

The Lust of Hate

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil," "A Bid for Fortune," "Dr. Nikola," Etc.

(Continued)

Next morning after breakfast I drove with Mr. Maybourne into Cape Town, where I made the few purchases necessary for my journey. In extension of the kindness he had shown me in the last of my journey, he gave me half my first year's salary—piece of generosity for which you may be sure I was not ungrateful, seeing that I had not a halfpenny in the world to call my own. Out of this sum I paid the steamship company for my passage, and against their wish—obtained a refund of the amount for the rough life I should henceforth live, also a revolver, a rifle, and among other things a small gold locket which I wished to give to Agnes as a keepsake and remembrance of myself.

At twelve o'clock I returned to the house, and, after lunch, prepared to bid the woman I loved "good-bye." Of that scene I cannot attempt to give you any description—the pain is too keen even now. Suffice it that when I left the house I carried with me, in addition to a sword, that I thought would last me all my life, a little square parcel which, on opening, I found to contain a photo of herself in a Russian leather case. How I prized that little present I will leave you to guess.

Two hours later I was in the train bound for Johannesburg.

CHAPTER XI.

Six months had elapsed since I had left Cape Town and on looking back on them now I have to confess that they constituted the happiest period of my life up to that time. I had an excellent appointment, interesting, if not all-absorbing, occupation, comfortable quarters, and the most agreeable of companions any man could desire to be associated with. I was as far removed from civilization as the most misanthropic of men, living in the heart of a vast, unexplored, and uncivilized continent, and I had seen my nearest town, if by such a name a few scattered huts could be dignified, was nearly fifty miles distant, our mails only reached us once a week, and our stores every three months. As I had never left the mine for half a day during the whole of the time I had been on it, I had seen no strange faces, and by reason of the distance and the unsettled nature of the country, scarcely half-a-dozen had seen mine.

"The Pride of the South," as the mine had been somewhat grandiloquently christened by its discoverer, was proving a better property than had even been expected, and to my astonishment, for I had made haste to purchase shares in it, my luck had turned, and I found myself standing an excellent chance of becoming a rich man.

One thing surprised me more and more every day and that was my freedom from arrest; how it had come about that I was permitted to remain at large so long I could not understand. When I had first come up to Rhodesia I had found a danger in everything about me. In the rustling of the coarse veldt grass at night, the sighing of the wind through the trees, and even the shadows of the mine buildings and machinery. But when week after week and month after month went by and still no notice was taken of me by the police, my fears began to abate until, at the time of which I am about to speak, I hardly thought of the matter at all. When I did I hastened to put it away from me in much the same way as I would have done the remembrance of some unpleasant dream of the previous week. One consolation, almost cruel in its uncertainty, was always with me. If suspicion had not so far fallen on me in England, it would be unlikely, I argued, ever to do so; and in the joy of this thought I had dreamed of the happiness that might possibly be mine in the future. Was it to be wondered at therefore that my work was pleasant to me and that the wording of Mr. Maybourne's letters of praise seemed sweeter in my ears than the strains of the loveliest music could have been? And, indeed, that my star was in the ascendant, but that I could not guess it then, my troubles were by no means over; and as I was soon to find out, I was on the edge of the bitterest period of all my life.

Almost on the day that celebrated my seventh month in Rhodesia, my employer, I received a letter from him announcing his intention of starting for Rhodesia in a week's time, and stating that while in our neighborhood he would embrace the opportunity of visiting "The Pride of the South." In the postscript he informed me that his daughter had decided to accompany him, and for this reason he would be glad if I would do my best to make my quarters as comfortable as possible in preparation for her. He, himself, he continued, was far too old a traveler to be worth considering.

I was standing at the engine-room door, talking to one of the men, when the store-keeper brought me my mail. After I had read my chief's letter, I felt a thrill go through me that I could hardly have diagnosed for pleasure or pain. I felt it difficult to believe that in a few weeks' time I should see Agnes again, be able to look into her face, and hear the gentle accents of her voice. The portrait she had given me of herself I carried continually about with me; and, as proof of the inspection I received, I may say that it was already beginning to show decided signs of wear. Mr. Maybourne had done well in asking me to see to her comfort. I told myself I would begin my preparations at once, and it should go hard with me if she were not pleased with my arrangements when she arrived.

While I was mentally running my eye over what I should do, Mackinnon, my big Scotch overcoat, came up from the shaft's mouth to where I stood, and reported that some timbering which I had been hurrying forward was ready for inspection. After we had visited it and I had signified my approval, I informed him of our employer's contemplated visit, and wound up by saying that his daughter would accompany him. He shook his head solemnly when he heard this.

"A foolish thing," he said, in his slow, matter-of-fact way, "a very foolish thing. This country's no fit for a lady at present, as Mr. Maybourne says well enough. An' what's more,

there'll be trouble among the noys (natives) before vera long. He'd best be out of it."

"My dear fellow," I said, a little testily, "I fear for I did not care to hear him throw cold water on Mr. Maybourne's visit in this fashion, 'you're always thinking the natives are going to give trouble, but you must confess that what you prophesy never comes off.'"

He shook his head more sagely than before.

"Ye can say what ye please," he said, "I'm nae settin' up for a prophet, but I canna help but see what's put plain before my eyes. As the proverb says—'Forewarned is forearmed.' There's been trouble an' discontent all through this country-side from on this east an' if Mr. Maybourne brings his daughter up here—well, he'll have to run the risk of mischief happenin' to the lass. It's no business o' mine, however. As the proverb says—'Let the wilful gang their own gait.'"

Accustomed as he was to look on the gloomy side of things, I could not but remember that he had been in the country a longer time than I had, and that he had also had a better experience of the treacherous Matabele than I could boast.

In your opinion, then, I said, "I had better be careful to dissuade Mr. Maybourne from coming up?"

"Nae! Nae! I'm nae sayin' that at all. Let him come by all means since he's set on it. But I'm not going to say I think he's wise in bringing the girl."

With this ambiguous answer I had to be content. I must confess, however, that I went back to the house feeling a little uneasy in my mind. Ought I to write and warn Mr. Maybourne, or should I leave the matter to chance? As I did not intend to send off my mail until the following day, I determined to sleep on it.

In the morning I discovered that my fears had entirely vanished. The boys we employed were going about their duties in much the same manner as usual, and the half-dozen natives who had come in during the course of the day in the hope of obtaining employment, seemed so peaceably inclined that I felt compelled to dismiss Mackinnon's suspicions from my mind as groundless, and determined on no account to alarm my friends in such needlessly silly fashion.

How well I remember Mr. and Miss Maybourne's arrival! It was on a Wednesday, exactly three weeks after my conversation with Mackinnon just recorded, that a boy appeared with a note from the old gentleman to me. It was written from the township, and stated that they had got so far and would be here during the afternoon. From that time forward I examined my preparations with a critical eye, discussed the meals with the cook to make sure that he had not forgotten a single particular, drilled my servants in their duties until I had brought them as near perfection as it was possible for me to get them, and in one way and another fussed about the mine until it was time for my guests to arrive. I had fitted up my own bedroom for Miss Maybourne, and made it as comfortable as the limited means at my disposal would allow. Her father would occupy the overseer's room, that individual sharing a tent with me at the back.

