Provincial Library

THE LEDGE

VOL. XV. GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1909. No. 49

Boots and Shoes

Our stock of Boots and Shoes for women and children is large and complete. We are showing a particularly fine range of Ladies' Oxfords in all leathers in all the latest styles. Prices Right.

$2.25 to $4.00.

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.

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BLACK AND WHITE, AND
HOUSE OF COMMONS
GREENWOOD LIQUOR CO.
IMPORTERS, GREENWOOD, B. C.

HOTEL BROOKLYN

PHOENIX, B. C.

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

JAS. MARSHALL - - PROPRIETOR

PHOENIX BEER

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

Phoenix - Brewing - Co.

(Limited.)

The Pride of Western Canada. Phone 138, Greenwood

The Hotel Ladysmith

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

Ola Lofstad, Proprietor

Passing Throng

Wild roses are plentiful around Greenwood.

John Prescott is pounding steel at the Bruce.

W. H. Norris, J. P., of Midway was in the city Tuesday.

H. L. Steeves, the lumberman, was in the city this week.

J. A. Chenier is down from the West Fork for a few days.

Sid Oliver can furnish you with ice in small or large chunks.

J. Y. Younghusband was down from the West Fork this week.

Ed. Rowland came in yesterday to take a position on the Times.

S. A. and Mrs. Crowell of Midway were visitors in the city Tuesday.

Martin Burrell, M. P., and wife returned to Grand Forks on Tuesday.

A new crossing was put in last week at the corner of Greenwood streets.

John McKellar of Eholt may take a look at Prince Rupert next month.

Born—In Eholt on June 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Belack a daughter.

Forbes M. Kerby, P. L. S., of Grand Forks was a visitor in the city this week.

F. W. McLaine left this week on a trip to Vancouver and other coast points.

E. W. Bishop left Thursday last on a trip through the Okanagan and to the coast.

Bill Robinson left Monday for an extended visit with friends in North Bay, Ont.

A band of cattle for P. Burns & Co. were brought in from the Okanagan this week.

The Princeton Star says that Mrs Semerad is recovering nicely from a burn on her hand.

Rev. F. V. Venables returned Saturday from attending the synod of Kootenay held at Nelson.

Harry Comber returned to the city Tuesday to take charge of the boarding house at the Sunset mine.

Mrs. Sidney Oliver and three sons left this week to spend a month with friends in New Westminster.

Friday last wire connections to the Bay mine were made by the Greenwood City Waterworks Co. and the juice turned on. A force of men has been put on to run the tunnel to tap the vein at depth.

Oscar Lauritz, who has been with P. Burns & Co. for the past three years, left on Tuesday for a trip to Nelson and other points. While away he may take up some land near Lethbridge in Alberta.

At a society function in the city last Sunday evening it was suggested by one of the gentlemen present that the ladies should remain and see a neighbor appear in his nightshirt.—Com.

Chesaw men are looking at the Dayton, near Bridesville, with a view to buying it.

The Le Roi, near Bridesville, may soon be run by a stock company.

Messrs. Noyes & McDonald have taken over the Boundary Creek Times and it is their intention to make it one of the best p apers in city.

There was a dance at the Vendome hotel last Friday evening.

Randolph Stuart is now city editor of the B. C. Times.

Harry Kayes has bought three improved lots at Rock Creek from B. Ingraham with the intention of making a residence for himself and family. The price is said to be $1,000.

Messrs. A. M. Davidson and J. W. Millar left on Saturday for Granum in Alberta, where they will establish a paper to be called the Press. A host of friends in B. C. wish them success amid the wheat fields of sunny Alberta.

We were talking about mean men the other day, when Jim Copland said the meanest person he had met was a man named McAllister who had a government contract in Jamaica about forty years ago. Natives were employed in the work, and in part payment for thor labor McAllister was to furnish each six herrings daily. McAllister split the herring and doled out six halves. The natives objected, pointing out that the herring had only one eye. McAllister replied: "It iss that feesh, more especially herrin', in Scotland have but one eye, whativer!" In conclusion, Mr. Copland said: "I suppose you don't believe that," but there wasn't a doubting Thomas in the party.

S. A. Crowell and wife spent Sunday in Colville.

Bill Robinson has sold his ice business to Sid Oliver.

It is reported that work is to start on the Brooklyn.

J. E. McAllister returned from the coast on Saturday.

Up the West Fork more men have gone to work on the Rambler.

Mesdames Marshall and Tait of Phoenix spent Sunday in Nelson.

The prospects of Greenwood were never brighter than at present

The school children of Bridesville will hold a picnic upon June 30th.

Curly Campbell left on Sunday to act as chef at the Golden Eagle mine.

James Copland of Bridesville was in the city this week upon mining business.

The Boundary Falls smelter expects to run its furnaces with Hosmer coke.

