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THE LEDGE

VOL. XV. GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1908. No. 7

Summer Drinks....

Montserrat Lime Juice, Pints	60c.
Montserrat Lime Juice, Quarts	90c.
Norton's Raspberry Vinegar, Pints	60c.
Norton's Raspberry Vinegar, Quarts	90c.
B. C. Raspberry Vinegar, Pints	35c.
B. C. Raspberry Vinegar, Quarts	60c.
Crosse & Blackwell Fruit Syrups	25c.

Bread Cakes and Pies for Sale.

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

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

B. E. WALKER, President
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager.

Paid-up Capital, $10,000,000
Reserve Fund, - 5,000,000

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

COUNTRY BUSINESS Every facility afforded to farmers and others for the transaction of their banking business. Sales notes will be cashed or taken for collection.

BANKING BY MAIL Accounts may be opened by mail, and monies deposited or withdrawn in this way with equal facility. 115

J. T. BEATTIE, Manager Greenwood Branch.

1836 THE BANK OF 1908

British North America

Assets Exceeds Fifty Million Dollars.

Your money is safer in the Bank than in your house or in your pocket.

It is not tied up. You can get it out at any time without delay.

And it keeps on growing all the time.

Interest on Savings Accounts at the highest current rate is added to the Principal **every 6 months.**

$1.00 starts an account and secures a pass-book.

H. F. STOW, MANAGER GREENWOOD BRANCH.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817.

PAID UP CAPITAL, $14,000,000. REST, $11,000,000
UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $422,689.98

General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts issued on all points, and Collections made at lowest rates.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT — INTEREST ALLOWED AT CURRENT RATES
W. F. PROCTOR, MANAGER GREENWOOD BRANCH

Women's Slippers

IN ALL STYLES.

Patent Kid, Dongola Kid, Beaded Toe, three and four strap, Military or French Heel. Some of the Best American Makes Represented.

Dry Goods. RENDELL & CO. Boots and Shoes

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

Why Not?

It costs no more but tastes like more

PHOENIX - BEER

The Pride of Western Canada. Phone 138, Greenwood

Let Us Make You a Summer Suit.

Something that will be cool, light and as smart looking as you please—

Homespuns, for instance!

They are light and airy, and when made up, this material constitutes the total summer clothing.

If you have never worn Halifax Homespun, wear it this summer.

Come in and look over our beautiful range of lightweight materials and let us make you a suit, which will surely keep you cool this summer.

Hunter-Kendrick Co.

E. W. WIDDOWSON
ASSAYER AND CHEMIST.
CHARGES:

Gold, Silver, Copper or Lead, each	$1 00
Gold-Silver or Silver-Lead	1 50
Gold-Silver, with Copper or Lead	2 50

Careful sampling; accurate assaying; prompt returns. 317 Baker street, Nelson, B. C.

Strathcona Hotel

NELSON, B. C.

Now Under Old and Original Management.

E. E. PHAIR - - MANAGER

Choice Fruit LANDS

For Sale at $10, $12 and $15 Per Acre.

R. J. STEEL
NELSON, B. C

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

JAS. S. BIRNIE, Secretary.

W. F. M. Greenwood Miners' Union, No. 22, W. F. M., meets every Saturday evening in Union Hall, Copper street, Greenwood, at 7:30.
Also in hall at Mother Lode mine Thursday evenings at 7:30.
R. A. MATHESON, Secretary.

C. S. BAKER

Provincial Assayer and Ore Shippers' Agent. Correspondence solicited. Samples receive prompt attention.

P. O. BOX 123, GREENWOOD, B. C.

The Hume...

Nelson, B. C.

GEO. P. WELLS, Proprietor. B. TOMKINS, Manager.

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

'Bus meets all trains.

T. THOMAS

MERCHANT TAILOR

Men's clothes cleaned, pressed and Repaired.

Fine Work A Specialty

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

Passing Throng

The Roller rink started up Monday last.

Peck McSwain is due at Creston this week.

H. J. Bayley, of Eholt, was a visitor in the city Sunday last.

Kenneth McKenzie is in Fernie working at carpentering.

Thos. Roderick of Phoenix was a visitor in the city Tuesday.

School opened Monday morning and not all the youths are happy.

Percy Buckingham left Thursday last for Fernie to work at his trade.

P. Wade, of Nelson, C. P. R. roadmaster, was in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. A. W. Strickland of Prince Rupert is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. G. Warren.

C. McCague and N. McBeth, of Prince Rupert, arrived in the city Saturday last.

Dan McDonald is spending a few days in the city. He has lately been in Fife, B. C.

Mrs. R. A. Mathewson left Tuesday morning for the coast to join her husband.

F. W. Hart, of Spokane, is in the city this week looking after his realty interests here.

Miss Martin and Miss McKenzie of the public school staff, returned to the city Saturday.

If you think you will not require that $2 this year you might just as well pay your subscription.

Mrs. Jas. Dimmick, who was injured at the Mother Lode last wast week, is slowly recovering.

Labor day will be celebrated in Phoenix this year. The celebration will be held September 7 and 8.

J. L. and G. W. Dimmick of Starbuck, Wash., brothers of Jas. Dimmick, arrived in the city Tuesday evening.

C. J. Brandon, of Vancouver, was in the city this week looking up pupils for his boys' school in that city.

C. G. Braithwaite left yesterday for a month's visit in London, Ont., and other points in Eastern Canada.

Toby, W. Elson's fox-terrier, drifted out this week, supposedly through poison. There are hundreds of worse dogs than Toby still in the city.

Sunday night's electric storm put the electric light system of the Greenwood City Waterworks company out of commission for about twelve hours.

Wm. McLeod, Mrs. McLeod and Miss McLeod, of Portage la Prairie, are visiting in the district. Mrs. and Miss McLeod are sisters of Norman and Bert.

Miss Belt of St. Louis, was visiting her brother S. A. Belt, the past week. Miss Belt has accepted the position of teacher of the Danville, Wash., public school.

Mrs. I. A. Dinsmore, wife of the chief of police, arrived in the city Tuesday from Grand Forks. Mr. and Mrs Dinsmors will occupy a part of the Armstrong.

The manager of the Gloria Dare company overlooked paying the Ledge for advertising before leaving Greenwood. We hope this disease is not chronic with him.

It is said that a bank was cannoned in Chesaw last week for $600, and a parson in the Boundary for 45 cents. The hold-ups appear to have located the capitalist class.

Alex Robinson was in the city Tuesday. He has all his ties down at the C. P. R. railway track ready to load. Lately he has had difficulty in getting cars, probably owing to the strike.

The annual meeting of the Kettle River and South Okanagan Pioneers' association will be held in the Central hotel, Keremeos, this year on the 18th September. A large number will go from this district.

Grand Master Fulton of the Odd Fellows will pay an official visit to Boundary Valley Lodge, Greenwood, Wednesday evening, September 2. The K. of P. and I. O. O. F. will exchange nights of meeting next week.

Rev. F. J. Rutherford, Methodist minister here, left Monday for a visit to friends in Toronto. He will be gone about a month. During his absence joint services will be held by the Presbyterians and Methodists.

Neil Lamont, Walter Kennedy and E. Foyle Smith went up the West Fork this week to do assessment work on the Valley View mineral claim between Beaverdell and Carmi. They will also do a little fishing on the side.

Considerable fruit from the ranches along the Kettle river is being sold in the city this season. In another year or two the fruit growers of the Kettle river will be able to supply all local demands in apples, plums and small fruits.

A large number of nails in the Greenwood sidewalks are getting above their calling. Some effort should be made by the city fathers to keep them in their proper places. An aristocracy among nails is really carrying things too far.

The grouse shooting will commence next week, and then the provincial officers will have their chance. He would be a brave hold-up, indeed who would stay in the brush while Greenwood's numerous sportsmen were after grouse.

Last week Jack Anderson was run over and killed by a C. P. R. train near Anaconda. Jack was well known both here and in Anaconda, and was modest and unassuming. He was one of the most regular attendants at the K. of P. lodge and joined the Donkks at Phoenix a year ago. Jack was Martin Anderson's dog.

A letter received from R. T. Lowery this week says that he is having the time of his life. He says he has had his hair parted in the middle ever since he struck Petrolia. A longer acquaintance with a mother-in-law will perhaps obviate the need of parting his hair. Alex. McDonald of Nelson was the only other B. C. representative at the Petrolia Old Boys' reunion.

Monday morning the flag was raised at the public school by J. S. Birnie, chairman of the school board. During the raising of the flag the national anthem was sung by C. G Curtis and the school children. A short introductory speech was made by Mr. Birnie, who called upon Rev. P. V. Venables and Rev. M. D. McKee for addresses. After the speech making "The Maple Leaf" was sung by Mr, Curtis and the children. A large number of citizens were present at the ceremony, including members of the school board, Mayor Bunting, Gold Commissioner McMynn and City Clerk Taylor. Three cheers were given while the flag was being raised.

A. D. Macfarlane, who has been editor of the Boundary Creek Times for the past thirteen months, leaves next week for Vancouver to study law. The Ledge like most of the people of Greenwood will be sorry to see Mr. Macfarlane leave the city, for during the time he has had editorial charge of the Times the relations between the two papers have been most friendly, and the staff of The Ledge will long remember the many courtesies extended to it by him. Mac is just what the people of Ontario expect every graduate of Toronto University to be—a gentleman. We wish him a brilliant career in his profession, and believe it will be an honest one.

Dispatches have been sent to outside papers, stating that there has been trouble in Eholt, and that the striking machinists are likely to injure C. P. R. property. There is absolutely no truth in these dispatches. The machinists are not creating any disturbances, and if C. P. R. property is injured it will be done by the detectives in order to hold their jobs. It is an old corporation game—untruthful dispatches published in subsidized papers. Union men are too wise to commit acts of violence during a strike. They are thoroughly disciplined. Every move is carefully considered, and the executive of the Machinists' union know the strong and weak places in the armor of the C. P. R. better than do the officials of the company.

The Myncaster cricketers will play the Greenwood eleven in the city park Sunday next, 30th inst. A smoker will be given in honor of the visitors in Eagles' hall Saturday evening at 9 o'clock, to which all are invited. The Greenwood eleven will be chosen from the following: J. L. Coles, S. M. Johnson, H. Browning, O. F. Hawtrey, B. de Wiele, F. W. McLaine, H. D. Rochfort, E. B. Dill, C. McClung, J. C. Alston, A. Eritt, R. S. Palmer, C. G. Curtis, P. Meacham, Sid Oliver and H. Hewar. The reception committee are F. W. McLaine, W. G. McMynn, D. A. McDonald, C. McClung and B. de Wiele. The local team will endeavor to give the visitors as good a time as the Myncaster boys gave them.

Boundary Falls.

The public school was opened on August 24th for the next half year, under favorable auspices. At 3 p. m. a social was held in the school house, at which nearly all the residents and their families were present. Trustee Bunbury was appointed chairman, but at his desire the chair was taken by Mr. Craig. The proceedings opened with the singing of the "Maple Leaf" by the school children. Mrs. Moore presided at the organ. A speech on the "Story of the Flag" was delivered by Mr. Moore, M. A. A song by Miss B. Roosa, other short addresses and speeches were given by Mr. Craig, Mr. Roosa and Mr. Ryan. Mrs. Moore gave a musical selection, after which refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, fruit and candy, were served to all present. The proceedings closed by the hoisting of the Union Jack on the new flag pole and the singing of the National Anthem by all present. A fine new bell was recently presented to the school by the Dominion Copper Co. and proves of great service.

A dance was held in the Miners' hall on Monday night and was well attended.

The smelter daily expects to be opened up again, having had to close owing to a shortage of coke, when this little town looks forward to a prosperous season.

Almost a Capture.

