Provincial Library

THE LEDGE

VOL. XV. GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909. No. 51

WHITEWEAR

White Skirts

Our stock of Ladies' White Muslin Underskirts is large and complete. Lace and embroidery trimmed.

Prices very low.

$1.25 to $7.50.

BARCLAY & CO.

Dry Goods. Millinery. Boots and Shoes.

Windsor Hotel

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

McClung & Goodeve, Propr's.

SCOTCH - WHISKIES

James Buchanan & Co's

BLACK AND WHITE, AND

HOUSE OF COMMONS

GREENWOOD LIQUOR CO.

IMPORTERS, GREENWOOD, B. C.

HOTEL BROOKLYN

PHOENIX, B. C.

Is opposite the Great Northern depot and is a delightful haven for the weary traveler. Great veins of hot water run through the entire house, and bathrooms are always at the service of those in search of material cleanliness. The dining room is an enemy to dyspepsia, while the artistic appointment of the liquid refreshment makes the drinks go down like eating fruit in a flower garden. The sample rooms are the largest in the mountains and a pleasure to drummers with big trunks.

JAS. MARSHALL - - PROPRIETOR

PHOENIX BEER

is delicious in taste and free from impurities. Order a case or bottle at the carliest opportunity.

Phoenix - Brewing - Co.

(Limited.)

The Pride of Western Canada. Phone 138, Greenwood

The Hotel Ladysmith

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

Ola Lofstad, Proprietor

Passing Throng

S. T. and Mrs. Larsen of Rock Creek were in the city yesterday.

M. S. Davys and R. S. Lennie of Nelson were in the city this week.

Miss Alice McMynn is home from school for the summer holidays.

Mrs. Isaac Crawford and family are spending a month at Rock Creek.

Harry S. Sones of the C. P. R. land department, Calgary, is in the city.

Jno. J. Snapp, of Seattle, G. N. right of way agent, was in the city last week.

H. Bird and M. S. Davis of Republic, Wash., were visitors in the city this week.

Upon his return to Boundary Falls John Castleman met with a hearty welcome.

Isaac Crawford and Tom Hansen, the Rock Creek merchants, were in the city yesterday.

Miss Tillie Graham is home from Spokane spending the summer holidays with her mother.

Last Saturday twelve bottles of beer were discovered near the smelter at Boundary Falls.

Harry Nash of Molson, Wash., is in the city with the object of purchasing his harvesting machinery.

Fred Conway, who has been in the C. P. R. offices here for the past month, returned to Nelson Monday.

Designs are being made for the enlargement of the furnaces at the B. C. Copper company's smelter to 900 tons each daily.

P. F. Roussa returned from Nelson on Monday and expects to have the smelter at Boundary Falls in operation next month.

J. W. Nelson made a trip to Rock Creek this week. He states that work has slackened upon the irrigation development in that section.

Miss Stevenson has resigned the position of teacher of the third division in the public school, and leaves tomorrow for her home in Chilliwack.

A very enjoyable picnic was held on St. John's day, Thursday last on Boundary creek. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Father Bedard, J. B. Desrosier and A. A. Frechette.

J. Peck MacSwain, ex-officio mayor of Summit, who is at present sojourning in our midst, fears he is becoming cross-eyed through reading the "artistic" display headings in the Cranbrook Prospector. Peck will remain straight though he "look" crooked.—Nicola Herald.

Jos. Wilmshurst, road superintendent in this district for the past six years, ha tendered his resignation and will go to the coast. Mr. Wilmshurst has been an efficient foreman, to which the excellent roads in the district bear testimony. The resignation takes effect the end of this month.

Mrs. A. D. Broomfield of Westbridge died in the hospital last Saturday. The funeral, under the auspices of the Eagles and Odd Fellows, took place yesterday. Her husband, mother and other relatives, in addition to a large number of people from various points, attended the funeral. The services were held in the Presbyterian church by the Rev. M. D. McKee. The pallbearers were S. T. Larsen, Thos. Hanson, H. Holmes, A. Logan, F. Buckless and Geo. Wellwood.

The Phoenix kids came down the hill Saturday last to learn the rudiments of baseball and the Greenwood boys plastered it over them with a score of 23 to 12. It is only fair to the Phoenix boys to say that they won the two previous games. Saturday's game was good ball until the fifth inning, when then the boys from the sky line changed pitchers. The new pitcher was a south paw. He had the speed, curves and every requisite but the ability to put the ball over the plate, and the home team trotted round the diamond 15 times in the inning.

The public school closed Wednesday at noon for the summer vacation. Being the last day, the day set aside for public examination, many of the parents took advantage of the opportunity to visit the school and inspect the work being done in the different divisions. In divisions I and II the regular work was taken up, whil in division III, in addition to this, drills, songs and recitations were given. Each of the members of the staff was the recipient of a present from the children. Miss Stevenson received a white parasol, Miss Mackenzie a belt pin and J. L. Watson a china plate.

Jack Munroe has quit the Golden Eagle mine and intends going to the coast.

Ralph Poe of the Golden Eagle mine, North Fork, is spending today in Greenwood.

Rev. F. J. Rutherford leaves tomorrow for Creston, where he has been stationed.

Born—At Deadwood, B. C., on the 25th June, to Mr. and Mrs. D. D. McLaren, a son.

The Nicola Herald says that Frank Steel has bought a cayuse that runs like a racehorse.

John McIntosh left yesterday to take a look over the Sheep creek camp. He will be gone a couple of weeks.

E. W. Monkhouse of London, Eng., was in the city this week. Mr. Monkhouse is interested in the Silver King near Nelson.

W. A. Keith, Herb Holmes and Thos. Henderson came down from Beaverdell to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. A. D. Broomfield.

Robt. Keffer returned last week from college for his summer holidays, and is now holding down a set of pi boxes in the Times office.

The heavy blasting in the Argo tunnel is heard at regular intervals in the city. Three shifts are working at this big south end tunnel.

Steve and Mike Basta and Joe Deliche of Phoenix were committed for trial this week on a charge of having stolen goods in their possession.

Miss Brown, milliner for Barclay & Co., and Miss Watson, stenographer for J. D. Spence, leave tomorrow for their homes in Ontario to spend the vacation.

Fred and Mrs. McInnis left this week to spend a couple of months at the coast. They will return when the Boundary Falls smelter resumes operations.

The long-deferred case of the Calgary Brewing Co. vs. Maslonka, for non-performance of contract, came up for trial before His Honor Judge Brown this week. Verdict for plaintiffs in $718 and costs.

R. K. Steven left this morning for Vancouver. Mr. Steven has been manager of the Greenwood club for a number of years and made a host of friends in the city and district who will wish him success.

Messrs. Cummings and Heller were in the city last week. They are interested in the Bounty Fraction on Dry creek, Wallace mountain. Mr. Heller has built a mill for the concentration of the second class ore, and a trial run proved very satisfactory.

June School Report.

DIVISION I—I. L. WATSON.

Pupils actually attending.....15.
Average daily attendance.....10.33
Percentage of regularity.....72.60

Present every session: Mildred Hancock, Charles McArthur, Hazel Redpath, Gordon Smith.

DIVISION II—J. I. MACKENZIE

Pupils actually attending.....27
Average daily attendance.....25.18
Percentage of regularity.....93.

Perfect attendance: Lena Archibald, Joy Cummins, Georgie Eales, Maudie Eales, Judith Johnson, Eileen Jakes, Anna McKenzie, Donald McAllister, Grace Redpath, Sutherland Smith, Robert Smith, Dick Taylor, Jack Wilson, Winnie Skelton.

DIVISION III—C. R. STEVENSON.

Pupils actually attending.....27
Average daily attendance.....25.45
Percentage of regularity.....91.26

Present every session: Ernest Archibald, Jack Eales, Waldo Jordon, Francis Jordan, Harold McKenzie, John McArthur, Cecelia McIntosh, Hall McIntyre, Vera Redpath, Muriel Redpath, Ruby Smith, Tom Taylor, Annie Thomas.

The education department grants yearly to each division of the public school three rolls of honor to be given to pupils holding the highest rank in Proficiency, Regularity and Punctuality, and Deportment. The winners of the above Rolls of Honor in the respective divisions are as follows:

Division I—Proficiency, to be awarded to the pupils passing highest on the recent high school entrance examination. Regularity and Punctuality, Hazel Redpath. Deportment, Mildred Hancock.

Division II—Proficiency, Eileen Jakes. Regularity and Punctuality, Jack Wilson. Deportment, Anna McKenzie.

Division III—Proficiency, Josephine McKee. Regularity and Punctuality, Francis Jordan. Deportment, Evelyn Johnson.

B. C. Mines.

The report of the minister of mines for the Province of British Columbia has been issued for the year 4908. It shows that the value of the mineral products of the province for the year 1908 amounts to $23,851,277, which, while it is less than that of 1907 and 1906 [illegible] greater than that of any previous year. The tonnage of ore mined in 1908 was the largest ever produced by the province, and the average assay of the ore also slightly greater than that of 1907, but the average market value of the various metals for the year was much lower, which accounts entirely for the decreased value of this year's output; since the drop in the market price of metals amounts to some $3,966,826. The tonnage of ore mined in the province during the year 1908, exclusive of coal, was 2,083,606 tons, an increase over the preceding year of 370,492 tons, or 15 5 per cent. This total tonnage was produced by the various districts in the following proportions: Boundory, 71.6 per cent., Rossland 14.5, Fort Steele 7.9, Coast district 4.3. The number of mines from which shipments were made in 1898 was 198, and of these only 59 shipped more than 100 tons each during the year, while but 33 shipped in excess of 1,000 tons, and of these eight were in the Boundary district, 6 in Nelson mining division, 8 in Slocan district, 4 in Coast district, 3 in Rossland, 3 in Fort Steele mining division, and 1 in Trout Lake mining divisian.

Keep the Trade.

The Saturday Sunset has on its front page some very good illustrations of Midway, B. C. and surrounding district. In speaking of that section of the country, and of railway progress through the Similkameen, the Sunset says:

"The illustrations on this page are of the rich Kettle river fruit district near Midway, British Columbia. Midway can be reached from Vancouver through British Columbia via the C. P. R. in about 36 hours, and via the G. N. R. through Washington in about the same time. It is about eight hours from Spokane. Spokan gets most of the trade of Midway and east of it to Rossland and west of it to Keremeos, the present terminus of of the V., V. & E. rails.

With direct communication to Vancouver, Midway would be less than ten hours distant. In the intervening country are Similkameen, Hedley camp and Keremeos. All the trade now going to Spokane would come here. In addition to the existing trade hundreds of mines would be developed, thousands of acres of rich land cultivated, cattle fruit and timber would be produced. There is no richer district in British Columbia.

The fact that the V., V. & E. is slowly creeping up the Similkameen must not be overlooked. That line is now grading towards Princeton. Steel will shortly be laid to Hedley. It is just four years since Jim Hill got his renewal of the V., V. & E. charter and this is all the progress he has made since that time, though assurances that the line would be pushed to Vancouver were definite and copious. If that line stops at Princeton or halts there, all the trade of the district will go to Spokane and it will continue to do so until direct communication with the British Columbia coast is established.