Several of the high-grade properties near Greenwood are working this summer.

Several men are working at the Sunset getting the mine in shape for operation.

Rev. S. Lundy of Phoenix preached the K. of P. memorial service in Trail last Sunday.

Marcus Martin of Moyie and Miss Margaret Vincent of Phoenix were married in Nelson last week.

Dr. J. E. Spankie and Mrs. Spankie are visiting the exposition in Seattle. Miss Mulligan accompanies them.

Several men are opening up the coal seam discovered by J. H. East, not far from Midway, under the direction of Ed. Pope.

Mark Madden will arrive in Greenwood next week it is said for the purpose of putting a force of men to work at the Providence.

Mrs. Roussa and daughter left last Saturday on a visit to Salt Lake City. Mr. Roussa has gone to Vancouver upon a business trip.

J. E. Summers came in Saturday to spend a day or two. He is engaged in sorting ore at the Golden Eagle mine on the North Fork.

A marriage license was issued at the government office on the 10th inst. to Clayborn Franklin Vivian and Alice Runels, both of Nespelam, Wash.

Judge Spinks of Vernon held county court in Greenwood Tuesday. A number of cases were disposed of, including one under the Speedy Trials' Act. The accused was let off on suspended sentence.

Frank Sherwood, U. S. deputy collector of custome at Ferry, was in the city for a few hours Friday last. Mr. Sherwood has been transferred to the coast for the summer months.

A son of Oscar Hartmann of the Silver Spring brewery, Anaconda, fell while fishing Saturday last and a twig penetrated one of his eyes. He was taken to Spokane for treatment by a specialist.

Soon as the Dominion Copper company is reorganized, which will be early next month, the $21,000 owing for wages will be paid. The mines and smelter of this company will resume operations during the first week in August.

It is proposed to sink a shaft in Rock creek near the old crossing for the purpose of testing the creek for heavy placer gold. The creek has never been bottomed, owing to the finding of quicksand by the old methods and it is thought that deep down there will be found large quantities of the yellow metal. Such a discovery would create great excitement in all the territory west of Greenwood.

The Coal Strike.

It was expected in Coleman that the strike would have been over last week and work resumed last Monday, but the dangerous illness of F. H. Sherman prevented, as he could not attend the meeting of the board of conciliation. T. C. Brook was appointed in his place and he says that he believes the strike will be over in a few days and harmony once more prevail in the coal camps. F. H. Sherman is ill with appendicitis.

Railway Progress.

Work on railway construction is now in full swing here, with Doug. Stewart as foreman. About 2,600 feet of rails were laid on Wednesday and 2,200 feet yesterday, which brought the line up to the first river crossing; and work on the bridge will be proceeded with at once, with the aid of two pile drivers which have been erected and are now standing on the Y. The bridge, which crosses the river at an angle, will be about 800 feet in length. The force of workmen will number 250 when the ranks are full, and for their accommodation boarding cars to the number of 20 have been built or are under construction. The highest water is now believed to be past, and nothing is in sight to hinder a speedy prosecution of the work.—Keremeos Chronicle.

The Copper Outlook.

Experts in New York expect nearly all copper stocks to advance 20 to 30 per cent within four months. The Curb has the following remarks upon the red metal:

The position of the copper metal market has been materially strengthened during the past week, and at the moment prices are at the highest level they have reached in many months. The leading Lake producers are sold up through this month and July and will not sell a pound of copper for August or September delivery at anything under 14 cents. Even at this figure they are not pressing stocks for sale, as they feel very strong in their position and look for still further improvement in prices within a very short time.

Electrolyeic is not offered under 13¾ and cannot be had under that price, and other grades have enjoyed a proportionate advance. There have been some quotations reported slightly under these figures during the last few days, but they have been on small lots of copper. Consumers who have tried to get any quantity of metal at recent quotations have been refused by all the leading agencies. Even at present asking prices it is doubtful if very large supplies could be engaged.

According to the best information available the buying of the last month or two has been principally for the account of actual consumers both here and abroad, although naturally there has been some speculative buying. This speculative account is not considered a dangerous factor, and it will not come on the market in all probability until the price has advanced at least a cent or two. By that time it may be a good thing for the market to have these speculative holdings hanging over it, as they will have a tendency to check a too rapid advance. A runaway market is never a desirable thing, as past experiences have taught us.

Things impossible today may be commonplace tomorrow.

The South Tunnel.