The sun was just sinking to his rest below the horizon when I caught a cloud of dust on the western yell. Little by little it grew larger until we could distinctly make out a buggy drawn by a pair of horses. It was traveling at a high rate of speed, and before many minutes were over would be with us. As I watched it my heart began to beat so tumultuously that it seemed as if those around me could not fail to hear it. In the vehicle now approaching was the woman I loved, the woman whom I had made up my mind I should never see again.

Five minutes later the horses had pulled the buggy up to the mine, and I had shaken hands with my guests and was assisting Agnes to alight. Never before had I seen her look so lovely. She seemed quite to have recovered from the horrors of the shipwreck, and looked even stronger than when I had first seen her on the deck of the Fiji Princess, the day we had left Southampton. She greeted me with a fine show of cordiality, but under it it was easy to see that she was as nervous as myself. Having handed the horses and buggy over to a couple of my boys, I led my guests into the house, and began to try to make them feel at home. Evidently they had come with the intention of being pleased, for they expressed themselves as surprised and delighted with every arrangement I had made for their comfort. It was a merry party, I can assure you, that sat down to the evening meal that night. I was, indeed, that under the influence of Agnes' manner even Mackinnon forgot himself and ceased to prophesy ruin and desolation.

When the meal was finished we adjourned to the verandah and lit our pipes. The evening was delightfully cool, the stars twinkled in the sky, and overhead the stars twinkled in the firmament of heaven like countless lamps, lighting up the sombre veldt till we could see the shadowy outline of trees miles away. The evening breeze rustled the long grass, and across the square the figure of our cool could just be seen, outlined against the ruddy glow of the fire in the hut behind him. How happy I was I sat I could catch a glimpse of my darling's face, and see the gleam of her rings as her hand rested on the arm of her chair. The memory of the awful time we had spent together on the island, and in the open boat, came back to me with a feeling that was half pleasure, half pain. When I realized that I was entertaining them in my abode in Rhodesia, it seemed scarcely possible that we could be the same people.

Toward the end of the evening, Mr. Maybourne made an excuse and went into the house, leaving us together. Mackinnon had long since departed. When we were alone, Agnes leant a little forward in her chair and said: "Are you pleased to see me, Gilbert?"

"More pleased than I can tell you," I answered, truthfully. "But you must not ask me if I think you were wise to come."

"I can see that you think I was not," she continued. "But how little you understand my motives. I could not

Thinking that perhaps she had said too much she choked herself suddenly, and for a little while did not speak again. When she did, it was only about the loneliness of my life on the mine, and such like trivial matters. Illogical as men are, though I had hoped, for both our sakes, that we would not venture again on such delicate ground as we had traversed before we said good-bye, I could not help a little sensation of disappointment when she acted up to my advice. I was still more pained when a little later she stated that she felt tired, and holding out her hand, bade me "good-night," and went to her room.

There I can only give utterance to a remark which, I am told, is as old as the hills—and that is, how little we men understand the opposite sex. From that night forward, for the first time in four days of her visit, Agnes' manner towards me was as friendly as of old, but I noticed that she made but small difference between her treatment of Mackinnon and the way in which she behaved towards myself. This was more than I could bear, and consequently my own behavior towards her changed. I found myself bringing every bit of ingenuitly I possessed to bear on an attempt to win her back to the old state. But it was in vain! Whenever I found an opportunity, and hinted at my love for her, she invariably changed the conversation into such a channel that all my intentions were frustrated. In consequence, I exerted myself the more to please until my passion must have been plain to everyone about the place. Prudence, honor, everything that separated me from her was likely to be thrown to the winds. My intention for Agnes' marriage had now grown to such a pitch that without her I felt that I could not go on living.

One day, a little more than a week after their arrival, it was my good fortune to accompany her on a riding excursion to a watermill in the hills, distant some seven or eight miles from the mine. On the way she called me playfully on what she called "my unusual quietness." This was more than I could stand; and I determined, as soon as I could, find a convenient opportunity, to test my fate, and have it settled for good and all.

On reaching our destination, we fed our horses by the watermill, to a tree at the foot of the hill, and climbed up to the falls we had ridden over to explore. After the first impression, created by the wild grandeur of the scene, had passed, I endeavored to take the opportunity I wanted.

"How strangely little circumstances react on you! What place does that remind you of?" I asked, pointing to the rocky hill on the other side of the fall.

"Of a good many," she answered, a little awfully. "I'm afraid. I cannot say that it reminds me of one more than another. All things considered, there is a great sameness in South African scenery."

Claverty as she attempted to turn my question off, I was not to be balked so easily.

"Though the likeness has evidently not impressed you, it reminds me very much of Salvage Island," I said, drawing a step closer to her side. "Half-way up that hill one might well expect to find the plateau and the cave."

"Baby's Own Tablets promptly cured all stomach and bowel trouble and made sickly or ailing children well and strong. And this medicine is absolutely safe—the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this is true. Mrs. Alfred Suddard, Hingham, Que., says: 'I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation, stomach troubles, and restlessness and find them a splendid remedy. They have made my little one a healthy, fat and rosy child. I always keep a box of Tablets in my home.' Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

"I am sorry I recalled it to your memory, then," I answered. "I think in spite of the way you have behaved towards me lately, Agnes, you are aware that I would not give you pain for anything. Do you know that?"

"As I put this question to her, I looked into her face. She dropped her eyes and whispered 'Yes.' Emboldened by my success I resolved to push my fate still further.

"Agnes," I said, "I have been thinking over what I am going to say to you now for some days past, and I believe I am doing right. I want to tell you the story of my life, and then to ask you a question that will decide the happiness of the rest of it. I want you to listen, and when I have done, answer me from the bottom of your heart. Whatever you say I will abide by."

"She looked up at me with a startled expression on her face. 'I will listen,' she said, 'and whatever question you ask I will answer. But think first, Gilbert; do you really wish me to know your whole life story? I wish you to hear and judge me. Whatever you say, I will do and abide by it.'"

"She put her little hand in mine, and having done so, seated herself on a bench. Then, after a little pause, she said: 'Go on, tell her all.' (To be Continued.)

CASE FOR VEILS.

A Dainty and Inexpensive Gift For an Easter Offering.

A dainty little case that can be utilized either for veils or to hold the flimsy, almost invisible hair nets that many women wear to keep their hair in good condition, may be made from three-quarters of a yard of satin cotton wadding and a soft silk lining and one's favorite sash.

Take a length of satin twenty-two inches long and ten inches wide; on it place a piece of cotton wadding of similar size, on which sash has been liberally sprinkled, and a lining of china silk. Turn in the edges and hem neatly around. Or the wadding may be placed between the lining and satin, and the three sides sewed on the machine. Turn and sew the end in a blind seam.

Now fold over the ends till two eighth-inch pockets are made. If preferred, the whole thing may be bound with a broad silk ribbon on the edges, finished with a fine cord.

When such a case is used for nets have a number of postcards and wind each separately on a card and slip them in the pockets. These cards may also be covered with silk where the case is intended for a gift; but, as a rule, the plain cardboard is more satisfactory. Nets so preserved can be kept for a long time as fresh as when received from the hairdresser.