After the line leaves Princeton it will have to begin to mount the summit of Hope. Most of the tonnage above Princeton will be of the mines. Jim Hill says he cares nothing for mines or timber or anything but grain traffic. He said that last fall in Portland.

From Princeton south the country is almost as rich agriculturally as it is in minerals. If Jim Hill ever brings his V., V. & E. line over the Hope he will do so only under pressure. It should be part of Premier McBride's railway policy to apply the pressure, or the inducement. Unless Vancouver gets direct connection with that district it will be merely an annex of the State of Washington, as it is now."

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Railway to Build.

You never can tell anything absolutely definite with regard to railway construction until the rails are actually being laid. However, there seems to be very good grounds for believing that the C. P. R. will build from Merritt into the Similkameen this year.

The Coldwater route has been decided upon, and the plans, profiles, etc., are now at the head office in Montreal.

The Herald has learned from the best of authority that the contractors, McDonell & Czowski, will be in Merritt with their construction equipment as soon as they have completed their engagement at Field.

It is also learned that the new station will be built this year. It is not the intention of the C. P. R. to deprive the traveling public of station accommodation over another winter.—Nicola Herald.

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

Western Float

The right-of-way for the railroad between Oroville and Wenatchee is now being arranged for and construction is expected to commence at any time.

In order to see the big show Price Fruit will ride a cayuse from Oroville to Seattle.

Earl Grey and party will visit B. C. after their return from Europe. Nelson society is already agog over this coming event.

Mr. Winkler is now sole proprietor of the Grand Union hotel in Hedley. Robert Herring, his recent partner, has moved to the Northwest.

Across the line, opposite the town of Okanagan, Bill Allen, the notorious outlaw, was recently killed by Little Tom in a duel with knives.

While playing baseball in Chesaw, Grover Buckley had his leg broken.

The Prince Rupert Empire thinks that the prices of real estate are about four times too high.

Fred Stork, formerly of Fernie, bought a lot in Prince Rupert for which he paid $6,000.

Two men have been fined $40 in Dawson for selling cigars and fruit on a Sunday.

This year winter wheat will be a short crop in Alberta, but the yield of oats promises to be very large.

This week Premier McBride and Hon. Thos. Taylor are touring East Kootenay.

Some detectives think that the recent C. P. R. holdup was done by a lot of farmers. Might have been a lot of merchants trying to get even on freight rates. The provincial government has offered a reward of $2,500 and the C. P. R. a similar amount for the capture of the bandits.

In Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta this year there are 6,880,000 acres in crop. This is an increase of 1,254,000 acres over last year.

There is a fine of $50 for setting out a bush fire in B. C. this time of the year without a license.

The people of Trail want a bridge across the Columbia river.

At Rossland a rich strike of carbonate ore has been made on the Blue Bird. It gives smelter returns of $87 to the ton.

Vernon is to have a public school that will cost $45,000. The city will also expend $75,000 upon a waterworks system.

E. C. Thompson of Vernon was drowned in Okanagan lake. It is thought that he had a fainting fit while taking a morning dip.

A live steer weighing 2,560 pounds has been taken from Alberta to the Seattle exposition. It is thought the steer will weigh 3,500 pounds next year.

In Enderby 250,000 bricks are being burned in one kiln.

Frank Bendurant of Sidley is running the Home restuarant in Orient

Henry Myers is running a 260-foot tunnel on the Blue Grass near Orient.

In Fairbanks, Alaska, it costs $50, or 30 days, to give a woman already drunk another glass of boozerine.

In Enderby hay is $26 a ton and potatoes $50.

Many Michigan people are settling in the Okanagan this summer.

A. Reeves, D. J. Matheson and several other Phoenix men have taken up considerable land not far from Fort George.

A. W. Wright of Grand Forks has made some investments around Fort George.

The Cariboo Observer says that Charles Phillips, alias Benton, recently arrested for the murder of Rawl Seibert at Republic, is supposed to be one of the men who held up Thomet's hotel in Midway a year ago.

J. Pierpont Morgan and the Guggenheims will visit B. C. this summer. They should take a look at Greenwood.

A. S. Goodeve & Co. report considerable activity in Rossland real estate.

The stamps are steadily dropping at the Nighthawk mine west of Oroville.

The wool crop at Armstrong's sheep ranch near Chopaca averaged eight pounds per head this season.

Crude oil is being used upon the sloughs and water holes around Oroville to kill the mosquitoes. This is not necessary around Greenwood.

A few cigarettes are still being smoked in Oroville.

A few days age a freight team ran over a cow at Creston and killed the bovine. If cows were wise they would not meet with

The lion is roaring in Princeton today.

Local strawberries were sold in Grand Forks upon June 14.

Farmers from Alberta and Dakota are settling on fruit ranches near Grand Forks.

Norman Fraser, train despatcher, has been transferred from Revelstoke to Moosejaw.

John Houston has sold the Prince Rupert Empire to S. M. Newton. John leaves this week for Galveston, Texas, and from there he will go to Old Mexico.

Ben Barber is building a barber shop in Salmo.

Six men held up a C. P. R. passenger train last week between Ducks and Kamloops and obtained nothing for their pains.

Miss Florence Alard was drowned at Comaplix by the upsetting of a canoe.

Vancouver is said to have a population of 100,000.

Gold quartz has been discovered at Beaver river by a party of prospectors who came in via the Columbia river.

The distance between Fort George and Ashcroft is now covered in six days by stage and steamboat.

The upper reaches of the Fraser river can be reached in twenty days with loaded canoes from Fort George.

The State of Colorado has paid the Miners' union $60,000 for damage done to their property during the strike at Cripple Creek.

Strike Declared.

Saturday last the following circular was posted in Greenwood:

"Strike! Workingmen, stay away from Greenwood!

"Greenwood Miners' union No. 22, Western Federation of Miners, have declared a strike against the mines and smelter of the B. C. Copper company, for the recognition of Greenwood Miners' union, and for discrimination against its members.

"On June 1st, 1907, Greenwood Miners' union and the manager of the B. C. Copper company adopted a wage scale to be paid the employees of the B. C. Copper company at their mines and smelter.

"In May, 1908, the manager of the B. C. Copper company reduced the wages of his employees, and from that time to the present time has refused to submit a copy of the scale of wages he is paying his employees, to the Greenwood Miners' union, and he has tried to disrupt the Greenwood Miners' union. The properties of the B. C. Copper company are closed down at the present time and we intend to keep them closed down until the management recognizes Greenwood Miners' union.

"At least 90 per cent of the employees of the B. C. Copper company before the close down were members of Greenwood Miners' union.

"The Strike Committee will notify the public through the press when the strike is declared off."

Railroad News.

Tracklaying is proceeding at a fair rate on the V., V. & E. The first bridge over the Similkameen from Keremeos, will be ready for train passage on July 4th. Ballasting will begin as soon as ten miles of track is laid, the assembling of men, cars, steam shovel and a small village on wheels being made now for that purpose.

Grading is going on at the usual pace and there is no doubt that the contractors will keep well in advance of the rail layers.

Contractor Hankinson will shortly throw a temporary bridge across the Similkameen, thus delivering dirt in town for yard and station area. The spur to the V. F. M. Co's coal mine will be commenced soon.

The Wenatchee branch of the V., V. & E. is under contract from Oroville to Brewster.

J. J. Hill, prophet and railway wizard, says that Canada will have a population of fifty millions in 1950.

Division Engineer Hale will shortly remove to Princeton.

The Railway Journal states that the Hill people will spend $15,000,000 on construction in the west this year. What proportion of that sum the V., V. & E. will receive is not mentioned but it is estimated that $3,000,000 will be required to build the link from Princeton to near Cloverdale.—Princeton Star.

Two sisters, Harriet S. and Pauline F. Devereux, upon the completion of their course at Mount Holyoke college in the class of 1900, established the Devereux company as a copartnership and started in the coal and wood trade at Castine, Me. As a result of their energy and attention to business two years later they were able to establish a branch at Buckeport. During the past year they have more than doubled the [illegible]

HANS THE COBBLER.

German Shoemaker Fails to See Point of Customers' Jokes.

HIS SHOP IS BOYCOTTED

Called a Dunderhead and Other Hard Names—Anxious to Quit the Business of Mending Shoes For Something Else.

[Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.]

IF I vhas in Germany und a man comes into my shop to get a cement patch on his shoe he calls me mister und treat me mit der greatest respect. In America it vhas all different, und sometimes I think I shall go out of der cobbling business und run some sawmills. I don't hardly open my shop in der morning vhen a man comes in mit a grin on his face und looks all around und says:

"Hans, it vhas funny—very funny."

"Yes?"

"I don't laugh so much in ten years."

"Yes?"

"I shust hang on to a lamppost und laugh until der tears vhas running down my cheeks."

"I see."

"A policeman comes along und says he shall give me der collar if I don't stop laughing und cry for a spell, but how can I? Laugh! Vhy, I have to stop by a graveyard und go ha, ha, ha!"

"Vhell, vhat about it?" I says.

"You see, I vhas standing on der corner und a fat man he goes to cross der street. He gets by der car track vhen he sees a cent und stops to pick it oop. Shust den der car comes along. Oh, Hans, it vhas so funny!"

"Vhas your head filled mit sawdust dot you can't see? Dot fat man stands bent over on der track. Der car comes booming along. Can't you see der picture? Can't you realize der situation?"

"But does der car hit him?"

"N-o-o-o, not quite. He gets off in time."

"Den vhere vhas some shokes?"

"Vhere? Vhere? Vhy, you dunderheaded Dutchman, der shoke vhas in der motorman being disappointed dot he don't kill somebody—ha, ha, ha!"

I don't laugh. I don't see some shokes. I try my hardest, but I can't do it, und den dot man gets mad und

"SHE WAS BUILT LIKE SOME BARRELS."

calls me names und says I can never do any repairs for him. Und after he vhas gone ten minutes a woman comes in. She vhas built like some barrels und have a smiling face on her. She has a pair of shoes to mend, but keeps 'em in her hand und says:

"Hans, I can tell you der funniest thing dot ever happens."

"Vhell?"

"You vhill laugh over it until you fall off your bench."

"Yes?"

"You vhill tell your wife about it, und she vhill go ha, ha, ha! My soul, but how you shall laugh!"

"Go on."

"Vhell, vhat vhas der difference between a barrel of water und a barrel of wine?"

"I can't tell."

"You may guess ten times."

"It vhas no good. I give oop."

"Der difference vhas shust $200. One vhas free, und der odder costs money. See? Ha, ha, ha! It vhas my own shoke. I get him oop by myself. Vhy don't you laugh—ha, ha, ha—mit me?"

"But I don't see no shoke," I says.

"You don't? You don't feel tickled? Look here, Mr. Man, I come in here to get some shoes fixed up und to tell you der latest shoke. You don't even smile. You make me feel cheap. Vhell, now, you old idiot, you go to grass, und I take my work to der dago!"

