast that morning this uncle of mine told one of his stories. It was during the days when nearly everybody had one of those silly little things they called chestnut bells. You remember?"

"Perfectly," said the man.

"Well, at the very moment my uncle sprang his joke and leaned back to enjoy our mirth that clock—that unregenerate, malicious clock"—Peter laughed long and loudly.

"Don't!" cried the man in a hoarse whisper, glancing affrightedly about. "You'll arouse the household."

"There isn't anybody else in this part of the house," reassured Peter, "but my wife, asleep in the next room, and she's deaf, you know. Really she is so deaf that I can wear a red necktie, green checkered trousers and a purple vest and come home any hour of the night without awakening her."

"You're lucky," said the man, "and being lucky"—

"Lucky!" repeated Peter. "I'm so lucky"—

"Never mind about that," interrupted the man. "I was just going to remark that I never saw a lucky man who didn't have money."

"Money?" replied Peter. "Of course I have money. Really, I've got so much money that I can't fall down without breaking a bill, you know. Once I"—

"Just hand it over, then," interposed the man with the mask commandingly.

"Do I understand that you wish me to hand my money over to you?" queried Peter cautiously.

"That's what I remarked," replied the man, "and you'd better be quick about it if you don't want"—

"My dear sir," said Peter impressively, "as one who has speculated more or less successfully, I beg to give you a little timely advice."

"See here," said the man irritably, "I ain't going to waste any more time with you. I've wasted too much already."

"Why, so you have," remarked Peter thoughtfully, "but you see it isn't exactly my fault! I didn't invite you here, and, really, I'm not insisting upon your staying, you know. Maybe you're waiting for me to order you out?"

"Well, you are cool," said the man admiringly.

"Of course I'm cool," replied Peter. "It's very convenient to be cool sometimes—on a cold winter's night, for instance. You see, your wife won't put her feet against you if you are cool."

The man with the mask laughed softly, then arose to his feet. "Look here," he said, "are you going to give me that money or ain't you? I've got a gun in my hand, it's pointing at you, it's loaded, and my finger is on the trigger."

"It certainly is very kind of you to warn me of my danger," replied Peter gratefully. "The light of your lantern blinds me so that I had not noticed you had a gun. But, really, won't you please point it in some other direction? It makes me nervous, you know, and when I get nervous my memory fails me quite suddenly. I might forget where I put my money. I always experience considerable trouble in remembering what I do with all my money anyhow."

"Come, come," said the man. "Hand it over. Fork it out. I can't stay here all night. I want to be going."

"Since you speak of it," replied Peter wearily, "I really wish you would go. I would enjoy going back to sleep, you know. I'm tired. You see, I was out to the lodge last night. Do you belong to any lodge? No? Well, the union, then—you belong to the union, of course?"

"I see very plainly," said the man resolutely, "that you do not intend to give me that money peacefully. Guess I'd better"—

"Why, my dear sir," responded Peter naively, "I haven't refused, have I? Really I beg your pardon if I have appeared backward in complying with your most natural and reasonable request. I am not unmindful, you know, that you are at this moment a guest in my house, and I certainly meant no disrespect. How much money do you want?"

"All you have," replied the man gruffly.

"But, my dear sir," protested Peter humbly, "if you could just manage to get along with a trifle less—just a trifle, you know—perhaps some time in the future I can repay your kindness and consideration. You see, tomorrow morning before breakfast is the day and the hour when our cook expects her week's wages. Possibly you lack the experience that would enable you to thoroughly understand the situation, but really, you know, I cannot imagine any position more embarrassing in which a man could be placed than to be forced to face his cook on such a momentous occasion without a cent in his pocket, and my cook unfortunately is a very robust cook. Really I shudder to even think of such a predicament."

"To thunder with the cook!" replied the man shortly. "I want to know if you're going to"—

"And, then, there are the gas man and the iceman," resumed Peter. "Of course I realize that you have nearly as much claim upon my money as they have—really it is rather difficult to discriminate between you—but it wouldn't be just right, you know, to give you all the money and not save a cent for the other holdup men, now, would it? Of course I understand that between you all you will get all my money anyhow, and I'm really not much concerned who gets the most, only I don't want to appear partial, you know."

"You can do just as you please," replied the man determinedly. "You have your choice between giving me all your money and taking the consequences. I'm not here for my health, I tell you."

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it," said Peter resignedly, "you'll find my trousers on a chair at the foot of the bed. My purse is in the right hip pocket."

The man with the mask walked to the chair, slipped his hand in the pocket indicated and pulled out a black wallet. Emptying the contents upon the bed, he counted them deliberately.

"See here," he said indignantly, "there is only $10.24 here!"

"What!" gasped Peter breathlessly, leaping out upon the floor. "How—much—did you say?"

"Ten dollars and twenty-four cents," replied the man.

"Are you sure?" demanded Peter in an agony of despair. "Are you certain you haven't made a mistake?"

"No," said the man. "That's all there is."

"Oh, dear, dear!" wailed Peter. "I see it all. I didn't want to believe it, but I guess it must be true. It really is too bad. I don't see why she did it. She might have known"—

"She?" said the man. "Who?"

"My wife," replied Peter tearfully. "I am exceedingly sorry, but she beat you to it, you know."

"Well," said the man, rather disappointedly, "I reckon this will have to do then. But next time"—

"Pardon me," interrupted Peter, who had followed him to the door, "but really I am afraid you will fall down the stairs. It is so dark behind that lantern. Wait. I will turn on the light. There; now you can watch me and see where you are going at the same time."

"Thank you," said the man, backing slowly down the stairs, his revolver still in his hand. "As I was going to remark, I never met anybody who was quite"—

"No; that isn't right," said Peter. "You have to turn that small knob first. There; that unlocks the door. But you were saying"—

"I was going to say," again began the man, looking up at Peter, but placing one hand behind him and pulling open the door, "that I never"—

But two policemen suddenly sprang through the door and pinioned the man's arms behind his back.

"Really, I am sorry," grinned Peter, "but I guess you will have to finish your sentence in jail, won't you? You see, that bell was a burglar alarm. You rang it when you entered my room, and unfortunately, you know, it is connected with an automatic device at the police station. They were rather long coming, but I trust you found my companionship agreeable. I certainly did my best to entertain you."

"Say," said the man, submitting quietly to the officers, "you lied to me about the iceman, didn't you? Your wife don't need no ice when she's got a cold storage plant for a husband. You're the coolest"—

But the patrol wagon was rolling away.

A Wonderful "Coo."

Some of the tenants of a Scotch nobleman noted for his temperance principles were being entertained one day at dinner. There were plenty of aerated water and milk for them, but nothing stronger. One of the farmers, who knew by experience what to expect, had provided himself with a flask of rum and, unknown to a brother farmer, poured a generous quantity into the glass of milk which his neighbor had elected to drink. In due time the unsuspecting farmer put the glass to his lips and seemed to enjoy it so that he never stopped till he finished it. Then he turned to his friend and remarked, "Hech, man, Tammas, what a coo!"—London Answers.

The Five Kakkas.

A set of regulations, intended to distinguish the Sikhs irrevocably from those around them, was the rule of the Five Kakkas. Every Sikh must have with him five things beginning with the letter "k"—viz., kesa (long hair), kangha (a sword) and kacha (breeches reaching to the knee). The purpose of these rules was that every Sikh should avoid shaving, as do Mohammedans and Hindoos, and should be constantly armed and free from the long garments that might impede him in a fight.

"CHRISTIE'S" SALES.

Romance Clings to World's Most Famous Auction Rooms.

For generations the famous Saturday afternoon sales at "Christie's," London, have been almost a national institution. During a period of over a hundred and forty years the fashionable world has gathered at the sale rooms, through which some of the most highly valued art treasures have passed.

History has been made, the map of Europe has changed, wars and rumors of wars have startled the nations, but every Saturday afternoon a gathering of art lovers has assembled to forget the outside world for a while.

Here have been seen all the famous men of the time, the dandies in their day, fastidious, perhaps knowing that regular attendance at "Christie's" gave them a reputation for "culture"; politicians, artists, poets, princes from all lands, millionaires from America—all have known the Saturday sales, since the day when Lord Chesterfield drove to one in a state coach, drawn by six horses, and set the fashion.

Some have watched their own treasures, maybe heirlooms which only grim necessity could have made them sell, pass from their possession for ever in these rooms.

That is the tragic side of life, as seen at a great sale. During the French Revolution many emigrant nobles saw their family treasures fought over by English bidders in these rooms.

What a tale the famous rostrum could tell about these Saturday gatherings!

But at last a change has been made. After this month the famous sales are to take place on Friday.

Spring and motor-car have combined to allure the fashionable world away from London at the end of the week, so one more conservative institution becomes modified and changed. The experiment was first made last year, and having proved successful is to be tried again this spring.

Volumes might, of course, be written about the pictures and articles of art that have been sold in the famous rooms.