For veils make the case wider, about eighteen inches, keeping the other proportions the same. Then roll cardboard into narrow rolls an inch in diameter and just long enough that they will slip easily into the pockets. If veils are wound smoothly on these rolls and put away in the sealed case each time they are taken off their life will be prolonged many weeks.

One or the Other. Nell is your boss engaged to that girl he called on so much?

Belle (the typewriter)—I don't know whether she has shaken him or promised to marry him.

Nell—Want to you mean?

Belle—He has stopped buying her costly presents.—Town and Country.

Why They Looked. She was not pretty far from that; Her shape was not divine; She did not wear a stylish hat Or silk of new design, But when she came the necks would crane.

From all the center pews, The reason was indeed quite plain— She wore such squalid shoes.



Free Sample
We are so sure of the merits of Celluloid Starch and so confident of its value, that we will send you a large package free. Send your name and address on a post card. When you're in a hurry you can't starch your linen with common starch—cooking takes time—rubbing it in takes more time—so does a sticky iron.

Celluloid Starch
Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking.
The Bradford Starch Works, Limited, Bradford, Canada.

Story of Charles Lamb.
At the dinner table, among a large number of guests, Charles Lamb's white cravat caused a mistake to be made, being taken for a clergyman, and he was called on to say grace.

Looking up, and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable manner, "Is there no clergyman present?" "No, sir," answered a guest. "Then, then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

It Will Prevent Ulcerated Throat.
At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Add a little sugar to it to make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have thus made themselves immune to attack.

"They are not smart people, are they?"

"Oh, dear, no," answered Miss Frelvinton. "He wears last year's clothes and she uses last year's slang."—Washington Star.

Surgeon Returns.
Dr. Fred E. Barnham, the surgeon, has returned to Winnipeg from a six months' tour abroad.

The Employer—Please, sir, I've gone an' got married, and I'd like you to raise my wages.

The Employer (worried over thinking of the workmen's compensation act)—Very sorry for you, Smith, I'm sure; but I can't do that. I'm only responsible for accidents that happen in the works you know.—The Sketch.

FOR LITTLE BABIES AND BIG CHILDREN

Baby's Own Tablets is good for all children, from the feeblest baby, whose life seems to hang by a thread, to the sturdy boy who occasionally gets his digestive organs out of order.

Baby's Own Tablets promptly cure all stomach and bowel trouble and make sickly or ailing children well and strong. And this medicine is absolutely safe—the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this is true. Mrs. Alfred Suddard, Hingham, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation, stomach troubles, and restlessness and find them a splendid remedy. They have made my little one a healthy, fat and rosy child. I always keep a box of Tablets in my home." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I am sorry I recalled it to your memory, then," I answered. "I think in spite of the way you have behaved towards me lately, Agnes, you are aware that I would not give you pain for anything. Do you know that?"

"As I put this question to her, I looked into her face. She dropped her eyes and whispered 'Yes.' Emboldened by my success I resolved to push my fate still further.

"Agnes," I said, "I have been thinking over what I am going to say to you now for some days past, and I believe I am doing right. I want to tell you the story of my life, and then to ask you a question that will decide the happiness of the rest of it. I want you to listen, and when I have done, answer me from the bottom of your heart. Whatever you say I will abide by."

"She looked up at me with a startled expression on her face. 'I will listen,' she said, 'and whatever question you ask I will answer. But think first, Gilbert; do you really wish me to know your whole life story? I wish you to hear and judge me. Whatever you say, I will do and abide by it.'"

"She put her little hand in mine, and having done so, seated herself on a bench. Then, after a little pause, she said: 'Go on, tell her all.' (To be Continued.)

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

"Why don't you watch the game, Laura?"

"What's the use? You told me the woman was paid to watch it. Let him look after it, I'm sure I don't want the job."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The Silver Moth.
When tiny pieces of felt are found in various parts of the piano it is evident that the tiny silver moths are at work and will in time do much damage.

Campfire song tied to chessboard and suspended inside the piano will drive them out, while placing a half cupful of turpentine inside, leaving for several days, will be certain of driving out the little pests.

Humboldt's "Cosmos."
Alexander Humboldt's achievement, that of beginning and finishing his monumental "Cosmos" after his seventy-sixth birthday, is perhaps the most wonderful mind triumph in all the history of literature.

Agnostic.
The term "agnostic" was invented by Professor Huxley about 1855 to indicate the mental attitude of those who withhold their assent to whatever is incapable of proof. In regard to the divine existence, miracles and revelations, agnostics neither dogmatically affirm nor deny, but simply say "Agnosco" (I do not know; they are incapable of proof).

The Flippant Youth.
"You know it all now, my son," said the old man, "but when you have reached my age you will find you know comparatively nothing."

"I guess that's right, dad," replied the flippant youth. "I've often heard that one forgets much in his declining years."—Chicago News.

His Professional Habit.
"I wonder why that man walking ahead of us continues to look down at the pavement as he moves along?"

"Don't you know him? That's Blitherton, the professional aeronaut."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Keeping His Word.
Mrs. Fogarty (at fashionable restaurant)—Now, for goodness' sake, Mike, don't order Irish stew.

Mr. Fogarty—Ah, right, I won't, dear. Walther, fetch me another some Ilberian suet or Celtic goulash!

She Didn't Understand.
"Can you tell your present fiancé's ring?" inquired the romantic girl as the doorbell sounded.

"Why, certainly," answered her practical friend. "It's the newest of the lot."

W. N. U. No. 691.

THE WORLD DISSATISFIED.

No matter how we strive or how we try, To make the world a place devoid of joy, There's no such thing as pleasing every body. Or giving to the fretful sweet repose, If war could be abolished and if labor Might cease to be imposed upon the race, 'You must at once expect to hear your neighbor Complain that earth was "such a dull old place."

If some great wizard, filled with kind emotions, And seeking to make life a long, sweet dream, Produced a wand and waved it o'er the oceans, Thus turning the salt water into cream, The dairymen would rise in consternation. And ask that waits along the shores be And on the wizard heap loud condemnation. For easily seeking to destroy their trade.

If some wise person with the best intention, Could, after he had studied well, some day Produce a great and glorious invention For making wool from sawdust or from straw, The farmers in each wool producing section, With mingled fear and hatred in their eyes, Would rise, demanding adequate protection. For what they deemed their sacred interests.

If it befall that some one should discover A means of making every girl as fair As she appears to her devoted lover, If beauty could be given everywhere, Still there would be sad looks and idle fretting. And doubtless in a precious little while Somebody might be found who'd be regretting That plain, old-fashioned girls were out of style.

No matter how we toil or how we study, To make the world a brighter, better place, There's no such thing as pleasing everybody. Or banishing the frowns from every face. There are so many women who must treasure The foolish little cares that blight and scar. The world is full of men whose dearest is finding fault with all things as they are.

—S. E. Kiser in Judge.

Wanted.
Hi! Hi! You've forgotten ME!

An umbrella that screams when it is left behind.—Punch.

The "Green" Cook.
Norah, the "green" cook, poked her head in at the dining room door.

"Please, m'am," she asked, "an' how will I be knowin' when the pudding is cooked?"

"Stick a knife into it," said the mistress, recalling the cookbook instructions. "If the knife comes out clean, the pudding is ready to serve."

"Yes, m'am."