Last week, near Hall's ranch, Joe Wilmshurst, road foreman, and his gang came across a couple of men beside a camp fire. As soon as the road gang came in sight the two men took to the brush, leaving part of their camp outfit. After the men got into the brush they fired a couple of shots from a revolver, evidently to stop pursuit. The provincial officers at Phoenix, Midway and Eholt were notified, but unfortunately none of them were able to get there except Officer Jensen of Eholt, who did not believe any good could result from taking to the brush after the suspicious characters. Officer Dockstader of Phoenix was very busy that day and could not get down to Eholt, and Officer Aston of Mieway, was following a clue that did not lead to Hall's ranch. Thus, if the gods had not been unpropitious, the two men, possibly the hold ups, might have been captured. However, all the wagon roads and railway tracks leading to Phoenix, Eholt and Midway are being carefully guarded. There are not enough police to guard the trails.

Later—The two men filtered through the scenery into Niagara Sunday, calling at Alex Robinson's camp for grub, and sleeping Sunday night in Lequime's sawmill. Meantime the police were guarding all the more public highways, over which any self-respecting artillery expert might be expected to travel.

Monday morning three horses, two vehicles, four revolvers, four rifles, and eight cartridge belts, with four constables attached to them, started out from airy Grand Forks up the North Fork road. The two men wouldn't come out of the brush, doubtless didn't know they were expected to come out into the open to be slaughtered, and, of course, the vehicles couldn't be taken through the thick brush. Thus, owing to the fugitives not being posted in the police etiquette of the West, a capture was averted and an important clue has gone south for the winter. Military manoeuvring cannot be successfully done in the brush, and possibly those familiar with the bush would be better fitted to cope with the tactics of knights of the road.

The supreme court judges at the coast are still quarreling among themselves. If Mr. Justice Martin would make his home in the interior of the province—say Nelson—he would have no difficulty in agreeing with the people. Residents of mining camps do not object to a judge having brains and being independent. One of the supreme court judges should reside in the interior and Mr Justice Martin has made a specialty of mining claim litigation, so doubtless would be the best fitted for the work here. The judge, who fully appreciates the importance and dignity of his position, will never disgrace it.

The first issue of the Creston Review was published on the 26th inst., with A. T. Pemberton as manager, and Jno. T. Atherton, editor. It starts out with a good advertising patronage, is newsy and well printed.

WAS MURDERED

C. L. Thomet of Midway Killed by Bandits

MADE GALLANT FIGHT

Was Taken at a Disadvantage but Kept Shooting Until He Fell—One of the Desperadoes Badly Wounded—Bloodhounds on Trail.

Tuesday evening about nine o'clock two masked men—supposed to be the two hold-ups who have been operating in the district—entered C. L. Thomet's hotel at Midway. Just as they entered the door he reached for his gun beneath the bar and he and the bandits commenced shooting. Two bullets struck Thomet and it is believed one of the hold-ups was wounded. There are so many conflicting stories, we print below the evidence of William B. Bower, an eye-witness, which may be considered fairly accurate, taking into consideration the the natural excitement of a man not used to gun plays. The evidence was given at the coroner's inquest, held yesterday by Coroner Black with the following jury: T. J. Hardy (foreman), Jas. Kerr, W. L. Melville, Wm. Tippie, Geo. Schulli, and S. A. Crowell.

Wm. B. Bower, sworn. Am a banker, reside in Grand Forks. I was at Thomet's hotel close to or a few minutes earlier than 9:30 o'clock in the evening. Deceased, Archie McDougall and George Henderson were in room. I was standing at north end of bar looking from door. I casually turned and saw two masked men. They had blue masks on. Each had gun pointing towards deceased. Deceased was standing at end of bar about eighteen feet from me. I saw a motion of deceased to pick up pistol, which was near his hand. Deceased picked same up and fired instantaneously in direction of two masked men, who returned the fire instantaneously by two shots. Can't say which man fired or whether both fired. The man nearest me covered me first for a moment, then dropped his gun to his side, then both went out of the door quietly as they came in. I made for the wall nearest the street so that if they shot back into room I would not be exposed to fire. Saw that they might still pot me, and hurried to dining room, deceased being crouched beside door, I presumed in position to fire if they showed up again. I went into room past him, and said "don't shoot; it is me." He didn't answer. After passing him I went around to back of sideboard, thinking it a place of safety, and deceased was on his back bleeding from wound in neck. McDougall and Mrs. Thomet then rushed in.

To Jury—Thomet was partly covered by bar. Think Thomet fired another shot, but it had no effect as men had gone. After the two shots fired by masked men Thomet crouched down behind the bar where he was standing, and, I believe, fired a shot from that position. Then he backed into dining door, crouching down. The shot in dining room was fired before I left wall. Deceased did not speak after masked men appeared. Deceased did not speak to men and men did not speak to him. Do not know if masked men went round to front part and shot into dining room. Do not know who masked men were. Both about same size. Seemed well-sized men in dark clothes. Eye-holes in line and guns well in line. Deceased had gun in his hand when I passed him going into dining room.

Dr. J. E. Spinkie examined the body and found two bullet wounds on the body, one on right side between 3rd and 4th ribs, and the other on left side through neck just above collar bone. The latter was cause of death.

A number of the residents of the town were on the spot a few minutes after the shot, Will Melville being the first. He saw the men as they were making off. It is thought the intention was to hold up the Spokane, as one of the Saulter brothers saw a couple of men come towards the house three times from a vacant lot opposite, but each time were disturbed by people passing. The Saulters were prepared with shot guns, one on the veraudah upstairs and the other in the bar. They expected the hold-up to come off, and were waiting patiently for it when they heard the shots. They at once went to Thomet's place, but were too late to get a shot. A posse of between twenty and thirty men, under W. J. Devitt of Nelson, with bloodhounds, started yesterday evening. J. R. Jackson was out all day yesterday on his own account and, it is believed, was able to give the police valuable information.

The late Chas. L. Thomet was born near Berne, Switzerland, and was a 38 years, 10 months and 21 days old at time of death. He came to this district 16 years ago. He had been a hunter and prospector before coming here. Everyone well acquainted with Charley Thomet knew just what he would do in case of a hold up, and he did it. A brave man, long familiar with the methods of the gun men of the West, and a contempt, if not hatred, for the the "bad" man, he simply couldn't put up his hands. The robbers doubtless came prepared to kill and knew, as he knew, what would be the result if a hold-up were attempted—death to one or both. His dying moments showed the cool, brave determination of the man. Even in dying he placed himself in a position where he could do most execution.

Mrs Thomet and family have the sympathy of the district in the loss of a brave, noble-hearted husband and father.

The funeral will be held in Midway tomorrow (Friday) at 2 o'clock. The Knights of Pythias have charge of the arrangements.

The Japanese government is investigating the nature of the betting at the various race meetings, and if it is found to injure social under it will be prohibitek.

Best of Job Printing at The Ledge.

Ira D. Sankey, the famous blind evangelist, who won fame as a singer with Dwight L. Moody, died at Brooklyn last Friday. He was 68 years old.

Western Float

Alberni is to have a fall fair.

The V., V. & E. has not yet reached Princeton.

A school house has just been finished at Perry Siding.

G. O. Buchanan, of Kaslo, thinks the province should assume the city debt of Fernie.

W. S. Keith, formerly of Greenwood, has opened offices in Seattle as consulting engineer and metallurgist.

Geo. Stillwell, foreman of the Hewitt mine near Silverton, is in the Slocan hospital suffering from appendicitis.

Alberni was made happy last week by the free distribution among the citizens of sample bottles of Corby's whiskey.

The town of Salmon Arm is going to put in a waterworks system. The water will be taken from Cascade creek, five miles distant.

In Vernon last week. Two men. A gasoline motor. An empty tank. A lamp. A can of gasoline. Later—Two men in hospital. Fortunate two.

Rossland has a pugilistic boom at present. Not the free street variety, but the gate-receipts kind, where two fellows hit at each other with a pair of pillows, for half an hour or so, when one of them goes to sleep. The receipts are divided in private.

The Creston Cemetery Co. is offering twenty lots in block 4 at $10 per acre says the Review. The offer holds good for 40 days. If Creston families require an acre each for burial purposes there is no danger from race suicide. That town should be a good place for a live undertaker.

J. H. White, foreman at the Goose Bay mines on Observatory Inlet, came to Prince Rupert on the Venturo. He says they are busy at work installing a compressor plant, which will be driven by water power. He wants a dozen or more laborers and a few good carpenters.—Prince Rupert Empire.

The first issue of the Ladysmith Chronicle, published by Carley & Carley, is to hand. D. M. Carley formerly of Nelson, is the editor. Mr. Carley has the happy faculty of saying a great deal in a very few words. Every sentence counts. The Ledge welcomes the Chronicle, and hopes its editor will continue to use the rapier freely.

The Scandinavian confederacy and the Phoenicians are at war with each other. Two pitched battles were fought last week, and more to come. Two lawyers went up from here last week to defend the descendants of the Vikings. As the cases have all been appealed, comment would be striking below the belt.

The Silver Cup at Ferguson is developing and shipping steadily. The ore bodies in this mine are improving both in size and grade as depth is obtained. Four stopes are being worked and about sixty men are employed in and around the mine. There is a possibility that a long tunnel may be started to tap the mine at a 1,400 foot level soon.

Tom and Con Whelan, of the Napanee hotel, Fernie, lost all they had and came up smiling. Before the ashes were cold they had secured a lease on the lots across the street, order in for material and two tents up, and were feeding their friends without money and without price. The Whelan boys are hustlers and have made a lot more friends during the trouble that followed Fernie's last disaster. They will open the new Napanee on Friday, simply as an omen of good luck.—Cranbrook Herald.

A sensible feature for which the C. P. R. is to be commended is the maintenance of a fire warden along wooded portions of their lines. The C. P. R. owns some very valuable timber lands and it is to their interests that they should grant assistance in fighting bush fires and having them extinguished as soon as possible. If C. P. R. wardens and the provincial government wardens should be patrolling the same territory it is to be hoped that each will not wait for the other to take the initiative in putting out fires by way of seeing how much money they can save for their employers by letting the other fellow shoulder the expense.—Hedley Gazette.

Andy Cummings, who opened the Knox hotel in Prince Rupert in March, and who did a good business while he ran the place, has got what is coming to men who would rather sell whiskey illegally than grub legally. After disposing of his interest in the Knox, he posed for a time as a capitalist; then he became a dealer in liquor, bringing it to Prince Rupert from Victoria as "vinegar." He defied the police but they kept tab on him so close that he went to Hazelton in the latter part of July. According to the commitment papers of Stipendiary Magistrate Valeau, of Hazelton, he opened a disreputable house near Hazelton, brought in liquor, and resisted arrest. He was tried on August 8th and was sentenced to six months at hard labor at New Westminster and to pay a fine of $300. He was brought down to Port Essington and will be taken to New Westminster on the first south-bound steamer. Cummings had friends when he came to Prince Rupert from Goldfield, Nev.—Prince Rupert Empire.

A New Industry.

A deal which will prove of much material advantage to the city and district, was put through on Friday afternoon last. This was the transference of seven square miles of timber situated about fifteen miles north of Gloucester City, by Gus Snyder, Sam Horner and G. M. Fripp, to C. B. Dennison and George Mayer, of Chicago, who intend to commence operations immediately. The purchasers are forming a company, capitalized at $1,000,000, and will erect a mill of 100,000 feet per day capacity, a capacity greater than that of the Yale-Columbia company's mill at Cascade. Mayer Fripp is interested in the scheme, with Messrs Dennison and Mayer, and will have a place on the board of directors. The payroll of a mill of such capacity will mean much to the merchants of the city.—Grand Forks Gazette.

An Arabic newspaper, Ash-Shelhah, has been started in Montreal. M. N. Zarbatany, of Damascus, is editor and proprietor. It already has a circulation of three thousand.

The Ledge only $2 a year.

BOWSER THE ARTIST

He Shows What He Can Do as an Expert Paperhanger.

THE COOK HELPS HIM OUT.

Results Are Not Fully Up to His Expectation, but It Forms Diversion For the Family—Mrs. B. Laughs For Five Minutes.