Made Him Feel Bad.

It makes me feel bad dot I can't understand, but I can't, und so I have to wait till somebody else comes in. He vhas a young man mit a patent leather shoe. He stands by der door und smiles; he comes in und grins; he sits down und goes ha, ha, ha, und says to me:

"Say, cobbler, you ought to have been dere! In all your life you never saw anything so funny!"

"No?" I says.

"My brudder-in-law vhas dead shust der day before, but I have to laugh shust der same. If you vhas going to kill me I can't help it."

"No?"

"It vhas down by der park. I vhalk out a leetle because my brudder-in-law vhas dead. Along comes a young lady leading a dog. She vhas a daisy, und dot dog vhas a corker. My brudder-in-law vhas dead, but I have to look at dot girl. Maybe her sister-in law vhas dead, but she have to look at me. Understand?"

"Go on."

"Vhell, vhile we looks at each other der dog winds himself two times around der lamppost by der strap—ha, ha, ha! Shall I ever forget it! If I live to be a thousand years old shall I forget it!"

"Vhas it so awful?" I asks.

"Awful? Vhy, you old dolt dere vhas no awful about it. It vhas shust screamingly funny. Dere vhas me, und dere vhas der girl, dere vhas der lamppost, und dere vhas der dog. Shut your eyes und call oop der picture."

"Vhen?"

"Vhell, der young lady cries out dot her dog vhas gone opp if I don't pull oop der post, but I take der strap und twist it twice around, und der dog vhas free—ha, ha, ha! Think of it, Hans—ha, ha, ha!"

"But vhas it a shoke?"

"Vhas it? Vhas it? Vhy, man, vhas you a born fool! Of course it vhas a shoke!"

"But vhy?"

"How? How? Don't der young lady ask me to pull oop der lamppost?"

"But you don't do it!"

He stands oop and looks at me about one minute, und den he says:

"I go out. You can do no work for me. I don't bring repairs to an idiot asylum. Und I like to tell you further if I meet you out some night I put a head on you. Vhas it a shoke! Vhas it a shoke! Humph!"

Vhell, vhat can I do. He says it vhas some shokes, und if I can't see it dot vhay I must suffer for it. I vhas suffering vhen some old man comes in to get a lift on der heel of his shoe. I feels glad to see him. I don't belief he has any shokes to get off. I tells him how much it vhill be for repairs, und he seems all right for a minute, und den he breaks out:

"Ho, ho, ho! Yes, it vhas funny. I vhas almost eighty years old, but I can see humor der same ash vhen I was twenty."

"Does somebing happen?" I asks.

"I should gurgle! Vhy, cobbler, I laugh until dey have to send for der doctor!"

"No!"

"It vhas true. I shust go ho, ho, ho, until I fall down in a fit. If I can laugh like dot I shall live to be a hundred."

"Yes?"

Another Funny Story.

"It happens by der postoffice. A man comes oop to me mit a rag around his finger und a piece of string in his hand. He vhants me to tie on der rag. Do you see?"

"For sure."

"I take der string und tie one knot in it, und den he slips off der rag und gives me der ha, ha, ha! Oh, it vhas funny—it vhas funny!"

"How you mean funny?"

"Vhy, he don't have no sore finger. He don't have no use for der rag. It was all to fool me."

"But vhy don't he have some sore finger?" I says.

"Vhy? Vhy? Vhy don't he? Because your head vhas made of leather und stuffed with bran, und I don't want no fool to do my repairs!"

Und he kicks over der chair und goes out und leaves me to feel bad some more. For sure, I belief dot I either have to get a shoke book or go out of der cobbler business.

M. QUAD.

A Genius.

"Whizkins is a real genius," says the admiring friend.

"But he does not wear long hair, always has on clean linen, always has money in his pockets and seems to live well," differs the other.

"That's true. And, don't you see, he must be a genius to be able to do all that and still be a genius?"—New York Life.

Generous Sacrifice.

"Sir, I want to marry your daughter."

"So I must have my little girl taken from me some time, I suppose."

"By no means, sir. I will stop paying my own board first."—Baltimore American.

Meant Him.

"Fresh!" ejaculated the young lady as Percy laid a box of bonbons in her lap.

"Yes, I never buy any other kind," returned the delighted Percy.

"Oh, I didn't mean the candy," said the girl.

Reprimanded.

"See here, mum; that blame dog of yourn has just bit a chunk out of the calf of me leg."

"Serves you right. Why don't you wear high boots?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Merely in the Way of Trade.

"You are a dog fancier, are you?"

"Me? No, ma'am; I'm a dawg hater. That's w'y I'm offerin' you this beautiful fox tarrier so cheap. I want to git rid of 'im."—Minneapolis Journal.

What Held Him Back.

"You ought to go on the stage."

"Think I would do?"

"You know more than lots of them who are on."

"Maybe that's the reason I'm not."

A Toast.

Fashion! Lovely dame!
Pledge in sparkling wine!
Let us add her name
To the muses nine!

Though the lovely nine
All should pass away,
Why should woman pine
If but Fashion stay?

Though the muses' lore
Molder on the shelf,
Still may she adore
In Fashion's glass—herself.
—Oliver Herford in Collier's Weekly.

Our Neighbors.

"We simply must move," said his wife positively. "I can't stand this place any longer."

"All right," replied her husband. "I know a flat we can get that is $5 cheaper than this one."

"Well, I should say not. If we move into that the neighbors would think we couldn't afford to stay where we are."—Detroit Free Press.

Government 'Phones.

The Provincial Government of Alberta propose to construct 800 miles of new telephone lines this year.

Rhodes Never Saw It.

Archibald Colquhoun, in his new book, "Dan to Beersheba," voices a regret that Cecil Rhodes never saw the glorious Victoria Falls in Africa, now accessible to all by the railway line his support made possible. The great empire-builder had a favorite imagination about the spray dashing against the windows of the carriage as the train, on a slender framework of steel, crawled over the bottomless abyss in which the waters boil forever, and where the great sheet comes crashing down from the height above. It is all there—the bridge, the train, the spray and the boiling abyss—the grandest sight on God's earth. But Cecil Rhodes never saw it.

JUST TIME.

The Wonderful Part It Plays In the Earth's History.

Truly it is hard for us to realize what a part time has played in the earth's history—just time, duration—so slowly, oh, so slowly, have the great changes been brought about! The turning of mud and silt into rock in the bottom of the old seas seems to have been merely a question of time. Mud does not become rock in man's time nor vegetable matter become coal. These processes are too slow for us. The flexing and folding of the rocky strata, miles deep, under an even pressure is only a question of time. Allow time enough and force enough and a layer of granite may be bent like a bow. The crystals of the rock seem to adjust themselves to the strain and to take up new positions, just as they do much more rapidly in a cake of ice under pressure. Probably no human agency could flex a stratum of rock, because there is not time enough even if there were power enough. "A low temperature acting gradually," says my geology, "during an indefinite age would produce results that could not be otherwise brought about even through greater heat." "Give us time," say the great mechanical forces, "and we will show you the immobile rocks and your rigid mountain chains as flexible as a piece of leather." "Give us time," say the dews and the rains and the snowflakes, "and we will make you a garden out of those same stubborn rocks and frowning ledges." "Give us time," says Life, starting with its protozoans in the old Cambrian seas, "and I will not stop till I have peopled the earth with myriad forms and crowned them all with man."—John Burroughs in Atlantic.

GOING ABOUT IN CHINA.

Useful Sedan Chair In the Crowded, Noisy Streets of Canton.

There are but two ways to go about Canton—on foot or in a sedan chair. The streets are from four to eight feet wide, the average being probably about six feet, and wheeled vehicles are out of the question. Even the jlurikisha cannot be used here. If you try to make your way on foot, the density of the moving masses renders progress almost impossible, and rowdies and pickpockets are numerous, so that the best plan is to take a responsible native guide and chair.

The chairs are carried by two, three and sometimes four men, according to the weight of the passenger. The two bamboo poles by which the chair is supported are about eighteen feet long and are joined at the front and rear ends by a crosspiece. After you have taken your seat the coolies raise the ends of the poles to their shoulders and are off at a dogtrot, only interrupted by a "congestion of traffic," which occurs very frequently.

It is surprising to see how rapidly they can go through the crowded streets. The whole line of chair carriers are yelling all the time, as are other people who are carrying burdens, for as there are no carts in use the entire merchandise of the city is transported in the same manner, not by chairs, of course, but slung on poles carried across the shoulders.

The noise resulting from the simultaneous shouting of every one in sight, both in front and in the rear, for the stream is flowing in both directions, is enough to make one wonder if the long expected riot has begun.—Denver Post.

To Transfer Printing.

Anything printed on paper with ordinary printer's ink can be transferred to a clean sheet of paper in the following manner: Take three drams of common yellow soap and dissolve it in one quart of hot water. When cool add one and a half fluid ounces of spirits of turpentine. Put all in a bottle, cork it and shake well together. Take a sponge or soft brush and apply some of the solution to the printed surface. Let it soak for a few minutes. Lay it face down upon the paper on which the transfer is required and press both together evenly between the leaves of a thick book placed under weights. In a time varying from half a minute to several hours, according to the newness of the printed original, it will be transferred in reverse.

Compulsion.

Little five-year-old Bessie was telling about some medicine she had taken while ill. "Yes," she said, "I took some compulsion of cod liver oil, and"—

"You mean 'emulsion,' don't you, dear, not compulsion?" said the visitor.

"Well," rejoined Bessie, "there was a good deal of compulsion about it."—Chicago News.

LEPROSY.

After One Ravage the Disease May Lie Dormant For Years.

The leper in the settlement at Molokai is far better off than the leper who lies in hiding outside. Such a leper is a lonely outcast, living in constant fear of discovery and slowly and surely rotting away. The action of leprosy is not steady. It lays hold of its victim, commits a ravage and then lies dormant for an indeterminate period. It may not commit another ravage for five years or ten years or forty years, and the patient may enjoy uninterrupted good health. Rarely, however, do these first ravages cease of themselves. The skilled surgeon is required, and the skilled surgeon cannot be called in for the leper who is in hiding. For instance, the first ravage may take the form of a perforating ulcer in the sole of the foot. When the bone is reached necrosis sets in. If the leper is in hiding he cannot be operated upon, the necrosis will continue to eat its way up the bone of the leg, and in a brief and horrible time that leper will die of gangrene or some other terrible complication. On the other hand, if that same leper is in Molokai the surgeon will operate upon the foot, remove the ulcer, cleanse the bone and put a complete stop to that particular ravage of the disease. A month after the operation the leper will be out riding on horseback, running foot races, swimming in the breakers or climbing the giddy sides of the valleys for mountain apples. And, as has been stated before, the disease, lying dormant, may not again attack him for five, ten or forty years.—Jack London in Contemporary Review.