"And, oh, Norah!" the mistress had an afterthought—"if the knife does come out clean you might stick all the rest of the knives into the pudding."

A Beautifier.
Nell—Have you seen Miss Passay lately?

Belle—Yes; saw her yesterday, and she actually appeared to be at least ten years younger than the last time I saw her.

Nell—Nonsense!

Belle—Fact! She was in her motor at the time and wore a mask.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Ins and Outs.
"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house.

"Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

"But this seemed to come from the floor above."

"Ah, then it's probably the Popeye's baby getting a tooth in."—Minneapolis Journal.

Confidence.
"What makes you so confident of success next season? Have you a great play?"

"No," answered the emotional actress, "but I have read some of the things my press agent is going to print about my automobile, my gowns and my domestic difficulties."—Washington Star.

The Flippant Youth.
"You know it all now, my son," said the old man, "but when you have reached my age you will find you know comparatively nothing."

"I guess that's right, dad," replied the flippant youth. "I've often heard that one forgets much in his declining years."—Chicago News.

His Professional Habit.
"I wonder why that man walking ahead of us continues to look down at the pavement as he moves along?"

"Don't you know him? That's Blitherton, the professional aeronaut."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Keeping His Word.
Mrs. Fogarty (at fashionable restaurant)—Now, for goodness' sake, Mike, don't order Irish stew.

Mr. Fogarty—Ah, right, I won't, dear. Walther, fetch me another some Ilberian suet or Celtic goulash!

She Didn't Understand.
"Can you tell your present fiancé's ring?" inquired the romantic girl as the doorbell sounded.

"Why, certainly," answered her practical friend. "It's the newest of the lot."

TO DRIVE AWAY THAT TIRED FEELING, TRY

SHREDDED WHEAT

It is a muscle-building, nerve nourishing, brain-making food, conducive to health and to clear thinking, supplying all the energy needed for work or play.

Biscuit for Breakfast. Triscuit for Lunch.

Sold by All Grocers.

Rainbow Trout.

Among the trout of various species at the New York aquarium there are a dozen or more rainbow trout that were the first of their kind hatched out in the aquarium's model hatchery four years ago. The largest of these rainbow trout is now about sixteen inches in length and would weigh about two pounds.

The eggs from which these fishes were hatched came from the United States fish hatcheries at Wytheville, Va., and the eggs from which the parent fishes were hatched came from the United States fish hatcheries on the McCloud river, in Shasta county, northern California, which is the native home of the rainbow trout, in the tributaries of the Sacramento.

By the distribution of eggs it has within the last thirty years been transplanted into various eastern waters, so that it is now to be found on this as well as on the other side of the continent.—New York Sun.

Exceedingly Verdant.
A "green-old age" is that to which the countryman attains. For it's the age when bunko men Derive their surest gains. —Harper's Weekly.

A Lost Opportunity.
"What did she say when you proposed?"

"Why, she had her mouth full of bak-pins at the moment—and then her mother came in."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Those Suffragettes.
When women so in for reform, As some of them do now and then, The faults that they better and storm Are always the faults of the men. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Uncle Jerry.
"It's no trouble," remarked Uncle Jerry Peabody, "for a man in this climate

See that Lock

It is the perfect fitting, patented lock on EASTLAKE METALLIC SHINGLES

No other shingles have it. This famous device makes Eastlake Shingles the easiest and quickest to install and also insures the roof being shingled is fire, lightning and rust proof.

Our guarantee—We guarantee Eastlake Shingles to be made better, more durable and more economical than any other shingles in the world.

Our shingles will last longer and cost less than the best wooden shingles. Our best Metallic Shingles should not be mentioned in the same breath with any other roof covering.

Write us for more information.

The Metallic Roofing Co., Limited, Manufacturers, Toronto and Winnipeg.

WOOD SHEDDING

AQUAPROOF PAPER

WESTERN CANADA FACTORY, 797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg.

Lightning in South Africa.

In South Africa, where thunderstorms are terrific, lightning often strikes the beds of ironstone, and blue flames, sometimes firing buildings, are alleged to play about such ironstone outcroppings two or three hours after a storm.

A Pill for Brain Workers.—The man who works with his brain is more liable to derangement of the digestive system than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only his muscular strength.

Brain-feeding irregularities of the stomach, and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parale's Vegetable Pills. They are specially compounded for such cases and all those who use them can certify to their superior power.

Perry-Dubbs complains that after all his labor in behalf of the public he gets nothing for it.

Reggie—And that's more than he deserves. Nothing too good for him. I have heard him say so himself.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE

From October to May Colds are the most frequent causes of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. B. W. Groves on box 256.

Wantanno—Why do you call that boy of yours "Flanel"?

Duzno—Because he just naturally shrinks from washing.—Chums.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY, O. O. Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.

Welding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

THE REVELATION.

Her Suspense Was Wearing While It Lasted.

Long and steadfastly he looked into her eyes. She returned his gaze steadily and without winking. For a minute neither spoke. Then she broke the silence:

"You think it is"—She hesitated.

He gazed into her eyes again—those great, heavenly blue eyes.

"I did not want you to understand"—he began.

She interrupted him with some impatience. "Can we not understand each other?" she cried. "The suspense of it all is wearing me out. Do you wish me to believe?"

He broke in upon her. "It is not what I wish you to believe," he said gently. "It is what you must know. I have determined."

She covered her face with her hands as if preparing herself for the worst. But she was a woman—a proud, imperious woman. She would show him that she could suffer and make no sign. She rose from her chair.

"Well," she demanded.

"It is only a little granulation," he continued. "Nothing serious whatever. I will give you a prescription. The charge will be \$10."

For had he not looked long and steadfastly into her eyes—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Cough Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a regular cough medicine, a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. Good for easy coughs, hard coughs, desperate coughs. If your doctor endorses it for your case, take it. If not, don't take it. Never go contrary to his advice.

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We use only the best and purest ingredients.

Ayer's

The dose of Ayer's Pills is small, only one or two. As a rule, laxative doses are better than cathartic doses. For constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headaches, they cannot be excelled. Ask your doctor about this.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

GOODHEART'S SAD END

His Death by Suicide Did Not Surprise Deacon Spooner.

HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR IT.

In His Talk at Skinner's He Tells How He Came Near Doing the Same Thing Himself When He Married a Whole Family.

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

"Gentlemen," said Deacon Spooner when the usual crowd had assembled at Skinner's grocery, "three days ago this community was shocked by the news that Philletus Goodheart, one of our foremost citizens, had committed suicide by hanging in his barn. We who are gathered here tonight hastened to reach the spot. It was hard to believe that the report could be true.

"There are men here who say that brother-in-law of mine entered this grocery and ordered two whole pounds of butter and half a pound of tea at once and have them charged to my account."

"Some among you have been present when those old maids have gone into Davis' and ordered thirty-cent stockings at my expense, and that without having said a word to me. You say that father-in-law driving my horse around while I had to limp around on foot. I made a third attempt on my life. This time I sat out doors on a cold night and tried to freeze to death. Just as I had arrived at the sleepy stage the whole family came out and started cufing and kicking me. And I only succeeded in freezing one big toe."