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

When Mr. Bowser reached home the other evening he was carrying a bundle almost as large as a beer keg under his arm, and when Mrs. Bowser met him in the hall and demanded an explanation he said:

"Never mind until after dinner. I could have had it sent up from the store, but I was afraid it would not be on hand for tomorrow morning."

"But you can just say what is in the bundle, can't you?" she persisted.

"Not a word. In due time you shall know all, and when you come to know I guess you won't think I'm such a slow old poke after all."

During the dinner hour Mrs. Bowser's curiosity was running on that

"WELL, NOW, BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?"

bundle. She figured that it was too small for a new milk cow.

It didn't appear to contain a dozen Leghorn chickens.

If there was a spring pig in there, then he was keeping wonderfully quiet.

She had seen fire escapes come up, but there were angles to the bundles.

If it was a flying machine, then it was smaller than the pictures she had seen in the papers.

There was no toot, toot, toot, to it, and so it could not be a young automobile.

Discloses His Plans.

Mr. Bowser chuckled to himself and looked benevolent and complacent and held on to the mystery until dinner was over and they had returned to the sitting room. Then he lighted a cigar and walked around with his hands under his coattails and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know why the interior of this house must remind every one that enters our doors of a sawmill?"

"What do you mean by such a question as that?" she replied.

"Just exactly what I said. Look around you. Do you see any art in the carpet? Is there any in the furniture? Is there any in the wall paper? Look up or look down, and you find the same old thing. Up to date people must wonder if we belong to the last century."

"And who bought the furniture, the carpets and the wall paper, Mr. Bowser? I wanted to select those things, as every wife should, but you wouldn't have it that way. It must be what you said or nothing."

"No back talk, woman. I knew your tastes and bought accordingly. I have never been satisfied. Time and time again I have fairly longed to live in a barn for a change. There are times when this sameness, this absence of art, gets on my nerves until I want to take the ax and smash things up."

"And now the contents of that bundle are going to change the house into a regular studio of art?" she asked.

"It is going to change the library, at least, and then we will take room by room and go through the whole house. You shall now have your burning curiosity gratified."

Then Mr. Bowser went down the hall after the bundle and brought it back with him and tore off the wrapper and revealed eight double rolls of wall paper. He unrolled one of them for a couple of yards and held it up and said:

"Well, now, but what do you think of this?"

Mrs. Bowser knew it to be a pattern at least fifteen years old. It was a cheap paper, such as might be found in the office of a village hotel. It was a paper with pictures on it—pictures of Shakespeare, Byron and Milton following each other in succession.

"Where is the art?" she asked after a moment's study.

"The art, the art? Woman, look there—and there—and there! Who was Shakespeare? Who were the others? Could anything be more appropriate for a library? Here is art. Here is sentiment. Here is genius. Why, from the hour the paper is on the walls I shall spend my evenings in the library looking at it."

"Have you got a paperhanger to put it on?"

"No, ma'am, I haven't. The hand of no sordid paperhanger shall defile this paper. I shall hang it myself. I have arranged to stay home tomorrow to do it."

"I—I wish you wouldn't," she replied, with a sigh.

"No doubt you do. But I shall, just the same. You are satisfied with the old sawmill as it is. If you had your way you'd chuck this paper into the furnace. Wait until tomorrow night, however, and perhaps I can bring about a change of mind. See the paper as it looks on the wall before you make up your mind to commit suicide."

Mrs. Bowser said no more. Of what use? Mr. Bowser would go ahead just the same. She managed to introduce another subject, and the matter was dropped, although Mr. Bowser insisted on unrolling all the other rolls and trailing them over the floor and sitting there and looking at them for half an hour after she had gone to bed.

The art business was entered upon bright and early next morning. When Mr. Bowser was all ready to begin work his instructions to her were:

"Now, you keep out of the library. I want no criticisms until the job is complete."

Of course he should have cleaned the walls of the old paper at the first move, but of course he didn't. Of course he should have had his paper trimmed where he bought it, but as he had not requested it the thing was not done. The cook had made him a pan of paste, and he was anxious to get to work. He wanted the art to begin to show up so as to cheer him on.

In about fifteen minutes Mrs. Bowser made an excuse to enter the library. The furniture had all been shoved to one side, and the first strip of the new paper was on.

"Didn't I tell you not to come in here?" roared Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, but I'm looking for my thimble. Got a strip on, eh? Shakespeare, Byron and Milton look well standing on their heads. How did you happen to think of the improvement?"

The strip had been put on upside down. Mr. Bowser would have denied it, but the evidence was too plain. He at first decided to charge Mrs. Bowser with doing it to spite him, but changed his mind and took her by the shoulders and pushed her out of the room. Then he peeled down the strip and put it on right end up. He had the third one on when Mrs. Bowser opened the door and asked if he wanted any kindling wood of the boy.

Paper Not on Straight.

"You know I don't!" he yelled. "Have I got to take the ax to keep you out of here?"

"I didn't know, you know. Don't you see that your second strip isn't on plumb? The Shakespeares, Byrons and Miltons are leaning over as if they had had too much drink."

Mr. Bowser started for her, but she escaped, and after squinting at the strip from every angle he peeled it down and put it up again. He then locked the door, and Mrs. Bowser couldn't get in again. When lunch was ready he locked the door behind him, and when she asked how his art work was coming on he didn't do any boasting. In fact, he seemed depressed and puzzled. She offered to go in and trim paper for him, but he glared at her and did not answer. Twice during the four hours succeeding lunch she heard him fall from the stepladder with a crash that shook the house, but when she knocked on the door and asked if he was dead he shouted out:

"Of course I'm not! And you keep right away from here!"

At 5 o'clock the door was unlocked, and he appeared with a smile on his face and said:

"Madam Bowser, will you enter the library and be introduced to Mr. High Art?"

She entered and took a careful look around and then sat down on the lounge and laughed till the tears came. In spite of his first mistake Mr. Bowser had three strips on wrong end up. There were two strips that bent to the left and two to the right. There were twenty different places where the old paper showed along the edges. It was a museum in which Shakespeare, Byron and Milton appeared right side up, wrong side up and any old way, and they looked mighty lonesome about it.

Mrs. Bowser laughed for five minutes, and when she finally looked up Mr. Bowser had disappeared. He was not upstairs. He was not down cellar. He had gone, vanished, disappeared, and he and high art might never get together in this vain world again.

M. QUAD.

He Was Wise.

Young Man—Why did you advise Miss Smith to go abroad to study music? You know she has no talent.

Old Man—I live next door to Miss Smith.—Tatler.

A Promise Kept.

She (reproachfully)—You promised me when you went off on this little fishing expedition you would drop a line or two every day.

He (earnestly)—My dear, I do assure you I did nothing else. — Baltimore American.

Not Lost, but Gone Before.

Sairey Ann—Now you've bin an' lorst yer penny, fat'ead.

John James—No, I ain't lost it, silly, 'cos I knows where it is.—Sketch.

HE WAS COLLECTING.

But His Smooth Scheme Didn't Work With Her.

"You'd better get away from here or I'll call the dog!" exclaimed the woman who came to the kitchen door when he knocked. "We haven't anything for tramps."

"Ma'am," said the hobo, giving a fair imitation of a Chesterfieldian bow, "you sadly misjudge me. I am not a tramp, but a collector."

"Well, we don't owe anybody but the grocer, and he wouldn't send a man like you to collect," she answered sharply.

"Again you are in error," asserted the hobo, with extreme courtesy. "I am not a bill collector, but only a man who has taken up the prevailing fad. Surely my language ought to convince you that I am not a common man. Everybody is collecting something or other these days. Some people collect stamps, some prefer coins that are rare, some seek books, some costly cups, some steins, some gems, some colonial furniture, and so on. My friend the emperor of Germany, I am informed, has a mania for collecting shoes worn by distinguished historical personages."

"And what do you collect?" demanded the woman.

"Ma'am," replied the hobo, with another bow, "I have been carried away by the fad to such an extent that I am collecting samples of cooking. If you have"—

"I haven't," she broke in abruptly.

"As a side line," went on the hobo, with unruffled temper, "I collect old clothes. If you happen to have"—

"I haven't," she said again.

"Very well, ma'am; very well," he returned, backing away. "No harm done. We collectors have to accustom ourselves to disappointments. We frequently have difficulty getting the treasure that we seek, and we learn to be patient."—Chicago Post.

How He Took It.

"Yes; I refused him. I did it as kindly as I could. I told him that I would always cherish his friendship as a sacred thing."

"What did he say?"

"He said he was glad I took it that way. He was afraid, he said, that I expected him to propose, and for a minute or two his heart stood still for fear I would take him up. Then he added that in refusing his heart and hand I couldn't have done anything that would fill him with a stronger sense of gratitude."

"The wretch!"—Kansas City Times.

When the Moon Was Full.

They were sitting on the porch.

"It seems to me," he said, "that if ever a man was inclined to propose to a girl it would be when the moon was full."

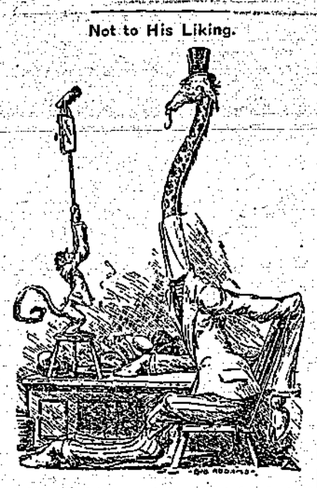
"Like this?" she asked.

"Yes."

"But, then, that's all nonsense," she said. "You've known me at least thirty-six full moons."

There being no other way out of it, he proposed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not to His Liking.



"Ya-as; it's got lots of style, but it makes me look so deuced tall!"—Harper's Weekly.

Then He Knew.

Newpop (entering room)—What in the world makes the baby cry so?

Mrs. Newpop—I'm sure I don't know. I have been trying to sing him to sleep for an hour or more.

Newpop—Oh!—Chicago News.

Smilage.

Nervous Traveler (to seat companion)—How fast should you say you were traveling?

Companion (who has been flirting with the girl across the way)—About a smile a minute.—New York Life.

Equal to an Emergency.

She—You spelled hammock with a "u" in your letter.

He—Well, I always prefer to have you in a hammock.—Yonkers Statesman.

Lem Hawkins' Scheme.

If skies were bright or skies were dim,
It made no difference to him;
Lem Hawkins was a thoughtful man
And lived his life upon a plan.

Lem says he noticed anyway
That troubles mark the length of day,
And when he thinks he has his share
He quits his day right then and there.

Suppose the sun is shining bright,
That's Sol's mistake; for Lem it's night.
Lem peels his duds and goes to bed
And doesn't fret, but sleeps instead.

There's nothing more can get him then,
No blows of fate nor works of men,
And folks find it is good for them,
For they are also rid of Lem.

Lem says he reckons it is best
To make this rule a kind of test:
If twenty things go wrong by-noon,
A man can't get to bed too soon.

—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

A Rapid Rhymer.

In illustration of the working powers of George R. Sims, the dramatist and poet, it is said that one night a new piece was produced at a leading theater in London. Sims sat it out and then returned to his office, where he wrote a column and a half of criticism in rhyme. It was near the time for the paper to go to press when he began, and the boy took the piece verse by verse from him to the composing room, the boy walking continuously from one to the other for an hour.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS

And Bright's Disease Are Practically One.

Dr. Bright discovered that the symptoms of Bright's disease were caused by inflammation of the kidneys. Thus it derives its name. As to the relationship of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the above disease, the testimonials of thousands bear evidence.

Notwithstanding the remarkable cures of this dreadful disease by this medicine, people still work on, complaining of terrible pains in the small of the back, exclaiming they feel "all in," being overcome with feelings of weariness and despondency.

Perhaps you haven't these particular symptoms, but have the ones which are most noticeable in the urine. Upon them the physician relies for a positive opinion. If the urine is of a deep color, has a strong odor and deposits a heavy sediment upon standing, then consider your case carefully. They are infallible signs, but not of an incurable disease; thanks to Dr. Chase.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured other persons; they can cure you. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.