The Worst of It

Tragedies innumerable culminate in the emergency hospital. "What has happened to me?" asked the patient when he had recovered from the effects of the ether. "You were in a trolley car accident," said the nurse, "and it has been found necessary to amputate your right hand." He sank back on the pillow, sobbing aloud. "Cheer up," said the nurse, patting him on the head, "you will soon learn to get along all right with your left hand." "Oh, it wasn't the loss of the hand itself that I was thinking of," sighed the victim. "But on the forefinger was a string that my wife tied around it to remind me to get something for her this morning, and now I'll never be able to remember what it was."

It was the first vaudeville performance the old colored lady had ever seen, and she was particularly excited over the marvellous feats of the magician. But when he covered a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read the print through it, she grew a little nervous. He then doubled the cloth and again read the letters accurately.

This was more than she could stand, and rising in her seat she said: "I'm goin' home. This ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress!"

A western weekly printed the following: Paterfamilias asks—"How can I get an article into your esteemed paper?" It all depends on the article you want to get into our paper, Pater. If it is small in bulk, like a hair-brush or a tea-caddy, spread the paper out upon the floor and, placing the article carefully in the centre, neatly fold the edges over it and tie with a string. This will keep the article from slipping out. If, on the other hand, the article is an English bath-tub or a clothes-horse, you will find it more suited to one of the New York Sunday papers.

Got It Free

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

Try Murine Eye Remedy

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

Nursemaid—I'm going to leave mum.

Mistress—Why, what's the matter? Don't you like the baby?

Nursemaid—Yes'm, but he is that afraid of a policeman that I can't get near one.—London Tatler.

When He's "It"

The farmer's life has cares and joys,
His work is long and hard and rough;
He slaves from dawn till after dark
To raise and grow and own enough,
His sorrows he can always drown
When, with his team he's hired to haul
A busted auto back to town.

A Tempter

"There's nothing like a yacht," he said,
As on the beach they stood;
"It's nice," was her reply, "but then,
A smack is quite as good."

Chicken Homiletic

A country minister in the course of his dining out on the circuit came to a house where a roast chicken was served for dinner. He had previously encountered a series of rib-cornered beef dinners and chicken looked good to him.

"Well," he facetiously remarked, "here's where that chicken enters the ministry."

"Hope it does better there than in the lay work," rejoined the small boy of the family.

What She Wanted

Mrs. Neurich (in music store)—"I want a piece of music for my little girl, who is learning to play the piano."

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. Here is 'The Maiden's Prayer,' for 25 cents. How would that suit?"

Mrs. Neurich—"Oh, she's farther advanced than that. Why, last week she played a piece that cost 50 cents. Haven't you something for about 75 cents?"

He grated his false teeth in despair. "You have no heart, Flo Footlites!" he cried. "Cupid, if he shot a million arrows at you, would but have his trouble for his pains." The beautiful girl nestled more luxuriously in the rich upholstery of the Limousine. "He certainly would," she said, "if he used an old beau to shoot with."

It was sentence day in the city court. A man in the prisoners' pen, who had been sentenced to two years for larceny began to cry softly. The big man next him, who was going to serve seven years for bigamy, said:

"Aw, wotcher sniffin' about?"

"I'm—I'm—the-the-thinkin' about leavin' (sob) my—my—family. Lea-leavin' my wife——"

"Aw, cut it out! Look at me. I ain't cryin' am I? An' I'm leavin' two of 'em."

No Cause for Shame

The Grocer—I hear your wife supports the family by taking in washing, Uncle Rastus. Is it true?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; dat's wot it am, sah!

The Grocer—Well, don't you feel just a little bit ashamed of it?

Uncle Rastus—Shamed? No, sah; dere's nuffin' dergradin' erbout washin', sah. Ah's proud oh de ole woman, 'deed Ah is.—Chicago Daily News.

W. N. U., No. 744

SUNBURN, BLISTERS, SORE FEET.

Everybody now admits Zam-Buk best for these. Let it give YOU ease and comfort.

Druggists and Stores everywhere

Zam-Buk

Merry Widow

They were arranging their plans for the summer. "What I should like," said Gwendolin, "is a large shady place where I could stay as long as I wish, regardless of expense." "Well, responded her father, "why don't you put on your hat?"

Taking Chances

Harker—That fellow Buggins is always making bad breaks.

Parker—Yes; he's one of those chaps who believe that it's never too late to mend.

HEALTHY LITTLE CHILDREN.

A mother should not expect that her children will escape all the ills to which babyhood and childhood are subject, but she can do much to lessen their severity and make baby's battle for health easily won. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones. They are mothers' ever-ready help and Baby's best friend. The action of the Tablets is gentle but thorough. They cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, allay the irritation at teething time, destroy worms and promote healthy, natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Money may make the mare go, but it falls down when it attempts to start a stubborn mule down the pike.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

The girl who is wise never gives a young man a lock of her hair. She may decide to change the color of it later.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange places where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

Wigwag—Bjones says that when he is at your house he acts just like one of the family.

Henpeckke—Yes, he seems to be just as much afraid of my mother-in-law as I am.—Philadelphia Record.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

By the use of internal combustion engines a new British battleship will do without funnels, her decks carrying only masts, gun turrets and bridges.

His Arithmetic Wrong

It is related that a Philadelphia Professor from the university of Oxford at a banquet one night drank several glasses of port. The professor did not know this wine's extraordinary strength, and in all innocence he took too much. When he rose to leave the table, his legs, to his dismay, tottered, and the room seemed to sway slightly. The horrified professor got to the parlor safely. He sat down in the most distant corner. But soon his young hostess, leading a maid who carried her beautiful babies came to him for his approbation. The professor sat up very erect. He gazed at the twins glassily. Then he articulated carefully, in a hoarse, thick voice; "What a bonny child!"

What He Thought

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him. "Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you." "Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"

Didn't Say More in French

"Gentlemen," said the political orator, "it was Louis XIV. who said 'L'etat, c'est moi.'"

He paused for a moment in an expectant attitude, and then spoke again.

"It was, I say, Louis XIV. who said 'L'etat c'est moi.'"

Again he paused and drew himself up impressively. Then a little man who sat down in front near the platform, asked in shrill tones:

"I suppose he done it because somebody made a three-bagger for the home team."

Whereupon the orator delivered the rest of his speech in English.

The late Senator Ingalls of Kansas was noted for his ready retorts and epigrams, which were not always devoid of sting and smart to those to whom they were addressed.

It is related that once, when engaged in a controversy with a senator from Delaware, he evaded the real question by saying:

"I thank the senator from that great state which has three counties at low tide and only two counties at high tide."

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

"Do you always allow the minister who marries you to kiss you?" asks the lady with the alimony expression of the lady with a half-dozen wedding rings arranged as bangles on her bracelet.

"Dear me, no!" smiles the latter. "That is so horribly old-fashioned, my dear. But I always kiss the judge who divorces me."

German railroads are experimenting extensively with cars operated by electric storage batteries.

HELPED THE CABMAN.

But Not Because He Had Driven Him Years Before.

A very old man once called to see Lord Strathcona at his offices and explained as the reason of his visit that he was the cabman who drove him to his ship when he set sail for Canada long years before.

Lord Strathcona was interested in this reminiscence of his youth and listened to the ancient jehu when he went on in a tearful voice to complain that death had just deprived him of one of two grandsons and that he himself had fallen on evil times.

Lord Strathcona soothed the old fellow's sorrows with a little money.

Again, after a time, the old man called on Lord Strathcona and this time told him that both his grandsons were down with typhoid fever and, as Lord Strathcona had helped him before, perhaps he would again. After some gossiping chat about Scotland Lord Strathcona again comforted the old man with a little money.

When he had gone an official who had overheard the conversation said:

"I hope you did not give that man any money, Lord Strathcona. When he saw you before one of his two grandsons was dead. Now he says both are ill with typhoid fever."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Jones," said the high commissioner, with a twinkle in his eye, "but do you know when I left Scotland for Canada I had no cab to take me to the ship, but just wheeled down my things myself to the dock in a barrow."—London Tit-Bits.

A SECRET SIGNAL.

The Tailor's Comment While Measuring a Customer.

"Did you ever notice how the tailors while measuring a man for a suit of clothes mix in a few letters occasionally among the numbers?" asked a downtown lawyer recently of a friend. "Whenever I have been measured for a suit of clothes the tailor always said S. B. L. in a subdued voice as he took the measure for the length of my trousers. I often wondered what this secret signal meant and on one occasion made so bold as to ask, but was put aside in some casual way, which plainly showed me that the tailor did not wish me to know the meaning of the mysterious S. B. L.

"Well, I never knew what these letters meant until one day not long ago, when I stumbled across the solution quite by accident. I was waiting to have my measure taken while a strapping big fellow was on the rack. As he measured the length of the trousers leg the tailor said, '33. S. B. L.'

"'Yes,' came back the reply from the big fellow, 'and —— bowlegged too.'

"All these years tailors have been accusing me of being 'slightly bowlegged,' and I had never caught on until I was practically told the answer in the accidental way."—Philadelphia Record.

Poor poetry is better than none—in the mind of the poet. His wife does not always agree, however. A story is told of a minister who had lyric leanings, and who indulged them from time to time.

"Before I was married," he said, "I used to write what my wife called, not 'poetry, but 'rhymes.' A year or two after my marriage I found on my desk these lines; they served to clip my wings pretty effectively:

"'If all the poems I have written
Were piled up in a pile,
And with a candle they were litten,
You could see the blaze a mile.
But all the gold that I have gitten
For all the poems I have wrote
Wouldn't hurt the feeblest kitten
If poured molten down its throat.'

"Nothing was said about it, but there is no reason to doubt that my wife put them there."

Wife—What would you like for your birthday, dear?

Husband—Nothing at all. I haven't any money.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

meets you half-way—does all your work in half the time and at half the cost of other soaps.

Sunlight Soap—absolutely pure—saves clothes from injury—hands from roughness—life from drudgery.

PUTTING HIM WISE.

The Secondhand Auto Dealer and His Irate Victim.

THE irate victim blustered into the office of the secondhand automobile dealer.

"Look here, sir!" he thundered. "The automobile you sold me yesterday won't run. One of the cylinders is cracked, the spark plug is badly connected, the steering gear is loose, one wheel is wabbly, and—and"—

"Hold on a minute," the dealer interposed. "Did I sell you a machine yesterday?"

"You certainly did."

"And you paid me for it?"

"Of course I did!" was the emphatic response.

"Then the machine belongs to you, doesn't it?"

"Why, to be sure it does!"

"Well, that being the case, I'd advise you not to amble through the city shouting about its defects. If you do I'd like to know how you expect to sell it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Hairbreadth Escape

Charles E. Bigelow, the comedian, is bald, except for a rim of hair a few inches above his collar line.

"I'm in an awful hurry," he said one day to the Lambs club barber; "can you cut my hair with my collar on?"

"Sure," replied the barber; "I can cut it with your hat on."

Rights of Man

"Every man has a right to his own opinions," rejoined the demoralizer, with a sigh both broad and long, "and if he is a married man he has a right to keep them under cover."