The first meeting of the Argo Mining and Tunnel company was held in Greenwood upon Tuesday evening. Ola Lofstad was elected president, A. S. Black, secretary, and H. Shafer, general manager. Jerome McDonnel, Oscar Hartmann and J. Williamson were appointed directors. The tunnel on the line between Greenwood and Anaconda is 6 x 8 in size and is in 100 feet. A force of nine men are employed upon the work. It is expected that the first lead of silver-gold ore will be struck in 600 feet, and it is expected that four leads will be struck within 150 feet of each other. On the surface shafts have been sunk in several places that showed gold ore averaging over $75 in values. Three shifts are now employed in the tunnel and a 4-drill compressor will be installed in a few days. This great tunnel means much for Greenwood.

Grand Lodge Officers.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, held in Vancouver last week, the following officers were elected:

Grand Master, Wallace Law, Vancouver.

Deputy Grand Master, E. L. Webber, New Westminster.

Grand Warden, W. H. Cullen, Victoria.

Grand Secretary, F. Davey, Victoria.

Grand Treasurer, W. A. Johnstone, Vancouver.

Grand Representative, Thomas Embleton, Rossland.

The Rebekah grand lodge officers are:

Grand President, Miss Bacom, Nelson; deputy grand president, Mrs. J. J. Hanna, Vancouver; grand warden, Mrs. Evans, Rossland; grand secretary, Mrs. F. A. Walker, Victoria; grand treasurer, Mrs. Langham, Ladysmith.

City Council.

The council met on Monday evening.

Assessor reported roll call completed and returned. It was accepted as prepared by assessor.

Temporary loan bylaw, authorizing the corporation to borrow $4,000, was completed without amendment.

E. W. Bishop was instructed to couple up the water connections rt the cemetery.

Council adjourned.

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

Western Float

The Mascott at Rossland is to be developed, $35,000 having been raised for that purpose.

Ben Williamson has reopened the Watson hotel in Rossland.

E. A. Smith, formerly of Rossland, met with an automobile accident in Victoria from which he died.

A Rossland man has a tame coyote chained in his back yard.

The labor market in Dawson is overstocked and there is no employment available.

T. Graham of Revelstoke is clearing up the trail to the Lanark mine, so that prospective buyers can get a chance to look at the property.

Judge Spinks and wife later in the year intend to settle on a farm they own about eleven miles from Los Angeles.

A leading American capitalist has recently invested heavily in Grand Prairie.

E. Jacobs is writing up the mines of East Kootenay for London and New York mining journals.

The body of Charles Diamond, who was drowned in Moyie lake, has not yet been found, although over 200 pounds of dynamite have been used in an effort to procure it.

The Moyie Leader says that one man at the St. Eugene mine has thrown up his job because he saw a ghost or the devil every night on the flume south of the mill. This would seem to support the theory of the fifth dimension.

A company has been formed in England to work a coal property a short distance south of Coleman.

The coal miners at Bellevue and other camps on the Crow want an all Canadian miners' union.

Work is to be resumed upon the True Blue, the coming copper mine of Kaslo.

During May 1,313 tons of ore were shipped through Kaslo. It was zinc, with the exception of 60 tons of galena.

John Spiers of Nelson has opened a restaurant in Kaslo.

In Trail liquor licenses now cost $300 a year.

In the Slocan last week high water washed away a vast number of logs belonging to the Patrick Lumber Co.

Opposite Cape Flattery the Carmanah Coal Co. will drill for coal, having purchased a $2,000 diamond drill for that purpose.

Chickens are being raised in Prince Rupert.

John Houston will start a morning paper in Prince Rupert. He is already interested in two others.

The Empire prints a handsome picture of 10 out of the 17 cider joints in which booze is sold in Prince Rupert.

Frank Hartinger will build a cement block hotel in Grand Forks. He recently bought a lot on the corner of First street and Winnipeg avenue for $2,000.

Wm. Lord, who hhs been living in Boundary Falls for over two years, is one of the best horsemen in the country.

Finley Mathewson, a brakman on a slag train, had his spine broken last Friday by falling off the tram at the Granby smelter.

Local option in Grand Forks would improve the saloon business in Danville.

About 100 Doukhobor women and children arrived in Grand Forks last week to work on the ranch formerly owned by Jack Coryell and Billy Murray.

A. W. Webster of Phoenix and Mrs. Annie Crystal of Cascade were married a few days ago.

About twenty men are doing assessment work upon their claims around Franklin camp.

Wm. Harvey and Ed. Hanbridge were recently drowned in the Yukon river at Five Fingers. Their boat upset in the swift current.

Coal is being mined at Five Fingers in the Yukon.

The new electric light power house and pumping station at Kelowna burned down last week, causing a loss of $12,000.

Near Vernon Wm. Bradley was recently found dead at his cabin upon Six Mile creek.

Billy Pool's mine, the Nugget, on Sheep creek, turns out $8,000 in Gold every twenty days with a four-stamp mill.

Premier McBride and the Hon. Thos. Taylor will be in Nelson a week from today.

The Enderby Press says that Paddy Murphy is all smiles these days because he is getting the big end of $70,000 from the sale of the Winslow in the Lardeau.