"Then, as if Providence had come to pity me, my wife went out riding one day, and the horse ran away and threw her out and broke her neck. She had been dead an hour when I got there. It has been ever since against me. It has been a matter of gossip that I shed no tears when she was laid away. Gentlemen, I could not weep. I was still too full of pain concerning the rest of the family. The funeral was no sooner over—in fact, it was while we were on our way back than the mother-in-law suggested that I sleep in the wood shed and do less eating."

When He Reached Home.

"I love to dwell on what happened when we reached home. The father-in-law and brother-in-law went through the open windows on to the grass, and they struck hard. The two sisters went out of the front door with wings spread out, and their trunks followed. The two old maids squealed out, and that was the last of them. The mother-in-law armed herself with the rolling pin and fought for her job and her life, but when she went out of the back door she rolled thirty feet before stopping. Then I locked all the doors and sat down to enjoy myself for the first time in two years."

"Gentlemen, I married again. I was two years hunting up an orphan girl. She hadn't even an uncle or aunt or cousin. It is known to this assembly that my second wife is cross eyed, stiff in the knees and that she keeps in when she walks; also that she can't tell Caesar from Piny and mixes up George Washington with Alexander the Great. But, gentlemen, she had no family for me to marry. She was solitary and alone in this world, and I am taking solid comfort every breath I draw."

"Poor Philletus Goodheart is no more on earth. But he is better off—a damned sight better! In shuffling off all his wife's relations, and when he realizes that they must now get out and bustle for themselves it is not too much to believe that he looks down upon them and utters a chuckle or two. There is a great moral lesson here. I think you understand it—I think you do—and now if Uncle Jim will reach for that checkerboard behind him we will proceed in the business that has brought us together and be glad that we are alive."

M. QUAD.

Not at All Cheap.

"She seemed to be very particular about those goods she bought," remarked the merchant.

"Yes," replied the salesman, "she said she wanted to be sure they were the real thing. She didn't want any cheap imitation."

"But they were a cheap imitation."

"Oh, no; I raised the price," Philadelphia Press.

Too Close Now.

Subbubs—I don't know anybody that my wife hates more than the Jenkinses.

Citman—Why, she used to think pretty well of them.

Subbubs—Yes, but that was before they moved in next door to us.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Question of Capacity.

Harry Hygdyer—Bring me deml. Wytter—Tasse or John?—Leslie's Weekly.

The Danger Sign.

"When you see a woman with a towel around her head beating a carpet with a broom," remarked the spring philosopher, "do you know what it is the sign of?"

"Yes," responded the man who had left home to escape housecleaning; "it means it is time to take to the tall timber unless you wish her to wield the broom against you instead of the carpet."—Chicago News.

"Can't you get a little faster?"

"Aw, wot yer givin' us? Yer 'lak I'm er sixty horsepower automobile?"—New York World.

Masculine Exaggeration.

Mrs. Quimby—Archibald, do you know anything about these people who are moving in next door?

Mr. Quimby—All I know about them is that they are people of some consequence. Two men have just carried in the madam's spring hat.—Chicago Tribune.

Making the Most of It.

Mifkins—I bear Peckham's wife has left him.

Bifkins—Yes.

Mifkins—Does he think she will come back?

Bifkins—I guess so. Anyway he told me he was going to enjoy life while he had the chance.—Chicago News.

Broken English.

His youngest grandchild had managed to get possession of a primer and was trying to eat it.

"Pardon me for taking the words out of your mouth, little one," said the professor, hastily interposing.—Chicago Tribune.

A TONIC FOR THE STOMACH

Wonderful Success of the Modern Method of Treating Even Obstinate Cases of Indigestion.

The old-fashioned methods of treating stomach diseases are being discarded. The trouble with the old-fashioned methods was that when the treatment was stopped the trouble returned in an aggravated form.

The modern method of treating indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, or chronic gastritis, is to tone up the stomach and glands, to do their normal work. Every step toward recovery is a step gained, not to be lost again. The recovery of the appetite, the disappearance of pain, the absence of gas—all are steps on the road to health that those who have tried the tonic treatment remember distinctly.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic to every constituent of which is helpful in building up the digestive organs and therefore are the very best remedy for chronic cases of stomach trouble. The success of the treatment is shown by hundreds of cures like the following:

Mrs. Wm. E. Dunn, Prince Dale, N. S., says:—"For upwards of seven years I was an almost continuous sufferer from stomach trouble, which was aggravated by obstinate constipation. Food was not only distasteful, but every mouthful I ate was painful. The trouble so effected my heart that at times I thought I could not live. I was constantly dozing, but did not get the least relief. Indeed I was growing worse, and in the summer of 1907 had got so bad that I went to the City of Boston, where I spent some time under the care of a specialist. I returned home, however, no better. I endured what was most intolerable, and would sometimes cause me to drop. I kept getting weaker and weaker, and had practically given up hope of ever being well again when my mother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. How thankful I am now that I took her advice. My case was a severe one and did not yield readily, but once an improvement was noticed the cure progressed steadily and satisfactorily, and after the use of ten boxes of the Pills I was again a well woman. Every symptom of the trouble disappeared, and it is years since I enjoyed as good health as I am doing now. All who know me look upon my cure as almost a miracle, and I strongly urge all suffering from stomach trouble, to give this medicine a fair trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Fans.

To baseball fans

We now must cater;

The palm-leaf fans

Will be here later.

—New York World.

For years Mother Graves' Worm

Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

"Here, waiter," cried the guest in the cheap restaurant, "this food is simply vile and I don't propose to pay for it. Where's the proprietor?"

"He's gone home to lunch, sir," replied the waiter.—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

I was very sick with Quinsy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured me at once.

I am never without it now.

Yours gratefully,

MRS. C. D. PRINCE.

Nauwigewauk, Oct. 21st.

Jim (planning a burglary)—Sure, now, Bill, an' how shall we know if we're both there at the right time?

Bill—Be any, Jim. O'ive the vry jewel an' an idea. If you git there first put a chalk mark on the gate, and if O' git there first O'll rub it out.—Black and White.

Well Recommended.

On the way to the office of his publishers one crisp fall morning James Whitcomb Riley met an unusually large number of acquaintances, who commented conventionally upon the fine weather. This unmitigated applause amused him. When greeted at the office with "Nice day, Mr. Riley," he smiled broadly.

"Yes," he agreed. "I've heard it very highly spoken of."—Everybody's.

The Joy of It.

"No, of course. Batchelder doesn't keep house. He just has apartments at his club."

"Well, then, he doesn't know what life is. Half the fun of going to your club is lost unless you've got a home to stay away from."—Philadelphia Press.

Lovely!

Oh, what a pleasure at five a. m. To hear the door of the next flat slam!

At half past five what joy we know To hear the alarm of the clock below!

At six how lovely 'tis to awake With the smell in one's nostrils of burning steak!

At seven how sweet to lie and hear A parrot squawking just in the rear!

At half past seven what dream of love When the kids break loose in the flat above!

At eight, when one from his bed must creep, How sweet to think of one's morning cup!

—L. S. Waterhouse in New York Press.

At the Insect Congress.

Ant—I hear they tore the centiped up so that he was completely out of the spider.

Spider—Yes. They didn't leave him a leg to stand on.—Baltimore American.

And Honest Too.

"Jones made the best part of his money by grafting."

"Why, I thought he had such a high reputation for honesty."

