

THE LEDGE

Provincial Library

No. 7

VOL. XVI.

GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1909.

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.

25 PER CENT.
REDUCTION.
25

During the next four weeks we will sell 150 suits of clothes at 25 per cent. reduction.

We are determined to put this town on a dry footing, and have Shoes arriving daily.

Russell-Law-Caulfield Co., Ltd.
Hardware, Groceries, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

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.

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

SCOTCH - WHISKIES

James Buchanan & Co's
BLACK AND WHITE, AND
HOUSE OF COMMONS
GREENWOOD LIQUOR CO.
IMPORTERS, GREENWOOD, B. C.

The Clarendon Hotel
GREENWOOD

Is situated in the heart of the city and within stepping distance of all the banks, restaurants, express, stage, telegraph offices, etc. The building is heated with hot water and has a radiator in every room. The bar contains a large variety of brewed, vinted and distilled beverages suitable to the tastes of a cosmopolitan population. Come in and have something.

J. H. GOODEVE - PROPRIETOR

Passing Through

In Midway W. Powers is now proprietor of the livery stable.

Plenty of coke is coming from Coleman to the Greenwood smelter.

Born—In Anaconda, on August 22nd, the wife of S. A. Hartmann, a son.

There are fourteen men working at the No. 7 mine in Central camp.

The hotels in Phoenix have decided to sell no more booze on credit.

Ted McArthur is spending a month with relatives in Butte, Montana.

Born—in Greenwood, on the 21st inst., to Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Dill, a son.

A. J. Jackson expects to take charge of the meat market in Oroville next month.

Born—On Saturday, August 14, to Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonnell of Anaconda, a son.

Rev. F. V. Venables occupied the pulpit in All Saints church at Vernon last Sunday.

At the smelter about 100 men are working, and nearly 200 at the Mother Lode mine.

Big Joe, from Boundary Falls, is in the hospital, suffering from some kind of brain trouble.

M. Jewell is now driving the Mother Lode stage, Bill Lord having returned to his ranch.

The Commercial hotel is to let or for sale cheap. Apply to E. T. Wickwire or J. W. Mellor.

Rev. and Mrs. M. D. McKee returned Thursday after a month's vacation spent on the Arrow lakes.

W. H. Wartchow fell into the pocket of the shaft at the No. 7 on Saturday and broke one of his ribs.

W. K. Pattison, of Chicago, secretary of the Greenwood-Phoenix Tunnel Co., was in the city last week accompanied by his wife and niece.

E. W. Bishop returned from Kelowna last Friday after being absent a couple of months upon plumbing contracts in the Okanagan.

In Wellington camp the tunnel on the Woodburn is in 600 feet. Owing to the rock being very hard machine drills will be used in the future.

The Riverside claim near Rock creek, belonging to the Perkins estate, has been bonded to J. H. Arnold of Columbus, Ohio, for \$16,000.

Alex. Sharpe and Mrs. Sharpe of Orient, Wash., were visitors in the city this week. Mr. Sharpe is superintendent of the First Thought mine at Orient.

Peter Boydinck, an Austrian miner, fell down the chute at the Mother Lode mine last week and fractured his skull. He died two days later at the hospital.

Four men, with Ed. Pope as foreman, are working at the Sappho group. This property is now under bond to the B. C. Copper Co. and the force will be increased when more miners can be worked to advantage.

Western Float

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W. Blair has opened a store at Fort George.

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A correspondent in the Salmon Arm paper accuses a society lady of plucking ducks when they are alive.

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El. Pape, a prospector upon Texada island, was fined \$10 for shooting a deer out of season.

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A Tweedie of Grand Forks is taking up land near Fort George for an eastern syndicate.

The peach crop around Penticton is much greater than was expected after the severe winter.

Mrs. McDowell, manager of the hotel in Naramata, will resign next month and return to her home in Pittsburg.

About 180,000 settlers will come from the United States to the prairie provinces this year.

In Victoria 50 per cent. of the silver coin in circulation comes from the United States.

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Only a diamond drill is working at the Denoro mine.

C. Scott Galloway of Grand Forks was a visitor in the city last week.

W. J. Goupel, inspector of provincial offices was in the city this week.

Dr. Sidney S. Oppenheimer has opened offices in rooms 409 and 310 Paulsen building, Spokane.

Paul S. Coudrey the new superintendent of the Mother Lode mine, arrived in the city Monday.

A movement is on foot to have the miners at the Mother Lode live in Greenwood and go to and from their work by train.

A. H. Noyes and John East left Saturday last for the north to examine some mining properties for an eastern syndicate.

H. F. and Mrs. Stow, and C. H. and Mrs. Fair left Saturday last to spend a couple of weeks camping on the West Fork.

T. J. Hardy and Mrs. Murray, who were recently married at the coast, returned to their home in Midway last week.

John McKinnon of the Trail branch is acting manager of the Bank of B. N. A. during the absence of Manager Stow.

In the case of Dimmick vs. B. C. Copper Co. a decision is expected from the full court in Vancouver upon September 1st.

Messrs. Nicolls, Busted, Purvis, Ed. Stirling and other officials of the C. P. R. touched Greenwood on a special last Monday.

Robert Wilson and James McCreath, while visiting their ranch at the head of Kerr creek last Sunday, met a bear on the road. The bear ran up the hill and escaped.

It was sixteen years ago yesterday since the tumbstone edition of the Kaslo Claim was issued. Genuine copies of that edition are now selling at from \$25 to \$100 a copy.

On Tuesday last a marriage license was issued at the government office to Clarence Plunkett and Mercedes Friend, both of Molson, Wash. They were married the same day by Rev. M. D. McKee.

R. N. C. Hyde, of Spokane, who owns the building on Copper street opposite the Rendell block, and formerly occupied by a drug store, will raze it this fall. In its place will be erected a brick building containing two stores.

The public schools reopened on Monday. J. L. Watson, B. A. is principal, and the Misses Mackenzie and Cunningham have charge of the second and third divisions. Miss S. M. Cunningham came here from Victoria, and is a B. A. of Dalhousie college, Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. Pluma Kinney died at the residence of her son, Charles Kinney, upon Sunday, aged 84 years. The funeral took place upon Tuesday and was largely attended. The pallbearers were James McCreath, D. McDonald, A. L. White, J. L. Cotes, L. A. Smith, and J. L. White.

Nat Darling was in town on Saturday. He now represents Wilberg & Wolz of New Westminster, who manufacture Sports and other well-known cigars. Nat has probably sold more cigars on the road than any other man and is one of the most familiar figures in the commercial life of this province.

John Kirkup, gold commissioner is in the city this week in connection with the appeal of the B. C. Copper company from his assessment, the company contending they are assessed some thirty thousand dollars too high. J. A. MacDonald, K. C. of Rossland appears for the company, and B. S. Lennie of Nelson for the government.

Gabriel Auguste, an Indian, who was arrested last week while trying to pass a forged cheque, was sentenced Tuesday by His Honor Judge Brown. He was tried on two charges—forgery and horse stealing, on each of which he was sentenced to serve one year at hard labor in the Nelson jail, sentences concurrent. Owing to the prisoner's youth and this being a first offense, his honor stated he would be lenient. Besides the horse the prisoner had stolen a saddle and a pair of blankets.

What has happened to the much talked of federal buildings for Greenwood? Was that \$5,000 appropriation simply a campaign dodge by Mr. Ross to fool the electors, or are the Liberals getting even with Greenwood for not giving Mr. Ross a majority here? Old time acquaintances of Mr. Ross in this city, both Liberal and Conservative, did not expect that defeat at the polls would cause him to break his pledges to his friends. Mr. Ross' word and honor are at stake on this question.

Wm. D. Haywood, formerly secretary of the W. F. M., and one of the victims of the Colorado and Idaho mine owners' conspiracy a

A Popular Man

Previous to his departure from Rossland the new superintendent of the Mother Lode, Paul S. Coudrey, was presented with a valuable gift by the employees of the Le Roi No. 2. Speaking of him the Rossland Miner says:

Paul S. Coudrey, who has been manager of the Le Roi Two Mining Co. for the past seven years, left on Monday for Greenwood for the purpose of taking a position with the British Columbia Copper company. Mr. Coudrey, during his stay in Rossland, has won the respect and esteem of all men with whom he came in contact, while the success that he has made of the affairs of the Le Roi Two Co. is shown in the dividends made for the shareholders and in the splendid condition in which he leaves the mines of the company, stamp him as a manager of more than ordinary ability. It is a pity that he could not continue his work here, as it is believed still better results would have ensued under his stewardship in the future if he were to remain. His departure is a great loss to the community.

Gold Mine a Fizzle

The assay returns of the rock taken from Henry Kountz' gold-platinum prospect near Coleman, reference to the discovery of which was made in a recent issue of this paper, have been received and they are of a character to blast the hopes, not only of Mr. Kountz but of all people of the district who were strongly in hopes that a really important find had been made. Contrary to Mr. Kountz' expectations, the assays did not show the increase in values he looked for and were not as good as those obtained from the surface showing. The assays were of a sample taken from the bottom of the prospect hole about eight feet in depth, and the other from nearer the surface. The latter gave \$1.26 in gold and no platinum, and the one from the bottom of the hole gave nothing at all. Mr. Kountz' disappointment is not much keener than is the surprise—the announcement of the result of the assays brought to a number of old quartz miners who saw the samples and thought they had the appearance of being really fine ore.—Frank paper.

Sale of Nickel Plate.

The sale of the Daly Reduction company's stamp mill and the famous Nickel Plate mine at Hedley has at last been consummated after a period of suspense and anxiety through fear that the deal might be dropped and the non-progressive methods of the old regime continued. It means much for Hedley and will benefit the whole Similkameen. A smelter may now be looked forward to with some real and tangible basis of expectancy.

The purchasers are men interested in the United States Steel corporation and the price paid is said to be \$6,500,000, but no official figures are as yet available.