The strawberry season is open on Kootenay lake.

Princeton will celebrate Dominion Day.

The Star says that the E. T. Bank will open a branch in Princeton in a few months.

The government will build a bridge at Aslinola.

Free miners cannot kill game in the close season except in unorganized districts.

It is now stated that the iron horse will puff in Princeton by the middle of October. It will reach Hedley by the end of August.

Roy Jamieson has sold his bake shop in Hedley and gone to California.

It often takes Victoria papers longer to reach Hedley than those from Toronto.

In Dawson potatoes are 10 cents a pound and eggs from $16 to $23 a case.

Bill Jenkins, better known as Coal Oil Johnnie, died this spring in the Yukon.

Frank Lucy was killed at Goldfield by falling down a shaft.

During the past four years a flouring mill has failed every ten days in the two Dakotas and Minnesota.

Canada now ships more fish than any other country. The fisheries yield three millions of dollars more a year than lumbering.

Billy Bennett will work the Mountain Con in the Slocan this summer.

Billy McClurg is reported to be the greatest fisherman in the Slocan. Nearly all the fish in Bear lake know him.

Nelson now has a Canadian Club. John Miles of Cascade lost his appendix in Grand Forks last week.

Frank Royer has two bear cubs at his livery stable in Grand Forks. Frank should train them to eat hay and draw a buggy.

A rancher at Grand Forks has been feeding the editor of the Gazette upon green peas. Lucky to be an editor at the Forks.

A board of trade is to be organized at Nakusp. That town was the original home of The Ledge.

The Mundy sawmill at Three Valley was burned last week, causing a loss of more than $100,000.

At Revelstoke the manager of the Norris & Rowe circus had to pay $200 because some of his men sold liquor without a license. The stranger in Revelstoke who breaks the law evidently has to pay the top price.

Lew Thompson has a deal on for the disposal of the Baltimore and Brooklyn at Ferguson.

The cows in Revelstoke must not eat the grass growing upon the boulevards. Thus things change since Billy Cowan first struck the camp.

Some fine bear cubs have recently been captured near Revelstoke.

Harry Brown of Barkerville was instantly killed while hunting by the accidental discharge of his gun.

The C. P. R will have an enormous westbound traffic this summer. No doubt many of the counts will take a look at the Boundary.

J. A. Stone of Revelstoke received a shipment of gold last week from Smith creek in the Big Bend.

E. S. Kinman, formerly of the Lardeau, is suing the City of Vancouver for $50,000 for having him arrested in connection with a row over Deadman's island.

Ninety per cent of the sawmills in the interior of B. C. are now in operation, and the demand for lumber is very heavy east of the Rockies.

George Alexander has returned to Kaslo after a long visit to England.

The Oyster mine at Camborne will shortly resume operations.

Vancouver is a hot town, for it now has a plant that is making turpentine.

Orient will celebrate the Fourth of July.

At Orient operations were resumed last week at the First Thought mine, and it is said that two carloads of ore will be shipped every week to Trail.

Bill Tuttle, formerly of Fernie, is running a real estate business in Spokane.

C. A. Stoess has moved from Keremeos to Kelowna, where for several years he will be resident engineer for the Belgo-Canadian Fruit Lands Co.

Daniel Rogers and Miss Jessie Phelps were married in Fairview last week. They will reside in Spokane.

The Presbyterians in Kelowna propose to build a $22,000 church.

Last week the Trail smelter sent $55,000 worth of silver to China.

During the past week about $45,000 in wages was paid to the employees of the Granby and Snowshoe mines in Phoenix.

E. P. Shea calls his combined hotels in Phoenix The Kings. The Balmoral and Bellevue are now but memories of the past.

THE LADY OF THE PARASOL.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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So far as Tom Brewster was concerned, feminine accessories were fashioned for the sole purpose of frightening masculine beholders. If, for instance, when walking on the avenue in town he saw a mass of dancing plumes and feathery streamers about to swoop down upon him, he shied as would a nervous thoroughbred at the sight of fluttering paper.

This timidity was due both to his temperament and his circumstances. His mother had died when he was very young, he had had no sisters, had never cared for women's society, and last, but far from least, had never availed himself of the privilege of studying the eternal feminine in the abstract—that is, by gazing into shop windows.