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL

by using "COWL BRAND"

SHINGLE STAINS, Permanent Colors.

EXTERIOR OIL FINISH, one coat only.

COLORED PASTE FILLERS, for wax finish.

WAX FINISH, for use with our fillers.

WAXOIL FLOOR POLISH, for hardwood floors.

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WAXOIL BORDER STAIN will put a wax finish colored border around a room with only one application.

CRACK FILLER, for badly laid floors.

If your storekeeper does not keep them, write Decorators' Dept.,

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Manufacturers of "COWL BRAND" Oil Specialties.

Eddy's CHEMICALLY PURIFIED Toilet Papers offer you more of Better Toilet Tissue for the Same Money than any Other Make on the Market.

Made in Every Known Form and Variety, and Every Sheet Guaranteed Chemically Pure.

Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For EDDY'S MATCHES

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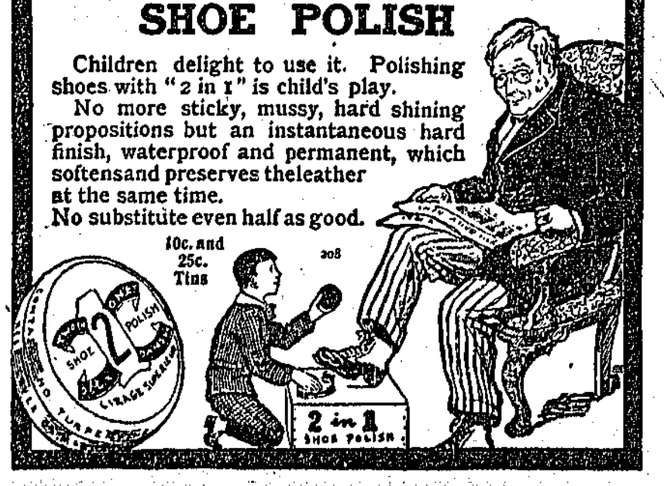
SHOE POLISH

Children delight to use it. Polishing shoes with "2 in 1" is child's play.

No more sticky, mussy, hard shining propositions but an instantaneous hard finish, waterproof and permanent, which softens and preserves the leather at the same time.

No substitute even half as good.

10c. and 25c. Tins



Big Clown and Little Clown.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

He was big and burly, a figure in his fantastic dress to make all the little boys giggle and the little girls stare, half frightened.

That was when he was in the ring. But when he was clothed in the ordinary garb of a citizen he was simply a fresh faced boy who could stroll along the village streets without attracting unusual attention.

He liked the little villages where the circus stayed for a day or two and then moved on languidly down dusty roads to the next stopping place.

"Some time," he said to the little clown, "I'd just like to stay behind in one of these little towns and turn farmer and stop being funny for awhile."

The little clown was a woman. When she was dressed for the ring she wore infantile clothes, with a blue sash, and carried a big stick of red striped candy, and all the little girls and boys would almost go into convulsions of laughter when she shook her rattle at them.

"I know," said the little clown, "how you feel. Sometimes I think it would be nice to have a little house and make bread and put the week's wash out on the green grass and have a cat and a fireplace"—

Her voice trailed off dreamily.

The big clown looked down at her. "I've been funny all my life," he said. "When I wasn't *anything* but a baby my father used to take me in the ring with him. He was a clown, too, and I've just grown up to it."

The little clown nodded sympathetically. "Most of us grow up to it," she said, "and then somehow we can't get away."

The big clown stood up. It was time for him to go into the ring. He twirled his pointed hat in his hand and then put it on. "I am going to get away from it," he said. "I want a home and neighbors. I'd like to be a sheriff in some town or mayor or on the school board"— He smiled till the thick white paint on his face was folded into deep creases.

Then he was off to the ring, and the little clown turned her attention to the contortionist, who was in shining iridescent green like a snake.

"I wish you wouldn't pay so much attention to the big clown," the contortionist told her. "I can't ever get a minute with you."

The little clown looked at him with eyes that went beyond him through the door of the tent to where the apple trees were flinging up pink branches to a sapphire sky.

"Did you ever see anything so pretty?" she asked, and pointed to it.

But the contortionist had no eyes for apple trees. "I have never seen anything so pretty as you are," he said, "and if you will stop this clown business and marry me I will put you in an act that will give you a chance to show people how good looking you are. You could wear white and your hair in yellow ringlets down your back and a gold crown. And I'd put on red with horns, and we'd give an angel and devil act."

The little clown leaned forward eagerly. "I have always wanted to do something like that," she said. "I've wanted to have an act that would make people do something besides giggle, and I ought to get pretty good pay."

"Well, I should say," the contortionist bragged. "I get bigger pay now than any one in the show, and you'd just about double it after I had taught you what to do. It would be swell business."

"Yes," said the little clown, "it would."

And when the contortionist had gone the little clown sought the bearded lady.

"Which would you rather do," she demanded, "have a little house in a country town, with a fireplace and a cat and a husband that people looked up to, or would you rather be a headliner in the circus business?"

Now, the bearded lady, in spite of her masculine appearance, was a wise woman and a sympathetic one. "I'd rather be the wife of the man I loved," she told the little clown, "whether he was in a country village or the circus. It isn't the place that makes us happy; it's the man."

The little clown nodded her head "But I'm not sure," she began, and then the bearded lady said, "Well, be sure before you decide."

"How am I going to know?" questioned the little clown.

"You'll know when the time comes," said the bearded lady sensibly. And after the little clown had gone away the bearded lady sat and thought and thought, and when the performance was over she sent for the big clown.

"So you love the little clown?" she said.

"How did you know?" he demanded.

"Everybody knows," the bearded lady told him. "You can't hide it."

"Well, I do love her," the big clown confessed, "and I want to take her away from all this and live in a little house in a little town and have chickens and a cow"—

"The little clown wants a fireplace and a cat," smiled the bearded lady, "but it all amounts to the same thing."

"Did she tell you?" the big clown asked eagerly.

"Yes," said the bearded lady, "but she is not sure that she loves you, and it's up to you to make her sure."

"But how?" demanded the big clown.

"Leave the show," was the sage advice, "at the next village and see how she takes it."

So the next night when the lights were out in the big tent and the tired performers were packing their belongings into trunks and bags the big clown came to the little clown and said, "Goodby."

"But—but," the little clown stammered, "I don't want you to go!"

"I am going to settle down," the big clown told her, "and have a little house with a fireplace and a cat."

The little clown caught her breath quickly. "And who's going to keep house for you?" she asked wistfully.

"I shall live alone"—the big clown's voice had a note of pathos. "There is only one woman that I should care to have sit in front of that fireplace, and she values fame and fortune more than she values love."

"What makes you think that?" cried the little clown, and just then the contortionist came in. He wore a long fawn ulster and a high hat.

"My automobile is outside," he said to the little clown, "and I have asked the bearded lady to ride with us to the next village. It is much more pleasant than to go in the vans."

"Thank you very much," said the little clown, and held out her hand to the big clown.

"I hope you'll be very happy—all alone in your big house," she said to the big clown, "with your chickens and your cow—and your fireplace and your cat"— Her voice broke, and she ran out of the tent.

The big clown took a step forward, but the bearded lady stopped him.

"Let her alone," she said quietly. "Let her alone."

And presently the big machine whizzed away, and the big clown was left alone beneath the stars of the spring night.

He sat down on his trunk in the middle of the deserted ring and planned how on the morrow he would get his money out of the bank and build a house and begin a new life as a substantial citizen.

But all the joy had gone strangely out of his plans when he could not see the face of the little clown at his table or her slender figure in the big chair in front of the fireplace.

And even while he yearned for her she came to him, running over the sawdust silently, so that he did not know she was there until her arms were about his neck.

"I made him let me out," she sobbed. "Oh, I hate him! He is so sure of himself and of me. And the bearded lady got out, too, and she is coming to play propriety, only she is so much slower than I am. And I want to live in a little house with you and have chickens and a cow"—

"And a fireplace and a cat." The big clown had her in his arms, and there was deep joy in his voice.

"And you shall be the mayor some day," planned the little clown.

"And you shall make bread and hang your clothes on the grass," laughed the big clown.

"And you'll both live happy ever after," prophesied the bearded lady, who just then came up, panting, and gave them her blessing like a very hairy godmother.

The Head of the House.

The baby was ill, and the doctor ordered that he be taken to the sea. This involved the closing of the house until the little one should be well enough to return. After the wife had secured hotel accommodations by the long distance telephone the man of the house went to his room and slowly and thoughtfully spread the entire contents of his wardrobe upon his bed, that they might be convenient for his wife to pack.

He stood surveying them, deep in meditation, when his wife came into the room and began to speak to him.

He raised his hand rebukingly. "Don't talk to me now, Susie, don't talk to me! I have a great deal on my mind. If we are going to the seashore day after tomorrow there are many things to be done, and I must plan."

His wife, who had already telephoned the butcher, milkman, baker, grocer, expressman and ticket office and given the maid a month's vacation and arranged with a relative for the care of the dog, gazed at him in silence.

"A great deal on my mind," he repeated. Then the interrogative nature of his wife's silence forced him to explain.

"You see," he said, "I have got to put a nail in the cellar window and stop the newspaper."—Youth's Companion.

A Painter Who Was a Musician.

Those painters who also have the feeling and some of the proficiency of a musician reveal it in their work. They are usually colorists, with more eye for the colors and tones of nature than her shapes and forms. Such a one was Corot. He had a good tenor voice and played on the violin. He sang at his work, and sang, too, when he was not painting, but wandering through the forest of Fontainebleau or around the village of Ville d'Avray, absorbing the beauty of the scene and storing up impressions for future pictures. In fact, his whole long life of seventy-nine years was to Le Pere Corot, as his friends loved to call him, a song. And one feels it in his pictures, at least in his later ones, by which he is best known. Their coloring is subdued, like a lullaby or waking song, for it was the dawn or twilight that he preferred to paint. It vibrates with the hum of melody, and here and there is an accent of effect that trembles like the string of his violin.

Corot's long life was a remarkable instance of a man being able to continue to the end the springtime of his youth.—Circle Magazine.

Silver Linings to Black Clouds.

"Of course I notice things," said the girl in the stocking department, "and one of the things I have noticed is that the stockings with the brightest red, blue and green spots are bought by people dressed in the deepest mourning. Yes, that's right. Funny, ain't it?"—New York Press.

Mixed.

Patience—Did you ever ride in a submarine boat? Patrice—No, but I rode in an ultramarine boat once. I just love that color!—Yonkers Statesman.

Took It Seriously

The fair young debutante was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's ball. Mamma was standing nearby, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two brother officers. "What was the casus belli?" asked the fair debutante. "Maud!" exclaimed mamma, in a shocked voice, "how often have I told you to say stomach?"

Use your little hammer for nailing lies, but don't be a knocker

WINNIPEG MAN CURED OF RHEUMATISM

Remarkable Case of Cure After Specialists Failed.