There are indisputable evidences of the Great Northern magnate, J. J. Hill, being interested in the deal, which makes the bargain, so far as the Similkameen public are concerned, all the better.—Princeton Star.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C. Lothbridge will soon have ten

SALE OF FISHING TACKLE

FLIES—
50c. a doz.; now 3 doz. for \$1.

LEADERS—
10c. each; now 3 for 20c.
15c. each; now 3 for 30c.
20c. each; now 3 for 40c.
30c. each; now 3 for 50c.
35c. each; now 3 for 70c.

POLES—
\$1.50 each; now \$1.10.
1.75 each; now 1.20.
2.50 each; now 1.65.
3.75 each; now 2.50.

REELS—
\$0.40 reel for 30c.
1.90 reel for 75c.
1.25 reel for 90c.
4.00 reel for \$3.00.

LINES—
3 10c. lines for 20c.
50c. line for 35c.
60c. line for 40c.
\$1.50 line for 95c.
\$2.00 line for \$1.45.

Terms of sale—Cash.
See our line of Fire Alarms.
Send us \$1.00 for 3 dozen assorted flies.

A. L. WHITE
The Store and Furniture Man.

S. J. Meacham came to Rossland from England four years ago, and now his relatives and dependants in that city number over 100. As an immigration agent he should receive a gold medal.

The ledge on the Rich Bar mine near Oroville is eight feet wide.

P. L. Peck of Scranton, Pa., has bought 38 sections of cedar timber on the west coast of Vancouver Island for \$200,000.

A dynamite explosion at the factory of the Western Explosives Co. on Bowen Island killed Wm. Sellers and four Chinamen.

In Prince Rupert Fred Stork is president of the Liberal association, while Geo. R. Naden is only one of the executive committee.

A real estate exchange has been formed in Prince Rupert with Geo. R. Naden as president.

A second building in course of erection has been blown down in Prince Rupert. Must be flimsy structures they are putting up in that city.

For selling liquor on a Sunday the proprietor of the Queen's hotel in Fernie was fined \$50 and costs.

To Rossland, Smith & Green of the Hoffman house, have bought the Hotel Allan.

The city council of Grand Forks has endorsed a scheme for advertising the resources of the district. The outlay will be \$500.

J. M. Cameron of Grand Forks has been appointed C. P. E. trainmaster at Vancouver.

The B. C. government will send half a dozen mounted policemen to look after the warlike Indians around Hazelton this winter.

The Canadian Northern railway will be completed to Vancouver within five years, says Bill Mackenzie.

The construction of 135 miles of the G. T. P., between Copper river and Aldermere, will be finished within a year.

The railroad reached Hedley upon Friday, August 13th.

J. T. Edwards, the fisheries inspector, has put tags upon a number of salmon that he put in the Fraser river. He offers a reward for each one returned to him.

The rails that are being laid upon the V. & E. railway are made at the Canadian Soo.

W. C. Butter has opened a bar-ber shop in Hedley.

In Hedley upon Labor Day a prize of \$150 will be offered for the best rock drillers. Miners from Greenwood, Rossland and other points are expected to compete.

Bears are plentiful in the berry patches of the Similkameen.

People from the coast have taken a bond upon the McAllister mine at Granite creek.

The railway commission will sit in Nelson in October.

The Golden Fawn mine on Sheep creek has been transferred to a Vancouver syndicate for \$75,000.

Merritt needs fire protection but will not likely get it until the town burns down.

Mr. Gunderson, formerly of Greenwood, is in Hazelton looking for a business location.

The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. is doing some work upon their coal claims on the upper Skeena river.

A fair will be held in Prince Rupert this fall.

Wm. Donavan, a C. P. R. brakeman was killed in Nelson by falling under the cars.

The mining buildings at the Silver King mine, near Nelson, were burned last week.

The government is building a wagon road from Nakusp to Barton at a cost of \$50,000.

The government will build a \$3,000 building at Nakusp.

The Guggenheims have taken an option upon the Big Ledge, a mining property not far from Pings-ton creek upon the upper Arrow lake.

H. M. Parry of Lethbridge has been appointed chief of police in Revelstoke.

The Revelstoke board of trade want the government to build a trail from the Big Mouth creek in the Big Bend to the mica mines upon Yellow creek.

Travelers from the Lardeau and Trout Lake can try speak very highly of the work being done there by the provincial government in making roads. A good road is being made from Camplix to Beaton, and the road from Beaton to Camborne is being straightened with a cutoff of three miles will be made. Trails are being made to the different mines of the district, and the road from Camborne to Galena Bay should prove useful in settling up the country from one end of the bay to the other, as it gives the ranchers a road direct from north to south. Praise should be given where praise is due, and if the member for the district has

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GARDNER FEELS SAD.

Linekiln Club President Laments Passing of the Simple Life.

LONGS FOR GOOD OLD DAYS.

Brother Jones, Samuel Shin, Whitewash Johnning and Waydown Bebes Are Advised to Mend Their Ways Before It Is Too Late.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

"MY frens," began Brother Gardner of the Linekiln club the other evening after the routine business of the meeting had been disposed of, "I do not wish to be critical, but as de days go by I find myself lamentin' mo' and mo' de passin' of de simple life of fo'ty or fifty years ago. I was bring up in de old fashioned way, and



"FIN HELL SHOES AND HER DRESSES FIT TED BY A MAN."

I can't git used to dese newfangled noshtuns. Seems like de world had gone on and left me behind. Seems like I had been laid up on de shelf wid old fashioned things to dry out and become dust.

"It makes me powerful sorry to note dat de could'nt people an cuttin' away from de simple life far mo' dan de white folks. Fo'ty years ago arter my day's work was dun I set down by my cabin door and played de banjo and was mighty glad to know dat dere was taters and co'n meal in de house fur breakfast. Nine o'clock was my bedtime, and I was up at 6 in de mornin'." If a white man come along while I was workin' in de garden it wasn't any strain on me to talk wid him. I didn't have to rack my brain fur big words. Sometimes I had hard cider to drink, but most of de time it was only water. If fried oysters and lobster salad had been invented in dese days I had not heard of 'em. If I had gone to de barber shop fur a hair cut Mrs. Gardner would have thought de judgment had come. If I had come in and found her manikin' her nails my knees would have wobbled.

"In dese good old days we ate off of tin plates. If company dropped in on an evenin' buttermilk was thought good nuff to pass around fur refreshments. We all talked, but nobody lugged in Shakespeare and de dictionary. Nobody axed himself to git up and sing or recite. De women talked about catkin dresses instead of de opera, and de men didn't have any patent leather shoes to shove into view. And when de company had departed Mrs. Gardner and me didn't sit up de rest of de night pitchin' into 'em and tryin' to make out dat dey was on de way to de po'house.

A Good Life. "It was a simple life, but a good life. You could leave your spade and hoe in de garden overnight and dey were right dar in de mornin'." You could leave de death of your beecoop unlooked and de hens would be dar next day. If we tended news we p'inted out de sparrows, and we useber come home at night and found dat de ole woman had skipped out wid some odder man. We didn't know nuffin about politics and we keered less. When we met up wid a strange man we didn't wonder how much boodle he had got away wid, but took him as an honest pussan and gin him a show.

"In dese ote days when Sunday come I took Mrs. Gardner on my arm and walked a mile or mo' to de meetin' house. We all set down on hard benches. We all jined in de singin'. De preacher didn't squint and peek around befo' he beginn' his sermon to see how many rich sinners was present, but he jest went right at it straight and hid right and left. He didn't say dat de sinner with a million dollars stood a purty good show of goin' to heaven, while de sinner wid only a dollar in his pocket was gwine straight to de roastin' place, but he put us all in de same pen. It was juce de church or sulphur and brimston fur rich and po' alike.

"Dar was newspapers in dese days, and once in a while I got hold of one and spelled de words out. Dey spoke respectfully of de government; dey wasn't full of pictures for de babies; you might read a dozen and not find a society scandal. Husbands and wives 'reared to be satisfied wid each other, and dere wasn't any talk 'bout members of de legislature sellin' deir votes. If de papers differed wid a man's politics dey didn't kill him a liar and a boss thief to show dat dey were right.

"My frens, when you realize what was and what is kin you blame an ole man fur lamentin' dat de day has passed nebbor to return? No mo' de simple life. It was too slow fur dis generation. It was too old fashioned to last. Today eben de could'nt man libb' in a pole cabin five miles from anywhere an expected to hum de latest operate ains and drop French words now and den.

Faults of Brother Jones. "Befo' us yere tonight an Brudder Cleveland Jones. He am one of dese who has put de simple life behind him. To keep yere wid de world he must have been collars, a red necktie, cuffs and buttons, and dat diamond pla of his nebbor cost less 'n 75 cents. Ho

uses hair tie; he wears blue suspenders; he pays 15 cents for his socks. At home he has a cane and a plug hat for Sunday use. He ain't happy; he can't be happy. He simply has to do dese things to keep up wid de procession. If he should fall back eber so lottie he would be a goner.

"Befo' us also an Brudder Samuel Sun. I know fur a fact dat he bung to de simple life as long as he could and only gib in when he found de pressure too much for him. Last week I bought some shirts for 48 cents each at a bargain sale. Brudder Shin has to pay a dollar 'n piece for his. De society in which he moves don't countenance bargain sales. Fur \$21 kin buy at a secondhand store a coat dat de governor of de state has got tired of and cast aside. I kin put on dat coat and do a heap of swellin' around on Sunday, but Brudder Shin don't try it on. If some one recognized him in de governor's secondhand coat he and his wife would take such a tumble in society dat you would feel de jar five miles around.

"Oler by de stove sits Brudder Whitewash Johnning. I knowed him in de old days, when de simple life was good nuff for him. He had no aims or ambitions to worry him. He jest worked and ate and slept and was bappy. If he found a cockerun in de road he had a feelin' of bliss fur a month afterward. At length de new way of libb' took hold of his wife. He hung out fur a good while, but he had to gib in at last. His wife wanted a cuckoo clock, a red plush sofa and a rug wid a tiger on it. She wanted to go to de theater, and she wanted lobster salad befo' goin' home. She wanted pin heeled shoes and her dresses fitted by a man. Wual, she's got all dese, but do you reckon Brudder Whitewash am any happier fur it? I saw tears on his cheeks half an hour ago, and I have no doubt dat he was thinkin' of how he would have to go home and drink wine and eat sweet-cake befo' retirin'.