"So he has. He must graft, though, for he keeps a fruit nursery."—St. Louis Republic.

Get acquainted with Black Watch

the big black plug chewing tobacco. A tremendous favorite everywhere, because of its richness and pleasing flavor.

2260

W. N. U. No. 691.

HIS MISCONCEPTION.

He Bought a Dog and the Next Night Got Into Trouble.

Mrs. Rounder had insisted that her husband should buy a dog. Rounder did not like the idea, having grave doubts of the advisability of having a "savage brute around. But Mrs. Rounder said that she would feel safer when Mr. Rounder was detained late downtown on important business if there was a good dog about. So Rounder yielded, and the dog was bought.

That night when Rounder, with uncertain sleep, made his way home he was confronted by the spectacle of the new dog baring the way to the front door. Rounder, who had no use for dogs, paused upon the first step, uncertain what to do.

"Good dog, nice doggy," he cooed persuasively in a thick voice.

But the dog showed no signs of friendliness, and Rounder took a new tack.

"It's all right, old man. I'm yer daddy. I'm the 'ol man. That's right. You know me. Come on inside an' have a bone on me."

Still the dog showed no sign that he recognized Rounder, who sat down on the first step and thought the situation over.

Slowly it dawned through his befuddled brain that the last car had left for downtown, and it was a question of getting by the dog or camping out for the rest of the night.

"Bloooin' outrage," he mumbled to himself. "My house, my dog—I'll kick the stuffin' out of him if he doesn't acknowledge the fact pretty soon."

Suddenly he was seized with a bright idea. He would find a policeman and get him to kill the brute.

Rounder walked four times around the block before he was rewarded by finding an officer to pour out his tale of woe.

"Officer," he mumbled thickly, "a wretched savage dog on my porch. Bigger'n a meetin' house. Can't go home. Bloomin' outrage. Goin' to sue the city for \$1,000,000 damage."

When the officer finally grasped the situation he took Rounder by the arm and led him home. Taking one look at the object that was keeping Rounder from the bosom of his family, the officer kicked it aside and told Rounder to go in and keep quiet.

It was the doorman that some one had kicked up and neglected to replace.—Detroit Free Press.

How He Managed It.

James MacNeill Whistler once visited an artist in Paris who was not overburdened with this world's goods and was surprised at the sumptuous lunch provided.

On being asked how he managed to live so well his host replied: "I have a pet monkey which I let down from my window by a rope into that of my landlady and trust to Providence. Sometimes Jacko returns with a loaf, sometimes with a ham. His visits are full of surprises. One never knows what may appear."

A Bully Ideal.

There is one sight which you must not miss when you go to Tokyo," said the seasoned traveler to a New York Sun reporter. "That is the rare display of anthropological plug bats."

Some people arrange to get to Japan in the very blossom season, and others wait to get there in time to receive an invitation to the emperor's garden party in chrysanthemum time, but take the tip of one who has battled about the world considerably and land in Tokyo either on New Year's day or on the emperor's birthday. On both you can see something unique in the lines of headgear.

"When Japan began to get civilized she bought all the accessories of civilization that England did not want any more. England sold her old-fashioned, out of date, narrow gauge railroad stock, antiquated trunk cars and other secondhand junk, including the then current styles of plug hat."

The title of those days has remained the ruling fashion in Japan up to the present. Japan may build Drednoughts, but the plug hat of fifty years ago still reigns supreme.

"Only on such ceremonious occasions as the New Year's festivities, the emperor's birthday or possibly the meeting at Negishi, near Yokohama, does the Japanese gentleman bring forth from his camphor wood chest his plug hat, a heritage from his forefathers. It may be warped with twenty summers, damp or green with the shade of antiquity, but that matters nothing."

Once this superstructure of his wrinkled frock coat and bagged trousers is added the Japanese gentleman feels that no dignity short of a decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun can be added to his person. That crowning glory of a plug hat may settle around his ears or it may perch upon his head like half a peanut shell, but no matter. It is the hat of civilization and the badge of respectability.

He trots out of his house looking like one of the ancient daimios, still with the dignity of two swords. All that fearful day he wears this hat of ancient vintage like a crown, and in the end he stows it away in his damp-proof chest, awaiting another festive occasion or held as an asset in his estate after death."

One For the Snail.

The snail, poor thing, has not been blessed with gifts such as man has, but—well, it seems to know when it is beat.

To wisely keep within its shell.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Natural.

Visitor (in prison)—And that convict standing over yonder?

Guard—He's a trusty.

Visitor—Indeed! What trust was he connected with if I may ask?—Puck.

There is Only One

"Bromo Quinine"

That is

Laxative Bromo Quinine

USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

E. W. Groves

SOWING FLAXSEED.

The proper Quantity of Flaxseed and When to Sow. Prof. Saunders' Report.

In a bulletin on flaxseed issued in April, 1908, by the Dominion Experimental Farm, Prof. Saunders says:—"The production of flaxseed in Canada has not yet been sufficient to meet the demands of the oil mills. Hence large quantities are imported from the United States and from Argentina. Besides this, a large quantity of flaxseed oil is imported, which could be profitably made here if the crop of home grown seed were sufficiently large. The Canadian government has, in the interests of agriculture, imposed a duty of ten cents per bushel on flaxseed, and as long as the demand so largely exceeds the supply there is a grave inducement to farmers to take up the sowing of flax on a large scale."

Judging from the crops produced and the quality of the seed grown it is evident that the conditions of the North West provinces of Canada are favorable for the production of flaxseed. As in the United States, the greatest development of this industry is in the North West. In that country, with its annual production varying from twenty-five to nearly thirty million bushels, North Dakota produces about one-half of the entire crop, while if the product of South Dakota and Minnesota be added these three states contribute more than three-fourths of the total production."

Prof. Saunders says: "Experiments made at the experimental farms at Brandon and Indian Head, using 40 lbs and 80 lbs of seed per acre, seem to indicate that when flax is sown for seed only, the sowing of 40 lbs to the acre does not always produce so heavy a crop as when 80 lbs. is sown. The yield of seed obtained from the four year tests at Brandon show an average difference of 23 lbs. per acre in favor of the 80 lbs. of seed, while at Indian Head the heavier sowing has increased the crop to the extent of 2 1/2 bushels per acre. These experiments, however, were conducted on land which had been under crop for several years, and this may have made some difference in the results. On new breaking the general opinion drawn from experience is that 40 lbs. of seed per acre is sufficient. With regard to the best time for sowing in the North West from the middle to the end of May is usually recommended. The seed selected for sowing should be plump, well developed, of good color and free from seeds of weeds. Where large fields are sown the seeding is usually done with the drill."

Seed sown at the Experimental Farm, Indian Head, on June 9, 1899, produced 21 1/2 bushels, 10 lbs. per acre, the quantity of seed sown being 80 lbs. per acre.

Some experienced flax growers hold that it is safe to grow flaxseed as late as June 15th, and that good results have been obtained sowing even later, but the general opinion seems to be that the best time for sowing is the last two weeks of May and the early days of June.

PLUG HATS OF JAPAN.

Cherished Tiles of the Vintage of Fifty Years Ago.

There is one sight which you must not miss when you go to Tokyo," said the seasoned traveler to a New York Sun reporter. "That is the rare display of anthropological plug bats."