Perhaps the most sensational sale that ever took place, from the mere money standpoint, was that of the Hamilton Palace collection.

On that occasion the auctioneer was engaged for seventeen days before the entire collection had been sold, and at the end of the sale a sum of close on $2,000,000 had been realized.

Other great sales were those of the Magniac collection in 1892, when $515,200 was realized; the Manley Hall collection, which brought $750,000; and the Lyne Stephens collection, which was sold for $587,200.

Among the great pictures sold in recent times in this art market of the world may be mentioned Gainsborough's "Maria Walpole," which was knocked down at $63,555; Raeburn's portrait of his wife, $43,500; Turner's "Rape of Europa," $33,600; and Rubens' "Madonna and Child with St. John," $37,195.

There are romances also of pictures that have been picked up for very small sums, and when sent to "Christie's" have brought small fortunes to the lucky owners. "The Stanhope Children" was one of these lucky finds. One man became possessed of it for the sum of $147, and sold it at "Christie's" for $23,000. Another bought Hoppner's portrait of Lady Waldegrave for $120, and when it was offered at "Christie's" obtained $34,000 for it.

Lord Wemyss's Golfing Fads.

In spite of his ninety years, Lord Wemyss is still a keen golfer. He was instrumental in starting the golf club on Wimbledon Common about 1862, but when it was made obligatory by a bylaw of the Wimbledon Conservators for the golfers to wear a red coat, Lord Wemyss rebelled, and his set of clubs still stands in mute resignation in his locker, tied round with a piece of twine. Objection to the wearing of the red coat was not the only golfing peculiarity of Lord Wemyss. He strongly objected to the employment of irons as cutting up the turf. To obviate the scarring of the links with irons, he invented a new approaching wooden club with a brass sole and a lofted face, which he humorously christened "The Unionist." On being asked to give a reason for the name, he wittily answered, "Because it does not wear the green."

A Feat of Navigation.

Capt. Harden, of the British steamer Alleghany, 2,789 tons, recently brought his ship safely into Trinidad after a most trying experience. The steamer sailed from New York on Jan. 27 for the River Plate with a full cargo of considerable value and a consignment of specie amounting to $1,000,000. Terrible weather was met with, during which the whole of the deck cargo was lost, and the main shaft was broken. All hands from captain to cook joined in the attempt to repair the shaft. This work was finished in a fashion in nine days, and the steamer was then able once more to crawl slowly ahead. She is now lying in the harbor waiting the receipt from England of the material's necessary for repairs. The gold has been landed and placed in safe keeping.

Quaint Ceremony.

About sixty Chinamen proceeded to the graves of two recently-buried Celestials in Anfield cemetery, Liverpool, Eng. A gigantic tray carried by four Chinamen, and containing foods, including a fully-grown roasted pig decorated with red rosettes, cooked fowls, beefsteaks, oranges, and sweets, was brought on the scene. A bottle or two of Scotch whisky, flanked with egg cups and liqueur glasses, were also placed on one of the graves. The spirit was plentifully poured upon the meats and rice was sprinkled upon the grave, and afterwards joss-sticks, paper offerings, and boxes of crackers were burnt. The explosion of the fireworks made a lively diversion in the otherwise solemn proceedings.

A Bell of Ale.

That celebrated and eccentric character Dr. Samuel Parr, G.D., prebendary of St. Paul's, was for forty years curate of Hatton, South Warwickshire. To his care and liberality Hatton parish church owes much of its beauty and to his name most of its fame. He endeavored to make Hatton bells "the most musical peal in Warwickshire," and when a new bell was added there were great rejoicings. The bell, with a capacity of seventy-three gallons, was filled with "good ale," and this was consumed by the villagers.—London Standard.

OVER 1400 PUBLICATIONS IN CANADA

According to the 1909 Edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, just out, Canada and Newfoundland can boast of 135 daily papers, 1015 weekly or semi-weekly, 262 monthly or semi-monthly, and 14 published less frequently.

These figures can be relied on, as the Canadian Newspaper Directory is published by the oldest and largest Advertising Agency in the Dominion, A. McKim, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto. This is the Sixth Edition of their Directory, which fills a very real need in Canada, and deserves a place on the desk of every business man, whether he is an advertiser or not.

In addition to listing and describing Canadian periodicals, the Directory supplies a comprehensive gazetteer giving the population, the chief industries, the railway, telegraph, banking facilities, and other interesting features of every newspaper city, town and village in Canada.

The book contains over 430 pages. It is splendidly bound and is certainly a credit alike to the publishers and to Canadian newspapers generally.

A. McKim, Limited, are particularly well qualified to edit and publish this the standard book of reference on Canadian publications. They are the pioneers in the Advertising Agency field in the Dominion, the McKim Agency having been founded in Montreal in January, 1889, twenty years ago, by Mr. Anson McKim, who is still at the head of the business.

During all this time they have been the acknowledged leaders in this line in Canada, and the Agency business has been developed from a very small beginning—then performing only the functions of the middle man—to a very large producing enterprise which runs into the millions.

Years ago McKims recognized that one of the requisites for successful advertising is a thorough knowledge of advertising mediums, and they began the publication of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, which is now recognized as the most complete and accurate work of the kind published.

The price, express or postage prepaid, is $2.00.

FLOATING PALACES.

Galleys of the Hindoo Rajahs on the Ganges River.

Notwithstanding the fact that India has for many years been under the rule of England, the conditions and manner of living have not greatly changed in many parts of it. On the Ganges river in the northwest provinces the tourist will see, if he approaches Benares at the right time, the same type of craft that carried pilgrims to this most sacred of Hindoo cities hundreds of years ago. These are floating palaces or magnificent galleys on which rajahs journey to Benares and which serve as a test of their pious zeal.

These galleys differ hardly an iota from the vessels used for the same purpose by rajahs who died centuries past. Incrusted with gold, silver and pearl and decorated with tapestries embroidered with precious metals and jewels, these wonderful modern-ancient vessels lend a festive touch to the river scene. But their sumptuousness does not prevent the richest rajah who possesses one from bathing in the same water, surrounded by 500,000 poorer pilgrims, even though the sacred river is thus piously filled with myriads of microbes. And he will fill great jars with the water in which the pilgrims have washed their bodies and drink it.

In contrast to these floating palaces are the barges of the poorer classes. The system of caste in India imposes upon the riverman the obligation of living on the water as his ancestors lived, so his shabby looking craft is also his home. Usually he has in his floating house a small chapel dedicated to a secondary divinity who personifies the river on which he exists.—Popular Mechanics.

ABSENTMINDED.

A Question the College Professor Could Not Decide Himself.

There is a highly esteemed professor in one of the big colleges who is even more absentminded than most geniuses. His son is a student in the same college. At the beginning of a lecture to his class one morning a look of perplexity overspread the professor's face, and his hearers noted that his thoughts seemed to be wandering from the subject he was discussing. At length he paused for a moment and quietly requested that his son be summoned without delay. The young student, startled by such an unusual message from his father, hastened to him, expecting to find him dead or dying. The professor had not finished his lecture by the time his son arrived and was explaining things in his usual clear and convincing manner. At last the son succeeded in attracting his father's attention, and this extraordinary dialogue took place:

"John, I am surprised," growled the distinguished educator. "What do you mean by interrupting me in this way?"

"Why, father, don't you remember? You sent for me to come at once."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Now I recollect. It was my fear of annoying your mother. You know how it distresses her, dear soul, if I fail to appear at my meals. I got thinking about this when I started lecturing this morning, and I sent for you to set my doubts at rest. John, please tell me have I had my breakfast yet this morning?"—New York Press.

Horrors of Minstrelsy.

"Mistah—Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell—kin yo' tell me de diff—de diff'unce 'tween a cream pitchah—'tween a cream pitchah, yo' know—jes' a cream pitchah an' a—wot yo' keep cream in on de breakfus' table—an' a—kin yo' tell me de diff'unce, Mistah Walkah?"

"No, George, I can't tell you the difference between a cream pitcher. What is the difference, George, between a cream pitcher?"

"Why—why—de oddah's a prim creature, Mistah Walkah, an' de ud"—

"Ladies and gentlemen, there being no popular ballad or appropriate vocal selection to go with that one, I will myself give you an imitation of an interlocutor firing a drunken black face comedian off the stage." — Chicago Tribune.

W. N. U., No. 745.

WHEN THE LANDMARK GOES.

The landscape looks so strange
When an old-time landmark goes;
The eyes perplexed, do range
Where once its outlines rose,
It always leaves a gap—
A hole in a well-known map;
The world doth meet mishap
When an old landmark goes.

Was it a tree—a pine—
Or a shanty on a hill?
Was it a castle fine,
Or only an old grist mill?
It matters not; I pause
To mourn for it, because
The world's not what it was
When an old-time landmark goes.