"Let us not oberlook Brudder Waydown Bebe. He hung to de simple life until a year ago. He used to come ober to my cabin and talk about it and say he nebbor would gib in. But he had to at last, as I predicted. His wife and two gals pecked at him till he could stand it no longer. He had a little money saved up for old age and was doin' fairly well at whitewashin', but his family insisted dat he go out of de bizness fur deir sakes. He had to go and git his finger nails manicured befo' dey was satisfied, and den patented a cane, a plug hat and patent leather shoes. He gin up his cabin fur a flat, bought a pianer fur his gals, and de bull canoodle of 'em go to de theater once a week. When I called at his place de odder evenin' on business I had to send my card up in advance. When I got inside I found git clocks, paintings, statuary and prayer rugs lyin' around loose eberywhere, and Mrs. Bebe and dem gals was so strained up dat I expected to hear sudrin' bust ebery minit.

Bebe an Unhappy Man. "Make no mistake, my frens. Brudder Bebe an not a happy man. He's got to appear at a soiree some-where one night next week, and he has got to look like de owner of de Union Pacific railroad, but if de case was put to him he'd tell you dat he would a heap rather come down to my cabin, slip off his coat and shoes and set dere and eat raw turkeys wid me and feel dat he had got back to natur'.

"I told you in de beginnin' dat I wasn't goin' to criticize. I haven't. I have simply held up some pictures to your gaze. If you like dis newer way of libb' it hain't fur me to find fault. I reckon de good Lawd put us yere to lib' 'bout as we wanted to, and if you want clawhammer coats and lobster salad dat's fur you to say. My ole woman has lately taken to waulin' a blue parlor set and a clock wid a Cupid on top, and dere have been reports dat I wab gibin' in to her. I brand 'em as false. De simple life fur me while I lib, and dar will always be pumpkin pie and a glass of buttermilk fur any member of dis club who draps in of an evenin'." M. QUAD.

A Scot in London. Indignant Scot (as he reads de notice)—Na, na; I'll gang dirty first—Tattler.

"Dar was newspapers in dese days, and once in a while I got hold of one and spelled de words out. Dey spoke respectfully of de government; dey wasn't full of pictures for de babies; you might read a dozen and not find a society scandal. Husbands and wives 'reared to be satisfied wid each other, and dere wasn't any talk 'bout members of de legislature sellin' deir votes. If de papers differed wid a man's politics dey didn't kill him a liar and a boss thief to show dat dey were right.

The Cause of Drafts. "Why is it that windows and doors are frequently ill fitting? There is nothing wrong with the wood itself, nor with the workmanship, as a rule, nor with the fit, at the outset at least, but the whole trouble is due to the wood being unseasoned, or, rather, only partially seasoned, at the time it is made up.—Timber.

Optimistic. "Is Jones an optimist?" "Is he? He found a ticket attilfing him to a chance in an automobile drawing de other day, and he is building a garage."—Boston Transcript.

Answered. Bobby—What's de simple life, pa? Father—Doin' your own work, my son. Bobby—And what's de strenuous life? Father—Doin' some odder fellow's work. Now run along and play.

Reminders. Mrs.—Te said I reminded him of a Greek goddess. Mr.—Huh! Mrs.—What do I remind you of? Mr.—Of every darned thing I overlook that you ask me to do.—Cleveland Leader.

GOOD TIME COMING.

WE are goin' to dress de babies. Spick an span an' all brim' new. With new ribbons an' new aashes. An' an shoes an' stockin's, too. An' we'll send 'em on de choo-choo. Pretty soon an' go away! To their granddads, where the's waddin'! A whole summer full of play—

Where they can hunt for de hens' nests! An' can each have a pet sheep. An' can have some sand to play in. An' to heap up in a heap. An' can go out on de brush too! Where the sweetest berries be. An' can stuff themselves an' sometimes bring a fistful in to me.

An' can rush off in de eventin'! To meet granddads on de way. An' come jokin' through de big gate Sattin' on a load of hay. An' can take their shoes an' stockin's. O'er an' wade until their toes Look like we pink pearls a-twinkin'! Where the shallow brooklet flows.

Then we'll take 'em after supper. To de little old time room. Where de sweet currants by de window Keeps the night filled with perfume Like they used to say back yonder. When they died slept in that bed, Jus' a little bit 'o' tusted, Drowsy, happy, sleepin' head.

An' they'll say dat "Now I lay me" Like they did old long ago. An' I'll show them things their daddy Used to love an' used to know. An' I'll take them through the orchard An' the later patch an' far. An' I'll show them where their granddads Used to hide de cooly jar.

An' they'll be as fat and happy As the best currants in de hay. An' they'll be tanned like a russet, An' their mother will an' use. An' I'll live my boyhood over. When I seek the little room. An' hear their sweet "Now I lay me" An' smell the old sweet perfume. —J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

Advice Free.



Dentist (to street singer)—For heaven's sake, man, step inside and have it out!

Food of the Chinese. In the Revue d'Hygiene Dr. Malézon, who lived for many years in China, gives some curious details of the food of the Chinese. This is what he says of the sons of heaven and the way they eat eggs: "The Chinese are great eaters of eggs, which they take hard boiled. One finds them in all the roadside places for refreshment. The Celestials have an expression, 'Eggs of a hundred years.' The eggs are not always a century in age, but one is able to get them of many years' standing. The Celestials have a preference for the egg of the duck or goose. They are placed with aromatic herbs in slaked lime for a period, the minimum time of treatment being five or six weeks. Under the influence of time the yoke liquefies and takes a dark green color. The white congeals and becomes green. The product of the eggs, which has a strong odor, from which a stranger betakes himself quickly, the Chinese eat as hors d'oeuvres, and it is said to have the taste of lobster."

Expense No Object. During an inclement spell of weather a lady of the order of the newly rich was so unfortunate as to contract a painful affection of the throat, and she accordingly accepted the advice of a friend that she consult a great London specialist noted for his expensive fees. "Your ailment is not a serious one," said the specialist after examination. "You'll soon be all right. I'll just indicate to your family surgeon precisely where to touch your throat with nitrate of silver, and I think that will meet the case exactly."

"Ob, doctor," protested the wealthy matron in a tone of mingled surprise and indignation. "do order him to use nitrate of gold! Expense is a matter, I assure you, quite immaterial to me!" —London Answers.

Spontaneous Combustion. Spontaneous combustion can only occur when oxidation causes the temperature to rise to the ignition point of the material. Spontaneous combustion of the human body is impossible on account of the heat regulating effect of the 75 or 80 per cent of water contained. The enormous heat necessary to dry the tissues sufficiently would destroy life long before ignition could take place. An old idea was that the alcohol in a confirmed drunkard might promote combustion, but Ilobig showed that even if the body could give off inflammable vapor and this could be some ignited the body itself would not be set on fire.

Her Proposal. "You've been enterin' me now for a number of years, George," remarked a girl to a young man. "and I want to make a little leap year proposal." "I am not in a position to m-marry just yet," stammered the youth, "but—"

"Whip said anything about marriage?" interrupted the girl. "It was going to propose that you stop comin' here and give somebody else a chance."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Lucky Coin. In one of his Hibbert lectures Max Muller said to the students: "Many of you, I suspect, carry a happiness with a hole in it for luck. I am not ashamed to own that I have done so myself for many years." The case was cited by him in his lecture as an illustration of "survivals" from primeval fetichism, but on his own account Max Muller confessed that when sometimes he had left home without this happiness talkman he felt "very uncomfortable" until his safe return.

Corrected. Employer (angrily)—Young man, what do you mean by sitting there doing nothing for the last half hour? Don't you know better than to waste your time in that way? Office Boy—I ain't wastin' my time. It was some of yours.—Chicago News.

Not arrogant when fortune smiles nor dejected when she frowns.—Antonius

SOME ENGLISH HERMITS.

Wild Man of the Woods Causes Excitement in Old Land.

The "Wild Man of Borneo" is a less awe-inspiring individual than the wild man from nearer home. Almost any holiday-maker who has had the good or bad fortune to come across the wild man of the woods will readily agree with this.

The latter has given many a holiday-maker a scare. Down to a few years ago, Hadley Woods, a holiday resort of many Londoners, boasted a wild man. His name was William Hodson, and he appears to have had the idea that Hadley Common was his right.

Hence he made the woods his home all the year round. Clothed in little more than rags, he roved amongst the trees by day, and at night slept in a sack, with nothing but the sky for a roof.

The simple life, however, has its limits, and finally the complaints of holiday-makers and others caused the police to pay the wild man a surprise visit.

They found him in a terribly neglected condition, covered with dirt, his nails of extraordinary length, and his hair and beard like tangled rope. He was loth to leave the solitude of the woods in which he had roamed so long, and the police had considerable difficulty in effecting his removal.

Some time ago a wild man of the woods was unearthed in the neighborhood of Carlisle. At one time he had occupied a good position, and in those days he answered to the name of Richard Brewer.

But, for some reason or other, he took to the woods, after which nothing would induce him to return to his old way of living.

Later on it was deemed desirable to inquire into his condition of mind, and a magisterial order was obtained for this purpose. By this time his mode of life had given him quite a weird appearance. His raw meat and occasions consisted of raw meat and fish, which he had been seen devouring. To "roosting" in trees and sleeping in sand-holes habit had made him quite accustomed.

"Old Lady's" New Governor. The monetary world has now a new monarch in the person of Mr. R. Johnston, who has been appointed governor of the Bank of England. To describe Mr. Johnston's position as regal may be high-sounding, but it is not inapt, for the money market is a kingdom over which the governor of the Bank of England consist of about twenty-five wealthy city men, who have actually invested heavily in bank stock, the 500 shares of which have nearly trebled in value. These gentlemen, constituting the board of directors, meet every Thursday in the room to consider whether any change is necessary in the bank rate, and to transact business of moment.