Presence of Mind.

General Funston, at a dinner in San Francisco, cited an example of great presence of mind.

"In the height of the disorder here" he said, "a mob was looting a big grocery when a band of soldiers arrived on the scene.

"One thief had seized two hams, and was about to make off with one under each arm, when he ran plump into an officer.

"Placing the hams in the officer's arms, he said peremptorily:—

"'Take care of these, my man, or the first thing you know, they will be stolen'."

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed.

"Seems to me you look younger than ever."

"Why not? As I grow older I become more and more expert in avoiding trouble."—Life.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Rastus—Boss, ain't yo' goin' to run fo' no office dis year?

Mr. Hiskins—No, Rastus; not this year.

Rastus—I'm sorry fo' dat. 'Cos I certainly does needs de money dis yeah.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS KILL LITTLE ONES.

At the first signs 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 well children, and will promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine so effective and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe. Mrs. E. Le Brun, Carillon, Que., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for regulating the stomach and bowels. I think no mother should be without this medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

If you'd make your money last,
In strict economy be versed;
And even then you stand aghast
To think you've got to make it first.
—Puck.

As a vermicide there is no preparation that equals Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

A New Railway Danger Signal.

Testimony in a recent distressing accident due to a grade crossing collision between a trolley car and a passenger train showed that danger signals are recklessly ignored sometimes. To make schedule time is the object set before motormen and engineers, and it is only fair to say that occasionally the making of schedule time by a train will limit the liability to accident through confusion. However, the practice of ignoring signals has come to be a menace, and railroad men have encouraged a new device for signaling which also stops the train or car signaled. If the machine operates effectively it will doubtless be widely adopted.

The new signal cannot be ignored, because the car or train is at once taken from the control of its master and compelled to stop. The only way to start motion is for some one to alight and release the exterior check, fixed automatically at the time the signalman gives warning. Recently an old railroad man declared in an article printed in The Atlantic Monthly that the practice of ignoring signals by railroad men at certain times has become a habit hard to eradicate. He considered the practice responsible for many distressing accidents, but yet trainmen continue to exercise discretion. If the obstacle suggested by the signal is seen the warning is heeded, but if not speed is merely slackened and no full stop made. If railway men will not obey rules as to signals absolutely a device to check their train in spite of them will be found necessary, especially at points where the danger is great.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, BACKACHE, DIABETES
Dealers discontinued the use of our genuine package. The public may rely on our genuine pills. Beware of imitations, sold only in boxes.

W N. U. No. 697.

THE GRAND PROMOTER

Sees Trouble Ahead When Madam Jones Calls For Back Board.

WORKS HIS GAME OF BLUFF.

After Being Called All Kinds of Harsh Names by Ex-Landlady the Major Succeeds in Getting Out of a Rather Tight Hole.

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

The grand promoter had a basin of soapsuds and a sponge and was working away at the grease spots on his coat when the office door opened and in walked his landlady. By some oversight he had forgotten to lock the door. It was not his present landlady, not the one before the present one, not the one he had had in a year or two. It was the landlady whose boarding palace he left one night because she insisted that he owed her

CROFOOT SAW TROUBLE AHEAD.

$48 and that the same must be paid before he took his accustomed place at the breakfast table and made his accustomed kicks about the coffee and the steak. She was a large woman with an iron jaw, and Major Crofoot saw trouble ahead.

"Excuse me, madam," he said as he let the rest of the spots go and put on his coat. "Did you wish to see Major Crofoot?"

"I'm seeing him right now," she replied as she passed him and took a seat.

"The name? I don't think we have met before."

"The name is Jones, and I don't want any of your soft soap. Major Crofoot, you are a deadbeat and a scoundrel!"

"Jones, Jones?" he mused. "I knew a lady named Jones a long time ago—yes, a perfect lady; noble looking and of commanding presence, the same as you are. I reverenced and respected that lady, and even though she married a millionaire and went to Denver to live I could not help taking her going as a personal loss.

Owes $48.

"Tommyrot! Major, you owe me $48, and I want it. I have been on your trail for almost two years."

"What! Do I behold Jones before me—Mme. Jones—the Jones—the noble lady of the past? It cannot be, and yet—and yet I do see a faint resemblance now that you have mentioned the name."

"You will see a stronger one before I leave this office. A man that will hog down provisions and muss up beds the way you did and then beat his landlady out of $48 ought to be sent to prison for five years. Major, talk business. I want the dough."

"I beat you out of $48?" he cried as both hands went up in horror.

"Forty-eight, and here's the bill. I ought to have enough interest to make it an even fifty."

"Woman—lady—what is this? One night while I was a boarder in your house—and, ah, what a table you did set!—I was summoned to London by a cablegram. Millions were at stake. I couldn't wait to bid you goodby. I gave the money to a fellow boarder to hand to you and explain, and when I returned to America it was to hear that you had become the wife of a millionaire and left the landlady business forever. And did the man prove recreant to his trust?"

"Not at all. He helped you get your old duds out of a back window at midnight. You had found another landlady to bamboozle. Just fifty with the added interest, major."

"And he proved recreant, and all this time you have thought I was a deadbeat. The scoundrel! The assassin! Excuse my language, Mrs. Jones, but you can see the excitement I am laboring under."

"Yes, you turned as white as a ghost when you saw me come in, and you haven't got your natural color back yet. The long green, major, the long green!"

"With the greatest of pleasure, Madam Jones. I must and do hold myself responsible for the debt. You shall have a check in a moment. First, however, I wish to hark back a little."

"To the night you went out of the back window, I suppose?"

"Madam, when I had the honor to be a boarder in your house—and was ever a boarding house run like yours?—I was in financial straits. I was laying the foundation for a fortune, but the world was cold and distrustful. You were one of the very few that had confidence in me. You trusted me. You said to yourself that Major Crofoot was a man who would climb to the top, and you cast your bread upon the waters."

Shows His Gratitude.

"I never had the slightest confidence in you, and you know it," replied the woman.

"You cast your bread upon the waters, and now, after the usual number of days, it is coming back to you. My dear Madam Jones, I am going to show you that Major Crofoot knows what gratitude means. I am going to prove to you that he remembers those who stood by him in his dark days. You are here to demand that I pay you $48. Let me, my dear woman, make the check for $48,000."

"You don't mean it!" she gasped after looking at him for half a minute with her mouth open.

"Mean it? Of course I mean it. Were you not one of my standbys in those black days? You evidently have not heard of my financial successes. You came here this morning thinking to find the same Major Crofoot. Does it surprise you to hear that I can draw my check for $5,000,000?"

"But you were cleaning grease spots off your old frock coat when I came in, and that doesn't look as if you were a rich man."

"My dear and noble Mrs. Jones, we all have our little hobbies. Mine is to still appear as a poor man. Besides, I wanted to get my mind off finance for half an hour. I will now draw the check spoken of—that is—let me see, let me see!"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"I was just wondering a bit. I am just about to incorporate and float my nineteenth great and successful enterprise. You know what corncobs are, of course?"

"I was brought up on a farm."

"Then you know all about them. You know that ever since corn grew they have been considered worthless. Not an animal will touch 'em. Farmers haul them off and make bonfires of them."

"Yes."

Organizes Jelly Company.

"Well, I have discovered a way to make them 98 per cent nutriment and give them the flavor of the Bartlett pear. Others had worked at it for 400 years, but four hours from the time I picked up a cob the problem was solved. We now have the Great American Guava Jelly company, limited; capital paid in, $1,000,000. The stock will start at par and go kiting; dividends anywhere from 50 to 75 per cent. I am the president, but the place of secretary is yet to be filled. Do you want it at a salary of $50,000 a year?"

"But I am a very poor writer," replied Mrs. Jones as her heart went thumping.

"That makes no difference. There will be no writing to do. You will simply watch the girls who pour molasses and saltpeter over the cobs and see that they waste none. We want a grand and noble secretary. Your salary will be raised every year until it gets up to a million. What do you say?"

"Oh, major, can you mean it?"

"Every word of it, and cobs and all. That's your bread upon the waters."

"And I came here and sassed you and called you names!"

"But they did not come from your noble heart. You take the place. Your salary begins tomorrow. Meanwhile to prove your sincerity you may hand me $3 to help pay the expense of the incorporation."

"But I—I"— she stammered as she felt for her purse.

"Not a word of gratitude out of you, my dear Mrs. Jones. I am only too glad to give you the place. Three dollars; that's correct. And now, my noble secretary, as I expect no less than seven financiers here before 12 o'clock"—

And the noble Mrs. Jones found herself out in the hall and on her way downstairs, and she had gone a block before she gave a start of surprise and turned back. Major Crofoot had locked his door and gone to spend that $3 in a way to do the most good, and the boy in the hall winked at the woman and said it was awfully good of her to help the heathen along that way.

M. QUAD.

Should Be Content.

Wife—My dear, you have nothing to complain of. You have everything that I want. What more could you wish for?

Progress Reported.

"Did you have any luck fishing?"

"Yes."

"How many did you catch?"

"I didn't catch any, but I thought up some mighty good stories to tell the folks at home."—Bohemian Magazine.

Particular.

She—I suppose you are busy down at the restaurant these days?

He—I should say so. Why, I'm kept so busy that I hardly have time to go out to get a bite to eat!—Yonkers Statesman.

Striking Out For the City.

Hiram Hardapple—Don't be too reckless about wandering from home, Zeke. Remember a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Zeke—But what do I want with moss, dad? Thar be too many mossbacks around here now.—Detroit Tribune.

TOOKE SHIRTS

Do you ever find your cuffs a nuisance when working in your shirt sleeves?

Aren't they continually bothering you and hampering the free movements of your hands?

Some men use elastic bands to keep their cuffs up.

But these are always unsatisfactory and uncomfortable.

The "EZIAJUSTA" in

Tooke SHIRTS

keeps your cuffs out of the way. No trouble is required to adjust them and no discomfort experienced.

They're very convenient when working, rowing, playing tennis or golf, washing your hands, etc.

These "EZIAJUSTAS" also prevent your cuffs from wearing out and soiling quickly.

Tooke Brothers, Limited - Montreal.

20

An Eye to Business.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered a $5 bill was passed into his hand by the regretful golfer.

"Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a kindling glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"—June Lippincott's.

The Pill That Leads Them All.—Pills are the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs, there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.

The Parson—I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for throwing that brick at you.

The Patient—Mebbe yer riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi get well and thin pray for Casey.

Tea is more susceptible to foreign influences than even butter. This is why it should never be exposed to the air or sold in bulk form. The sealed lead packets of "Salada" Tea preserve the tea in all its native goodness. Insist upon "Salada." 53

Some navvies in a railway carriage were once in loud conversation, swearing boisterously the while. One of them was especially fluent. "My friend," said another passenger in shocked tones, "where did you learn to use such language?"

"Learn!" said the navvy. "You can't learn it, guv'ner. It's a gift, that's wot it is."—Dundee Advertiser.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Railways Kill An Army Yearly.

The annual report of the U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission, giving the railroad statistics for the year 1904, shows that there were at the end of the year 297,078 miles of railroad in the United States. Total number of casualties was 94,201, 10,046 having been killed and 84,155 injured. Of those killed 441 were passengers and of the wounded 9,111, or one passenger killed out of every 622,267 carried and one injured out of every 78,523 carried.

The number of passengers reported carried in the year was 715,419,032, increase 26,508,147. The passenger mileage, or the number of passengers carried one mile, was 21,923,213,526, increase 1,007,449,655. The number of tons of freight carried was 1,309,899,165, increase 5,504,842 tons. The ton mileage, or the number of tons carried one mile, was 174,522,089,577. The gross earnings were $1,975,174,091, increase $74,327,184. The operating expenses were $1,338,906,253, increase $81,357,401. The number of persons on the pay rolls of the railroads of the United States, as returned for June, 1904, was 1,296,121, decrease 16,416. The wages and salaries paid for the year amounted to $817,593,810.