Or was it a good old man,
To all the country dear,
Who, when our land began
Her great career, came here?
No more we'll see his face,
Last of a noble race,
And none shall take his place
When the old-time landmark goes.

Or was't an ancient Faith
That shored up human souls?
It stood, so hist'ry saith,
Where yon dark mist-cloud rolls.
In vain it battled sneers
And the encroaching years;
No wonder men shed tears
When an old-time landmark goes.

Or was't a pennant scrolled
With many a splendid name,
That heavenward did unfold
A meteor flag of flame?
Another takes its place—
Flag of an alien race!
The patriot hides his face
When the old-time landmark goes.

My son, good counsel take:
A landmark thou mayst be,
For lo, our God may make
A semaphore of thee!
So well your vigil keep,
That when you fall asleep
They'll miss you, and will weep
When the old-time landmark goes!

THE KHAN.

THE LUMBER KING.

Story of a Visit to J. R. Booth, Ottawa's Multi-Millionaire.

At the age of eighty-three John R. Booth, the Ottawa millionaire, is still attending to business and pushing along his large enterprises. In a very interesting sketch of Mr. Booth in The Canadian Collier's, Paul E. Bilkey writes: "One day there arrived at the little red brick Booth office, at the Chaudiere, two visitors. One was a financial agent of Ottawa and the other was Sir Robert W. Perks, of London, England. Sir Robert had with him a Georgian Bay canal charter and an armful of Mexican franchises. He was arrayed as he would be arrayed for a Threadneedle street conference, a topper, a morning coat, gloves, cane, shiny shoes, all befitting a man with a million or two behind him. He made his way into the red brick building and announced that he was there to see Mr. J. R. Booth. Mr. J. R. Booth was out. Sir Robert said he would wait. After he had waited a while there appeared in the office a man who clearly had no business to be butting into the sanctum sanctorum where a couple of capitalists were about to talk millions to one another. He had on a long whitish duster and a pair of builder's mitts and there was red dust all over him. It was with difficulty that Sir Robert Perks, of London, finally admitted to himself the possibility that this old man, who, unless all tokens lied, had been laying bricks, was J. R. Booth, lumber king and reputed possessor of forty million dollars. It was Booth all right, and the London magnate found himself being overhauled by the keen blue eye of the man in the duster. When he began to talk high finance the man who had been laying bricks met him on his own ground. Sir Robert went back to the club and released a crisp appreciation of the Booth capacity.

A Canadian In the U. S.

Among the many Canadians prominent in business and professional life in the United States is Mr. Clive T. Jaffray, formerly of Galt, Ont., and brother of the proprietors of The Reporter of that town. He is vice-president of the First National Bank of Minneapolis, the largest bank in the Northwestern States, and a director of the Wisconsin Central Railway, whose line will be operated as the Chicago division of the Soo road controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway. With the assistance of two other prominent bankers, one from New York and one from Chicago, he has just finished the work of organizing the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co., in which British capitalists have invested $5,000,000 and American capitalists a like sum. Mr. Jaffray started his banking career with the Merchants Bank in Toronto in 1884. Later, he published The British-American of Chicago.

A Tiny Traveler.

Annie Brown, a five-year-old girl, has just reached Calgary after a journey of more than 5,000 miles made absolutely alone from the start to finish, says The Calgary News. During the trip she was well cared for by passengers on boats and trains who became interested in her artless story of how she was going to Canada to meet her daddy, who preceded her eighteen months. Annie's father, James Brown, is living on a homestead five miles south of Calgary and could not spare the time to cross the ocean to act as escort for his little girl. Consequently he decided to have her make the long journey alone.

Wanted a Rebate.

These are the days when city folk endeavor to find suitable and cheap summer board for the women and children, and when father looks forward to a summer of lonesomeness or of liberty as the case may be.

A farmer living near Toronto had enquiries made of him and named his rates. He got a reply from the Toronto family saying that the prices he quoted were not unreasonable. "But," continued the communication, "our little boy does not eat butter, and for that reason we think you should let us have a rebate."

Lord Aylmer Turns Farmer.

Lord Aylmer, formerly Inspector-General of Militia Forces, has moved to Queen's Bay, Lake Kootenay, B.C., with his family. He has purchased land on the lake shore, which he intends to devote to the cultivation of fruit.

Essentials of Oratory.

"I have my speech nearly completed."

"I suppose you have marshaled your arguments in serried ranks?"

"No; I haven't taken up that part of it. But I have selected my anecdotes."—Washington Star.

EXPENSIVE HUNTING.

The Cost of Ex-President Roosevelt's Trip Into Africa.

Before Theodore Roosevelt may lift his gun to shoot when he lands on the African continent he must obtain a license at a cost of $250, which will entitle him to kill sixty animals. Among these he may include two elephants (male only), two rhinoceroses, two hippopotamuses, two zebras (except the mountain variety), two cheetahs, two male ostriches, two each of the large species of antelope and gazelle and ten each of the smaller species, ten of each species of wild pig and ten of the smaller cats and jackals.

The expense of the trip will be very great, but should Mr. Roosevelt so desire he can defray every item of it with the trophies of his hunt. The sportsman who is so fortunate as to secure a white rhinoceros may dispose of it for a small fortune. Full or half grown animals delivered alive at the Uganda railway will bring a varying price of from $100 to $333.

Mr. Roosevelt will not be restricted in the number of lions, leopards and crocodiles he may shoot, but the wild ass, the secretary bird, storks and okapi are by law made safe from his gun.

The president will be equipped with the most modern patterns of firearms. The rifles, shotguns and pistols which he will take with him would be sufficient to stock a small armory. Chief among his weapons will be the 35 caliber automatic Remington, which is capable of stopping anything from a tiger to an elephant. It carries five cartridges in the magazine, which go in on a clip, and when fired the rifle automatically loads and cocks itself. When the bullet strikes an animal it mushrooms and crumples every bone it may hit. A soft nosed bullet would be discharged from such a rifle with sufficient force to penetrate ten inches of solid oak or five-sixteenths of an inch of steel armor plate and would go through ordinary cast steel as easily as through a soft pine board.

In his complement of weapons will also be a number of 303 caliber rifles and in all probability an English express rifle of .500 caliber. The overland journey after Mr. Roosevelt arrives in Africa will cost him about $15,000, his retinue of servants consisting of 100 porters and gun bearers. There will also be five white men in the party, including the president's son Kermit.

Mr. Roosevelt will be a guest of the king of Uganda when he reaches this region in Africa, and the town band at Entebbe will serenade him with their tomtoms and dried bone clappers and other native instruments.—Van Norden's Magazine.

Modest Marconi.

It is a somewhat curious fact perhaps that as a boy Mr. Marconi, the value of whose system of wireless telegraphy has been so strikingly demonstrated by the saving of the passengers of the ill fated Republic, showed little signs of cleverness. One of his teachers, in fact, once said of him that he could never learn anything by heart. Nevertheless he was only twenty-one when he began to startle the world with his demonstrations of wireless telegraphy. In spite of his fame Marconi is one of the most unassuming of men and hates demonstrations. He was once recognized while walking in Rome. Immediately a cheering crowd assembled. Marconi bolted into what he thought was an empty carriage. But it contained a lady, who was too frightened to expostulate. The inventor quickly made his apologies, and the lady allowed him to remain until they were free of the crowd.—London Tit-Bits.

Tapestry and Velours.

In selecting velours or tapestry of any description look at the backing. If you find a loose cotton weave you may be sure that it will soon wear out. The backing of good tapestry is smooth and well finished, whereas the cheap variety is poorly backed.

The Suez Canal.

Of the eighty-eight miles of the Suez canal sixty-six were cut and twenty-two are lakes.

To Help the Settler.

Five parties have been sent into the field by the Canadian Pacific to complete the inspection of profitable agricultural, fruit-growing, and timber areas in Southern British Columbia at an estimated cost of $25,000, so that definite and reliable information may be at the disposal of intending settlers as to the land suitable for development. Records of this inspection will be kept, probably at Calgary.

The Fusil.

"Fusil" was the old name for the flintlock to distinguish it from the matchlock, and fusileers were those who carried fusils.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

THIS IS IT!
The soap that saves you work, and saves you money without injury to hands or article.

Sunlight Soap turns washtub drudgery into pleasure.

Get a bar of Sunlight to-day and try.

Appropriate

"I wouldn't invite her. She'll throw a wet blanket on the affair."

"That's all right. It's going to be a linen shower, you know."

He arose in the crowded aisle. "I could not think of depriving you of your seat," she sweetly said. "Pray keep it." He sat down again. "Very well, if you insist upon it, ma'am," he said in a resigned voice. "But I've already been carried by my street."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Anybody's Darling

Male Voice—Hello!
Female Voice—Hello!
Male Voice—Is this you, darling?
Female Voice—Yes; who are you.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sympathy

Office Boy—I'm very glad to say the editor ain't in.

Poet—Glad, did you say?