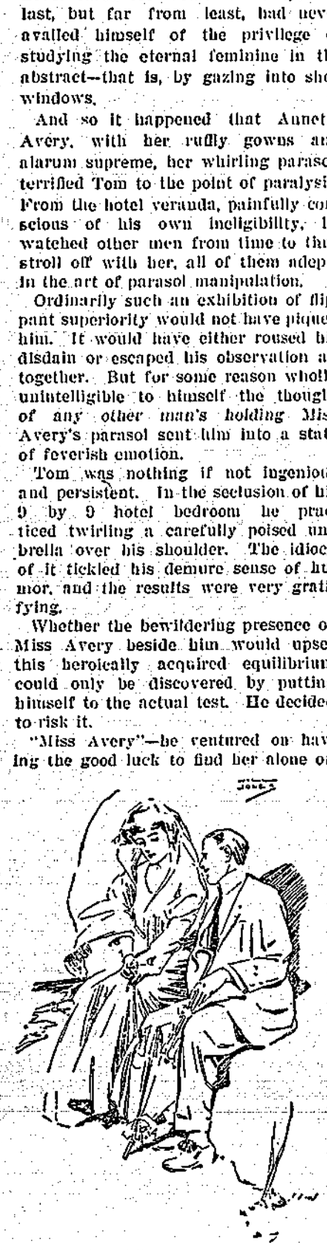
And so it happened that Annette Avery, with her ruffly gowns and alarum supreme, her whirling parasol, terrified Tom to the point of paralysis. From the hotel veranda, painfully conscious of his own ineligibility, he watched other men from time to time stroll off with her, all of them adepts in the art of parasol manipulation.

Ordinarily such an exhibition of flippant superiority would not have piqued him. It would have either roused his disdain or escaped his observation altogether. But for some reason wholly unintelligible to himself the thought *of any other man's holding* Miss Avery's parasol sent him into a state of feverish emotion.

Tom was nothing if not ingenious and persistent. In the seclusion of his 9 by 9 hotel bedroom he practiced twirling a carefully poised umbrella over his shoulder. The idiocy of it tickled his demure sense of humor, and the results were very gratifying.

Whether the bewildering presence of Miss Avery beside him would upset this heroically acquired equilibrium could only be discovered by putting himself to the actual test. He decided to risk it.

"Miss Avery"—he ventured on having the good luck to find her alone on



"THEN ACCEPT ME, DEAREST," TOM PLEADED.

the veranda in the early part of an idyllic summer day—"won't you let me paddle you up the creek a bit this morning?"

Gracious as was Miss Avery's acknowledging smile, it could not quite conceal the astonishment in her wide open blue eyes. This Tom noticed, meeting the implication gallantly.

"You see," he explained, endeavoring to toss off the words with worldly ease, "you are so discouragingly popular, Miss Avery. This is the first time I ever found you—detached, as it were."

Annette Avery laughed with delightful ingenuousness.

"I'd love to go, Mr. Brewster," she assured him. "It's too glorious a morning to spend waiting for some one who does not show up."

"Oh," said Tom, crestfallen, "then you're not really detached, after all?"

"Absolutely," was Annette's emphatic reply. "A laggard in—a laggard," she finished weakly, "isn't worth waiting for. When shall we start?"

"Right away," urged Tom. He was apprehensive of that "laggard."

"All right," agreed Annette. "Just wait till I run in and tell mother."

"Bring your parasol," Tom cried after her and then stood dumfounded at his own temerity. But by the time Annette reappeared he had braced himself literally for the shouldering of this formidable responsibility. What matter if on their way to the boathouse he did carry the frivolous thing at an angle diametrically opposed to its protective purpose? He was happily unconscious of it, and Annette, blinking heroically, was too magnanimous to disillusion him.

The canoe launched, Tom, with some show of savoir faire, tossed the cushions into it and extended his hand to Annette. At length, with a long, graceful sweep of the paddle, they were off.

The shimmering radiance of the sea marshes as they followed the windings of the little creek soon subdued their outbursts of admiration, and they fell by mutual consent into dreamy silence.

Suddenly in her excitement at sight of a "blue" crab scuttling sidewise beneath the canoe Annette lost hold of her parasol. Before Tom could rescue it, with his paddle a yelping mongrel of a dog sprang out of the tall grasses and dashed into the water after it.

"Bravo, old fellow!" called Tom. "Here, here, sir."

But to the victor belong the spoils, and the dog made off with his capture. Pursuit was impossible through the wet marshes. Powerless to avert the catastrophe, they watched the dog's fiendish demolition of the fragile contrivance.

"It's an outrage!" exclaimed Tom. "And it's your favorite sunshade too."

At this Annette burst into a merry peal of laughter. What other man among all her conventional friends would have used that quaint word "sunshade?" It tickled her fancy.

"How do you know?" she asked him teasingly.

"Because you always carry it," was Tom's candid admission.

"That's because I haven't any other," Annette informed him. "But it doesn't matter, really. It was just a garish cretonne thing."

Of these extraordinary specifications Tom took rapid mental note. The next day found him scouring the rural metropolis of Greenville for something that corresponded to Annette's description and to his own visual recollection of the ill fated parasol. But nowhere had such a novelty as a "garish cretonne sunshade" ever been heard of.