The Bribe That Failed.

Among Father Dempsey's steady boarders was a fellow named Delaney. He was drunk as often as he could get that way. Father Dempsey tried all manner of means to get Delaney to quit drinking. At last he said to him:

"Delaney, my man, if you'll stop drinking for six months I'll give you a check at the end of that time for $50."

"Indeed, if I stopped for six months I could write you a check for $100," answered Delaney, and Father Dempsey in telling of it later added:

"And inueed he could, too, for he's a No. 1 mechanic."

TRISCUIT

The wholesome and dainty Shredded Wheat water for luncheon, or any meal, with butter, cheese, fruit or marmalade, will give you new strength and vitality.

Always Ready to Serve. Always Delicious.

Sold by all grocers. 955

MRS. FRANK STROEBE

A Remarkable Recovery.

Mrs. Frank Stroebe, R.F.D. 1, Appleton, Wis., writes: "I began using Peruna a few months ago, when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a nervous wreck, could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live. Peruna made me look at life in a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength.

"I certainly think Peruna is without a rival as a tonic and strength builder."

Women Who Do Not Marry Until 35.

A German doctor lays it down as a well established fact based on close observation that women who do not marry until 35 or thereabout invariably achieve matrimonial success. Why women of this particular age should make more successful marriages than those who fall victims to love's young dream is fairly obvious. When a woman marries between 30 and 40 she either does so for companionship, choosing her mate accordingly, or from need, in which case she also chooses with a certain amount of care. She has no dreams of unalloyed bliss.—Lady's Pictorial.

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind.— The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

Effie, on her first visit to the country, saw a number of chickens from the front porch of a farm house. The child watched the fowls for some time as they industriously scratched around. Finally she turned and ran to her mother.

"Oh, mother," she said, excitedly, "come out on the porch and see the chickens wiping their feet on the grass."—Harper's Weekly.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., 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 Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, (Seal.) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Widow Hennessy—Ah! Mr. O'Flaherty, whin me ould man died it left a big hole in my heart.

O'Flaherty— Mrs. Hinnissy, would ye mind patchin' it wid a bit out o' mine?

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Will," said a newly married friend to Will Maupin, the Nebraska poet, "I'm in a quandary as to just what I should call my wife's mother. I don't like to call her 'mother-in-law' on account of all the comic paper jokes on that name, and somehow there's a certain sacredness about the word 'mother' that makes me hesitate to apply it to any but my own."

"Well," said Maupin, "I can only tell you of my own experience. The first year we were married I addressed my wife's mother as 'say'; after that we called her 'grandma'."—Everybody's Magazine.

Mother—Are you sure that the girl will make you a good wife?

Son — Sure? Absolutely certain. She is the most kindly, generous, considerate, tender-hearted girl I ever met in my life.

Mother—I'm delighted to hear that. How did you find it out?

Son—By asking her for kisses.

Knicker—The school of experience holds no reunions.

Bocker—Because it has no graduates.

TREATMENT OF BARBER'S ITCH

IS SIMPLE— DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT CURES IT.

It matters not where you get barber's itch, Dr. Chase's Ointment cures. No one need to be afraid of this unpleasant skin disease if Dr. Chase's Ointment is rubbed in well after shaving, because it stops the itching, heals and cures the small sores and pimples, which are the places where it commences. The experience of Mr. Chas. A. Duxbury, engineer in Perry's tannery, Meaford, Ont., with Dr. Chase's Ointment is convincing. He states: "While out in the Northwest I caught barber's itch, and though probably not a dangerous disease, anyone who has had it will admit that it is not at all pleasant. It began on my neck below the skin, and spread until I became alarmed. It itched so bad that I had to scratch it, and that only made it worse.

"A friend of mine told me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment and I did so. The application of this ointment gave prompt relief to the itching and it was not many weeks until I was entirely freed of this annoying ailment. I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has an unparalleled record of cures; 60c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE NORMAN FARMER.

He Carries His Top Soil With Him When He Moves.

The modern farmer was applying electrical massage to a cart horse's sprained knee. During the intervals of rest he talked farm talk.

"There are tenants," he said, "who, when they move, carry their farms with them as the tortoise does his house. These people are the Norman French, the world's best farmers. Where you or I would require twenty or thirty acres of land to keep one family, the French farmer will keep his family on a quarter of an acre. If he chose to cultivate twenty or thirty acres he would become a millionaire. His secret lies in the perfection to which he brings his top soil. What with fertilizing and watering and clearing, his top soil is the blackest, finest, richest soil on earth. His top soil is to the French farmer what her voice is to a prima donna. And when he rents he contracts that on the termination of his lease he may carry off eighteen inches of the top soil with him.

"When you see a French farmer moving one small cart carries his household goods, and in seven or eight enormous drays his top soil lumbers on behind."

THE MODERN HAT.

Its Serious Defects From the Hygienic Point of View.

The size, the style and incidentally the cost of women's hats, says a writer in the Berliner Umschau, have taken up so much of the time of the people who make hats a study that they have not had a moment to devote to the head covering of the sterner sex. Considered from the hygienic point of view, little fault can be found with the hats of our sisters, although some of them, when viewed through the glass of reason, are unthinkable. But men's hats are faulty from the physician's point of view, and a wider knowledge of the defects of the modern hat would add to the already large army of bareheaded men. In order to demonstrate which hats should be avoided a perfectly healthy man was placed where the rays of the sun could strike him directly. He wore while taking the sun bath various kinds of hats for a period of fifteen minutes each. Every hat contained in the crown a thermometer, and these recorded as follows: The one in the panama hat 77 degrees, the straw sailor 81, the silk hat 89, the felt hat 95 and the black hat and yachting cap 99 and 100 degrees respectively.

A Bath a Month.

Apparently the people of Persia are not great believers in the old maxim "Cleanliness is next to godliness," for baths are only taken once a month by the people, when they go to the public baths and make amends, so to speak, for the infrequency of their ablutions by spending a whole day getting cleaned and trimmed. At the baths they are washed, shaved, dye their hair and nails, get shampooed and spend the rest of the day eating buns and drinking sherbet. There are fixed days for men and women, and on bath days a man goes about the streets shouting "Hamum!" ("Bath day!"). After the bath the ladies have their hair plaited in a number of thin plaits, which are not opened and combed out until the next bath day comes round.

Thought Only of the Dynamite.

Some grim stories are told of Lord Kitchener, says the United States Gazette, and we have read one which, although we cannot vouch for the truth of it, has a decided Kitchener flavor about it. A young subaltern who was in charge of some works that were in course of construction in the Punjab had the misfortune to lose some native workmen through an accident with dynamite. Fearful of a reprimand from headquarters, he telegraphed to the commander in chief, "Regret to report killing of twelve laborers by dynamite accident." Back is said to have come the laconic message, "Do you want any more dynamite?"

Greedy.

Two Englishmen on a holiday in France were dining together at a Paris restaurant. Mr. Smith would order and ask for everything he wanted in doubtful French, while Mr. Cross would offer explanations that were in the nature of criticisms. At last Mr. Smith's temper rose to explosive point.

"Will you," he said—in English this time—"be so good as not to interfere with me in the use of my French?"

"Very well," retorted Mr. Cross. "I simply wanted to point out that you were asking for a staircase when all you wanted was a spoon!"—London Mail.

Suffering Humanity.

"Mrs. Sourmug, who thought she had a mission to look after suffering humanity, is married, isn't she?"

"Yep."

"I was surprised to learn that she had given up her mission in life."

"She hasn't. Her husband is going to be suffering humanity hereafter."

The Pursuit of Pleasure.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits. But the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is overeager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

Man's Dull Attire.

Brilishers are constantly becoming duller and more morose in the matter of their clothes. Their carelessness in this respect seems sometimes to amount to affectation. — Chambers' Journal.

Race of Life.

There wouldn't be so very much fun in living if there were not a hurdle or two to jump over in this race of life. There always have been obstacles, and there always will be, and it is of no use to repine over them.

Our Neighbors.

Sunday School Teacher—Why did the Lord command us to love our neighbors? Little Lois—Oh, I guess it was another way of telling us to love our enemies.

HARBOR BUOYS.

Their Different Colors Serve as Guides to the Mariner.

If you examine the buoys on entering any harbor in the world, you will find that those on your right are painted red and those on your left black. If you should see one painted in red and black horizontal bands, the ship should run as close to it as possible, because that indicates the center of a narrow channel. Buoys with red and black vertical stripes always mark the end of spits and the outer and inner ends of extensive reefs where there is a channel on each side. When red and black checkers are painted on a buoy it marks either a rock in the open sea or an obstruction in the harbor of small extent, with channel all round. If there are two such obstructions and a channel between them, the buoy on the right of you will have red and white checkers and the one on your left will have black and white checkers. When a wreck obstructs the channel, a green buoy will be placed on the sea side of the wreck, with the "Wreck" plainly painted on it in white letters, provided there is a clear channel all around it; otherwise an even number will be painted in white above the word "Wreck" when the buoy is on the right side of the channel and an odd number if the buoy is on the left.

TRICKY JAIL BIRDS.

Many Ways the Convicts Have of Feigning Sickness.

"Hear the song of the dear little jail birds," said the jailer as a burst of ribald melody came down the gray corridor. "The dear little jail birds!" He shook his head and sighed.

"They are all playing sick in that ward," he resumed. "There's nobody can malinger like a jail bird. His tricks are amazing.

"To fake a fever he will whiten his tongue with chalk, flush his cheeks with a red flannel undershirt and disorder his stomach by swallowing a quid of tobacco.

"To fake consumption he will cut his gums so as to spit blood and go through a terrific kind of Swedish movement in bed so as to produce night sweats.

"Some jail birds have brought on nettle rash by temporarily poisoning themselves with smuggled crab or lobster. Some chew soap so as to froth at the mouth in fake fits. Some even thrust needles down to the lids of the eye to bring on cataract."—Minneapolis Journal.

A Bank of the Year 600 B. C.

The very earliest banking firm of which there is any record was that of Egibi & Sons, an institution which carried on advance, exchange and general financial business in Babylon in the year 600 B. C. Knowledge of this firm is obtained from certain records on clay tablets which have been found in recent excavations made by a party of English and French archaeologists near the site of the ancient city above mentioned. Bills of credit, drafts, etc., in the form of small burnt clay tablets, each bearing the characteristic signature of Egibi & Sons, have been found in many other parts of Asia Minor, and it is believed that close study will prove that some of the clay tablets found in tombs and pyramids in Egypt will finally prove to be Egibi "negotiable notes."

HOLDING THE BABY.

Introducing a Nice Point In Baby Carriage Etiquette.

"That fellow doesn't know the first thing about the etiquette of the baby carriage," remarked one of a group of men at Thirty-first and Main streets.

The comment was made to all in a general way. One of the group, the man with a frayed collar and a look of patient resignation, gazed anxiously at a couple about to board a car. The mother was sparring in a desperate sort of way with one of those baby carriages which shop salesmen can open and close in a minute and the users in from five to thirty minutes.

"Don't see anything wrong with that," said the man with the frayed collar. "He's got to hold the baby even if she does have to wrestle with the carriage. You don't think he ought to hold the baby and take care of the carriage, too, do you?"

"Well, there's one thing sure," rejoined the objector—"the man doesn't know a thing about baby carriage etiquette. What you want to do it this: If the baby weighs more than the carriage, it's the man's place to hold the baby. If the carriage weighs more, he should hand the baby to his wife."

"Oh, piffle!" interpolated the man with the big black cigar. "You're way off. What he ought to do is to hand the baby to his wife and the carriage to the conductor."

POINTING THE BONE.

Queer Superstition of the Native Blacks of Australia.

The native blacks of Australia are steeped in superstition. A black fellow will on no account go near the spot where another black has been buried. He has a deep rooted aversion to one particular bird—the wagtail—because, he says, "him all day talk, talk along a white feller, tellum all about black feller," and no opportunity is lost of killing these little birds.