Office Boy—Yes; I kinder like your face and I wouldn't like to see it spoilt.

Footpads On

Green—It seems to me that Herlock, the detective, is taller than he was a few months ago.

Brown—Possibly he has got on to some footpads.

A woman can make a lot of men friends by being a rich widow.

Owing to the steadily increasing cost of fine Ceylon teas such as are sold to the public under the brand

"SALADA"

it has been found necessary to advance the prices of these teas to the grocer. Consequently the consumers will have to pay a correspondingly increased price, but undoubtedly they will be willing to do this in order to get the finest tea the world produces.

"Fly Flyaway"
For HORSES.

"Fly Flyaway"
For CATTLE.

Will keep the flies off. Easy to apply. Simply keep a sponge or cloth moist with it, and wipe the animal down.

$1.25 per Gallon, 40c. Quart.

$1.00 per Gallon in quantities.

Ask your storekeeper or write

Carbon Oil Works, Limited,
WINNIPEG, CANADA.
Manufacturers of "COWL BRAND" Oil Specialties.

Shoe Boils, Capped Hock, Bursitis are hard to cure, yet

ABSORBINE

will remove them and leave no blemish. Does not blister or remove the hair. A few drops only required. Horse can be worked. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 6 D free.
ABSORBINE, JR., (mankind, $1.00 bottle.) For Boils, Bruises, Old Sores, Swellings, Goitre, Varicose Veins, Varicocitis, Allays Pain.
W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 137 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.
LYMANS Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

PILES FOR FOUR YEARS

Only those who suffer from Piles can know the agony, the burning, throbbing, shooting, stabbing pains which the ailment causes, and the way it wrecks the sufferer's life.

Zam-Buk is blessed by thousands who used to suffer from piles, but whom it has cured. One such grateful person is Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, of Greenwood Avenue, Toronto. She says:—"For four long years I suffered acutely from bleeding piles. During that time I spent an immense amount of money on 'remedies' and doctor's prescriptions but got no ease. Zam-Buk was different to everything else I had tried, and it cured me. I am grateful for the cure, and as I have never had piles once since, I know the cure is permanent."

Another thankful woman is Mrs. E. A. Gardiner, of Catalina, Trinity Bay. She says:—"In my case Zam-Buk effected a wonderful cure. For twelve years I had been troubled with blind, bleeding, and protruding piles. I had been using various kinds of ointments, etc, but never came across anything to do me good until I tried Zam-Buk, which cured me. That this may be the means of helping some sufferers from piles to try Zam-Buk, is the wish of one who has found great relief."

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal balm and should be in every home. Cures cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, ulcers, blood-poisoning, prairie itch, sunburn, blisters, sore feet, summer sores, and all diseases and injuries of the skin, etc. All druggists and stores at 50c. box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Zam-Buk

How It Happened

"Say," queried the ordinary policeman, "how did you get next to the fact that the chap you arrested was a counterfeit?"

"I overheard him making 'queer' remarks," explained the great detective.

Don't ignore the few house flies you see in June. Unless you commence using Wilson's Fly Pads early your house will be overrun by them in midsummer.

"And is she engaged to the count?"

"Only tentatively. Nothing but an option has been paid yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

Without Doubt

If incubators worked as well
As their ads say at every turn
There can't be any doubt at all
The whole world would have chicks to burn.

Baby's Own Tablets Cure all Minor Troubles

The stomach, the bowels or cutting teeth is responsible for most of the ills and suffering that afflict babyhood. Baby's Own Tablets will keep your child well because it is the best medicine in the world for these troubles, and at the same time it is the safest. The mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Mrs. Jos. Bernard, St. Emile, Que., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are really a marvellous medicine. My baby was thin, peevish and sickly until I began giving him this medicine. Since then he has thrived and grown splendidly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Higher Education

Little Willie—Say, pa; what is the higher education?

Pa—The higher education, my son, is one that teaches a young man that he must work in order to earn an honest living.

Bishop (who has "looked in" at rural Sunday school)—Now, children, can any of you tell what is meant by the visitation of the bishop?

Little Girl (after a long pause)—Please, sir, an affliction sent from heaven.

Courtship in the North

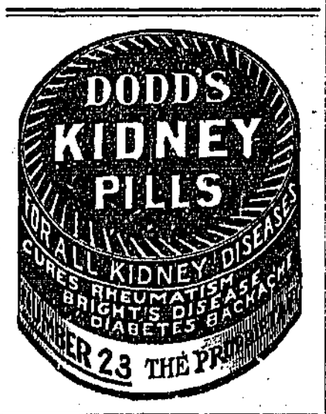
The old Eskimo lit a cup of walrus oil and peered over the sealskin curtain.

"Aurora," he called sharply, "is that young man down there yet?"

"Yes, pa," answered the Eskimo belle.

"Well, I want you to cut him out, understand?"

"Er—You'll have to do it yourself, pa; he has been here so long he is froze to the snow settee."



W. N. U., No. 745.

ANSWERED THE LETTER.

The Way a Brooklyn Politician Once Won a Bet.

There is, or was a few years ago, a neatly framed letter hanging in the consulting room of a Brooklyn doctor which he found in his mail one winter morning. It ran as follows:

Princeton, Jan. 12, 1898.

Dear Sir—I cheerfully accede to your request and acknowledge the compliment paid to my wife and daughter by bestowing their names upon your own twin daughters, and I hope these children may be spared to be of constant comfort to their parents. Sincerely yours,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The young doctor's brain whirled. Being a bachelor and having no acquaintance with the former president, he could not understand it at all.

The mystery was solved when a friend of the doctor's, a Brooklyn politician, met him. The politician had made a bet with a cynical acquaintance that any American statesman would personally reply to a courteous letter from the humblest of his countrymen. The cynic took him up and named Grover Cleveland. The terms of the bet were that the answer to a letter mailed on Jan. 3 must be received before Jan. 25. Signing the young doctor's name, the politician wrote of how his marriage had been blessed by twin daughters. Would it be asking too much for an autograph letter to frame which the sweet twins could look upon and read when they grew up and cherish ever afterward?

Mr. Cleveland courteously and promptly answered the letter, and the politician won his bet.—New York Tribune.

CORRECT SPELLING.

There Was a Time When It Was Not Considered Important.

The art of spelling words correctly is of comparatively recent repute. Time was when men and women did not care, but wrote ahead without regard to strict orthography. Mme. de Sevigne, for instance, never learned the proper way to write her name, while it was remarked by Mme. de Maintenon that at the College of St Cyr much precious time was wasted in learning how to spell.

It remained, however, for the Empress Eugenie in 1868 at Compiegne to put to a practical test the spelling standard which obtained even among the highest literary authorities. Thus under the pretext of a theme proposed to them for an examination a number of French academicians took down from dictation a composition by Prosper Merimee. Not one "immortal" wrote without mistake.

As to the empress, she could not understand so many faults being made until it was conveyed to her that she herself from the same dictation was responsible for no less than ninety. The emperor, again, made sixty. It is but fair to add, however, that the dictation was compiled expressly with a view to focusing the difficulties not only of spelling, but grammar.—Harper's Weekly.

A Versatile Parisian.

A quaint Parisian character was Mlle. Montansier, an actress, who, while on the stage one night, heard Marie Antoinette say, "How good that cabbage soup they are eating smells!" The actress took a bowl round to the royal box and that night supped with Marie Antoinette, an honor to which the highest nobles in France dared not aspire, thence in due course becoming manager of the fetes at Versailles. Later she was a sort of queen of the Palais Royal and sent to the war a band of actors who performed farces between two battles. She obtained 8,000,000 francs from the revolutionary government, almost married Napoleon—or so Barras said—and had her last love affair when she was eighty-five. When she died she bequeathed all her creditors to the king of France.

A Heroic Slave.

There was a humble slave in the palace of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The caliph had in his audience chamber twenty rare vases, and it was written in the laws of Bagdad that he who should have the misfortune to break one of these would pay the penalty with his life. This slave one day broke a vase. He was instantly seized, tried and condemned to death. But the caliph had no sooner pronounced sentence on him than the slave turned, and, walking calmly to the other nineteen vases, with one sweep of the arm destroyed them all.

"Wretch," the caliph thundered, "why have you done that barbarous deed?"

"To save the lives of nineteen of my fellow countrymen," the doomed slave replied.

Munich an Artistic Leader.

Munich is in great part a creation of the nineteenth century. Yet when one sees how artfully and lovingly she has woven the new about whatever remains of the old it is easy to understand why she has been Germany's artistic leader for the last hundred years and why such geniuses as Lenbach, Von Uhde, Schwanthaler, Orlando di Lasso and Richard Strauss have felt at home there.—Robert Haven Schauffler in Century.

The Desire For Appearance.

The Village Grocer (peevishly)—Look here, Aaron! What makes you put the big apples in the top of the bar'l? The Honest Farmer (cheerily)—What makes you comb that long scalp lock over your bald spot?—Puck.