Winnipeg, Man.—A prominent resident of this City, who for personal reasons does not wish his name mentioned publicly, but who permits us to show his letter to interested enquirers, writes to say that he was suddenly taken with excruciating pains in the back and side, which were pronounced by his physicians as Rheumatism. Hot applications were at once resorted to, the usual medicines administered, supplemented by electrical treatment, but all to no purpose. In his desperation he took Gin Pills on his own account, and in a few hours after taking the first Pill the pains commenced to subside. He continued taking them and in 48 hours he had not an ache or a pain left.

Gin Pills are sold at 50c a box—6 for $2.50. Send to us if your dealer does not handle them.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 116

A BLIND ARTIST.

Sightless Painter's Work Shown at an International Congress.

There used to be a saying among the friends of the blind that "a blind man can do anything but paint a picture," but since Miss Winifred Holt came back from the international congress for the blind, held recently in England, it has fallen into disuse, for a sightless Russian has demonstrated that a blind man can paint a picture, and his work was shown at the international congress.

Miss Holt told of it at the last meeting of the Blind Men's Improvement club in New York city. The blind artist keeps each of his colors in a separate box, and each box is marked with characters which to his touch spell the name of the color the box contains.

As might be expected, he is an impressionist. He knows that trees and grass are green and sky is blue and clouds are white, so he lays on his green and blue and white in generous patches, like any other impressionist, and the result is a picture.

"It wasn't a very good picture," said Miss Holt, who is herself a sculptress and may be supposed to have a critical taste, "but it was neither better nor worse than a great many other pictures that are sold right here in New York."

Another feat which was reported to the congress of the blind was the saving of two lives by a pair of blind English boys last year. Two sighted persons were drowning when the blind lads heard their cries for help, swam to them and got them safe ashore.—New York Sun.

Result of Poor Writing.

The Duke of Wellington, through misreading a badly written letter, made a ludicrous blunder. This letter was written by C. J. London, a botanical author, who wrote to the duke requesting the privilege of seeing his beautiful beeches. The duke misread the signature for that of C. J. Bloomfield, bishop of London, and wrote in reply: "My lord, I shall always be glad to see you at Strattofieldsaye, and my servant shall show you as many pairs of my breeches as you may choose to inspect. But what you want to see them for is quite beyond me."—Exchange.

An Easy One.

"You imagine you know a lot about Biblical things," said the scoffer. "Suppose you tell me who Cain's wife was."

"That's easy," rejoined the old deacon. "She was Adam's daughter-in-law."—Detroit Free Press.

Paint

Another way to avoid serious trouble in the family is to let the contractor decide what color the house shall be painted.—Indianapolis News.

Not Only That

"Do you think her voice can fill this room?"

"Yes, and empty it."

Player (to lady opponent)—What made you put your king on my ace? You couldn't beat it.

Lady—No, but I could try.—Punch.

The Nerves Not Understood

By most people and by many doctors —Hence their treatments fail.

The best authorities now agree that restorative treatment such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the only rational and successful means of cure.

It is not so very many years since diseases of the nerves were attributed to the presence of evil spirits and more recently sufferers from nervous derangements have been told that they only imagine they are sick.

When Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was first put upon the market as the only natural and effective method of curing derangements arising from exhausted nerves it was considered almost revolutionary, but its success was remarkable from the start, many who used it being cured of such severe forms of nervous trouble as locomotor ataxia and partial paralysis.

Now the very best authorities claim as did Dr. Chase that the only way to cure diseases of the nerves is to make the blood rich, red and nutritious and to build up the wasted nerve cells by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, St. Andrews, Man., writes: "In 1903 I was stricken with paralysis, fell helplessly to the floor and had to be carried to bed. The doctors pronounced it a bad case as I had no power in my tongue and left leg. For six months I lay in that condition without benefit from the doctors' prescriptions. My husband advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and by use of this treatment all the symptoms disappeared. I can now talk plainly, my leg is all right and I can do all my own housework. I am grateful to be cured by so wonderful a remedy."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Time Was When It Used to Be Considered Lucky.

Abstract science has done much in brushing away the cobwebs of popular superstition, and abstract science establishes the fact that thirteen in ancient times had quite a different meaning from the thirteen of today. Oriental people found in thirteen something divine and hence something good. Thus it is in the folklore of the Persians, the Indians and Hindoos.

Old Testament Jews were of the same opinion, as Biblical students well know. Thirteen cities were especially dedicated to the priestly tribe; thirteen high priests descended from Aaron; thirteen kings sat in the high council of the ancients; on the 13th day of the month Nisan the preparations for Passover began, and the holy incense consisted of thirteen different odors.

It is well known that all the nations of the old world were in more or less intellectual rapport. The ideas of one tribe descended to the other. But it is certainly interesting to learn that the figure 13 had its sacred and divine meaning also in America of yore among the long since extinct tribes of the Incas and the Aztecs. The inhabitants of Peru counted seven days without any particular name in the week. Their year had seven times fifty-two days, or four times thirteen weeks. The father was compelled to support his illegitimate child to the thirteenth year. The Aztecs had weeks of thirteen days, each with a special name. Their century had fifty-two years, or four times thirteen. Their public archives were of circular form, with a sun in the center of each of the thirteen parts, and thirteen were their tribes.

THE HUMAN HAND.

Its Relation to the True Education of the Young.

No animal or bird can endure the extremes of climate like man or is at home in so many different parts of the world. A dog, it is true, will follow man anywhere, but only when food and shelter are provided. Nor can any other creature subsist on such a variety of food as man can digest. He flourishes on roots, herbs, grubs, insects, fruits or fish, on which flesh eating animals would starve, or he is equally pleased with animal and bird flesh on which herbivorous animals would starve. He can pick nuts with the monkey, catch fish with the otter, dig roots with the wild pig, eat ants' eggs with the ant eater and grasshoppers with the snake.

And all this is due to man's hand. Because his hand could grasp a stone or a club man rose on his hind legs and walked and talked. His hand is the most wonderful of all tools. It twists like a monkey wrench, hangs on like a grappling hook, cracks like a nutcracker, picks like tweezers, tears like forceps, grubs like a gopher.

This brings us to the first great lesson of health and common sense. Man owes all to his hand. Train the child's hand, then answer the questions that the brain, which the hand builds, will ask, and you have true education—education at its best. Give children every kind of hand work that their play instincts call for—and their play instincts are the deepest and most useful in their nature—and then brain development will follow as naturally as the night follows day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

It Gets the Criminals.

According to the Chinese method of criminal prosecution, a man is responsible for the crime he may have committed personally, but if he chooses to escape justice by running away from the place where the deed was committed then the remaining members of his immediate family are held and punished in lieu of the real culprit. This may seem a strange way of attracting the real criminal back to the scene of his crime, but it appeals to the religious side of the man's superstitious nature. According to their religion, the man who forsakes his parents when in peril will find his soul salting around through hades without chart or compass for all eternity. In view of this, compliance with the law is very prompt, for John Chinaman does not care to take the desperate chance.

He Explains.

"Why is it, professor," asked the young man with the bad eye, "that when Christopher Columbus discovered this country he didn't settle down and stay here?"

"Doubtless you are aware, my young friend," answered the professor, "that the Spanish form of his name was Cristoval Colon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a colon does not mean a full stop. We will return now, young gentlemen, to the consideration of the lesson."—Exchange.

Make Friends.

There is nothing so healthy as plenty of human nature about one, young, old and middle aged. When we stay at home too much or associate entirely with a very limited circle we lose the proper sense of perspective. The few individuals whom we like assume giant proportions in our thoughts and the rest of the world recedes.

Persona Grata.

The Old Bulldog—They're going to chain us up on Sunday nights now. The Young Bulldog—How's that, governor? The Old Bulldog—The new feller that's started calling on Miss Mamie has got money.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Let Fortune come under what haggard form she may, they hug her in their arms and swear she is a beauty. —Le Sage.

In 1950

"I suppose you had hardships in your early days, grandpa?"

"Yes, many a time I got up of a winter morning and walked four blocks to borrow a book from a Carnegie library. They didn't deliver the books in those days."

True

Every man may have his price, but one thing is sure, there are a whole lot of men who aren't worth it.

Most people figure respectability in dollars and cents

GOT TO THE ROOT OF HIS TROUBLE

AND DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED W. WRIGHT'S BACKACHE.

He Had Suffered for Several Years but the Old-Reliable Kidney Remedy Gave Him Quick Relief.

Kelvington, Sask. (Special).—"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Backache, and I have recommended them to others who have also been cured." These are the words of William Wright, a farmer well known here. "I believe I inherited my trouble," Mr. Wright continues. "At times for several years it was very severe. I also suffered from Lumbago and in the morning I had a bitter taste in my mouth and was troubled with dizziness and my skin was dry and harsh and there was a sediment in my urine.

"No treatment I could find gave me any permanent relief till finally believing that my kidneys were the root of my trouble I determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Four boxes cured me."

Mr. Wright went at his trouble sensibly. He examined his symptoms, and they showed him that Kidney Disease was his trouble. Do as much for yourself, and if your symptoms point to disordered or diseased kidneys the cure is easy. Dodd's Kidney Pills will do it. They never fail.

Incongruities

"Isn't a lawsuit over a patent right about the dullest thing you ever saw?"

"Not always. I attended a trial of that kind once that was too funny for anything. A tall lawyer named Short was reading a 6,000-word document he called a brief."

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value

Any man may be justified in blowing his own horn, but not in going on a toot.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly,

ALFRED ROCHAV,

Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

If a man tells a woman she's all the world to him she can forgive him for wanting the earth.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Many a man has been caught at his own game by people who let him think he was fooling them.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

What It Teaches

"The wife of the average great man is an object lesson," remarked the home-grown philosopher.

"What's the answer?" queried the pary of the dense part.

"It teaches the rest of us that there's no excuse for our not being great," explained the philosophy dispenser.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

To All Women: I will send free, with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address Mrs M. Summers, Box H.I., Windsor, Ont

"What are you talking about? A thing can't be a great help and a great drawback at the same time."

"I don't know. How about a mustard plaster?"—Boston Transcript.

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out, and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

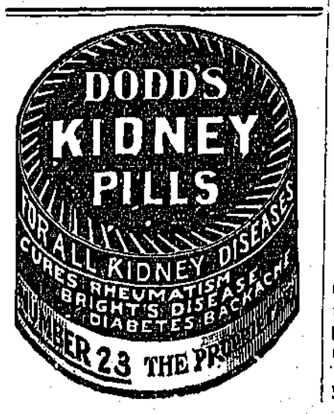
Another Way of Putting It

"Although he goes to the club every night, he's always happy when it's time to go home."

"In other words, he doesn't go home till he's happy; is that it?"

"My cocoa's cold," sternly announced the gruff old gentleman to his fair waitress—"

"Put your hat on," she sweetly suggested.



PERFECT FLIERS.

Eagles, Vultures and Similar Birds Are In This Class.