Some people arrange to get to Japan in the very blossom season, and others wait to get there in time to receive an invitation to the emperor's garden party in chrysanthemum time, but take the tip of one who has battled about the world considerably and land in Tokyo either on New Year's day or on the emperor's birthday. On both you can see something unique in the lines of headgear.

"When Japan began to get civilized she bought all the accessories of civilization that England did not want any more. England sold her old-fashioned, out of date, narrow gauge railroad stock, antiquated trunk cars and other secondhand junk, including the then current styles of plug hat."

The title of those days has remained the ruling fashion in Japan up to the present. Japan may build Drednoughts, but the plug hat of fifty years ago still reigns supreme.

"Only on such ceremonious occasions as the New Year's festivities, the emperor's birthday or possibly the meeting at Negishi, near Yokohama, does the Japanese gentleman bring forth from his camphor wood chest his plug hat, a heritage from his forefathers. It may be warped with twenty summers, damp or green with the shade of antiquity, but that matters nothing."

Once this superstructure of his wrinkled frock coat and bagged trousers is added the Japanese gentleman feels that no dignity short of a decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun can be added to his person. That crowning glory of a plug hat may settle around his ears or it may perch upon his head like half a peanut shell, but no matter. It is the hat of civilization and the badge of respectability.

He trots out of his house looking like one of the ancient daimios, still with the dignity of two swords. All that fearful day he wears this hat of ancient vintage like a crown, and in the end he stows it away in his damp-proof chest, awaiting another festive occasion or held as an asset in his estate after death."

One For the Snail.

The snail, poor thing, has not been blessed with gifts such as man has, but—well, it seems to know when it is beat.

To wisely keep within its shell.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Natural.

Visitor (in prison)—And that convict standing over yonder?

Guard—He's a trusty.

Visitor—Indeed! What trust was he connected with if I may ask?—Puck.

There is Only One

"Bromo Quinine"

That is

Laxative Bromo Quinine

USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

E. W. Groves

Fook's COLLARS

The very best collar properly shirred and made specially for us, is used for the facing of the "Aspen"—the collar here illustrated, 20c. each; 3 for 50c. Sizes 14 to 18; heights 2 1/4 and 2 1/2 inches. 13 FOOKE BROTHERS, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISH

The Public knows better than to take any substitute for 2 in 1. The dealer knows better than to offer a substitute if he wants to retain his reputation.

Black and all colors

H. BUNTING

CONTRACTOR

ESTIMATES

GIVEN.

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

Shop Phone, 65.
Lumber Yard Phone, 26

Pioneer Hotel...

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

J. W. Nelson

Sirathcona Hotel

NELSON, B. C.

Now Under Old and Original Management.

E. E. PHAIR, MANAGER

The Hotel Slokan

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.

The Kootenay Saloon

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Summer Excursion Rates EAST

\$60.00

From Greenwood to Winnipeg Duluth, Port William, St. Paul Chicago, \$72.25
New York, 108.50
Montreal, 105.00
St. John, N. B., 120.00
St. Louis, 67.50
Toronto, 91.40
Ottawa, 125.00
Halifax, 181.20
Sydney, C. B., 136.90

Tickets on sale May 4 and 19, June 5, 19 and 26, July 4, 22 and 29, 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. M. D. P. A., Nelson,
C. R. McPHERSON, G. T. A.,
Winnipeg, Man.

MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

OR and Vanhook Mineral Claims, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: On the North Fork of Canyon Creek, Shillikameen Division of Yale District.

TAKE NOTICE that Samuel T. Henson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 1111, and Harry H. Thon, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 1112, intend, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Faced this 11th day of January, A. D. 1908.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNERS

To J. P. Myers Gray and to the Estate of the late John Leary, or to whomsoever they may have transferred their interests in the Jenny Preston Mineral Claim, situated in Deadwood Camp, Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District, B. C.

You are hereby notified that I have expended \$500 upon the above mineral claim, and that if, within 30 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, 1906.

JOHN LUCY.

FORM NO. 9, LAND ACT.

Yale Land District, District of Shillikameen.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Valentine Dynes, of Nelson, B. C., Occupation Agent, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted 25 chains east of the N. W. corner of Lot 20, the corner of Section 15, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains to post of beginning, containing 120 acres more or less.

VALENTINE DYNES,
E. G. Smith, Agent,
Dated April 11th, 1908.

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

J. R. Cameron.

Leading Tailor of the Kootenays.

Kaslo, B. C.

Newmarket Hotel

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

HENRY STEGE, PROP.

The Greenwood Branch Nelson Iron Works

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

Geo. M. Holt, Manager.

LESLIE CRAUFORD, Lessee.

R. A. BROWN

FERRY, WASH.

General Merchant

Dry Goods,

Groceries,

Boots and Shoes,

Stationery,

Hardware,

Tobacco,

Cigars, Etc

Fresh Eggs a Specialty

THE DOMINION HOTEL

In Phoenix is situated on a delightful elevation and from its windows can be seen all the scenic beauties of this famous copper camp. The excellence of the cuisine attracts the attention of all who are kind to their inner man, and the bar contains fluids that would please a Greek god, while it is not necessary to be up so high in order to smoke any of the cigars. Miners, Millionaires and Tourists always welcome.

CHAS. H. FLOOD, PROP

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.

Smoke...

Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by

J. C. Chellin & Co., Nelson

C. J. CAMPBELL

NEW DENVER

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

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., JULY 16, 1908



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

A FILTH DISEASE.

Smallpox does not kill many people these days and is less to be feared than typhoid. It is a fifth disease and attacks the lazy, the dirty and the degenerate. The fear of this disease handed down through generations of ignorant and unsanitary people, has much to do with the worship of that fetid, medical fetish—vaccination. Vaccination has never been of any value to the human race except in the tendency to kill fear, and he who is absolutely without fear of any kind is seldom or ever injured by anything. Vaccination is simply blood-poisoning with cow-pox and is in itself a disease as severe or more so than the real pustulous affliction of modern times. In the darker periods of the world's history, when the masses covered in abject slavery before theology and medicine, they accepted vaccination as readily as a dying hobo reaches for a can of beer. Now modern education and sanitation makes the intellectual look upon it as one of the horrors that should be buried beside the Inquisition, and the theory that the world is flat. H. M. Walker, who has had much experience with smallpox, has the following to say in his wide-awake Enderby paper:

"Of all the crimes against the good health and good sense of an intelligent people, compulsory vaccination is the worst. To deliberately infect a healthy child with cowpox in the pretense of making it exempt from smallpox is little better than the practice of the savage tribes of the South Seas in swinging one of their number high in the air impaled on bamboo hooks thrust through the shoulder muscles in the hope of keeping off the evil spirit. Indeed, the practice of the savage has this advantage: the victim quickly recovers from the effects of the painful ordeal, because the hooks leave the flesh uninfected by disease; whereas the dirty vaccine point has no other purpose than to infect the body of the child with a disease as filthy as smallpox if not as severe. Nine out of every ten children who are compelled to submit to vaccination are made sick by the inoculation of the virus."