Paid.

Miss Belle (warningly)—Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish. Sally (who owes her one)—Well, why didn't you?—Life.

An Advantage

The Plain Man (emphatically)—I hold that there is no difference between genius and insanity!

The Poet (sadly)—You're wrong. If a man can prove he's insane, the state will provide him with board and clothes.

Little Handmaiden (to her mistress after her day out)—I've had a lovely day. I've had two teeth stopped and one out, and a hot mutton pie and two cups of tea and a ride on the electric tram.

OVERTAXED NERVES A DISTRESS SIGNAL

The Trouble Can Only be Cured by Enriching the Blood Supply

When your nervous system is exhausted the trouble makes itself evident in many ways. You feel always fatigued and unfit for work. Severe headaches distract you; your back is weak; you sleep badly; your appetite is uncertain; you are nervous and irritable, and after any exercise you tremble and perspire excessively. If the trouble is not checked your case goes from bad to worse until you feel that your condition is hopeless and that insanity is threatened.

Your nerves are calling for help. They are starved because they demand from the blood more nourishment than it can supply. New rich blood is the secret of nerve strength, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cure nervous disorders because they feed the weak, exhausted nerves with rich, red blood. The case of Mrs. Emma Hall, of Hamilton, Ont., furnishes proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure even the most stubborn cases of nerve exhaustion. Mrs. Hall was left a widow and was forced to work in a mill to maintain herself and her two little children. She bravely faced the battle of life, though she had never had to conform to such conditions before. Notwithstanding the splendid spirit she displayed the work played havoc with a delicate constitution, and some years ago Mrs. Hall noticed signs in herself of a nervous collapse. She consulted a doctor, who gave her some medicine and told her she "would be all right in a few days." But relief did not come, and it was finally a daily occurrence for her to faint at her work. These fainting spells quickly developed into pronounced hysteria and chronic irritability, and Mrs. Hall says that death would have been a relief. She consulted several doctors but got no help, and she felt that she was almost bordering on insanity. In this condition she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Grasping at even the possibility of help she decided to do so. After taking three boxes she actually found some improvement, and from that time on this improvement was steady and increasing daily until after a few months she felt the cure was complete. She says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done what doctors failed to do and what I myself thought was impossible. They have freed me from the terrible trouble I suffered and my old joy in life has been renewed." When Mrs. Hall began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she weighed only one hundred pounds while under her renewed health her weight has increased to one hundred and thirty pounds.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had from any dealer in medicines or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Badly Rattled

"She let you hold her hand"

"Surest thing you know."

"What did you say then?"

"I'm darned if I could think of anything to say but 'Thank you.'"

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

No matter how slavish women are to follow the fashions set by society leaders, they would rebel against the fashion of birthdays.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

A man is naturally such a devil of a fellow that he will buy the photograph of an actress he never saw to keep on his bureau.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

The satisfactory thing about reform is if you are doing it to somebody else.

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

When a girl won't let a man kiss her she really means it, if it's her brother.

A stitch in time saves nine, and every house fly killed early saves a thousand at least later on. Wilson's Fly Pads will kill many times more flies than any other article.

The story is an old one of the party of tired travellers who entered a house decorated by a peculiar sign, and demanded oysters. "This is not a restaurant," said the courteous gentleman who met them. "I am an aurist." "Isn't that an oyster hung outside the door?" asked one. "No, gentlemen, it is an ear."

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, abating the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many who are subject to these distressing disturbances and to these there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief

Must Be Able to See

"They say he's losing his eyesight."

"Oh, I guess not. I saw him eating hash in a self-serve restaurant."

MARRIAGE IN ARRAN.

How Weddings Are Conducted In Out-of-the-Way Ireland.

The Isles of Aran are among the least known and most interesting corners of Ireland. The people, mostly fisher folk, are poor and ignorant, yet they speak the ancient tongue of their land with such purity and perfection that scholars from the great universities go to learn of them. An illiterate lad of fourteen was recently the quite competent instructor in Gaelic of a distinguished German professor.

A recent sojourner in one of the isles discovered that there were upon it but three wedding rings; but no prospective bridegroom was ever discouraged because he could not buy a ring. He need simply go to the nearest of the three happy matrons who were ring wearers and borrow her ring.

Pulled proudly from her work worn finger, it went into his pocket until the ceremony; afterward the new bride wore it until the end of the honeymoon, when she returned it to the owner.

An Aran bride, however, knows little of honeymoons. It is common, the day after the wedding, to see her staggering up the beach under a creel of fish so heavy that a man of a race less hardy might hesitate to lift it.

Negotiations for a marriage are made with a girl's father and a dowry is expected. Business-like as this sounds, Aran lovers can be impetuous. Late one evening it occurred to a certain young man that he would like to marry a certain colleen, and to do so the next day. He hastily gathered a few cousins and at midnight they knocked at her father's door. Every one was abed, but the old man flung on something and opened; the rest of the family, hurriedly dressed, presently joined him.

The matter was arranged and early the next morning the priest was sent for, but there had been a storm and the sea was rough. He was delayed but the festivities were not. Into the midst of the convivial crowd came a messenger announcing that his reverence's boat was in sight; they decided to wait till he landed. Word came that he had landed; they waited for him to climb the path. He did so, but still they lingered, and only an imperative message that he was actually waiting in the chapel broke up the antenuptial jubilation. Then the groom raced ahead, the bride followed gallantly but a few yards behind, the relatives ran after in a go as you please procession, and all were soundly rated for their tardiness before the ruffled priest would proceed to solemnize the marriage with the borrowed ring.

A Wedding Fee.

A Yorkshire clergyman married a couple in his church recently; and after he had pronounced them man and wife the groom took him to one side and asked what the damage was. The parson told him that there was no fixed amount; he might give whatever he chose.

"Parson," said he, "I've got five greyhound pups at home, for which I am asking a sovereign apiece, and I'll let you have one for half a sov."

Of course the clergyman declined so ridiculous a fee, as he had no use for a greyhound pup.

When the newly-married man got home he must have found his wife better than expected, for he sent the parson one of the pups, accompanied with a letter saying that he was so happy with Maria that he would give him a dog for nothing.—London Spare Moments.

Her Love Songs.

The "Sonnets of the Portuguese," which were written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, were never intended for publication, but when she showed them to Mr. Browning, whom she had married after they were written, he realized the fact that in them was sung the most perfect love song the world had ever heard, and he concluded such poems should not be hidden. Mrs. Browning was unwilling to publish them in her own name, and as he was fond of calling her his "Little Portuguese" it was decided to have them appear under this name. They are Petrachian in form and among the most beautiful of the language.—London Chronicle.

Lord Salisbury's Coachman.

Canon Hensley Henson, who has been threatened with ecclesiastical proceedings by the Bishop of Birmingham, is noted for his independence and fearlessness, and is one of the most brilliant thinkers and preachers in the Church of England. He was formerly vicar of Barking, and became canon of Westminster in 1900. Of his appointment to the canonry an amusing story is told. "My dear, it's really too bad," said an old lady when she heard the news. "Why, his father was Lord Salisbury's coachman!" What she meant to say was that the canon's father was Lord Salisbury's coach, but it took a long time to make her understand the difference.

Lady First, Then Sovereign.

With regard to the ancient privilege accorded to the masters of Trinity of wearing their hats in the presence of royalty, it is recorded of a former master that he took this privilege on an occasion when Queen Victoria was visiting Cambridge. The Queen remonstrated.

"But, madam," expostulated the master, "I am privileged to wear my hat in the presence of my sovereign."

"Yes, sir," rejoined Her Majesty with crushing emphasis, "in the presence of your sovereign, but not in the presence of a lady."

A Touching Remembrance.

On a railway journey Morley had for a companion an old gentleman who had been trying to make himself more comfortable with the aid of a somewhat deflated air cushion. Professor Morley was going to blow it up for him, but his action was arrested by the exclamation: "Stop, sir, stop! That cushion contains my deceased wife's breath!"—Life of Henry Morley.

Boggs—I'd like to have my face on the $10 bills.

Coggs—I'd prefer to have my hands on them.—Harvard Lampoon.

Blobbs—Whydo poets always speak of spring in the feminine gender?

Slobbs—I suppose because she is usually late.—Philadelphia Record.

"I have been the architect of my own fortune, sir."

"I thought so; it's lucky the building inspector wasn't around while you were making it."

Relation of the Liver and Kidneys

Functions such that each suffers when the other is deranged.

Complicated cases can only be cured by combined treatment such as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The liver filters poisons from the blood.

The kidneys also filter poisons from the blood.

When the liver becomes sluggish and torpid in action, or is given too much work by over-eating, the kidneys have to help out with this work of filteration. When the liver fails the kidneys have all this work to do.

And this is exactly what causes nine-tenths of the cases of kidney diseases.