Their employes in the bank and its branches number some 1,200 men, and about 100 women. Their annual payroll amounts to over \$1,000,000. The head cashier, curious enough, receives more than the governor—a little more of \$17,500 a year. The bank is a generous employer, the pensions awarded to its old clerks (who must retire at the age of 65) amounting to no less than two-thirds of their incomes. The governor's responsibility is to the nation, as great as that of any man under the King, for there are at least forty millions of gold stored in the vaults of his establishment. Happily the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has a military drummer-boy, who has never been known (officially) to sound his drum.

Dorking, Where Meredith Lived. The neighborhood of Dorking has many literary associations independent of its connection with the famous novelist just dead. It was at Burford Bridge, near Dorking, that Keats composed Endymion, in November, 1817; close by, at the Rookery, was born Father Malthus, the population economist; at West Humble, Frances Burns, after her marriage with Gen. d'Arbly, built Camilla cottage with profits of her novel of that name, and settled down. Sheridan resided at Dorking, and John Stuart Mill at Mickleham, while other illustrious residents in the locality in earlier times were John Evelyn and Daniel Defoe. To most people, however, the chief literary association of Dorking is with Dickens, for was it not at the Marquis of Granby—variously identified with the White Hart and the Old King's Head—that Mr. Weller, senior, made the fatal blunder of proposing to a "widdler."

Extinct. "Bessie," said the teacher of the class which taught all about birds—in the school prospectus it was called the "ornithological division"—"give me the name of one bird which is now extinct." Bessie wrinkled her brows. "What's extinct, please?" she asked. "No longer existent," explained the teacher. "Can you name one?" "Yes," piped Bessie readily. "Dick." "Dick—Dick?" repeated the teacher. "And what kind of bird is a 'Dick,' please?" "Our canary," answered Bessie. "The cat extirpated him."

Marquis. The designation marquis is the second in the five orders of English nobility. The term originally indicated persons who had the care of the marches of a country. The word marches is the plural of mark, which in its political sense signifies boundaries. Such were the lands on the borders of England and Scotland and of England and Wales.

Early Football Players. Football was for many years the national game of Florence. The season was from January to March, and the ladies and gentlemen of Florence and the populace as well were wont to assemble on the Piazza Santa Croce to witness the game, which was called "calcio," from the word meaning "to kick." The last game was played in 1730.

Caesar Got What Was Coming. Some of the conspirators were frightened by what they had done. Not so the great-souled Brutus, however. "We have rendered unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," declared the noblest Roman of them all, wiping his dagger upon his toga. And sure enough, when the ambulance arrived, the surgeon's first words were to the effect that the dictator got his.—Puck.

Teacher—Tommy, you should comb your hair before you come to school. Tommy—Ain't got no comb. Teacher—Then borrow your father's. Tommy—Father ain't got no comb, neither. Teacher—Absurd. Doesn't he comb his hair? Tommy—He ain't got no hair.—Lippincott's Magazine.

W. N. U., No. 752.

Source of Misery

PROTRUDING PILES

Read the evidence that this distressing ailment is cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Some people find it hard to believe that anything short of a surgical operation will cure protruding piles. The doctors have brought about this belief. There is any amount of proof that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for this as well as all other forms of piles.

Captain Wm. Smith, Revelstoke, B. C. writes: "It is with much pleasure I state you in praise of Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching protruding piles of many years standing and it has completely cured me. I had previously tried many other remedies, but they did me no good. I would strongly recommend this ointment to those suffering from this complaint for it is a good and genuine cure."

Mrs. Captain Chinnansmith, Salvation Army, Essex, Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I write to you in praise of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Two years ago I was taken with a severe attack of protruding piles and became so bad that I had to keep my bed and could lie in no position except on my stomach. Doctors could give me no help and the various oils and ointments used proved of no avail."

"One Saturday night when I was suffering untold agony my husband went to the drug store for a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment which I had heard of as a cure for piles. Although I had almost given up hope, to the wonder of those around me I was able to be up on Monday and have had no difficulty from piles since. As a treatment for all kinds of sores and burns Dr. Chase's Ointment works like magic."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

No Joking Matter. "When are you going to be married, Hilda?" "Me? Why, what an absurd question! Haven't I always told you that I hate the very sight of men?" "Yes, but I thought you were joking, and—" "It is no joking matter. I am a bachelor girl, and I am proud of it. I wouldn't be wedded to the best man on earth." "How interesting! Do you remember that handsome Jack Dashing? Well, he told me he admired you more than any girl under the sun, and he would like to make you his wife." "And what did he do you say?" "Why, I told him you were a 'bachelor girl,' hated men, and he might as well leave town." "What? How dare you interfere with my affairs? Why couldn't you tell him to call? I shall never speak to you again as long as I live."—Scottish American.

Femininity. Grace—Who is that man they're all quarrelling with? Jack—Why, he's keeping the score. Grace—Oh!—and won't he give it up? Judge—You say that because of injuries inflicted by your wife you have been unable to pursue your vocation. What is your business? "Your honor, I'm a lion tamer."

The Pill That Brings Relief.—When, after one has partaken of a meal he is oppressed by feelings of fullness and gains in the stomach, or suffers from dyspepsia, which will persist if it be not dealt with, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are specially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

Mr. De Bore—The hours fly when I am with you. Miss Torsleep—Well, that's one comfort.—Cleveland Leader.

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Cholly—My dear boy, why do you have the bandage around your head? Reggie—A thought struck me.—Puck.

If allowed to roam over your house, those few innocent-looking house flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of those deadly diseases, typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox.

Daughter—Father, dear father, won't you forgive John and me for eloping? Father, Dear Father—Yes, if you—elope again right away.—Judge.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. "What will your mother say to you when you get home?" asked one boy. "She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie. "What are they?" "Questions she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk."—Washington Star.

The Oil of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed. Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.

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Easily Explained. "What a young-looking man Burnaby is!" "Yes, he has hardly a grey hair, and there's not a wrinkle in his face." "Mrs. Burnaby must be a good deal older than he. Her hair is almost white, and her face is deeply furrowed. Did he marry her for her money?" "No, she's about his age—a little younger, if anything. He merely does all his worrying in his wife's name."

His Vacation Off. "Aren't you taking a vacation this summer?" "No." "Didn't you ask for one?" "Yes." "Wouldn't they give it to you?" "That's what's the matter. They were so much more enthusiastic about it than I was that I grew a little suspicious."

The crow and the bird of paradise were talking about fame. "Why, you are so homely you are only known to the farmers," sneered the proud bird of paradise. "Now, I am so beautiful I have my feathers on the hats of the society women."

The crow laughed sardonically. "That may be, my friend," he chuckled, but I have my feet under their eyes."—Chicago News.

"I have here an opera," announced the robust composer, "which will be the greatest production of the century. It is called 'Paradise.'"

"Paradise?" roared the impresario. "man, do you realize what it would cost for scenery?" "Yes," answered the composer calmly. "but do you realize what would be saved on costumes?"—Town Topics.

First Fiend—Satan looks troubled. Who's been annoying him? Second Fiend—One of the latest arrivals, a fellow who used to be a board of health examiner, claims to have discovered bacteria in the water of the boiling lake, and insists that all the water must be frozen before it will be fit for consumption down here.—Puck.

Dentist—Now, what can I do for you? Patient (whose heart has failed her at the last moment)—Oh!—er—my teeth are perfectly all right, thanks. "What I really came for was to ask if you would care to play golf with me—er—some time this summer."—Punch.

"Those letters 'S.P.Q.R.'" said the antiquarian, "symbolized the centralized power of the Roman government."

"It did, eh?" rejoiced the joyous ignoramus. "I suppose it's a Latin spelling reform method of writing the word 'speaker'."

"It is the duty of every man and woman to be married at the age of twenty-two," said the lecturer. "Well," said a woman of thirty with some asperity, "you needn't tell me that. Talk to the man."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Your tickets were complimentary, were they not? "Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."—Tit-Bits.

She—Let's call up the Browns and ask them to spend the evening here. He—No; let's go over there. We can come home then if we get tired.—Syracuse Herald.

The Poet—Poets are born, not made. The Girl—I know. I wasn't blaming you.—Boston Transcript.

New York state leads the line in expenditure for education in the United States. Last year it amounted to more than \$51,000,000.

Each—I suppose, old man, your wife still thinks she married a treasure? Benedict—No—a treasure.

The Proud Mother—This boy do grow more like 'is father every day. The Neighbor—Do 'e, poor dear; and ave you tried everything?—Sketch.

He (just rejected)—I shall never marry now. She—Foolish man! Why not? He—If you won't have me, who will?—Boston Transcript.

Ships and cargoes to the value of \$50,000,000 are lost yearly around the British coast.

A shoal of herrings is sometimes five or six miles long and two or three miles broad.

The first bicycle with pedals was made about 1840.

The English workman spends three-fifths of his wages for food.

There is one public-house in London for each 730 inhabitants.

The Chinese have astronomical records which go back to 2366 B.C.

FEELING HOT? Try a Cup of Iced "SALADA" TEA With a touch of lemon in it. Cool and Refreshing.

The Lesson. In a certain Sunday school a teacher told her pupils the story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to the little boy: "What do you learn, Joe," she said. "From the Samson story?" "It don't never pay," piped Joe. "to have a woman cut a feller's hair."—Harper's Weekly.

Father, said little Rollo, "what is a fob?" "A fob," said the mother, "is something somebody else is interested in and you're not."—Washington Star.

One on Dr. Patton. For many years Dr. Francis L. Patton, ex-president of Princeton university, wore side whiskers. Whenever he suggested having them cut off there was a division in the family. One morning he came into his wife's dressing room, razor in hand, with right cheek shaved smooth.