He told Annette so when, weary and disgusted, he returned to the hotel. She laughed at him mercilessly.

"Is it so funny?" he asked her wistfully.

"Well, you are," she enlightened him; "cretonne is quite a new thing for parasols to be made of. It's generally used for covering chairs and cushions and window boxes and things like that. So very probably all the shopkeepers over in Greenville thought you were crazy when you asked them for a cretonne para—sunshade."

"They acted so," was Tom's feeling comment.

A few days later, forearmed with this wealth of "cretonnic" information, Tom took his way confidentially up to town. Annette comforted herself with the thought that nothing short of very urgent business had forced him to postpone even for a day their morning paddle up the creek, which had come to be for each of them an accepted and anticipated pleasure.

On his return, although (or more likely because) it was late in the evening and full moonlight, Tom sought out Annette in the gay chatting groups on *the hotel veranda and quietly signaled* to her.

"Get something to throw around you, Annette," he directed, "and let's go down on the beach for a stroll. The moonlight is beautiful on the water."

Annette, her heart fluttering prophetically, acquiesced without a moment's hesitation.

When they had found a sheltered nook on the lee side of a picturesque old rock, Tom took off his overcoat and spread it for Annette to sit upon. As he did so a long, narrow package dropped on the sand at his feet.

"What's that?" asked Annette suspiciously.

"Something I picked up in town," Tom chuckled. "Want to see it?"

With exasperating deliberation Tom unrolled the wrappings.

"Of course," answered the truly feminine girl, perched on the rock.

"There!" he exclaimed at length, unfurling the treasure. "Do you like it?"

"Oh, what a beauty!" gasped Annette. "I never had such a—I mean I never saw such a lovely one. But, Tom, cretonne would have been all right."

Tom shook his head as one who knows whereof he speaks.

"No," he told her boastfully. "The cretonne ones aren't in the same class with this. I know because I've got two awfully garish ones of that kind for you up at the hotel."

"Why, Tom Brewster!" reproved Annette in astonishment. "Really, I can't accept"—

"What?" interrupted Tom calmly as with the slender tip of the parasol, which was all one mass of exquisite filmy flowers, he made marks in the smooth sand, upon which the moonlight shone with unmistakable distinctness.

Annette, her eyes tracing with fascinated wonder the written words, "I love you," almost forgot Tom's question.

"I couldn't accept but one," she suddenly roused herself to answer.

"Then accept me, dearest," Tom pleaded, smiling up at her.

As to what happened then under the sheltering "sunshade" even the man in the moon was left to imagine.

NEW BRUNSWICK'S AGENT.

Hon. Charles A. Duff Miller Is Well-Known Figure In London.

Hon. Charles A. Duff Miller, Agent-General in London for the Province of New Brunswick, is a man of wide experience and varied interests; essentially a man of affairs, and, as is fitting for the representative of one of the busiest and most enterprising of the elder Canadian Provinces, a very busy man.

Mr. Duff Miller has just started home on one of his frequent journeys

HON. CHARLES A. DUFF MILLER.

to the magnificent country of forests, rivers, mines, orchards, and rich agricultural lands, whose interests in the Mother Country he so ably represents. Mr. Duff Miller is a well-known figure in London club life, and in social and commercial circles, a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, a governor of the Imperial Institute, and the holder of the Canadian medal, with clasp, for service in connection with the Fenian raid in 1866. Mr. Duff Miller's post is an important one because New Brunswick's claims upon the attention of the British people are remarkable, and varied. It is not alone one of the richest, but also one of the most adjacent of Canada's rich provinces, and a veritable El Dorado for the homeseeker.

Lest He Forget.

Boys have been forbidden to play marbles around the market building at Owen Sound, as they make so much noise a man can't write his name.

REPORTING PARLIAMENT.

British Houses Now Have Their Own Reporters at Last.

For the first time in six hundred years the British Parliament is now being reported by its own official reporters. This is not all. The speech of each M.P., whether a flash from the Labor benches or a moan from the midst of the Liberal host, a cry from a back-bench "Lib.-Soc.," or a big "statement" from some head of the Government, like Mr. Churchill, is taken down in shorthand by the staff of official stenographers, printed during the night, and lumped dully, a dead weight of chilled oratory, on the table of each M.P. the next morning! For the official order has gone forth that every speech is to be officially reported "fully." This will mean a far longer report even than that of "Hansard."

Happily, the framers of the new *regime* have put in a clause permitting the Superintendent (Mr. Dods Shaw) and his eleven official shorthand writers to leave out "repetitions." This in the course of the session will lighten the sarcophagus of speeches by many hundred weights avoirdupois. For instance, when a speaker says, "I—I—I—I—I think," it will only amount to two words, and not six.