The beginning is biliousness, indigestion and constipation and after a time the kidneys begin to be affected and there comes backache, urinary derangements and finally kidney disease in some of its dreadfully painful and fatal forms.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the rational cure for kidney disease just as they are the most successful because they get at the cause of trouble and exert a combined and direct influence on liver, kidneys and bowels.

They promptly and thoroughly cleanse the bowels or intestines and by awakening the action of the liver take the burden off the kidneys. Then by their direct action on the kidneys bring about the natural and healthful working of these organs.

Mrs. Dave W. McCall, Lombardy, Leeds Co., Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with kidney diseases for eight years and doctored with several doctors to no avail until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which entirely cured me. I believe I would be dead were it not for this medicine."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

No Crowding!

Hardly had the proud father entered the sick room to get his first glimpse of the new twins than both new-borns set up a loud bawling. "Now, now," cautioned the father, holding up his hand and glancing from one red face to the other, "one at a time; one at a time!"

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Is compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co. Chicago, will send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

"Niagar has a wonderful force," remarked the globe-trotter to a lady.

"Marvellous! Do you know, when I first saw it, for a full moment I couldn't speak!"—Scottish American.

Housekeepers are strongly advised to commence the use of Wilson's Fly Pads early, because a few flies killed in June would otherwise become a host by August.

A Necessity.

"Twenty dollars for retrimming your hat!" exclaimed Mr. Madison. "But we agreed to spend nothing except for things that were positively needed."

"Well, John, this is. You see, my best friend has just had hers retrimmed, and I have promised to go with her to the concert on Friday."

"Oh, all right. But I can't give you more than fifteen this morning, because I broke my meerschaum and must have it mended."

"Can't you smoke your old briarwood?"

"Certainly, dear. And you can wear your old hat."

"John, let's begin to economize next month after we get things all straightened out."

"All right."—New York Herald.

To Multiply by Division.

Everybody knows that learning the tens in the multiplication table is as easy as "pie" and that the fives are not much harder; but, slight as is the mental effort required in multiplying any number by five, it may be lessened still more by discarding the multiplier entirely and substituting a divisor instead. This may sound paradoxical, but by experimenting you will find that dividing by two will bring the same result as multiplying by five, provided you add a cipher to the quotient if the dividend be an even number or five if it be odd. For instance, if you multiply 2,734 by five the product is 13,670. What is still easier, divide 2,734 by two, which is done almost instantaneously; then tack on your 0 and you have 13,670.

Separate and Together.

First Seaman—I say, Bill, wot's this card?

Second Seaman—That's the saloon passengers' menu, of course.

"But wot does it mean?"

"Oh, it's a list of all the things they have for dinner—soup and fish and vegetables and meat. That's the difference between the saloon and the forecastle; they get them all separately and call it a menu. In the forecastle we get them altogether and call it Irish stew."—London Answers.

True Tale.

"My daughter gave us an awful scare the other day," said a caller last night. "She went away for a visit in New York. And she sent a telegram from Buffalo, her first stop. My wife was afraid to open it. We had visions of train wrecks, sudden illness and all sorts of things. And what do you think the message said? This:

"'I forgot to tell you—don't eat up all the strawberry jam while I'm gone.'"—Cleveland Leader.

As It Happens.

Bobbie—Papa, when a foreign count gets engaged to an American girl, is she his fiancee? Robert—That is a matter of opinion, son. Usually she is his financier.—New York Press.

Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places.—Emerson.

THE LOCUST PLAGUE.

South African Farmer Has to Face Terrible Pest.

South Africa seems to be a paradise to the farmer until the locusts come. The farmer has been planting wheat for five months, beginning with March, and he looks for an enormously profitable harvest in the midsummer month of December. After plowing and dragging for six days he has put in a day or two sowing the wheat by hand, and has kept repeating the process until hundreds of acres have been planted. There are fields of wheat in all stages, from the young green stalks to the yellowing heads of grain. It will be convenient to reap the crop in the successively ripening fields, just as it was convenient to plant it in instalments. The farmer congratulates himself on a climate that makes this method possible. He figures that an investment of twenty-five bags of seed worth $150 will return him 750 bags of grain worth $3,750.

"Baas, die sprinkhaan kom" (Master, the locusts are coming) says his Kaffir servant.

Thus is shattered the dream of opulence and success as the farmer drowses on hot, silent mid-summer days in his iron-roofed bungalow, says Leonard Fleming in The Grand Magazine. On the horizon over the distant range of hills lies a long, faint cloud. It is a dust-colored narrow line, with a front perhaps seventy miles wide. It blurs the sharp outline of the hills in the African sunlight. This is a locust swarm as you see it first at a distance of thirty or forty miles. In an hour the line becomes a light brown fog drifting rapidly toward you.

The farmer is helpless in face of the advancing ruin and desolation. He can only watch the approach of inevitable disaster. The landscape is gradually blurred by the great brown cloud that spreads and mounts in the sky. Trees and houses a few miles off become invisible. The cloud shifts, with patches of dark brown masses and gaps of gray or light brown where the locusts are not so thickly crowded. A constant change of shape and formation gives an appearance like dense smoke belching from a forest fire. A sound like the distant breakers of the ocean steals into the silence. It is the whirr and roar of billions of wings beating the air.

The whirr becomes louder. Nearby green fields are shaded by the appalling visitation. A few locusts fly past. There is a sudden increase of the sound to a roar as the army of insects falls on the land, and their wings throb like a colossal dynamo revolving at terrific speed. The bright sun is obscured and the ground is in shadow. A building a few rods away cannot be seen. Millions of locusts settle down, while other millions continue their flight. The ground is so packed with locusts that every square inch of earth is alive. Every blade of grass or wheat is attacked by as many insects as it will hold. A hundred locusts rush on one stalk bend it to earth and consume it in less than a minute. Within ten minutes the farmer's two thousand acres of inch of earth is alive. Every blade of grass, every flower, every leaf on the trees is devoured. For hours and even days, the maddening roar of the wings is heard and the unnumbered hosts continue their flight.

At last, when the plague has passed nothing remains but a desert waste, naked of every green thing for hundreds of miles.

Actor, Novelist, and M.P.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P., who has announced his intention of not seeking re-election to the British Parliament, gave his friends a fright on one occasion. He disappeared, and the next news of him came from the wilds of Morocco. Rumors of brigands and ransom began to float about, when suddenly Mr. Mason turned up smiling. He had only been up to Fez with a friend, two tents, and six Arabs to collect color for a new book. Mr. Mason was at one time an actor, but none of the stories of his career he considers so amusing as that concerning a correspondent who wrote for tickets for the Stranger's Gallery. He was informed that the gallery was closed. By return came this request: "As the gallery is closed will you kindly send me six tickets for the Zoo?" Such are the worries of an M.P.

A Canadian Artist.

Professor Roy Elliott Bates, of Acadia University, has received notice of the acceptance of one of his paintings by the committee of the Paris Salon. The subject of the painting is "September in Picardy," and is the result of work done last summer during his sojourn in Longpre and the Valley of the Somme. Professor Bates was a former student in the Halifax Academy and a pupil under Mr. Rosenberg of the Victoria School of Art and Design. In 1904 he became Acadia's first Rhodes scholar, and during his three years at Oxford his vacations were spent in the studios of Paris. About a year ago he took his degree from Oxford in the department of English, and soon after he received his present appointment as professor of English in Acadia University, Wolfville.

Mystery of Tribes.

There is a huge joy of the great mysteries of the tribes and the territories on the West Coast of Africa. There is no street in a native village free from the suggestion of great romance. The uncounted hundreds of tribes of the interior have histories clothed in all the glory of a mysterious darkness. Though the race is degenerate to-day, centuries back black men loomed large in the story of the world. Among the natives near the coast there are tribes which journeyed, centuries and centuries ago, from Egypt, Phoenicia, and Arabia, and heaven knows where. The place is full of romance and mystery. Africa teems with unsolved problems. Central Africa is practically an unknown country. And so, perhaps, after all the call of the Coast is not entirely incomprehensible.

Wanted It Fair

This is one of the old stories told by Henry Clews of Travers, the New York stammering wit: Mr. Clews always insists that the average Wall street broker is the most honest of all men. "Travers," said Mr. Clews, "was once invited to be a guest at a yacht regatta. The waters of Newport harbor were covered with a beautiful squadron. Mr. Travers found that each yacht belonged to a banker or broker. He gazed blankly into the distance for a time, and then inquired softly: 'W-w-w-where are the c-c-customers' yachts?'"

ARE A FRIEND TO THE FISHERMAN

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MR. C. WILLIAMS' RHEUMATISM.

He Took the Terrible Disease in Time and a Single Box Made Him a Well Man.

South Ingonish, Cape Breton (Special).—How easily and quickly Dodd's Kidney Pills banish Rheumatism and other symptoms of Kidney Disease is well known in the case of Michael C. Williams, a fisherman living in this place.