"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well, I will shave the other side, too." Everybody's Magazine.

Young man, said the stern parent, "when I was your age I had to work for a living." "Well, sir," answered the frivolously inclined youth, "I'm not to blame for that. I have always disapproved of my grandfather's attitude in the matter."—Washington Star.

Bad News for Our Doctors. "And now that you are through college what are you going to do?" "I shall study medicine." "Rather crowded profession already, isn't it?" "Can't help that. I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their medicine, that's all."—Boston Transcript.

Narrowed Down. "What's your definition of an egotist?" "A man who thinks he knows more than anybody else."

"Wrong. It's a man who says he knows more than anybody else. All men think they do."—Cleveland Leader.

Gosh, I guess those city folks meant what they said when they told us that they came up here to get a good rest."

"Taking it easy, I should say they are. Would you believe it, not a one of 'em has got out of bed before 6 o'clock any morning since they've been here."—Detroit Free Press.

Fly Flyaway Fly Flyaway Will effectually keep Flies and Mosquitos from horses and cattle. Harmless and easily applied. \$1.00 per gallon in 5 gal. lots, or \$1.25 for single gallon.

Fly Flyaway Fly Flyaway Ask your storekeeper for it or write Sales Manager.

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

Keep Fit Your brain, muscles and nerves depend upon good physical condition. Secure it by using BEECHAM'S PILLS Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

SCHOOL OF MINING THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED: I. FOUR YEARS' COURSE FOR DEGREE OF B.S. II. THREE YEARS' COURSE FOR DEGREE OF A.M.A. a. Mining Engineering. b

DAFFODILS IN TOWN.

They Brought Back Memories of Home and True Love.

By HENRIETTA CRAWFORD. Copyright, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

Everybody was sipping tea and nibbling cakes save Mildred. For her tea and cakes had no charm, perhaps, because she had poured the one and dispensed the other steadily for the past hour.

She leaned back in her chair behind the tea table absently watching the little crowd of fashionably dressed men and women that were moving about the parlors, yet conscious nevertheless that the man beside her, was observing her and enjoying her experience from his own standpoint, which was so different from her own that she often wondered how he could find anything in her to interest him.

In a low voice, he was telling her about the people before her eyes—how the woman in gray velvet had recently come into a fortune, how another woman in rather shabby silk with wonderful silver fox fur had lost her, how Mrs. Poynter had been Mrs. Somebody else before divorce released her and how the girl in blue was sadly puzzled as to whether she would be happier with an American because she loved him or with an English because she loved her mother.

She listened carelessly, scarcely replying. In reality her mind was busy with its own affairs. What did she care about these people, most of whom she had not seen for years and might not see again? And what did they care about her?

She was merely their hostess, country cousin who poured tea and to whom Miss Hubbard was somewhat attentive. Cousin Nell had seen that her frock was appropriate, and she herself had been long enough in the gay world to learn that the majority judge one by one's reticence mainly. Yet Miss Hubbard seemed to judge her in a different wise.

"You must be very nice to him," Cousin Nell had advised the first day Mildred was in the house. "And why?" the girl had inquired. "Because he is a good match as good as there is to be had. That counts very much in my world, Mildred. It may be that you will charm him, being a type that he is unacquainted with."

Certainly it seemed that she had charmed him. Since the first day she met him he had been attentive to her, sending her flowers, taking her to ride in his motor and to lunch at the best places. Cousin Nell was delighted. And Mildred thought it fascinating business to be thus sought after by a man whom so many girls had tried unsuccessfully to capture.

She had been quite frank with him from the first in spite of Cousin Nell, telling him that her father was only a poor country doctor and this was the first time she had been asked to visit her.

Perhaps he had so much money himself that he did not care whether the woman he married had a dowry or not.

As she leaned back in her chair she was wondering how it would seem to always have plenty of money, to buy one's frocks at the best shops, to live in a house where the work was done as by magic, to go about in a blue and gold motor and to be able to hear all the best music.

Just that afternoon Cousin Nell had said when she came in to inspect her toilet:

"You understand, Mildred, that Mr. Hubbard will have something to say to you before you go home. There is but one answer for you to make, and I am sure he expects that one."

"But—but I'm not certain I care for him enough," Mildred had stammered. Nell had stared at her.

"My dear child! Do you think that any one in these days marries for love alone?"

"I didn't know," the girl said humbly. Then she thought of her cousin's elderly husband, who was seldom visible save at breakfast time, and she hastily concealed her reason for Nell's strange marriage was suddenly revealed to her.

Mildred had indeed experienced much since coming into her cousin's house. None of the golden rules which her parents had taught her were applicable here. Other ideals were cherished other aims kept in sight. At first it had been very mystifying to her whole life time were of no account. It was as if she had taken great pains to acquire Latin only to find that French was demanded of her.

Her father and mother had married for love. Money they knew to be a great good which one could yet be happy without. The poorest person was as good as the wealthiest, provided he was of moral character. Yet, after all, when one was constantly meeting strangers how could one know more about them than their appearance revealed? Who cared whether Mrs. Poynter's first husband was living?

She was the wife of a notable rich man and very agreeable. In Halifax she would have been looked upon with suspicion, but here she was courted. Yes, money was a wonderful thing. It brought one so much. Even if she did not love Mr. Hubbard she could not doubt be very happy with him. To be able to wear a dress like that gray velvet and buck furs with long silver buttons in them, each one of which represented a parcel of money, and rubles like Mrs. Ogden's!

The girl drew a long breath and stirred uneasily. What would her father and mother say? What would Tom think? She bit her lip as the memory of his brave yet tender face possessed her. She could almost hear him saying:

"Now, look here, Daffy-Down-Dilly, you are going up to town to visit your fine cousin, and she'll have some fellow picked out for you, I know. He'll be rich and—and different, and that

WILL MY CHANCE, WHICH ALWAYS WAS MILDRED POOR, WASN'T IT DEAR? IF IT WASN'T YOU'D SAY ONE WORD, AND THEN I WOULDN'T FEEL SO ENTIRELY DOWN AND OUT AS I WILL BE IF YOU GO WITHOUT SAYING IT."

"She had not said the word, and so she was quite free as far as Tom was concerned to marry Miss Hubbard if she chose. With a start she came back to reality and the sound of his voice.

"You can understand that everybody is watching Miss Steuben with a great deal of interest. But there is no doubt in my mind that the Englishman will win out."

"What makes you think so?" Mildred asked. "Because, that's a woman's reason, I know, but as I say, it involves a good deal. The American, you see, has only his business prospects and for the present an average living. The Englishman has a fine old home, ancestry of the best, acres and tenants and a coronet about to descend upon his aristocratic head."

Mildred sighed and looked again at the girl in blue. She was very pretty as she stood with her back to a great mass of daffodils particularly, but now something about them set her heart to beating quickly with memories of home. A month later there would be a great showing of them in the little garden blue and her mother tended. The dear, dear things! Nell had ordered them simply because they looked well against the white paper of her drawing room; but to Mildred's girlish fancy they were vital, appealing. They meant home, the country, springtime, and Tom, walking toward her, his face full of joy at sight of her.

Oh, they had no business to be here in this hot, crowded room, jostled by furs and velvets, emerald open air blossoms that they were! No one apparently was aware of them save herself and the girl in blue, who had drawn one from the jar and was pulling it to pieces.

A woman came across the room, set her cup down upon the table, smiled at Mildred and leaned toward Miss Hubbard.

"I have something to tell you which I just now heard on the best authority," she said. "You have lost your wagen, my dear boy. Love wins. Miss Bertha Steuben marries the American after all."

"Is that possible?" he exclaimed. "I would not have believed it of her."

"Nor I. Thank you, no more tea, my dear Miss Verrel. I am just leaving." She made her adieu and passed on gayly. Mildred's eyes, with a new expression in them, were again on the girl in blue.

"You would do it yourself?" "Yes," Mildred said. "Ee studied her a moment. "Yes, I believe you would," he said. "But in your case there are no parallel circumstances. May I come tomorrow when you are alone, dear, and explain to you what I mean?"

Mildred turned white, but she faced him bravely. "No," she gasped. "No. It would be of no use. You see, I have just made up my mind to go home tomorrow. It's the best place for me, I think, and they want me, father and my mother and—"

She stopped abruptly, with a vivid blush. "Ah, I see!" Miss Hubbard said. He looked very straight before him for an instant.

In Mildred's ears were ringing the absurd old nursery rhyme with which Tom had teased her before she set forth to visit her cousin Nell: Daffy-Down-Dilly has gone up to town In her yellow petticoat and her green gown.

But Daffy-Down-Dilly was going home from town to be happy with her own.

The Lady and the Cobra. An Englishwoman residing in India one evening found to her horror that a huge cobra had coiled itself about her veranda rails, near which she sat playing the violin. She was too near the snake to run with safety, so she continued playing while she gradually edged away. At first her only idea was to keep the creature thus engaged while she escaped, but when she had gained a safer distance and perhaps fascinated by the unwonted sight a strange inspiration seized her. She played after air of different characters.

The effect was magical. That snake behaved like an ardent, hot blooded disciple of Paganini. Every variation in the music, whether of volume or of tone, produced instantly a corresponding change in the attitude of the cobra. If she played a lively dance it swayed its body sideways in quick time and yet in graceful curves. Once she struck a number of false notes in rapid succession on purpose. The cobra wince and writhed in pain, as if suddenly struck with a whip.

Thus the creature behaved like a mad musician till the lady, getting tired of the sport, gradually moved herself farther and farther and then made a sudden bolt into her room and banged the door, leaving the cobra to wander disconsolate to its lair in the fields.—London Chronicle.

A City of Changes. Cattaro, the Austrian sea gate of Montenegro, was held by Montenegro once for a little time. Montenegro acquired it in 1813 with the aid of a British squadron. Lay inhabitant of Cattaro who was contemporary with the rise and fall of Napoleon must often have had to guess and think what country he belonged to, for, having been Venetian for centuries, Cattaro became Austrian by the treaty of Campo Formio and Italian in 1805 by the peace of Pressburg. It was absorbed in the French empire in 1810 and wrested from it in 1813, and finally in 1814 Russia compelled Montenegro to give it up to Austria.