Many tribes "bury" their dead by sticking them up into the forks of trees and there leaving them till the flesh has either dropped or been taken, leaving the bones clean. These bones are then taken down, the larger ones buried and the smallest handed round as keepsakes to those nearly related to the deceased. Should one black fellow wish the death of a rival or enemy he points the bone at him. This means that he takes one of his late relation's bones from his dilly bag and points it, in the presence of witnesses, at the man he wishes to get rid of, all the time pouring forth threats and curses.

Strange as it may seem, the one pointed at will often languish and eventually die, perhaps in a month, perhaps in a year, for no sooner is the bone pointed than he makes up his mind to die, and there is no saving him.—London Standard.

HUSBAND AND SON CURED

A Mother's Praise of Zam-Buk.

Oakwood, Victoria.

Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in stating that Zam-Buk cured my husband of barber's rash with twice rubbing. It also cured my little boy of a dreadfully bad arm after vaccination. I know of several other cures it has effected and I cannot speak too highly of it. I am sure if people once try it they will always use it. Yours truly, R. SAVILLE.

Zam-Buk is healing, soothing and antiseptic. It quickly heals wounds and skin troubles. Certain cure for piles. Sold by all druggists and stores, 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25.

He Wanted Pie.

William J. Ryan, president of the Supreme Council of Public Hackmen, of New York, said the other day that the winter panic had reduced the hackmen's receipts considerably.

"We'll have to come down to English rates—12 cents a mile, instead of 50 cents—if we have any more such panics," Mr. Ryan said. "Everybody felt the pinch. I overheard a tramp grumbling in a public square.

"'The trade ain't like it used to be,' he said. 'Here ten times running today I've asked for a bit of bread, and what do they give me? Why, durn it, just a bit o' bread.'"

The Oil for the Farmer.—A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the farm house will save many a journey for the doctor. It is not only good for the children when taken with colds and croup, and for the mature who suffer from pains and aches, but there are directions for its use on sick cattle. There should always be a bottle of it in the house.

Merchant—Yes; we are in need of a porter. Where were you employed last?

Applicant—In a bank, sir.

Merchant—Did you clean it out?

Applicant—No, sir. The cashier did that.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

It was the custom for a certain cricket team to have a fixture with G—— Asylum every summer. The asylum team, of course, included some of the inmates, and one in particular, who played with great vigor was an especial favorite with the visitors. On this occasion one of the opposing team was chatting with Jamie, the inmate in question, and he remarked: "You are looking well, Jamie, since I saw you last year."

"Ay," said Jamie; "man, ye wid be nane the waur o' a year in here yersel'!"—Scottish American.

Fishhooks have been made on precisely the same design for 2,000 years.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—I cured a valuable hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT after several veterinaries had treated him without doing him any permanent good.

Yours, &c.

WILFRID GAGNE,

Prop. of Grand Central Hotel, Drummondville, Aug. 3, '04.

The Life Saving Service.

The first stations of a life saving service in this country were established by the Massachusetts Humane society at Lovell island and Cohasset. All efforts for saving life and property in cases of shipwreck were made by this society till 1837, when the president of the United States was authorized to employ ships to cruise along the shores and render assistance to distressed navigators. In 1848 congress passed a law creating a few life saving stations between Sandy Hook and Little Egg harbor, New Jersey. From this has grown the splendid system which now takes in all the coasts of the country.

SEVERELY INJURED.

Winnipeg.—During a football match Collin Taylor sustained a double fracture of the leg. He is under the surgical care of Dr. Burnham.

SHE MEANT WELL.

But Put a Damper on the Young Man's Enthusiasm.

The young man who aspires to the intense was walking with the young woman who doesn't quite understand all he says, but nevertheless thinks it is simply grand.

"Look on the glories of the western sky!" he exclaimed.

She seemed puzzled for a minute and said:

"Let me see, you face the north—that's the way our house fronts—and then on your right hand is east and on your left is west. Why, it's the direction we're walking, isn't it?"

He looked a trifle gloomy, but resumed:

"How the great masses of color are piled one upon another in nature's lavish and transcendent art!"

"Yes," she sighed. "It makes me think of Neapolitan ice cream."

"And there, close and closer to the horizon, sinks a great crimson ball, the setting sun."

"Right over there?"

"Yes."

"Straight ahead of us?"

"To be sure."

"Well, I've been wondering about that for the last five minutes. You know, my little brother is so mischievous. He broke my glasses this afternoon, and I am so nearsighted that I couldn't be sure whether that was the crimson setting sun or somebody playing golf."—Washington Star.

Black Watch Chewing Tobacco

A new sensation. A real pleasure. The big black plug.

2270

WORKING WITH GLASS

The Way the Different Color fects Are Produced.

FREAKS OF THE BLOWPIP

Quaint Specimen Shapes That Ar Sometimes Dropped From the Puntil How Bottles Are Made by the Clever and Dexterous Workmen.

If a stranger enters the glass works on a dark night he will find not only beauty in the blowing operations, but a great deal of humor, with an uncanny weirdness in flame and shadow that must affect his imagination to some extent. The building is circular, with a chimney sticking up through the middle of it, from the top of which a peculiar intermittent light is flickering. In the center of this building, underneath the chimney, stands a conical furnace of brick containing perhaps no fewer than eight holes which are like fiercely glaring suns and from which pour expanding broad rays of orange colored light. If your eyes are strong enough to look through the holes from which the orange beams of light emerge you see several hundredweight of molten metal shining silvery green in as many earthen dome shaped melting pots.

The nature of different kinds of glass is dependent upon the quality of the raw material, called "batch," put into the melting pots. "Batch" is a mixture of such materials as Calais sand, or common river sand abounding in silica, salt cake, or sodium carbonate and much lime. Blue colors may be obtained by adding oxide of cobalt, green by means of a chrome, black by manganese and amber. The mass of molten metal got from this opaque, earthy looking "batch" has frequently to be skimmed of impurities, but it is nevertheless a problem whence comes that wonderful and enduring transparency which everybody likes to see in glass.

Until the hour strikes for the workmen to commence operations you may find them experimenting for amusement or profit with the blowpipe. You will see many an enormity produced in glass the like of which can scarcely ever have been dropped from a puntil before. Specimens are blown out to the thinness of a tissue paper bag, which another puff of wind explodes with a crack, or a glowing glass pear is for very wantonness knocked off the puntil so that it may vanish with a report on the floor, its hue and heat being extinguished immediately. The floor all around the furnace chamber is covered with brittle shining splinters and particles of glass, which crackle underfoot at every step. One of the men may bring you a mass of metal on a blowpipe and ask you to expend a few checkfuls of wind upon it. The pipe takes no more blowing than a trombone, though it lacks a mouthpiece, and you may expand the bubble until it is black and cold, so fragile that it will break into a myriad pieces if you touch it. The molten glass is so ductile that it may be spun out into a thread, and the men often vie with each other to see who can make the longest and thinnest strand.

At the signal to commence work the men, already partly stripped to the waist, poke their four foot blowpipe through the hole of the crucible opposite to which they work, twisting it round until it has taken up sufficient of the ropy and viscid glass for one bottle. The man who is clever at his work will, of course, gather up neither too much nor too little for the thickness of the bottle required. He can tell without looking through the furnace holes when he has enough by the weight added to his pipe. Thus all around the fiery furnace there are figures moving continually across the lurid light, most of them dexterously wielding their blowpipes and balancing at the end of each one the exact quantity of vitrified matter to make a bottle. The amateur would find it difficult to balance the molten mass. The chances are that it would drop on the floor, never to be picked up again.

At the same moment you will see bottles in all stages of growth—some glittering gold, others cooling down to orange or red, some in the forms of plummets or dazzling pears, others as incandescent bosses threatening to become fragile bladders. It is all as charming as a pyrotechnic display. You will see the black blowpipe twirled round, blown down, held up like a gun barrel, then in the form of an incandescent lamp globe turned round on a beeswaxed cast iron implement called a marier, on whose edge the bottle neck is formed. It is held up once more, blown into, then shut up in a cast iron mold placed at the operator's feet somewhat below the level of the ground. This mold is opened and closed by a wire spring, which the operator presses with his feet, and directly the red hot bottle is inclosed he blows down the pipe once more so as to fill it completely.

A man goes round from mold to mold inserting a rod into the neck of each bottle and collecting a trayful to go to the annealing chamber. Here the bottles are stacked up for a gradual cooling process, which may possibly last thirty-six hours. This gives them the desired strength. The annealing process is a cure for their natural fragility and enables them to stand the test of boiling water.—London Globe.

Still Possible.

Clara—When Tom proposed to me he admitted that he had more money than brains.

Maude—Well, I've no reason to doubt it, although I understand he hasn't a dollar to his name.

Expressive.

One morning when little Edna's mamma came down to breakfast she was so hoarse she could scarcely speak.

"Oh, mamma," cried Edna, "what a sore voice you've got!"

Extremely Prosperous.

Mrs. Brown—Is your husband's business growing? Mrs. Smith—Oh, dear, yes! Why last week his receipts were so large that he had to have a receiver appointed to take care of them!

A CLOCK OF STARS.

Scot's Remarkable Invention to Help In Studying Astronomy.

One of the most remarkable exhibits at the Edinburgh Exhibition is that of astronomical clocks made by a Selkirk stonemason, Mr. James Scott, who constructed the wonderful mechanism to help him in his studies in astronomy. Scott is a self-taught astronomer and a mathematical genius, for though his clocks are marvels of accuracy, he knows nothing of the mathematics of the schools. The first, and also the biggest, of his three astronomical clocks occupied him for five winters ere it was completed. It was made wholly by himself, and it goes with splendid regularity, and works to a fraction of a second in a year. One of the sections, which shows the rising and setting of the moon, goes slow to the extent of only a second in five years. One wheel which regulates the movement showing the sun's eclipse takes 19 years to complete its revolution.

This clock stands eight feet high and is five feet broad at the lower part. The under part shows the revolutions of Mercury, Venus, the earth and moon round the sun, and the moon's revolutions round the earth, with the exact position of all these bodies at any moment, and also all the stars of the Zodiac visible to the naked eye. There is likewise an indicator which marks out the date from day to day. Above is the clock which regulates all the movements. In a tower above the clock are shown the rising and setting of the moon in all its phases, also its daily altitude above the earth's horizon. The tower is crowned with a globe which shows the earth's daily revolution, and explains the cause of the unequal length of day and night and the changes of the seasons. It also shows Greenwich mean time all over the globe. On the right side of the clock is shown when and where eclipses are possible, and on the left side another "dial" shows the sidereal time.

Another clock made by Mr. Scott records the movements of Jupiter and his satellities as seen through a telescope, and a third, a solar clock, shows the difference between solar and Greenwich mean time for every day of the year, and also the sun's apparent deviations in right ascension. The construction of all three clocks is a tribute to the mason-astronomer-inventor's genius, coupled with a rare patience and persistence in research and experiment. Mr. Scott was born in Midlem, near Selkirk, 59 years ago, and only after he was 37 did he discover his bent for astronomy. The extraordinary meteoric display that occurred in 1886 set him thinking about the mysteries of the heavens, and he pursued his studies practically unaided. His astronomical clocks are no less remarkable for their mechanical ingenuity than for their scientific value.

MR. HERBERT ASQUITH.

A Pen Sketch of England's Strong Commoner.

A few years ago the spirit of imperialism was dominant in England, but to-day the fortunes of the administration are tied up with questions of local public weal. It is hinted that but for the large and substantially increased labor vote polled at the elections in 1906 Mr. Herbert Asquith would not have been selected premier to succeed Campbell-Bannerman. The English people, not alone the workingmen, but all classes, are demanding that something be done for them, whatever happens to imperialism, and the increased vote for pronounced friends of labor is only one of many signs that times have changed.