"My kidney disease started from a strain," Mr. Williams says, "and I suffered from it for about three months. I had backache, stiffness in the joints and Rheumatism. When I got up in the morning I had a bad taste in my mouth; I perspired freely with the least exertion, and I was always tired and nervous.

"One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me and I believe they will cure others who are suffering from Kidney Disease.

If you have any two of the symptoms mentioned by Mr. Williams you may be sure of two things. One is that your kidneys are sick, and the other that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure you.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have proved in thousands of cases all over Canada that they never fail to cure Kidney Disease of any kind or stage.

Local Option

Thirsty Passenger—How much longer have I got to wait for that cocktail I ordered?

Dining car waiter (looking out of the window)—About a mile and a half longer, sir. This is a dry country, and there's a spotter on board.—Chicago Tribune.

At the Yarmouth Y.M.C.A. Boys' Camp, held at Tusket Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LINIMENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and toothache.

ALFRED STOKES,
General Secretary

Scrivener (the well-known writer of best sellers)—I'm putting you and your family into a book, Mr. Burdock.

Farmer Burdock—Dew tell. Wa-al, young feller, I'll be a sucker and bite. Yeh can put me down fer a copy. Dern it. We all gotta make a livin', I s'pose.—Judge.

A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles.—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as no other preparation can.

"What are your plans for the holidays?" "I expect to send for about three pounds of various booklets advertising summer resorts." "Yes." "Examine them carefully and then go where I have always gone."

Putting on Airs

They're getting stylish,
I'm afraid;
Their hired girl
Is now a "maid."

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Professor Sallow—I wish to marry your daughter, sir. I have a chair in Johns Hopkins.

Parent—And I suppose you will look to me for the rest of the furniture. No, sir; you can't have her until you can furnish a flat.—Puck.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 1., Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

"What do they mean by parlor socialism?"

"Giving everybody an equal chance at the boarding house piano."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

Mrs. Hicks—My husband has been just lovely to me all day.

Mrs. Wicks—H'm; what was it you caught him doing?—Boston Transcript.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

Foreman of Works (at the dinner hour)—None of you men leave the works till you've been searched—there's a b r ow missing.—The Sketch.

It Is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

Undertaker—Will you erect a monument to your husband's memory?

Widow—Why, he had no memory I never saw such an absent-minded man as he was.—Scottish American.

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King's Hotel

PHOENIX, B. C.

Is situat d in the heart of the city, and is one of the largest hotels in the Boundary. Pleasant rooms and tasty meals for all comers. Plenty of accommodation for the commercial man, and a home for the miner, tourist and millionaire. The bar contains the finest liquors, and fragrant cigars.

E. P. SHEA, PROPRIETOR.

Central Hotel...

PHOENIX

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

A. O. JOHNSON
PROPRIETOR.

Smoke...

Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by

J. C. Thelin & Co., Nelson

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.

MINERAL ACT.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Bounty Mineral Claim, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District Where located: On Wallace Mountain.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Sydney M. Johnson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 24500, and Philip B. Spencer Stanhope, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 26182, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

And further Take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 8th day of July, A. D, 1909.

MINERAL ACT.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Wellington Mineral Claim, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: On Wallace Mountain.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Thomas Hemmerle, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 28585, James H. McNeil, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 261 3, Ralph Smailes, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 28576, and James N. Paton, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 26510, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificates of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated this 24th day of July, A. D. 1909.

MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

"Lexicon" Mineral Claim, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District: Where located: Skylark Camp (South).

TAKE NOTICE that I, James S. Birnie, Free Miner's Certificate No. B25976, for self and Chas. H. Tye, Free Miner's Certificate No. B25539 and Sydney M. Johnson, Free Miner's certificate No. B26500, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements

Dated this 9th day of June, A. D. 1909.
JAMES S. BIRNIE.

LOWERY'S CLAIM

During the 87 months that Lowery's Claim was on earth it did business all over the world. It was the most unique, independent and fearless journal ever produced in Canada. Political and theological enemies pursued it with the venom of a rattlesnake until the government shut it out of the mails, and its editor ceased to publish it, partly on account of a lazy liver and partly because it takes a pile of money to run a paper that is outlawed. There are still 25 different editions of this condemned journal in print. Send 10 cents and get one or $2 50 and get the bunch
R. T. LOWERY,
Greenwood, B. C.

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.

T. THOMAS

MERCHANT TAILOR

Clothes Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired.

Dry Cleaning a Specialty.

GREENWOOD, B. C.

THE

Arlington Hotel

GREENWOOD

Is the place for Peep-o'-Day Cocktails and Evening Night-Caps. Buttermilk a specialty during the warm season.

C. A. Dempsey, Prop.

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.

Get your Razors Honed and your Baths at

Frawley's Barber . . Shop, Greenwood,

The Bridesville Hotel

Provides Tasty Meals and Good Rooms for Travelers. Tourists always welcome.

THOS. WALSH
Proprietor.

HORSE STRAYED.

Came into my premises a bay mare about nine years old, and weighing about 900 pounds. Brand on left shoulder is an A and under it an M. Wire cut on left front foot Owner can have the same by paying expenses.
A. C. MESKER, Midway, B. C.

Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,

Nelson, B. C.

THE LEDGE

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

R. T. LOWERY,
PUBLISHER.

GREENWOOD B. C., AUG. 5, 1909

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL GREENWOOD B.C.

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

Beauty of Arrow Lakes

Twenty years ago, when I first sailed over the lonely waters of the Arrow lakes, there was not a house, or a hut, or a log cabin, on either shore for its whole 150 miles. Not a hut or a hunter along its 300 miles of shore line; all was strange, weird, wild, fascinating beauty. We did pass one canoe, in which we recognized some Kootenay Indians because of the uncanny and most melancholy chant that fell upon our ears. A Corsican priest lived among them and taught them this chant, and this was their weird interpretation of it. But save these few wandering savages the Arrow lakes were as lonely twenty years ago as in the dawn of the world's existence. Some of the old voyogeurs had seen them, and some intrepid hunters had climbed the passes of the mountains above the lakes and had looked down in wonder, akin to that which filled the soul of Pizarro at the first sight of the Pacific. when all his men looked at each other with "a wild surmise, silent upon a peak in Darien."

And I have seen the wilderness transformed into fields of golden grain, and orchards, and flowers, and gardens, and lawns, where happy children played and sang, and have seen men and women grow young and happy, being sharers in the creation of a new world of altars and of happy homes.

Only yesterday I sailed over these wonderful lakes again, but this time it was not in a skiff, as twenty years ago. Already along the shores on either side the pioneer has done his work, and the meadow and the orchard and the garden have displaced the wood. The pear tree, the cherry, the apple and the peach tree have supplanted the pine, the fir, the tamarack and the cedar. Girt on every side by mighty mountains, neither the typhoons that lash the Pacific to fury nor the tornadoes that scourge the plains can touch these shores. Storms and tempests are utterly unknown, and as equally unknown are the extremes of heat and cold. Picture Killarney on a vast and far more beautiful scale, and free from tempests and mists and rain, and you begin to realize the Arrow lakes, with their beauty, grandeur and attractiveness.

You are right in directing the attention of your readers to British Columbia. The picturesque beauty of its lakes and rivers, and the sublime grandeur of its mountain scenery find no parallel upon this globe of ours. And its climate and soil are all that is desirable for men or women who love open air life and bracing mountain air, and an occasional hunt for cariboo and elk. The apples grown on the shores of these lakes are the finest I have ever tasted, finer even than those I have sampled from Lord Aberdeen's wonderful orchards about fifty miles further west. There is something in the sun, in the soil, in the serene atmosphere, in the ozone of these pure woods, and in the absence of strong winds that permit the growth and blossom and bloom of the apple in this country as nowhere else on earth. One rancher told me he realized $800 off one acre of fruit.

Sometimes I think of building a chalet over there on the other side of the lake where slopes the Halcyon mountain. There you can now see the dark woods rising one plateau above another. I could have a thousand acres cleared away for flowers and fruit and meadow and lawn, and could have trails cut through the nestles up yonder in the bosom of those mountains. Just think what a place this would be to escape from the species of tiger hunt that prevails in Wall Street. It is only four mills across the lake from those wonderful mineral springs of Halcyon.—P. A. O'Farrell.

Various Kinds of Honesty.