Sheridan Made the Rhyme. The prince regent, afterward George IV, once offered £50 to any one who could find a rhyme for "porringer." This was merely child's play to Sheridan, who happened to be present. With scarcely a moment's thought he said:

The Duke of York's daughter had, she gave the Prince of Orange her. And now, by sounds, I'll take your pounds, For there's a rhyme to porringer! —London Answer.

KIPLING SEES DISASTER. Predicts Trouble as a Result of Present Social Tendencies.

National disaster from present-day tendencies of the British Government is prophesied in a long poem by Rudyard Kipling, which the Morning Post prints.

Describing the citizens of an imaginary state, "The City of Brass," he tells how they started to "decree a new earth at a birth without labor or sorrow."

Their administrative ideas are thus described: "Who has hate in the soul? Let him arise and control both that man and his labor." They said: "Who is eaten by sloth? Whose unthrift has destroyed him? He shall levy a tribute from all before him for that he has employed us." They say: "Who has loiled? Who hath striven and gathered possession? Let him be spoiled; he hath given full proof of transgression.

They razed their ramparts to convert them into pleasure grounds, encouraged rebellion in their colonies, flung away the Imperial possessions, their forts, their villages, stocks, wealth and endeavor, and derided the idea of restraint. Nemesis came when they are steeped in self-satisfaction in the form of a hostile host, and the poem concludes: "The eaters of other men's bread, the exempted from hardship, For the hate they had taught through the State brought the State no defender. And it passed from the roll of the nations in headlong surrender."

A Fading Art. The art of carving is disappearing among the Maoris of New Zealand. There is no demand for war canoes now, except from world's fairs and Paris exhibitions. In the olden days, the Maori's house, the storehouse, and the post of battle were all richly ornamented with carved figures. But the rainy climate of the country and other causes have been fatal to these monuments. One must go to the museums to see specimens of this fading art.

The "haka" is the war dance or call to arms of old Maori land. Stripped to the waist, the Maori men arrange themselves in two files and begin to chant in a low tone, a woman giving them the time. They turn right and left, stamping and waving their arms, till they work themselves up to a prodigious pitch of fury expressed by rolling eyeballs and deafening roars. Standing to one side, the woman Ekelekeke, who is called on to the climax. They give one thundering stamp, and thrust out their tongues as far as they can. This was the supreme act of defiance to the foe. In the olden days it was no light matter to attend a "haka." Then each warrior brandished a heavy greenstone club, and once heated to the point of battle frenzy, would hardily cool down, even at a play "haka," without clubbing somebody just to keep his hand in practice.

His Lucky Donkey. The costermonger's love for his donkey was demonstrated recently at the People's Palace, Mile End road, London. Nearly 200 donkeys, carefully groomed, with their owners standing by them in their Sunday best, were exhibited under the auspices of Our Dumb Friends' League.

Many of the costermongers declared that they would not part with their little animals for untold gold. "Here's the foundation of all my little fortune," said William Witt, an East End donkey dealer, who is one of the sturdy prize winners. Lazy Lightning, "Five years ago I was dead broke. I borrowed 30 shillings to buy my little pal here"—patting the donkey again.

"First my donkey carried coal from street to street on a barrow, but gradually he was getting better. Now I've got three little shops, and a farm out in the country. But it was the donkey that turned my luck and put me on the right road. Out at the farm there's a nice green field, with shady trees in it. As soon as this show's over that's where my donkey's going, to end his days just doing nothing but enjoy the good life."

Many prizes were awarded to the best-groomed donkeys. A challenge cup and a set of harness, given by the Queen, were won by Jenny, a smart little donkey that pulls the barrow of a wood and coke hawker.

Cinematograph in Central Africa. There seems to be no limit to the ramifications of modern inventions. No sooner does anything establish itself in the favor of the public than it bobs up serenely everywhere. Who would have thought, for instance, that the cinematograph, popular and entertaining as it is, would have appeared to the wild and woolly native of Central Africa? Yet a letter from the office of Superintendent of Buildings at Zomba, Nyassaland, assures me that this is so. The venture is successful, too. Mr. Hackett, of Frome, Somerset, is the intrepid pioneer, and the letter I have received states that "his exhibition has attracted the natives by the thousands. They call Mr. Hackett the 'witch doctor,' and he is still proceeding into the interior, 'with a convoy of 40 Kaffirs to carry provisions, outfit, etc.'—London Answers.

Historic House for Sale. Smallfield Place, Burslow, England, which is associated with the life history of Anne Boleyn, is to be sold by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley. The house is considered to be the most perfect example of domestic architecture in Surrey. Smallfield was given by Lord Burghurst to John de Burslow as an acknowledgment for assistance received from him when thrown from his horse in the French war in the reign of Edward III. The "pinkie" hole is still there, and the house is in a wonderful state of preservation.

Looking For Jobs. No less than 2,400 applications were received for thirteen vacancies under the Surrey (Eng.) County Council, the other day.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tapsling. "Johnny's all right now. When he was bitten by the strange dog I took him to a doctor's and had the wound oozed right away."—Chicago Tribune.

Ned—Honest, are these jokes original with you? Ted—On my honor—I wrote 'em all. Ned—But why? Ted—To support my family. Ned—But if your family is as old as these jokes, it must be I am able to support itself.—Cleveland Leader.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.



ALL OVER THE WORLD thousands of housewives use Sunlight Soap in preference to any other, because it cleanses the clothes more thoroughly, and at half the cost without injury to hands or fabric.

Not Satisfied with His Mouth. Aunt Ann Arkwright, who bustled upon of Uncle Joshua Arkwright, proudly showed him a silver implement which a friend had given her as a birthday present. It was shaped something like a spatula, but broadened considerably towards the handle. Uncle Joshua inspected it with some curiosity.

"What is it?" he asked. "No, not the least in the world." "Well," said Aunt Ann, "it's a pie-knife." Uncle Joshua picked it up, inspected it critically, and laid it down again.

"I haven't any use for it," he said, as far as I'm concerned. "It's too wide. I couldn't cut pie with it without cutting my mouth."

What He Wants. "I understand your boy is looking for a job?" "No. Mistaken idea. It's a soft snap he wants."

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women. The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parrot's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are therefore strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

In the Distance. Insurance Agent—Pardon me, madam, but what is your age? Miss Antiqua—I have seen twenty-three summers. Insurance Agent—Yes, of course, but how many times did you see them?

Proud. "They say he's proud of his new baby." "Proud! I should say he is. He actually believes that something has occurred in his family that no other family has ever experienced."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of BULL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed by my presence, this 28th day of December, A. D., 1903. A. W. OLESON, Notary Public. BULL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. Sold by all druggists. Take Mull's Family Pills for constipation.

No Incentive. "Why don't you start for the pole?" "Because my lecture manager has completed his bookings. I couldn't fill another date next winter if I discovered ten poles."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs.—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad, so I could not work all and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of liniments and they did me no good. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, warmed on flannels and applied on my breast, cured me completely. C. H. COSSABOOM, Rossway, Digby Co., N.S.

One Point in Their Favor. "The meals at this hotel are something to marvel at." "They are, but you must remember, my dear, that is perhaps the only reason we don't have to fight our way into the dining room."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc. "Your new butter seems rather awkward." "For a butter, yes; but if he's a detective I think he does very well."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

Meek Little Wife. "Did you take me for a fool when you married me?" cried an angry husband in the thick of a domestic quarrel, to which the wife meekly responded— "No, Samuel, I did not; but then you always said I was no judge of character."

Queen's University and College KINGSTON ONTARIO. ARTS EDUCATION THEOLOGY MEDICINE SCIENCE (Including Engineering). Students registering for the first time before October 21st, 1903, may complete the Arts course without attendance. For Catalogue, write the Registrar. GEO. V. CHOWN, B.A., Registrar, Kingston, Ontario.

An artist had finished a landscape; on looking up, he beheld an Irish woman gazing at his canvas. "Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?" The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment. "Sure, a man c'n do anything if he's druv to it," he replied. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

Venice has 6,000 persons employed in the manufacture of glass beads. The house fly becomes full grown in about four weeks.

CANADIAN IN LONDON. Journalist Tells of His Arrival in the Metropolis.

The following brief account of his arrival and welcome in London and of his first night in the world's capital, was handed in at the Daily Chronicle office by a Canadian journalist who had gone to England in search of work.

"I arrived in England on Saturday last, having worked a passage as cattleman from Montreal. I had no money to draw from the shipping company (having walked aboard the vessel without going through the formality of obtaining the owners' leave) and was therefore compelled to walk from Tilbury Docks."

"First impressions do not go for much with me, but from Tilbury to London is the worst stretch of scenery I've ever struck. It was a long and tiring walk, and when I reached Fleet street—about which I had heard so much—everybody except the innkeepers and the porters had either just gone or was just going for the holidays."

"I had a Canadian quarter in my pocket, and an obliging firm of money changers gave me an English shilling for it—more than they ought to have done, I believe. I went to a neighboring restaurant and did myself well for 8d. Then I had a shave, which left me with 2s. 6d. in my pocket."

"Having heard much about the horrors of the Embankment, I determined to spend the night here. It was now nearly 10 o'clock, and as I walked along by the black river I was painfully struck by the contrast between the magnificence of this wonderful boulevard and the ugliness of its frequenter's poverty."

"Men and women slept in corners of the seats, and their huddled figures gave them the appearance of having become parts of the fixtures. All the time motor-cars whizzed by, and the feet of the hansom cab horses tapped along the roadway."

"I sat down to rest, and soon began to doze fitfully, conscious even in my sleep that it was growing cold. Suddenly, I felt a heavy hand on my shoulders, and the rays from a policeman's lantern dazzled my eyes."