It is a fact that those ingenious and daring minds that devote themselves to the solution of the problem of aviation have given no small part of their preliminary study to considering the manner of flight of birds.

A strange result of this investigation is the conclusion, now generally indorsed, that, as a whole, the bird world is not to be regarded as perfect in its attainment of flight. For instance, it is contended by the best authorities that all birds obliged continually to flap their wings—and in this category may be mentioned sparrows, finches, thrushes, crows, etc.—are still in an imperfect stage of advancement.

In the next class, as being a degree advanced, are put such birds as pigeons, swallows, etc., which are able to dart ahead for a space after they have gained a good start by the vigorous flapping of their pinions.

In the third class the birds that may be said to be perfect fliers are the eagles, vultures, albatrosses and similar big birds possessing the ability to rise and fall and sway and soar in the air indefinitely without a perceptible movement of their wings. It is, of course, known to every person of an observant turn that these big fowl are able to soar into the air gradually until at last they disappear from the eye of the watcher, it being almost impossible to detect any movement beyond a slight occasional motion of the tail.—New York Tribune.

A QUICK CHANGE.

From the Desire For Comfort to the Craze For Speed.

Mr. Newcar (about to start on his first trip in his recently purchased motor car, to his chauffeur)—Now, William, I want it thoroughly understood I will not have fast driving. Always keep well under the legal limit—not as close to it as you can. Ten miles an hour is fast enough for me. What I want is comfort, not excitement. Do you understand?

Three days later. "Er—er—William, I must be back to the house by 7 o'clock. This road seems very straight and wide. Don't you think you might go just a little faster without danger?"

Two days later. "William, this dust is very unpleasant. If you could pass that car ahead—it seems to be going rather slowly."

Next day. "Put on a little more speed, William. There's no use in being a crank. This road is too good to lose the chance."

A week later. "Open her up, William! There are no police within five miles, I'll bet, and if there are who cares? I'm out for fun! Let her zip! Let her zip! This is no steam roller! Let's have some speed!"—Life.

Monkey and Goat.

Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. M. Mouton records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation. This monkey had a friend in a goat that went daily to the pasture. Every night the monkey would pick out the burs and thorns, sometimes to the number of 2,000 or 3,000, from the goat's fleece, in order that the animal might lie down in peace. On coming in from the pasture the goat regularly went in search of his light handed friend and submitted himself to the operation. Strange to say, the tricky instincts of the monkey reasserted themselves after the pricks were removed. He would tease the poor goat unmercifully, plucking his beard, poking him in the eyes and pulling out his hairs. The goat bore it all with patience, perhaps regarding it as only a fair price to be paid for the removal of the thorns.—London Standard.

The Ruling Passion.

His clothes said he was a tramp, but his brow was high and his manner grand. "Madam, may I request the favor of a pair of your husband's castoff trousers? These are somewhat passe." This, with a sweep of a tattered hat, brought results in the shape of a pair of hubby's oldest, which were just about two degrees better than those the tramp was wearing. After a critical survey of his acquisition, instead of the polite words of thanks the good woman was waiting for, the tramp volunteered, with a deep, long drawn sigh of regret, "Madam, I see your husband discards from weakness."—Puck.

Mission of Pain.

Although looked upon as an evil, pain is kind. It tells that the laws of nature have been violated and warns us to correct the cause. If it were not for pain we would go on doing things that would destroy us. Pain is a warning that something is wrong, and instead of trying to hush the pain with some drug we should seek to remove the cause.

In a Different Class.

"I hear, Mike, that your wife has gone into society. Has she become a clubwoman yet?"

"Indade an' she has not got into that class. She still uses a flatiron, sor."—New York Times.

It Would Make a Difference.

Teacher—Now, boys, here's a little example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1875? Pupil—Please, teacher, was it a man or a woman?—Boston Transcript.

To recall benefits we have bestowed shows want of tact; to forget those bestowed on us shows want of heart.—Richter.

Had Talent

Judge—How many languages can your husband speak?

Mrs. Trouble—Two, your honor—English and profane.

Time to Leave

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table)—Well, John, you see, when I have finished eating I always leave the table.

John—Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave.

FORTIFIED AT FIFTY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Health and Strength to Women at a Critical Time.

Few women reach the age of fifty without enduring much suffering and anxiety. Between the years of forty-five and fifty health becomes fickle, and acute weaknesses arise with rheumatic attacks, pains in the back and sides, frequent headaches, nervous ailments and depression of spirits.

The secret of good health between forty-five and fifty depends upon the blood supply. If it is kept rich, red and pure, good health will be the result, and women will pass this critical stage in safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help women of mature years as no other medicine can, for they make the rich, red blood that means good health, and brings relief from suffering. Mrs. C. Donavon, Newcastle, N. B., says: "About two years ago I was greatly run down and very miserable. I did not know what was wrong with me. I was hardly able to drag myself about, had severe headaches and no appetite. I felt so wretched that I hardly cared whether I lived or not. I had often read of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others and I decided to try them, and I can now truthfully say I found them all they are recommended to be. Under their use my health gradually came back; I could eat better, sleep better and felt stronger in every way, and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the trouble in the blood. They actually make new blood. That is why they cure such troubles as rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, kidney troubles, head aches, sideaches and backaches, and the ailments of growing girls and women of mature years. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Not All Gone

Fred—My dear Dora, let this thought console you for your lover's death. Remember that Ollie and better men than he have gone the same way.

Bereaved One—They haven' all gone, have they?

There Was a Difference

"Who teaches you at school, Nora?"

"Miss Brown."

"And who teaches you at Sunday school?"

"Miss Brown—with a hat on."

$100 Reward, $100.

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

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

When a man treats his wife with more consideration than usual she begins to wonder if he isn't trying to square himself.

A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

One Exception

"You must learn to trust your fellowmen," said the professional optimist.

"There's no use in talking that way to me," answered the worried looking citizen. "I'm in the grocery business."

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

The first alarm of fire given by electricity was sounded at Boston on the evening of April 28, 1852.

"SALADA" TEA

Is Delicious

Always of High and Uniform Quality.

Lead Packets Only. At all Grocers

30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb.

For Headaches

Caused by sick stomach, ill-regulated bile, sluggish bowels, nervous strain or overwork, the safest and surest remedy is

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

SUNLIGHT at NIGHT!

produced by ALADDIN the WONDERFUL LAMP from common COAL OIL (KEROSENE). Makes and burns its own gas under mantle. The cheapest artificial light in existence. No better light obtainable at any cost. Odorless, noiseless, clean, simple and safe. Lamp pays for itself in few months in saving oil. An ideal light for store, office or home. Write for our FREE LAMP introductory offer.

The Mantle Lamp Company, of America, Dept. L, Agents wanted Everywhere. 141 Bannatyne Ave., Winn'peg.

Central Hotel...

PHOENIX

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

A. O. JOHNSON
PROPRIETOR.

Smoke...

Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by

J. C. Thelin & Co., Nelson

KASLO HOTEL

KASLO B. C.

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

COCKLE & PAPWORTH.

Get your Seed Grain at

BROWN'S

IN PERRY

Blue Stem Wheat, Seed Oats, Seed Rye.

AT THE

Hotel - Balmoral

In Phoenix the dining room will please the gastronomically critical, the beds bring sweet repose, while the beverages in the bar will appease any ordinary human thirst. Miners, muckers, tourists and millionaires always welcome.

J. A. McMASTER, Proprietor.

NewmarketHotel

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

HENRY STEGE, PROPR.

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

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.

Hotel Alexander

PHOENIX, B. C.

Is a comfortable home for the miner and traveler. Good meals and pleasant rooms. Pure liquors and fragrant cigars in the bar.

R. V. CHISHOLM, PROPRIETOR.

J. R. Cameron.

Leading Tailor of the Kootenays.

Kaslo, B. C.

GREENWOOD AND MIDWAY STAGE

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

LOWERY'S CLAIM

During the 87 months that Lowery's Claim was on earth it did business all over the world. It was the most unique, independent and fearless journal ever produced in Canada. Political and theological enemies pursued it with the venom of a rattlesnake until the government shut it out of the mails, and its editor ceasad to publish it, partly on account of a lazy liver and partly because it takes a pile of money to run a paper that is outlawed. There are still 25 different editions of this condemned journal in print. Send 10 cents and get one or $2 50 and get the bunch

R. T. LOWERY,
Greenwood, B. C.

CITY

Transfer Co.

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

SIDNEY OLIVER.

T. THOMAS

MERCHANT TAILOR

Clothes Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired.

Dry Cleaning a Specialty.

GREENWOOD, B. C.

THE

Arlington Hotel

GREENWOOD

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

C. A. Dempsey, Prop.

About Float.

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

R. T. Lowery

GREENWOOD, B. C.

THE LEDGE

Just $2 a year

In Advance.

Get your Razors Honed and your Baths at

Frawley's Barber . .

Shop, Greenwood,

The Bridesville Hotel

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

THOS. WALSH
Proprietor.

HORSE STRAYED.

Came into my premises a bay mare about nine years old, and weighing about 1000 pounds. Brand on left shoulder is an A and under it an M. Wire cut on left front foot. Owner can have the same by paying expenses.

A. C. MESKER, Midway, B. C.

Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,

Nelson, B. C.

THE LEDGE

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

R. T. LOWERY,
PUBLISHER.

GREENWOOD B. C., JULY 1, 1909

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL GREENWOOD, B.C.

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

THE bull-headed seem to get the sugar.

THE future of Greenwood is the brightest in its history.

SOME people are insane without the public catching on.

IT is difficult to make love gracefully, except on the stage.

WORK administered in large doses will cure all the ills of Greenwood.

IT is a sign of fame when the world calls a man by his front name.

WORK will cure disease, misery, the blues and a bank account that is subject to heart failure.

PARSONS have put many a man on the Unfair List because of his failure to join their Union.

MAN'S inability to pay his debts makes a few thousands permeate the ozone with invisible brimstone.

PERSEVERANCE is a wonderful thing. Most of the people who stick around will eventually get on steady.

EVERY cloud has a silver lining, but sometimes it is such a knife-blade seam that you need a telescope to see it.

IF you owe this paper anything now is the time the editor would like to see the color of your money. In a hundred years from now it will be no use to him.

THE resources that surround Greenwood, if properly developed, should make this a live city. When that time comes the cotton will not be chewed to any extent in the copper metropolis.

PUTTING oil on stagnant pools of water will kill mosquitoes. Another good way to get rid of them is to catch them in a net and then crush with a sledge hammer. Bed bugs can be got rid of in the same way.

The Copper Review.

If we are to judge from the quotations which have been reported both here and abroad during the past week the copper metal market has received a sharp setback but there are those who do not place a great deal of credence in these reports, or at least they do not believe that the quotations represent by any means the actual conditions in the market.