With some people conscience is largely a matter of bringing up. We have known men who would not polish their boots on Sunday who would as cheerfully blacken their neighbor's character on that day as any other. There are people who would not put a leaf of a Bible in the stove for a fortune, who never lose an opportunity to roast everybody they can lay their evil tongues upon. We have known men to walk ten blocks to pay a car fare they had omitted to put into the fare-box, who would just as righteously gouge a wholesale man out of the freights on a bill of goods, or the bank charges on a draft or cheque. We heard a man, some time ago, who was one of a crowd listening to an atheist exercising his mouth in a public park, when disgusted with the remarks of the unbeliever, call out out lustily, as he took his pipe from between his teeth, "Put him down, d—n him! Put him down!" This "defender of the faith" would no doubt have fought, bled and died for the faith "once delivered to the saints" as cheerfully, doubtless, as the lay chaplain who in procession recently staggered along in his white robes clasping a massive copy of the Holy Scriptures in his drunken embrace. From the man whose sanctimoniousness sickens the people who have to live with him to the commercial bird of prey who prays in church and preys in the store, there are samples of all the way between of those whose consciences are the result of gross misconception or neglect of the grand principles of the Book whose teaching is preeminently that righteousness not only "exalteth a nation" but men. Orator-Outburst.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Ingersoll's Speebh at Grave of Child

My Friends—I know how vain it isto gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear.

Here in this world where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the brave have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth, patriarchs and babies sleep side by side.

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We do not know whether the grave is at the end of this life or a door to another life, or whether night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the most fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms, before its lips have learned to frame a word, or he who journeyed all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last few steps with staff or crutch.

Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin, "Whither?" The poor barbarian weeping above his dead can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed.

The tearful ignorance of one is just as consoling as the learned words of the other. No man standing where the horizon of life has touched the grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to live. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. Maybe this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of of selfishness and hate, and I had rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not.

Another life is naught unless we know and love the ones who loved us here. They who stand with aching heart around this little grave need have no fear. The longer and nobler faith in all that is and is to be, tells us that death even at its worst is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their griefs will lessen day by day, until at last the grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost joy. There is for them this consolation, the dead do not suffer. If they live again their lives will surely be as good as ours, We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion and it is this: Help for the living. Hope for the dead.

A Confessional Name.

A Western town holds a citizen whose name is Isaac Benjamin Full. In writing it he frequently uses the first initial and the nickname of the second part, thus, "I Ben Full."

Recently a traveling man saw this name on the hotel register, and with a twinkle in his eye he wrote beneath it, "So have I."

Roy Bean, one of the noted characters of Texas, died a short time ago. When Bean was police magistrate and coroner of a small town in Greene county, he was called upon to hold an inquest upon the body of a cowboy who was found dead. On the corpse was found a pistol and $40. Bean fined the corpse the $40 for carrying concealed weapons, and put the money away in his jeans. Not a bean did he give to the country.

The following incident is related of Nat Goodwin the actor: Not long ago Goodwin was standing on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, where three car lines converge, when a seedy looking individual, apparently from the country, approached him questioningly. "I want to go to Brooklyn Bridge," he said, looking in perplexity at the cars rushing in six different directions. "Very well," said Goodwin, severely; "you can go this time, but never ask me again."

Kansas views the activities of the new governor with almost unmixed joy. But the railways whom he has disciplined with an anti-pass law and several other forms of drastic legislation, besides the commission bill, have another idea about him.

"What do you think about Stubbs?" a visitor asked one of the ex-railway lobyists.

"Well," he replied, "he reminds me of the story of a North Carolina wedding. 'They as the Lord have jined, let no man put asunder,' said the parson.

"'Parson,' saos the bridegroom, 'I rises to question your grammar in that sentence. We wants this wedding done right.'

"When the smoke had cleared away the bride looked around on a dead minister, a dead brother, a dead bridegroom and several other dead men lying near, and sighed.

"'Them newfangled, self-cocking revolvers,' said she 'sure has played hell with my prospects'."

I often wonder, said a gentleman to a young mechanic, how you ever plucked up enough courage to propose to your wife—you were always such a bashful young fellow.

Well, exclaimed the husband, she made it easy for me. You know I walked out with her frequently, and she must have known I meant business. But I was afraid to speak right out till one night I said to her rather carelessly, "Do you think you'l ever marry?" She said she thought she might: so I said, "When?" "Whenever you do," was her answer; and I said "All right." So we settled it there and then.

I want five cents worth of glory divine, said a flaxen-haired tot, looking intently at the clerk in a drug store.

Everybody within hearing of the infantile voice either laughed or smiled, while the druggist looked serious and appeared to be thinking.

Are you sure it is glory divine? he asked the little one.

yes, sir, was the response.

For what does your mamma want it? was the next question.

To throw around the room and into the back yard, said the little tot innocently.

Isn't it chloride of lime she wants? asked the drugman.

The little girl nodded her assent, and soon she was on her way home to her mother with the package.

The colonel of the —th Cavalry was a martinet in all save his own habits. On one occasion the regiment was about to start on a long march through Texas; and orders were issued that luggage should be reduced to minimum. Lieutenant B—— had just received from his father a small box of books twelve by fourteen inches in measurement and timidly asked the colonel if he might not take it along. Good Gad! sir. No sir! Couldn't hear of such a thing, sir! I'm very sorry, colonel. It will be very dull out there without my reading. My father sent me a barrel of whiskey, too, but of course I couldn't take that. Good Gad, sir! Of course you can, sir. Anything in reason, sir!

Cyrus Townsend Brady told at a dinner a story about charity.

A millionaire, said Mr. Brady, lay dying. He had lived a life of which, as he now looked back on it, he felt none too proud. To the minister at his bedside he muttered weakly:

"If I leave a hundred thousand dollars or so to the church, will my salvation be assured?"

The minister answered cautiously: "I wouldn't like to be positive, but it's well worth trying."

As a gentleman was having his luncheon in the coffee room of a Birmingham hotel he was much annoyed by another visitor, who during the whole of the meal stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching him partake of his repast. At length, unable to endure it any longer, he rang the bell and said:

"Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman round; I think he is done on that side."

A good old west country preacher who had decided to leave an unremunerative charge, finding it impossible to collect his salary, said in his farewell sermon: "I have little more to add, dear brethren, save this: You were all in favor of free salvation, and the manner in which you have treated me proves that you have got it.

Harold, aged five, had been sent to purchase a pair of shoestrings for his mother.

How long does she want them? asked the proprietor.

Oh, a long time, answered Harold. Till they wear out, I guess.

An Omaha man boasts that he has not been sick since he let his whiskers grow thirty-five years ago. But he must have missed a a lot of close shaves.—Detroit Free Press.

A rock slide on the C. P. R. near Cascade killed two men last week.

It sometimes happens that a man who has sand isn't able to raise the wind.

C. J. McARTHUR

Dealer in Coal, Wood, Ties, Poles, etc. Heavy Teaming to any part of the District.

GALT COAL

"Unequalled for Domestic Use."

Metals get tired as well as living things, a scientist declares. Telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than on Saturday on account of their Sunday rest, and a rest of three weeks adds 10 per cent to the conductivity of a wire.

St. Peter—What Makes you so busy?

Angel—I am making a record of the number of sighs that will be made before Jim Hill completes the V., V. & E. to the coast.—Similkameen Star.

Jim—There goes the Widow Naggs. They say she drove her husband to an untimely grave.

Charlie—Well, that isn't so bad. She might have made him walk there.

Red glass hastens vegetation, while blue grass suppresses it. Sensitive plants like the mimosa grow fifteen times higher under red glass than under blue.

Occasionally the right man in the right place occupies quarters in a building where the windows are protected by iron bars.

Among the birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. The falcon has been known to live over 162 years.

The songs you cannot recall are not the good ones.

The sermon that hurts is the sermon that hits.

It is as unblessed to give as it is to receive offence.

Heaven is gained by effort, not alone by results.

There are 321 medical missionaries in India, of whom 121 are men and 200 women.

Strike Is Off

Notice to

House Furnishers

We have the goods, both old and new.

We have the stock at the Right Prices.

You will be the loser if yuu fail to see our goods

FURNISHED HOUSES TO RENT.

A. L. WHITE

The Furniture Man.

THE LEDGE

Just $2 a year

In Advance.

Application for Transfer of License.

Take Notice that I intend to apply to the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Greenwood at their next sittings for a transfer of the Liquor License now held by me for the Greenwood hotel, situate on Lots Twenty-one and Twenty, Block "B," Plan 28, City of Greenwood, B. C., to Luigi Penno.

Dated this 2nd August, 1909.
A. R McDONALD

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

KASLO HOTEL

KASLO B. C.

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

COCKLE & PAPWORTH.

The... Hume...

Nelson, B. C.

GEO. P. WELLS, Proprietor.

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

'Bus meets all trains.

The... Hotel Allan

Rossland

Is the leading hotel of the city, and the home of tourists, mining men and commercial travelers.

Do not miss it when visiting the famous Golden City.

B. Tomkins, Manager.

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.

Newmarket Hotel

Is the home for all tourists and millionaires visiting New Denver. British Columbia.

HENRY STEGE, PROPR.

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.

Pioneer Hotel...

Greenwood, B. C.

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

J. W. Nelson

Lakeview - Hotel

NELSON, B. C.

Is a home for Miners. Rates $1 a day. All White Help.

N. MALLETTE - - PROPRIETOR

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

W. F. M. Greenwood Miners' Union, No. 22, 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