"Come, wake up; you can't sleep here! It was a police officer; and the gaze followed me curiously as I walked in the direction of the Parliament House. Under an arch stood a coffee-stall bearing the following inscription: Coffee, 1.5d. Slices, 1.2d."

"The brightly polished urn hissed an invitation which I resisted as long as possible. But I was wet and hungry, and the early morning hour (it was nearly 1 a.m.) was bitterly cold. How good that slice tasted! How delicious the coffee! I stayed quite a long time at the stall, for the man was communicative, and discoursed on the Budget, the lady suffragette, and the state of the play."

"Then I made my way to the Charing Cross Railway Station, and, being fairly well dressed, was allowed to sleep unmolested in a waiting-room. When I awoke it was daylight, and the sun streamed through the window. I still had a penny in my pocket, and, as Oliver Twist reflected, 'a penny is a very comfortable thing to have.'"

"And I was in London—the richest, the poorest, the happiest, the wretchedest city in the world. Shall I succeed? I wonder."

C.P.R. and Alberta. The fact that Alberta should have been chosen as the chief field for Canadian Pacific activity in the West this season shows how much faith the C.P.R. puts in the possibilities of that province, for Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is maintaining his policy of building so far as possible without subsidies and only in such districts as a railway may be built on a business basis.

"I have been over the Red River, the highest of its kind in the world, will put Macleod in close touch with Lethbridge. The Titan is evidently by no means weary yet."

Grateful to Aylesworth. An amusing incident took place in the private office of Mr. Aylesworth a few months since. A petitioner for a pardon came from Toronto. If not forty, she was both fair and fat, and she came accompanied by her spiritual adviser—a "Coryman" of a rather peculiar sect. Her petition having been heard and the Minister, having replied that he would do what he could to persuade the Governor-General to grant a pardon, the woman fell on her knees, and before Mr. Aylesworth could even guess what she intended, began to kiss his boot and was traveling upwards towards his stomach with every demonstration of wild affection. The mild Minister of Justice was non-plussed for the moment. He strove to drag himself away from her embrace, but in vain, until he ordered the clergyman to tell her to stop her foolishness, which that worthy did, at the same time adding: "Don't mind her, sir! It's only her way of showing her gratitude!"

Nova Scotia and West Indies. Recognizing that with its regular steamship communication to all parts of the West Indies Halifax is the entrepot to that great market, Job Brothers & Co., Ltd., one of the largest firms in Newfoundland, have opened a branch in Halifax, and will export most of the fish they send south through that port. The firm is one of the best known in the island colony, and only a few days ago was formed into a limited liability company, with a paid-up capital of \$400,000.

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VISCOUNT KITCHENER. A Brief Biography of Soldier Who May Visit Canada.

General Horatio Herbert, first Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, who has just completed the great work he undertook in 1902 of reorganizing the British Indian Army—was born on the Midsummer Day at Ballylongford, in the County Kerry.

During his exceptionally brilliant military career the retiring Indian commander has asserted himself with characteristic confidence and unbending will, and Lord Kitchener must be accounted one of the most strenuous soldiers that the British Empire has ever possessed.

Coming of a military family, Lord Kitchener passed thirty-eight years ago from Woolwich into the Royal Engineers. Since then his career has been one of "dazzling brilliance, for 'K.' of K.—as he is most often called for short—has been to the fore in many expeditions and campaigns, and has 'built himself an everlasting name' for thoroughness in the profession of arms."

A veritable "glutton for work," he assisted in the Palestine survey in 1874-75 and that of Cyprus from 1878-82. Then he was sent to Egypt, and entrusted with the command of the Khedive's cavalry and the reorganizing of the native army. Having effected this to his own exacting desire, he, as Sirdar, conducted a vigorous opposition to the forces of the Khalifa. He found it necessary to build a railway to Omdurman before he finally broke the power of the prophet, annihilating the Khalifa's army in 1898.

By this time he had reached the rank of major-general and been made a K.C.B., and he came home covered with Egyptian honors, to receive the thanks of the British Parliament, a peerage, and a grant of £30,000.

In the year following, when matters seemed to be going wrong with our forces engaged against the Boers in South Africa, Lord Kitchener was sent out as Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts. Here, again, he distinguished himself for determination and dash in combination; and when Cronje had been circumvented at Paardeberg and the British flag hoisted in Pretoria, he was promoted to the command-in-chief of the forces in South Africa on Lord Roberts' return to England.

Kitchener brought the long campaign to a close. Again the gallant fighter and fine organizer was thanked by Parliament, given a further £50,000 from the country's public purse, and raised in the peerage to a viscount.

As a full general he was sent out in 1902 to India as Commander-in-Chief with practically a free hand to reform the army of our great Empire of the Orient. His ideas of duty brooking no civilian interference in matters military, Viscount Kitchener soon came into conflict with the then Viceroy, Lord Curzon, and the friction ensued in the resignation of that able statesman in 1903.

Since then Lord Kitchener has practically been permitted to have his own way at headquarters in India; and on the completion of his task in the Orient, he is credited by some with hankering after overthrowing the influence of the non-military element in the War Office for good and all.

Barrister's First Brief. My first brief I have the best of reasons for remembering particularly clearly. I was engaged for the defence in a case of robbery. Two men, the prisoners, had seized the prosecutor on the platform of Shrewsbury Station, and while one of them held his arms the other quietly rifled his pockets.

They were caught red-handed, and I had a brief to defend the prisoner who had held the prosecutor by the arms. I made the obvious defence. I urged that it was vindictive to sacrifice two victims to justice when one would suffice, that the distinction between the two prisoners was manifest, and that the one I defended had not taken any money at all it was impossible to pretend that he was as guilty as his companion.

To the amazement of everybody not excepting the chairman—who had been careful in his summing up to sweep away my sophistries—the jury made the distinction I suggested to them, and returned a verdict of "Not guilty" against my opponent. "Reminiscences of Mr. A. C. Plowden," in The Strand Magazine.

A Pageant of Priests. Pageants have so far illustrated the history of a single town or city, but the one held recently in the grounds of Fulham Palace, London, was unique. It depicted the growth and history of the Church of England.

It was split up into a number of episodes, and, beginning with the publication of the Edict of Emperor Constantine, came right down through the ages to the acquittal of the Seven Bishops in 1688. A final tableau, representing the church "throughout the world," concluded the gigantic spectacle.

The grounds of Fulham Palace, lent by the Bishop of London, were well fitted for such a purpose. The spectators were housed in a grand stand, 394 feet in length, 90 feet in depth, and covering an acre of ground. In addition to a large royal box, there was seating accommodation for 6,750. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the opening ceremony.

An Amiable Violinist. Robert Bromwing and Joachim met one evening at a friendly gathering in London. The violinist had "obliged" without satisfying certain ladies, who wanted the post to obtain from him another set of "Browning," feeling the delicacy of his task, discharged it diplomatically and spoke, as sometimes he wrote, so as to conceal his thoughts, while the violinist, not understanding, bowed and smiled and did not play.

As they left the house Joachim asked: "What did you mean just now?" "Oh," said the poet, "I wanted you to give us some more music." "Then, why did you not come and say, 'Joe, old boy, give us another tune?'" returned the amiable violinist.

Buccolic Humor. Hepsy—Hiram, to-morrow will be the 25th anniversary of our marriage. Will do you say to kill the cat on the Hiram—I don't know, Hepsy. The poor cat ain't to blame.—Boston Transcript.

In the United States about 16 per cent. of the divorces are granted after three or four years of married life. The anti-cigarette league has 87,000 members. Five and a quarter million people are employed in the world's mines.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS DEADLY TO LITTLE ONES

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather months give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the child may be beyond cure. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child; and will promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. For this reason, Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children.

Mrs. F. Laroche, Les Fonds, Quebec, says: "Last summer my baby suffered severely from stomach and bowel troubles, but the prompt administration of Baby's Own Tablets brought him through splendidly. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Opposed to Stang. Donald had been to Sunday school, and on coming home was asked what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was evidently very full of his subject. "Oh," he said, "it was about a boy and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground; and then killed another boy, and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy and—"

"Oh, no, Donald, not another boy!" his sister interrupted, horrified. But Donald stood his ground. "It was about a boy," he insisted. Then he added, "The teacher said 'Aid but I don't use words like that.'—Woman's Home Companion.

Her Arithmetic. "But why, my love, are you burning gas so recklessly?" "Because, 'John dear,'" said Mrs. Newlywed, "for every dollar's worth I burn you'll get 20 cents."—Harper's Bazaar.

Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

On the notice board of a church near Manchester, the other day, the following announcements were appended together: "A potato pie supper will be held on Saturday evening." "Subject for Sunday evening, 'A Night of Agony.'—Manchester Guardian.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. Little Pat—"Pa, th' pa-paer do be sayin' 'Among th' prizes of th' musee' in elect a're a number av uniques. What's th' unique, I dunno?" Big Pat—"A Unique is an English baste, bad cess to it, wid only wan ban. Ye'll not go to th' exhibition!"—Cleveland Leader.

After making a most careful study

King's Hotel

PHOENIX, B. C.

Is situated 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 millinaire. 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. Chellin & 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. 12345, and Philip B. Spencer, Statute No. 12345, 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 on the above claim. And further take notice that action, under Section 37, may be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 25th day of July, A. D. 1920.

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 H. Johnson, Free Miner's Certificate No. 12345, and Philip B. Spencer, Statute No. 12345, 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 on the above claim. And further take notice that action, under Section 37, may be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 25th day of July, A. D. 1920.

Newmarket Hotel

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

HENRY STEGE, PROP.

PROVINGE HOTEL

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

JEMIL LARSEN Proprietor

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 complete, 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 heavy fine 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. Sold 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

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 person 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.

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

STARKEY & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS

Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Nelson, B. C.

THE LEDGE

Is published every Thursday at Greenwood, B. C., and the price is \$4 a year, postage free to all parts of Canada, and Great Britain. To the United States and other countries it is sent postpaid for \$5.50 a year. Address all letters to The Ledge, Greenwood, B. C.