The trouble all started abroad where the metal has been bought heavily for some time, but we have seen these violent movements in London before and can remember for whose benefit they were manipulated and who made the profits. It was about the middle of the week that the first sign of weakness occurred and it was on the Boston holiday—June 17—that the most violent break occurred. On that day the warrants were quoted off a full pound and the market was made to appear very weak. To bolster up the case that had been made out to prove the legitimacy of the decline a long array of export figures was paraded through the newspapers for the benefit of the investors and small traders who were long of both the metal and the copper stocks. These figures were supposed to prove that the foreign buyers were heavily overstoked and were throwing their supplies on the market along with a lot of copper that had been held for speculative account. The reports show clearly that there wasn't much copper lost in the operation and while the G. M. B.'s were going off a full pound the Best Selected lost only 10s. That was on the first day of the pronounced decline. On the second day Best Selected was unchanged throughout the session.

In order to get an idea of actual conditions it is necessary to get in touch with the domestic markets and in doing so we find that while there may have been some scattered sales at fractional declines the actual market is practically where it was a week ago, and the supply is no greater than it was at that time. The demand, according to the best posted authorities, is about as good as it was a week ago and none of the big selling agencies have changed their position nor do they intend to. They say the market is still in a very trong position and they expect the price to be at 14 cents very soon.

This leads to a little speculation as to just what was behind the alleged break in London and although nothing can be actually proved at the moment there are certain suspicious circumstances connected with the recent movement that are of interest. It will be remembered that certain brokerage houses in Boston, and a few in New York, too, were making a determined effort about a month ago to get their customers into London copper warrants and they were successful. These houses have been prominently connected with many manipulative movements in copper stocks in the past but so far as is known this was their first excursion into the metal field. They were successful though in this instance as stated above and today we find a large crowd of disgruntled warrant holders in receipt of hurry calls for substantial additional margins or sold out and they are wondering just where they are at. They think the break was very well timed to say the least—it came on the holiday as stated above—and it is safe to predict that they will soon be out of their warrants for good with a new lesson well learned. You can't prove to these traders that the break abroad was legitimate knowing conditions here as well as they do and all the leading producers and selling agencies here agree with them.

Under the circumstances, therefore, it is hard to predict the course of the metal market so far as quotations are concerned in the immediate future, but actual conditions have undergone no change and the law of supply and demand will govern the real market, as it always has, which means that prices will continue to advance until a much higher level is reached.—The Copper Curb.

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

The Trail Smelter.

Everything is humming at Trail and the smelter has already grown too small for its great business, as the following from the Rossland Miner will show:

"The metals produced by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting company at the Trail plant for the month of May yielded values to the extent of more than three quarters of a million dollars. The gold yield was $300,000; silver, $250,000; copper, $65,000; and lead, $175,000; making a total of $790,000. For the past eleven months the company has produced a total in metal values of $5,000,000. During the past two months 2,000 tons of lead bullion have been shipped to San Francisco to be refined. This was necessary for the reason that the capacity of the Trail refinery was not sufficient. Plans are being prepared for the extension of the refinery, so that the daily production of lead will be 100 tons.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Striking It Rich.

The meaning of the value of "striking it rich" in mining is, perhaps, as many sided as the solution of the problem of Ann's age. Stories of these strikes appear regularly, and to the laymen, they all relate to "ore." When the man of technical training learns of these finds, he immediately asks the nature of the ore, and gathers much of the importance of the strike in this manner.

Mineral-bearing rock has been so thoroughly misunderstood in in the past that many camps which are now regarded as world-beaters, could have been made before, but the lack of knowledge on the part of mining folk failed to suggest to them the value of what they found.

All the while the investing public is reading of the making of camps and the hitting of bodies of rich ore, the mining schools are drilling facts into the brains of young men who have planned to make mining their life work. The steady advance in the standard of learning has done a great deal for the business of mining, and each new district, almost every new mine, suggests certain problems that have to be worked out, but which, in the aggregate, form valuable data for future use when similar conditions arise. During the past few years the accumulation of knowledge of this nature has been pronounced, and men with alert, trained minds are working on such details as may be suggested to them by their own experiences.

As time passes and one fact is added to the total gleaned, the striking of ore gathers a further importance, so that in time what was not sought after in a mineral way is looked upon as the richest kind of find. Perhaps some method of treatment has made the difference and has resulted in the labeling of rock "ore" that was previously unworthy of attention.

We should bear in mind when we read of these new finds, that the chances of profit are much greater now than they were formerly, and that the value of these strikes is always gaining in importance. In a word, the scientific branches of mining are working always for the benefit of those who invest their money.

The Newspapers.

The newspapers build your town, why not build up the newspapers? There is no better advertisement in the world for a town than a good newspaper. A newspaper is the barometer of a town's industry. Show us a good newspaper full of advertising and we will show you a town full of live, prosperous merchants.

Newspapers are town builders, town advertisers, fortune makers, news disseminators, sermon deliverers, posterity forecasters—They are a necessity, not a luxury. Without them we would retrogress to the mediaval days.

Don't patronize them from a charitable or sentimental standpoint; patronize them because they deliver the goods—that is, if they are the right kind.—Chicago Trade Journal.

Boom in Stamps.

In the mail leaving on the Tanona last night were registered packages of gold aggregating over $1,000,000, the first gold shipment to leave the camp this season.

The shipment represents only a part of the cleanup to date, there remaining in the three banks considerable of the yellow stuff that could not be got ready in time for the sailing of the Tanana last evening.

The mailing of such an amount of gold as was represented in the shipment, requires postage to the amount of fully $1,000, which means that the banks will be pretty good customers of the government during the summer and will lay in their supplies of stamps in $1,000 lots.—Fairbanks Times.

When in Nelson drop into the White House Cafe, next to the postoffice. Turkish and other baths can be procured in the same building. Taylor Bishop, proprietor, employs all white help.

Ten Commandments Revised.

A Cleveland, Ohio, minister has succeeded in inducing eleven thousand young people to undertake to try to be Christians in deed as well as in name. He drew up for their guidance a charter which he calls the Ten Commandments up-to-date. Here they are:

First—Smile like a burst of sunshine.

Second—Shake hands like a man not a giraffe.

Third—Don't reach the office ten minutes late with the blues.

Fourth—Don't quit work ten minutes early with a yell.

Fifth—Let nobody with 50 cents pose as a dollar man.

Sixth—Be honest in speech, business and pleasure.

Seventh—Don't be a loafer.

Eighth—Don't take up four seats at a time in a tramcar.

Ninth—Learn to exercise charity to all men.

Tenth—Be ladies and gentlemen always.

The movement has so far succeeded that it is being taken quite seriously, even the local newspapers refraining from indulgence in witticisms.

Worse Than a Failure.

They had been married just a month when he lost his position, and during the next eighteen months he jumped rapidly from one thing to another without being at all successful at anything.

By this time, of course, her trousseau was getting frayed around the bottom and rusty around the top; and the hope which she had been entertaining that she would some day be the possessor of new gowns had become a sort of permanent hope, as far as she could see, or in fact, as they both could see together.

Elizabeth, he said one day, do you think marriage is a failure?

Failure? she said scornfully. It's a panic.—Wall Street Journal.

Steve Marsh of Plainfield, New Jersey, agrees with Tennyson that "It might have been" are very sad words, indeed. Thirty-five years ago an aunt, who crossed the great divide, left him a Bible. Since then he has passed through many privations and lately has been living on $12 a month. A few days since he was about to leave New Jersey for the purpose of living with his son in Colorado. The Bible was still in his possession, although he had never opened it during all the years that he had it in his possession, and he was about to give it away to a relative, when, for the first time, he opened the sacred book and found $4,867 in paper money between the pages. Mr. Marsh deeply regrets that he did not open the book when he first got it, as in that event the money would probably have changed the current of his life, which might have been a shining success instead of a dismal failure.

In History.

Who was Ireland's greatest benefactor?

Columbus.

Why, what did he do for Ireland?

Discovered America.—Tiger.

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.

C. J. McARTHUR

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

GALT COAL

"Unequalled for Domestic Use."

Meteors prove that the air is still dense enough to make those little bodies incandescent through friction at a height of 100 miles; but up to the present man has succeeded in exploring the atmosphere to a height of sixteen miles. The greatest authentic height attained by any human being is 35,500 feet. Kites have flown to a height of 21,100 feet, and an unmanned balloon, carrying recording instruments, has reached 85,500 feet—a little more than sixteen miles.

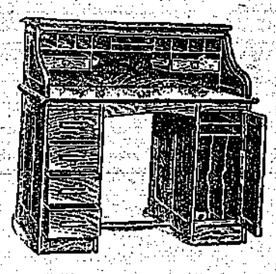
The smallest newspaper in the world, according to the publisher's statement, appeared a few days ago on the lower East Side of New York. It is of the size of a postal card, with one-half on the address side devoted to advertisements, and the paper proper is printed in Yiddish, under the title Jester. The name denotes its character, and it contains principally humorous paragraphs, with local, national and international points.

A. L. WHITE

TRUNKS BAGS AND SUIT CASES

The Furniture Man

'PHONE 16.



Anything from the Kitchen to the office.

Also Trunks and Traveling Bags.

A. L. WHITE

The Furniture Man.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

RETURN EXCURSION RATES

FROM

GREENWOOD

TO

SEATTLE

$19.70

Tickets on sale daily, May 29th to Oct. 14th. Final return limit 15 days. Corresponding fares from other points. Tickets at

REDUCED RATES

Will also be on sale on

June 2nd and 3rd,

July 2nd and 3rd,

August 11th and 12th,

TO EASTERN DESTINATIONS in Canada and the United States, with choice of routes and final return limit of Oct. 31st

For full particulars apply to

E. R. REDPATH,
Agent, Greenwood, B. C.

J. E. PROCTOR,
D. P. A., Calgary, Alta.

MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, James S. Birnie, Free Miner's Certificate No. B26590, for self and Chas. H. Tye, Free Miner's Certificate No B26558 and Sydney M. Johnson, Free Miner's certificate No. B26566, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

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

Dated this 9th day of June, A. D. 1908.

JAMES S. BIRNIE.

The... Hume...

Nelson, B. C.

GEO. P. WELLS, Proprietor.

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

'Bus meets all trains.

The...

Hotel Allan

Rossland

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

Do not miss it when visiting the famous Golden City.

B. Tomkins, Manager.

STARKEY & CO.

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

PROCTER & BLACKWOOD

NELSON, B. C.

Real Estate,
Mines,
Insurance and
Fruit Lands.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

THE CLUB Cigar Store

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

L. L. Mathews

Pioneer Hotel . . .

Greenwood, B. C.

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

J. W. Nelson

Lakeview - Hotel

NELSON, B. C.

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

N. MALLETTE - - PROPRIETOR

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

JAS. S. BIRNIE, Secretary.

W. F. M. Greenwood Miners' Union, No. 22, W. F. M., meets every Saturday evening in Union Hall, Copper street, Greenwood, at 7:30.

Also in hall at Mother Lode mine Friday evenings at 7:30.

GEO. HEATHERTON, Secretary.

The Hotel Slocan

Three Forks, B. C., is the leading hotel of the city. Mountain trout and game dinners a specialty. Rooms reserved by telegraph.