But one wonders what would have happened to Chatham's great "Never! —never!!—never!!!"

In great indignation, Pulteney, in the middle of the eighteenth century, inveighed against the reporting of Parliament, and said: "It is making speakers account without doors for what they said within." An unwarrantable crime!

But peers, M.P.'s, Dr. Johnson, and others reported Parliament more or less by stealthy, and a change came at last.

There came a day when—on February 19, 1835—the press for the first time had an allotted position in the House of Commons. Now there is a recognized Press Gallery both in Lords and Commons. For some years there has been a staff of shorthand writers working under a contractor who has printed a long succession of heavy volumes of Parliamentary speeches known as "Hansard."

And now it is "Hansard" no longer, but a staff of shorthand writers appointed by the Legislature itself.

In the matter of reporting to the people the more democratic House has always been the House of Lords. This assembly had a recognized Press Gallery when the House supposed to represent the will of the people was still barring out the reporter.

Now, in this year 1909, while the House of Commons will be still keeping even the new official reporters up in the Gallery, where the hearing is not perfect, the House of Lords will have its reporters down among the peers, on the floor of the House, where not a syllable is lost.

Here, Mr. Arthur Walter, the chief reporter of the realm, will take down every word of the debates with his own hand up to three hours. At any sittings lasting longer his assistants will relieve him after the third hour. In the Commons, eleven shorthand writers will take "turns" of a few minutes each, going out and getting their shorthand notes transcribed into longhand as quickly as possible, in readiness for the time at which they are booked to go into the Gallery again for another "turn."

Once a southern Senator journeying through the south was very much annoyed at the delay in getting food served in a certain cafe. He had given his order and waited impatiently an unreasonable length of time, when the waiter appeared and was evidently looking for some one who must have gone out without waiting for his meal. When asked by the Senator whom he was looking for he replied, "A little boy who gave his order." The Senator replied, "I am that boy."

The Black Sheep.

"What," asked the man who had returned to his native town after an absence of many years, "became of Ed. Ferguson?"

"Ed? Oh, he's doin' fine. Got the best livery stable anywhere around here and runs the depot hack."

"Let's see! He had a younger brother, hadn't he?"

"Yes—Lem. He never amounted to much. Wrote poetry and painted pictures. I guess the family kind of disowned him. At least he went away several years ago, and I dunno what ever became of him."

It might be that men would take more interest in their fashions if it were necessary to have some one to help them get into their clothes.

The schoolboy thinks that a switch in the hand is worse than a dozen in the bush.

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.

Cannot some of these scientists teach us how to make baldness attack the face instead of the scalp?

A MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE IS HER BABY'S WELFARE

Every mother is anxious that her little ones shall be healthy, good natured and bright. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms and make teething easy. Mrs. T. Covert Massie, Toronto, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little boy since he was three months old, and find that they agree with him splendidly." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Griff—You look prosperous, old man.

Grafton—Yes, I suppose you read about Nuritch's ambition to be a senator?

Griff—Well, yes; I see by the papers that he says he's in the hands of his friends——.

Grafton—That's it. I'm one of his friends.

MR. HENPEKT'S EFFORT.

The Letter He Wrote to His Absent Wife.

"Are you thinking of my return, Henry, and longing to see me once more?" wrote Mrs. Henpekt to her husband, from whom she had been absent for some weeks on a visit to her mother.

And when Henpekt took up his pen to reply he scratched his head and thought and thought and finally evolved the following:

"No, dearest; I have been so busy enjoying myself lately—or—I should say working so hard, that I confess I have not been worrying as much over your return—I mean absence—as I ought to. You know the good book says: 'Take no thought for tomorrow. Sufficient unto the day is the'—er—something or another—I forget exactly what—but anyhow, that's just the way I feel *about your coming home.* You must come when you get good and ready, dearest, though there is no particular hurry about it, and I will try to bear up nobly till then and will meet you at the station, cheerfully resigned to my fate—I mean whenever you send me word that you are coming."

And then Henpekt looked over what he had written and shook his head and said: "Confound letter writing anyhow! I haven't got my sentiments plastered over with taffy, etc., quite as plentiful as I orter, I s'pose, but I'm a little out of practice on the taffy business, and I haven't got time to write another letter anyhow—got to fly around and make hay while the cat's away, as they tell about—so I guess I'll have to sign my name to it and send the plaguy thing along as it is and take my chances."

And he did.—Will S. Gidley in Bohemian.

Three Times Defeated.