"This order compelling the wholesale inoculation of the school children of the province means that the parents of these children are to be compelled to spend at least \$60,000 needlessly upon them before they shall be permitted to attend school again. And what do they get for the expenditure? Their children are made sick for weeks; ten out of every one hundred will be left with a disease that will mean more doctor's bills, more suffering, and at least 5 per cent. of deaths; all of which might be avoided and our school children kept healthy and their blood uninfected by disease, by the simple process of teaching proper outdoor breathing."

TEDDY AND PAINE.

President Roosevelt expects to make a fortune out of royalty. He is going to Africa to hunt big game and will write a book or hire some professional writer to do it for him upon his return. A firm in New York has offered him the largest royalty ever given an American for a book, and if the tigers of the jungle do not eat up Teddy he should make a fortune out of the publication of his war with the animals of Darkest Africa. In a literary way Roosevelt is principally known for calling Tom Paine a "dirty little atheist." The creation of this phrase has brought him much notoriety amongst a class of people who do not know that Paine did more for the United States than nearly all the presidents who have been famed into popularity by the breeze from the starry flag. Roosevelt's expression in regard to Paine is misleading and erroneous. That great liberator was neither little, dirty nor an atheist. He was big, clean and a deist. He wrote the Declaration of Independence for the United States, a short sketch that backs any bear and tiger story into the mulligan, and it was his "Rights of Man" that fired the blood of the ragged and half-frozen soldiers of the Revolution until they pushed John Bull over the dump and made it possible for Uncle Sam to have an annual holiday devoted largely to the explosion of fire crackers and other noises. Paine

for a time became the idol of a simple, uneducated people and they worshipped him upon account of their political freedom. When he attempted to take away their theological dope, and break the hypnotism of creed, his former friends avoided him as though he were a hydrophobic canine or a leprous son of Asia. The warped intellects of the early days strewed his pathway with the thorns of hatred, and deluged him with their wrath, making him realize no doubt that he had lived too soon. If they had nailed him to the cross or cut his head off he would ere another hundred years elapse be looked upon almost as a deity by intelligent Americans. Thus the martyr of one age becomes the hero or the deity of another. Paine is dead, but like the odor of a sweet perfume that clings to a shattered vase, he lives in memory, and will continue to live long centuries after the name of our strenuous friend with the Dutch cognomen has been wrapped in the cobwebs of forgetfulness.

Deeds and not words prove the depth of love.

The way to prosperity is paved with printer's ink.

We worship dead reformers and mob those that are living.

The ice trust is not responsible for the hot weather in New-York.

Many a house is empty because its owner is too miserly to make repairs.

When a man is broke he usually favors a division of property with his neighbor.

The vaccine horror is commencing to attract the attention of the editors of the country.

A NOTHER lord has bought a ranch on Kootenay lake and the tuff-hunters of Nelson are flushed with excitement.

In Toronto the poor hotel men are being fined for selling stamps, cigars and papers on Sunday. They probably would be hung if they sold booze upon that day.

INSANITY is steadily increasing while other diseases are dying out. The pace of the world is too swift, and if it is not rough-locked by reason our asylums in a short span of years will have an excessive amount of prosperity.

CAREFUL investigation proves that not one lawyer in a hundred knows his business. There are some honest men in the profession, but many of them are legal crooks, living upon the fear, ignorance, mistakes and troubles of their clients.

ON Dominion Day a husky youth from Prince Rupert went over to Port Essington and knocked out six policeman. John Houston is now trying to hire him to be fighting editor of the Empire, as, owing to the age limit John can no longer put up a good fight, even with a ruler in one hand and a pair of chases in the other.

SIXTH gambling started at Monte Carlo in 1863 it has caused 3,000 sensitive individuals to commit suicide, and driven thousands more to poverty or insanity. Its patrons belong principally to a wealthy class of greedy fools who imagine that a system will beat a mechanical contrivance and a mathematical percentage. A system may win for a time but, like a slow Indian on a long trail, the zero gets there in the end. Of late the company running the games at Monte Carlo have grown more avaricious and fixed the tables so that the players have fewer chances to win than in the past. This will eventually put the most gilded gambling den on earth out of business and drive the butterflies of society to seek succorance from peace by some other route.

By reading the account of the recent fire in Grand Forks in five newspapers we have discovered that the fire started in the Yale hotel, in the Union hotel, in the Square hotel, back of the Clarendon restaurant, and adjacent to the Clarendon. Until we go over to Grand Forks we will not believe that there was a fire in that city. If so, then the ruling passion is strong in death, for it is not reasonable to suppose that the fire broke out in five places at once. If there really was a fire in Grand Forks the losers have our deepest sympathy, for it always tears our heart to learn that the fire fiend has descended upon even a wicked burg and with its lurid breath blown away in a few hot and hurried moments the accumulations of years. Grand Forks has had many trials and tribulations during its brief life, but its citizens must not lose heart. They still have the smelter, Martin Burrell, and one of the finest fruit ranching sections in this glorious Dominion.

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

Too Patriotic.

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work he was offered the position of crossing tender at a small railway station. He looked dubious as the duties of the

office were explained, to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with the explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm.

"Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust myself to remember to wave a red flag when there was a green wan handy."—Youth's Companion.

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

Some men can't head a procession even when they die.

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

Jealousy is a tree that bears the most bitter of all fruits.

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

Payday comes slowly to a man who watches the clock.

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

Many think that the more money they have the more friends they have—and they generally are correct.

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.

A prudent man never puts into danger for the purpose of advertising his bravery.

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 man behind the gun is all right—if he doesn't invite you to hold up your hands.

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

Some men get there because they are pushers and some others because they are kickers.

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

The hand that rocks the cradle can scare the wits out of a fellow when it shies a stick at the chickens in the garden.

Often a young man with a lot of push makes the mistake of applying all of it to the bicycle of pleasure instead of saving some of it for the wheelbarrow of necessity.

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

He who tells what he would do if in your place very seldom knows what to do in his own place.

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

When the sexes have equal rights will the men wear \$9.98 millinery creations and kiss each other on the streets.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

John Cholditch has a fine strawberry plantation in Cranbrook.

Tom Treney will work the Jo Jo in the Slokan this summer.

In the Similkameen the Golden Zone stamp mill has commenced operations.

The once famous Republic mine at Republic, Wash., is to be reopened.

Harry Patterson of Winnipeg owns a fruit ranch near Kelowna.

In Rossland the miners are having a celebration today.

The C. P. R. has cut the fare on its boats between Victoria and Seattle to 25 cents.

The C. P. R. Will not build an hotel at New Denver this summer.

Frank W. Hart will open a furniture store in Prince Rupert.

The new Roman Catholic church in Vernon will cost \$10,000.

In Vernon Johnny Langstaff is much better and will soon be able to write letters.

It seems impossible for J. F. Spaulding to collect his money from the cricket club in Fernie.

In East Kootenay much placer mining is being done on Wild Horse creek.

Danny McCuig is driving a team back of Silverton for Palma Angrignon.

Manitoba will need 24,000,000 pounds of binder twine this summer.

Too Patriotic.

Drink

Kings Liquor 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 gastronomic delicacies.

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 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

Tobaccoes, 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.

T. THOMAS

MERCHANT TAILOR

Men's clothes cleaned, pressed and Repaired.

Fine Work

A Specialty

Commercial

Hotel Greenwood

Rooms 25 and 50 cents a night.

MRS. M. GILLIS.