Herbert Asquith is a self made man, a man of the people. He was born a democrat, trained a democrat and made his own way in life without powerful friends and without money to back up his ambition. Moreover, he has remained a democrat and not a time server or a climber. He first entered Parliament as a home ruler, and it is said that when he first opened his lips to speak on public questions in the presence of Gladstone the "Grand Old Man," then gloomy over the impending defeat of his pet principles, was forced to "sit up and take notice," and that he did so with a look of supreme relief on his face. A new voice had been lifted up on the side of the people. That was twenty years or more ago, and since then Asquith has been a marked man among Liberals. He has a great task before him to realize the many hopes built up in the minds of the common people of the British islands by Liberal leaders and teachers of the Gladstone school, but every cause and every peculiar era finds its prophet. He may promise more than his administration will be able to perform for the overburdened and struggling masses of England and Ireland, but he was born right for the role assigned him, and through all the vicissitudes and turnings of political life he has remained true to his birthright—a man of the people—and he stands firmly as well as consistently on that platform now.

Tennyson's Cure For Shyness.

It is recorded in "Tennyson's Life" that he used to recommend to a younger brother the thought of the stellar spaces, swarming with constellations and traversed by planets at ineffable distances, as a cure for shyness, and a lady of my acquaintance used to endeavor as a girl to stay her failing heart on the thought of eternity at such moments. It is all in vain. At the urgent moment one cares very little about the stellar motions or the dim vistas of futurity and very much indeed about the cut of one's coat and the glances of one's enemies, and the doctrines of the church and the prospects of ultimate salvation are things very light in the scales in comparison with the pressing necessities of the crisis and the desperate need to appear wholly unconcerned!—Arthur C. Benson in Putnam's and Reader.

A Terrific Tumble.

Most marvelous of all the stories of great falls is the account of Charles Woolcot's terrific tumble from a height of no less than 3,000 feet. It was in Venezuela, and he was making a parachute descent. The parachute refused to open till within 100 or 200 feet from the ground. Then it spread out suddenly and split. The unfortunate man crushed both ankles and both knees, broke his right thigh and hip, dislocated his spinal column and suffered other injuries. Yet after a year in a hospital he recovered sufficiently to write an account of what was probably the most fearful accident mortal man ever survived.

THE dull white or the glossy finish on laundered linen is a matter of taste—to get either finish perfect is a matter of using Celluloid Starch. Just add lukewarm water—soaks into fabric, without rubbing and stiffens perfectly. The edge or point of the iron will give the gloss.

Large sample mailed free.

Good Grocers Sell It.

Celluloid Starch

Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking.

The Brantford Starch Works, Limited, Brantford, Canada

Among the guests at a fashionable New York reception was a recently appointed young editor of one of the dailies, who thought extremely well of himself. He received an introduction to the thirteen-year-old daughter of his hostess.

"And how do you like newspaper men?" he asked the little maid in a most condescending tone of voice.

"I don't know," she replied carelessly; "the only one I know is the one who brings our paper every morning."—Lippincott's.

Used according to directions Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial will afford relief in the most acute form of summer complaint. Whenever the attack manifests itself no time should be lost in seeking the aid of the Cordial. It will act immediately on the stomach and intestines and allay the irritation and pain. A trial of it will convince anyone of the truth of these assertions.

"Do you think Bliggins would make a good husband?" asked the conscientious youth.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the girl, in surprise.

"Because if you think such a fool as Bliggins could manage it, I have a good mind to take a chance myself."—Washington Star.

The Canadian Pacific Railway are making an excursion rate of Single Fare for those desiring to attend the Tercentenary Celebration at Quebec.

The teacher of a certain school received the following note explaining the absence of one of her pupils the day before.

"Please excoose Henny for absents yesterday. Him an' me got a chance of a ride to a funeral in a charrige an' I let him stay to home as he had never rode in a charrige an' never went to a funeral, nor had many other pleasures, so plese excooze."—Sacred Heart Review.

BINDER TWINE

Every ball fully Guaranteed and properly tagged to comply with Canadian laws.	Free on board cars Calgary	Free on board cars Winnipeg
STANDARD 500 ft. per bale 50 lbs.	$4.75	$4.38
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Orders accepted for one bale or more. Terms cash with order or C. O. D. Prompt shipment and satisfaction guaranteed. Ask us for price on car lots.

COOPER CORDAGE CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

One packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

— SOLD BY —

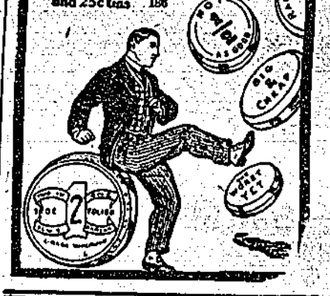
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES

10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

2in1 SHOE POLISH

once used and you will discard every other. Insist on getting it.

Black and all Colors, 10c and 25c tins. 186



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BY THE COMFORT AND SERVICE THEY GIVE

then there is only one brand for you to wear. It is called

KING OF THE ROAD

and every garment has a label like this attached.

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Dealer in all kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Windows, Doors, Shingles, Brick, Cement, etc.

Shop Phone, 65.
Lumber Yard Phone, 26

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Is now prepared to make all kinds of Iron, Brass or Copper Castings. First-class work guaranteed.

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

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Leading Tailor of the Kootenays.

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Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by

J. G. Chelin & Co., Nelson

The Kootenay Saloon

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY

Summer Excursion Rates
EAST

$60.00

From Greenwood to Winnipeg Duluth, Fort William, St. Paul

Chicago	$ 72 25
New York	108 50
Montreal	105 00
St. John, N. B.	120 00
St. Louis	67 50
Toronto	94 40
Ottawa	105 00
Halifax	181 20
Sydney, C. B.	136 90

Tickets on sale May 4 and 18, June 5, 6, 19 and 20, July 6, 7, 22 and 23, August 6, 7, 21 and 22, 1908. First class, round trip, 90-Day Limit.

Routes—These tickets are good via any recognized routes in one or both directions. To destinations east of Chicago are good via the Great Lakes.

For particulars, call on local agents or address

J. MOE, D. P. A., Nelson.
C. H. McPHERSON, G. T. A., Winnipeg, Man.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNERS

To J. P. Myers Gray (and to the Estate of the late Judge Leamy, or to whomsoever they may have transferred their interests in the Jenny Fraction Mineral Claim, situated in Deadwood camp, Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District, B. C.

You are hereby notified that I have expended $400 upon the above mineral claim, and that if within 90 days from the date of this notice, you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of the above mentioned sum, together with the cost of advertising your interests in the said claim will become the property of the undersigned under Section 4 of the Mineral Act Amendment Act, 1900.

June 25, 1908. JOHN LUCY.

LAND ACT—FORM OF NOTICE.

Osoyoos Land District—District of Yale.

TAKE NOTICE that we, A. J. Hughes and Sam McOrmond, of Kholt, B. C., occupations, carpenter and storekeeper, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted about 20 feet south of the C. P. R. post on wagon road, marked L. 2700 W, thence west 80 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 40 chains to place of commencement, and containing 320 acres, more or less, and about 40 chains north from C. P. R. post marked 2701,

Dated June 23rd, 1908.

A. J. HUGHES.
SAM McORMOND

HARDY & CO.

General Merchants, Midway, B. C.

Hay and Grain always on hand. Sleighs and Wagons and Implements of all kinds carried in stock. The very best goods at right prices.

STARKEY & CO.

NELSON, B. C.
WHOLESALE
DEALERS IN
PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS

R. A. BROWN

FERRY, WASH.

General Merchant

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Boots and Shoes,
Stationery,
Hardware,
Tobacco,
Cigars, Etc.

Fresh Eggs a Specialty

ASSAYING.

Gold, Silver and Copper.....$0.50

G. G. WEST
PROVINCIAL ASSAYER.
530 Richards Street, Vancouver, B. C.

NewmarketHotel

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

HENRY STEGE, PROPR.

C. J. CAMPBELL
NEW DENVER

Provincial Assayer and Analytical Chemist. Correspondence solicited from any part of the country.

Liquor License Act.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Ernest J. Cartier, intend applying to the License Commissioners for the City of Greenwood, at the expiration of thirty days from the date hereof, for a transfer to McClung & Goodeve of the license now held by me in respect of the premises known as the Windsor Hotel, situate on Lots 31 and 32, Block 7, Subdivision of the Dark Horse Mineral Claim, Copper street, in the City of Greenwood, B. C.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1908.

ERNEST J. CARTIER.

Commercial
Hotel Greenwood

Rooms 25 and 50 cents a night.

MRS. M. GILLIS.

MINERAL ACT.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Columbia Mineral Claim, situate in Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: In Deadwood Camp, adjoining the Emerald Mineral Claim.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Sydney M. Johnson, acting as agent for Elmore Collier, Free Miner's Certificate No. B9362, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

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

Dated this 24th day of June, A. D. 1908.

SYDNEY M JOHNSON.

Often the country boy and his bride are ridiculed because they don't go through a lot of formalities when they get married. They don't bother about formalities, but get down to business at once. She puts on her best dress and he is proud of her; he holds her hand; no one is working for wedding presents; no foolishness, no ribboss flower girls or ushers. No singing of "O, Promise Me."—We ought to take off our hats to the country boy and his bride.

For the Canadian National Exhibition, to be held at Toronto August 29th to September 14th, the Canadian Pacific railway will have in effect special round trip rates. For full information as to rates, dates of sale, limits, etc., apply to the nearest ticket agent.

To become popular with the people a candidate for an office in ancient Rome volunteered to fight some wild beast. That would be a model plan to adopt in this country. A man who seeks political honors should be made to enter the arena with a grizzly bear instead of fighting booze—but the bear might refuse to fight on the ground that ground that a politician was not in his class.

Wedding rings made. Diamonds mounted. Work that will stand comparison. E. A. Black, Phoenix.

Generally it makes a man mad to have someone compliment him upon his success and then add that they can't understand it.

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.

The Ledge, $2 a year.

THE LEDGE

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

R. T. LOWERY,
PUBLISHER.

GREENWOOD B. C., AUG. 27, 1908

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL GREENWOOD B.C.

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

THE provincial police in this district appear to be very prolific in clues, but none of them will follow a clue into the brush.

AND now the Hon. Clifford Sifton is accused of having suffered because of his "constructive imagination." Possibly a better way of putting it would have been: "Constructive imagination, resulting in immense concessions to himself and relatives."

THE Greenwood papers were unfortunate the past week—one lost a subscriber and the other an ad. The Times deservedly lost its one, lone, live sub. through printing poetry. Poetry doesn't appeal to the intelligence like smelter smoke. The Ledge lost an ad providence only knows how. It wasn't premeditated on our part.

THE Empire knows little of the merits of the dispute that has caused 8,000 to 10,000 C. P. R. shopmen to strike at a time when the general business of the country is not any too good. But it does know that the C. P. R. in manning its shops in the West with Japanese is breeding a scab that some day will fester and break. And when it does fester and break, the scenes and horrors of the French Revolution will be repeated. History repeats itself, and the money lords of today are in no way different from the noble lords of a hundred years ago who were guillotined in Paris and exiled from France.—Prince Rupert Empire.

SOME consideration should be shown a coroner's jury by a coroner. Coroner's juries do not receive remuneration for their services in this benighted province. Men are taken away from their business to serve on a jury, often entailing considerable loss. The evidence adduced is to enable the jury to arrive at a verdict as to cause of death, and no attempt should be allowed to make such evidence the basis for a civil action. The only persons who should be allowed to examine witnesses are the coroner and jury. It may be an act of courtesy on the part of the coroner to allow lawyers to examine witnesses at an inquest, but it is a discourtesy to the jury, if not an insult to their intelligence. It is not the duty of a coroner to incommode six jurors to allow two lawyers to wrangle for hours. The coroner and jurors only should question witnesses at an inquest.