R. T. LOWERY, PUBLISHER.

GREENWOOD B. C. AUG. 26, 1920



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

The nimble ad catches the slow customer.

In this town it is a short lane that has no empty cans.

A domestic with half the truth is a great enemy to the human race.

All hotel proprietors should read the law relating to fire escapes.

A fawn recently killed a rattlesnake with seven rattles not far from Hedley.

Next year 70,000 people will be employed in the United States to take the census.

There is a girl in Toledo who eats grass. She must have grown tired of gun and carrouels.

No one with a bad breath gets into heaven. A man when he dies cannot take his breath with him.

An exchange speaks of a maiden's war. The ammunition no doubt would be hot pins and bonbons.

The Ladysmith Chronicle is in its second year, and one of the most interesting papers on the coast.

A preacher from Portland was recently robbed in Victoria of \$12. No one knows where he got the money.

Some think that appendicitis is contagious. Perhaps the disease can sometimes be created by thinking about it.

War has been discovered upon Mars, but so far the spectroscopic does not reveal any other fluid upon that planet.

After reading some of the coast papers we often think that many a leased liar sends his story over a greased wire.

A police magistrate in Toronto has decided that ice cream is a food. It is also a valuable prelude to matrimonial alliances.

The construction of a railway to Hudson's Bay will be of more advantage to the empire than the building of a dozen big warships.

The editor of the Quesnel Observer was recently married and in his paper wishes himself and wife every success in their new position.

If the people of Greenwood want a high school they will have to urge the matter in the proper channels until it becomes an actual fact.

LAUGHLIN McNEIL died in Beaverton, Ontario. He was a remarkable man, having lived 101 years although he played the bagpipes all his life.

The political sky is getting dark in England. Soon parliament will dissolve and then will follow a red-hot campaign in which the principal plank of the Radical party will be the taxation of land values.

It is more than likely that the members of the Dominion parliament will meet upon the 4th of November. They would be safe to put it off until the next day even if most of them are Grits.

In Toronto, for jawing a young thief got a month added to his sentence in court. The Mail-Empire remarks that tyranny does not lose its character because its victims are not always worthy citizens.

THOUSANDS of people are looking for a champagne climate like we have in the Boundary. Not being advertised to any great extent the outside public have to stumble onto it by accident or get the tip from their friends.

At a session of the American Prison Congress in Seattle, Mrs. L. B. Eastwood advocated putting the feeble minded off the earth by the use of chloroform. She thought this would be more humane than allowing them to linger along in helpless misery.

KING EDWARD works harder than the majority of his subjects, and he will be 68 years of age in November. He also gets more to eat than some of his subjects and always has the price of a drink conceded on his person.

The burning of the Okanagan

at Vernon should be a warning to hotel men to put rings and ropes in every room. Once in New Denver we would have given a million for a rope, but there was none in sight and we had to make a long jump or be burned on this earth.

The occupation of the ballot-box stuffer is in imminent danger of extinction. A voting slot machine has been invented in Italy that does away with the chance of fraud. It has been adopted by the French and Italian governments and should be introduced to America.

The Saturday Sunset says that the C. P. R. freight rate on coke makes its use prohibitory. The rate from the Nicola mines to Vancouver and New Westminster is \$2.50 a ton, and \$3.25 to Ladysmith or Crofton. The Tacoma smelter finds it cheaper to use Australian coke than that from Nicola. No doubt a second Perine might grow around the Nicola mines if the C. P. R. could afford to haul the coke for a lesser rate. With a greater tonnage this difficulty might be dissipated, or by the advent of another railroad.

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.

Want Better Route.

It is well known that the chief engineer of the V., V. & E. and other Great Northern officials have a particular dislike for the Coquihalla route as now surveyed. It is with a view to avoiding this route that Engineer Kennedy, with two assistants, Black and Hogeland, left on Tuesday for the head of Eagle creek, a tributary of the Tulameen river. From the head of this creek to Unknown creek there is a long divide, which, if favorable for tunneling, it is said, would save some thirty miles of heavy construction from the head of Coquihalla pass to Hope. The party is piloted by L. Gibson, who knows the country well and is an experienced packer.

Pile driving is proceeding rapidly on the bridge across the Similkameen, due to the clock-like work of the machine and every man knowing his business and doing it. In another week or ten days the bridge will be ready for the horse dump cars extending the grade into the station yard flat.

More men have arrived recently and a big push is noticeable all along the line. It is believed that the rail-layers will be here on schedule time, Oct. 1st.—Similkameen Star.

Investors in mining propositions should examine the Argo tunnel now being run into the mountain south of town. Ola Lofstad in his office at the Hotel Ladysmith can give all the information desired.

A Delusion and a Snare.

The Natural Resources Security of Nakusp has issued a circular that is a masterpiece of misrepresentation. In this circular they claim to have won every prize for apples at every known show in the world.

Spokane, Washington, Vancouver, and London, England, have fallen at the feet of Nakusp in this favorite fruit.

Did it ever occur to the compilers of this quaint poster that there are other districts growing apples with correct and tabulated lists of prizes with results of crop that are daily authentic.

If we are to have our jokes let them be somewhat moderate. We do not desire to go up in the air all at once. Nakusp is a beautiful place, the Natural Resources Security company is a very worthy institution, but there are some other places in the world besides where apples and good fruit can be grown.—Okanagan.

The celebrated Red, White and Blue flour is only \$6.50 a barrel at Brown's in Ferry, Wash.

Report From Boston

Geo. J. Walker, the Boston Commercial copper authority, says: The British Columbia Copper company is now operating two of its three furnaces, and producing at the rate of 7,000,000 pounds of copper annually. It will shortly blow in the other furnace, increasing its production to between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 pounds annually. It is understood that the B. C. Copper has secured control of the New Dominion Copper company, the successor to the Dominion Copper company, and that the ores from both properties will be treated in the B. C. smelter.

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.

There is much building in Merritt this summer, and no idle carpenters in the town.

Rings of all kinds made to order upon short notice and sent to any part of the country. All kinds of jewelry repaired and made over without delay. A large stock of clocks, watches, diamonds, etc. always in stock. Orders by mail solicited and attended to promptly and in an efficient manner. E. A. Black, Phoenix, B. C.

For \$6.50 you can get a barrel of Red, White and Blue flour at Brown's in Ferry, Wash.

A company with a capital of \$100,000 has been formed to put in waterworks at Peacockton.

The well known and popular Pearl Oil is \$3.50 a case at Brown's in Ferry, Wash.

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

A recently patented barrel is made in two halves, which may be nested for economizing space when it is shipped empty.

The world never offers to pay a man what it owes him.

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

It takes such a little mistake to create a big worry.

Widowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Seventh Annual

Nelson Fruit Fair

Nelson, B. C.

Sept. 22nd, 23rd, 24th

Bigger and better than ever. Cheap rates on all transportation lines.

Sports,

Horse Races, Free Attractions

Do not fail to see the possibilities of Glorious Kootenay.

C. W. Busk, F. A. STARKEY, Pres. Mgr. D. C. McMORRIS, Secy., Box 95, Nelson, B. C.

EXECUTOR'S SALE

At the Kootenay Hotel, Greenwood, on Tuesday, the 21st day of August, inst., the following property will be sold by public auction: Lot 4 and the east half of Lot 2 in Block 3, Town of Midway, with buildings thereon. Terms: Cash or approved security. ANDREW SAFFER, Executor of Olaf Johnson.

The Granby Hotel

Is pleasantly situated in the heart of Grand Forks and convenient to all the commercial and financial institutions of the city. The proprietors aim to please all who dwell within the portals of their hostelry, and feel justified in stating that the food and service in their dining room is seldom surpassed in the province. The bar is replete with beverages ranging from local beer to the vintage of France. It is not necessary to wait for a windy day to smoke any cigar in the house. Travelers will find a warm reception and a pleasant home at the Granby.

Fraser & Russell

The Hume...

Nelson, B. C. GEO. F. 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.

ALEX. STEWART EHOLT, B. C.

Dealer in Drugs, Stationery and Fancy Goods. Prescriptions compounded with careful promptness. Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

G. J. McARTHUR

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

GALT COAL

Unequaled for Domestic Use.

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 workmen 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

SIX DAYS SEPT. 20-25-INC. CHEAP RATES

SPOKANE INTER STATE FAIR

AN INLAND EMPIRE EXPOSITION

EVERY NIGHT THE SIEGE OF JERICHO 400 PEOPLE

NATIONAL LIVE STOCK EXHIBITION

WONDERFUL AMUSEMENT PROGRAM

BALLOON RACES

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED PROGRAM TO ROBT.H. COSGROVE 218 HUTTON BLOCK SPOKANE, WASH.

CHEAP RATES SIX NIGHTS

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 ment.

PROCTER & BLACKWOOD

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

The Knob Hill

Phoenix, B. C. Is half way up the hill and just the place to drop in and invest some pangs for an excellent glass of beer. The other beverages are the best in the market.

Chas. Hagan, Proprietor.

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

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 meeting for a transfer of the Liquor License now held by me for the Greenwood Hotel, situate on the corner of Greenwood and Twenty-Third Streets, City of Greenwood, B. C., to Laif Penna. Dated this 2nd August, 1920. A. R. McDONALD.

W. F. M. Greenwood Miners' Union, No. 23, W. F. M., meets every Saturday evening in Union Hall, Copper street, Greenwood, at 7:30. Friday evenings at 7:30. GEO. HEATHBURN, Secretary.

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KASLO HOTEL

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

COOKE & PAPWORTH.

Dominion Hotel

Phoenix

Is an excellent home for the men who work in the mines. The dining room is supplied with the best in the market, and the rooms are warm and pleasant. The bar contains a fine line of nerve-bracers and cigars that are a pleasure to smoke. Drop in and shake hands with the proprietor.

J. B. Boone, Proprietor

Lakeview - Hotel

NELSON, B. C. Is a home for Miners. Rates \$1 a day. All White Help.

N. MALLETT - 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.

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.