THAT the B. C. Copper company have not been taking necessary precautions to safeguard the lives of their employees, was evidently the opinion of the coroner's jury at the investigation into the death of little Eunice Dimmick last week. The company have a number of cottages at the Mother Lode mine which they rent to employees. That these cottages are in a danger zone is proved not only by the evidence at the inquest, but also by the fact that the company have built block houses as places of refuge when blasts are to be put off. A whistle is blown three times when a blast is to be put off. If the occupants of the cottages do not hear the whistle, no further warning is given them. The officials of the company do not see that the people are out of the cottages and in the block houses. Apparently no one is detailed to personally see that the occupants of the cottages are in a place of safety. No one would accuse the manager of the company or his subordinates of deliberately neglecting to safeguard the lives of employees, but the fact remains that the company are reciving rent for houses which the manager must know are in a dangerous position, and in which a fatalty may occur through heavy blasting. The company should pull down the cottages and rebuild them out of the danger zone. The coroner's jury did not, we believe, go far enough in not recommending that the cottages be removed to a place of safety.

THE statement that neither oratory nor theory keeps a political party in power is true. The theory of Free Trade put the Liberal party in power, but power once gained the theory of Free Trade was not put to a practical test. The Liberal party has been kept in power, but not by oratory, for none of the seven members from British Columbia, for instance, can make a speech off-hand, and only one of them can make a speech after having time to prepare it. The party has been kept in power because the Conservative party had been in power so long that its leaders had neither brains nor honesty, and the people simply voted Liberal for a change. In practical politics, oratory cuts a mighty narrow swath, and it is safe to say few people are influenced by set speeches to change from one side to the other or to cause men with free minds to form a decision. Pit an orator against a man who can rub shoulders with the people, and the orator will seldom win out. The people like to be tickled, and the man who gets the closest to them is the best tickler. But the people can be influenced, not by theories, but by issues so framed that an appeal is made to their minds; and the man that can frame up an issue that appeals to the people will get away with both the orator and the good mixer. Once people are set thinking for themselves, they will govern Canada. But men like Martin Burrell and Duncan Ross will never set people thinking. The one is an orator, filled with set speeches which he has learned by rote. The other is a man who knows all about "kitties" in more games than poker.—Prince Rupert Empire.

Truth needs no tinsel.

Visits Prince Rupert.

George W. Bumberger returned home on Thursday evening after a month's trip up the coast, visiting Prince Rupert, and Port Essington on the Skeena river. Mr. Rumberger considers the prospects of the G. T. P. terminus for a city are very bright. It has an ideal harbor with 70 feet of water, and well protected. A large number of steamers call there on their way up and down the north coast, and when the new railway is completed Prince Rupert should be a great commercial port. A large number of visitors arrive daily, but none are opening business. There are three hotels, although none are licensed. Mr. Rumberger speaks highly of the mineral claims he visited in the North. Among other old Boundary residents who he saw in Prince Rupert was Phil McDonald, who proposes starting a bottling works in that town.

Modest Smith!

Smith Curtis, of Rossland, Liberal candidate for the Kootenay riding, happened to arrive in town last evening in time for the Templeman banquet. Mr. Curtis knew nothing of the arrangement, although he had been endeavoring to get into communication with Mr. Templeman in regard to the Fernie disaster and the proper measures of relief for several days. When he arrived in Cranbrook he was pleased to find that Mr. Templeman was to be here last evening and this gave him a direct opportunity to confer with the member of the Dominion government in regard to the sufferers at Fernie. Mr. Curtis was one of the first to contribute to the relief fund of the Fernie sufferers, for as soon as he heard of the disaster, although traveling on the road at the time, he telegraphed $100 to the committee, which was received with intense gratitude. The people of Fernie fully appreciated Mr. Curtis' generous action. Other work that he has done, has been quietly done, and he is advious not to allow politics to be mixed up with any action that he may take in behalf of suffering humanity.—Cranbrook Herald.

Why Not Buy Here.

As an illustration of the business methods of the C. P. R. and the Great Northern it is only necessary to contrast their mode of securing supplies for their survey parties. The G. N. bought all its supplies from Princeton storekeepers while the C. P. R. does not buy a mouthful from them, preferring to ship in from outside points. By thus skimping, "Tim" Shaughnessy may save a fraction of a cent on bulk articles, but he loses when people, who don't forget, want to travel. In contradistinction, 'Jim' Hill bought all his survey supplies here, and his engineers, with their wives and families, were encouraged to locate here. The C. P. R. is the spoilt child of Canada—bonus-stuffed, pay-fed, always ready to grab a slice of land or snatch a plum off the national tree. The V., V. & E. is not a bonussed road, every foot of its right-of-way being honestly acquired and fairly paid for. Ranches and coal land owned by Great Northern people have been paid for to the entire satisfaction of all those selling; no attempt at squeezing land owners, storekeepers or anybody was made. Princeton is here to do business. If the C. P. R. does not want to trade with its citizens there can be only one logical policy for them to carry out.—Similkameen Star.

Ore Good and Plenty.

Mining operations on the Independence group, Bear creek, have been suspended for the present. It appears that enough work has been done without the aid of machinery to satisfy Mr. Williams, the Granby expect who visited the property last week. To further develop the Independence powerful machinery will be installed. It will be necessary to build a good wagon road to the mine to enable the transportation of machinery to be made. It is understood that the big ore body shows no sign of pinching, and to the eye presents as fine appearance as could well be desired by reasonable mining men. Mr. Williams' report will undoubtedly be of a favorable character, having expressed himself as highly pleased with his inspection. It can safely be said that the Independence is a mine, and having the Granby Co. as owners, its energetic development and production is assured. If the C. P. R. or the V., V. & E. want tonnage it is certain the Independence will produce, when equipped, as much as they can handle with ease. Meanwhile the railroad companies should be building that way.—Similkameen Star.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers will cross swords with the Canadian Pacific over the discharge of Engineman Lake, of the Superior division, for activity as a trade unionist. The Brotherhood will apply to the government for the appointment of an arbitration board.

It is reported that some fine ore has been encountered on the Victor and C. P. R. mineral claims in McKinley camp, owned by Sam Horner, of this city, and J. W. Shaw, of Nelson. A six-foot pay streak, running about $80 in gold, is said to have been struck on the Victor. The C. P. R. claim has an 18-inch lead of gold-bearing ore.—Grand Forks Sun.

At Nelson's Fruit Fair.

Friendly contests of skill and intelligence are always invigorating among a people who live by competition and rivalry in business and profession. All people glory in contests among themselves, and in matching their powers with each other for the sport there is in it, and for mutual benefit. Such contests bring out the best there is in people, and educate them to a standard of excellence difficult to attain by any other means.

This friedlly rivalry may be stated as one of the leading objects of the Nelson Fruit Fair. It is not confined to individuals and local districts only, but embraces all the well known fruit and vegetable areas of the province. Each and all are invited to compete for the very liberal prizes offered, whether it be as individuals or as a community—or both. As well as the opportunity of contest, there is afforded the better opportunity of viewing "the other fellow's" exhibit, and profiting by the interchange of ideas and methods in culture.

While it way be argued that the Nelson Fruit Fair is limited in its usefulness to a particular section only, the fact remains that it attracts exhibitors from the provinces east of the Rockies and from south of the International boundary line, and this year the competitors from these points will be greater in number than heretofore.

As an educational feature, the fair, no matter where held, has always been acknowledged to be superior to any other. Much of the success attendant on the efforts of the Nelson association has been due to this fact. Scores of people have profited by the knowledge gained and insight obtained into the proper methods of fruit and vegetable culture, and the preparing of the products for market, as exemplified at past fruit fairs in Nelson. And it is safe to presume, as the institution advances, many scores more will be educated along these lines, and will be thankful for the opportunities afforded to gain valuable information suited to their needs.

Reader, remember the sixth annual Nelson Fruit Fair, to be held at Nelson on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 23, 24, 25 and 26, four solid days of sight-seeing, education and amusement. This year will surpass all previous fairs, in every line, and you cannot afford to miss it.

Patronize home industry and smoke "Boundary Cigar," made in Grand Forks.

MUSIC.—Mrs. Moore gives lessons on the Organ and Piano. Apply at residence, Boundary Falls, B. C.

Good looking girls are born so, but most good looking women are self made.

Properly baited, the fishing tackle sold by J. L. Coles will catch almost any fish in the mountains.

You ought to think twice or three times before extracting the mighty dollar from your pocket to invest it in get-rick-quick schemes.

Largest stock of jewelry in the Boundary to select from. E. A. Black, Phoenix.

When a husband and wife are of one mind it's a safe bet that the mind belongs to the wife.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

An ankle corset has been invented for the support of the weak ankles and it is now in order for some philanthropist to invent a brain corset for the use of dudes.

If you wish to catch big fish and plenty of them, get your tackle at McRae Bros.

A professor predicts that in a few hundred years the American people will become as savage as the Indians were, basing the claim on statistics. Another scientist says that the world will be insane in a few hundred years, and also cites statistics to prove it. Some day the people will lose all patience and dump the statisticians into the river.

Wanted—By experienced woman cook position in hotel or camp. Apply to Mrs. M. Pacific hotel.

People who agree with everything you say are almost as entertaining as a phonograph.

Varnished Tile Wall Paper—especially suitable for bath room and kitchen, at McRae Bros.

You may draw your salary but your wife earns half of the money, and don't forget it.

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

Owls acquired their reputation for wisdom by saying one thing and sticking to it.

Lines, leaders, hooks, rods, reels and other fishing tackle can be bought from J. L. Coles.

When the unexpested happens at a boarding house you get butter or fresh eggs.

Any man who attempts to serve two masters is liable to be arrested for bigamy.

The eternal fitness of things comes out when a boy who "sassed" his parents grows up and marries a woman who will not stand for any back talk.

When you want a monument or headstone, write to the Kootenay Marble Works, Nelson, B. C. *

Poverty would soon die out if babies were permitted to select their parents.

The Kootenay Belle reigns supreme in many a camp. It is a cigar that brings delight and appreciation wherever smoked.

Some women are born leaders and most men are born followers thereof.

At the Turkish Bath house in Nelson you can get Turkish, Russian, salt water, medicated, and tub baths. The Turkish bath is one of the greatest health-producers in the world.

Drink

Kings Liquer Scotch Whiskey
12 Years Old
J. W. Burmester's White Port.
Jas. Hennessy & Co's 3-Star Brandy.

GREENWOOD LIQUOR CO.
IMPORTERS, GREENWOOD, B. C.

Moore's Cafe

IN THE WINDSOR HOTEL

Everything is of the best at this cafe, as we Lead while others Follow. It makes no difference what you order—steaks, chops, eggs, bacon, ham, cutlets, chicken, etc., we have the high grade goods. No shut-down, and no key to the door. Just the place to eat at any hour of the day or night. Drop in and introduce the inner man to our gastronomical deliencies.

Howard Moore, Proprietor.

P. BURNS & CO.

Dealers in
Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish and Poultry

Shops in nearly all the towns of Boundary and the Kootenay.

The Pacific Cafe...

Serves meals at all hours. The lover of good things always comes here when he wants his chops, steaks, fish or fowl, or any of the tasty dishes that we make a specialty of cooking, to please the fastidious. We Make a Specialty of Home-Made Bread.

Rondeau & Dupont.

C. J. McARTHUR GREENWOOD

Dealer in Coal and Wood

Contractor for Ties, Poles and Fence Posts.

Heavy Teaming and Draying

Phone 85.

GALT COAL

"Unequalled for Domestic Use."

Windsor Hotel

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

McClung & Goodeve, Propr's.

The Pacific Hotel...

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

The Pacific Cafe...

Is the best-appointed Restaurant in the interior of British Columbia. The best cooks and most attentive waiters only employed. Open all the time.

TREMONT HOUSE

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

Malone & Tregillus

KASLO HOTEL
KASLO B. C.

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

COCKLE & PAPWORTH.

CIGARS

Tobaccos, Pipes, and all other Smokers' supplies. Next door to Pacific hotel.

J. P. FLOOD

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.

McGillis & McLaughlin
PROPRIETORS.

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