"What he doesn't know about everything isn't worth knowing," someone once said, referring to Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, who has been fighting for free trade in Glasgow. And certainly "Tommy," as he is popularly known by politicians of all ranks, knows much about many things. He served in the Inland Revenue Department, acted as correspondent for The Morning Post during the siege of Paris, started "Vanity Fair," and then to other accomplishments added a considerable knowledge of maritime law, while his practical acquaintance with navigation gained for him a master's certificate from the Board of Trade. Independence is one of his main characteristics, and he would probably have held distinguished office ere this had he been more docile to his party. A hard fighter for what he believes to be right, "Tommy" is at the same time the soul of geniality, and his smart, witty sayings have gained for him the reputation of being one of the most amusing men who ever sat in the House of Commons.—Tit-Bits.

Trial is Inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion rheumatism or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system, a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

Deadly Breath

There's a lot in modern science
Sure's your born.
Did you ever try deep breathing
For a corn?

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Yearning

The farmer who doth till the soil
Has independent will,
But still doth yearn to hie to town
And learn to soil the till.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

A Dear Friend

"I hear yer freen' Tamson's married again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear freen' tae me. He's cost me three wadding presents an' two wreaths."

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure

---

"But you must come down to dinner with me."

"Really, old boy, you must excuse me; the doctor warns me that if I start to eating I am liable to go to flesh and blood."

Horsemen, Read This

I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stables for over a year, and consider it the VERY BEST for horse flesh I can get, and would strongly recommend it to all horsemen.

GEO. HOUGH.
Livery Stables, Quebec, 95 to 103 Ann St.

Doctor—No, I shouldn't advise you to take whisky for the grip.

Guzzler—Well, I don't believe I've got the grip. It must be something else. Say, Doc, what disease is whisky good for?

Dust

There is a Wilmington man whose nerves sometimes give way under the constant fire of questions from his talkative eight-year-old son.

"Dad," asked the youngster, just as the old man had one evening settled down for a perusal of his newspaper, "Dad, am I made of dust?"

"I think not!" responded the unhappy parent. "Otherwise you'd dry up now and then."

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

All men are born free and equal, but most of them spoil it by getting married.

W. N. U., No. 738

Announcement

I beg to announce to the Officers of Western Municipalities and School Districts that in future all negotiations for the purchase of debentures shall be carried on in my own name, and not in the name of my former representatives in Regina, with whom I have severed connection.

William C. Brent
Canada Life Building... TORONTO

PARISIAN SWEETMEAT.

Old Time French Delicacy That Will Add Novelty to Today's Menu.

Here, clipped from an old French cookbook, is the recipe for that Parisian delicacy "pommes a la Fantaisie" (apple fantasy):

Peel, core and slice thinly three pounds of apples.

Place an ounce of butter in a clean enameled iron stewpan, and as soon as it boils add the apples, together with sifted sugar to taste, the juice of half a lemon free from pips and a wineglassful of claret.

Stew very slowly until quite tender.

Then place in the bottom of a fancy pie dish.

Whisk four eggs, the whites and yolks separately, to a stiff froth. Add to them a small cupful of grated bread or sponge cake crumbs which have been well soaked in milk. Add grated nutmeg and sifted sugar to taste.

Cover the apples with this mixture and bake until of a light golden brown hue.

Turn out upside down on a fancy dish.

Cover with sifted sugar and then with a latticework of strips of thinly cut angelica.

Getting Ready For Dry Territory.

"I am drinking four quarts of water a day."

"For your health?"

"No."

"Because you like it?"

"Not exactly. Just in training for my trip south."

Tasting the Climate.

The summer climate of Alaska is often described as possessing a charm and fascination which cannot be described in words. Nevertheless in "Alaska, the Great Country," Ella Higginson tells of an old Klondiker who declared that one could "just taste Alaska climate."

"It tastes different every hundred miles," he declared, with that beam of the eye which means love of Alaska in the heart. "You begin to taste it in Grenville channel. It tasted different at Skagway, and there's a big change when you get to White Horse.

"I golly! At White Horse you'll think you never tasted anything like it, but it don't hold a candle there to the way it tastes going down the Yukon.

"If you happen to get into the ar'tic circle, say, about 2 in the morning, you address yourself and like out on deck, and you can taste more'n climate. You can taste the ar'tic circle itself. Say, can you guess what it tastes like?"

I could not guess what the arctic circle tasted like and frankly confessed it.

"Well, say, it tastes like icicles made out of them little blue flowers you call voylets. I picked some out from under the snow once and et 'em. There was moisture froze all over 'em, so I know how they taste, and that's the way the ar'tic circle tastes.

"Just you remember when you get to the circle an' say, straight goods, if Cyanide Bill ain't right."

Luckier Than Swastika.

A new good luck emblem has been found.

Its discoverer—cynics might remark its inventor—says it is 5,000 years old and that it brings far more good luck to its wearer than the swastika—for instance, health, money, love, friends, happiness—scarcely any good thing is left out of its catalogue. It is in the form of a T with the center bar quite long and the suggestion of a horseshoe across the center of the top.

If you are superstitious add this to your collection of good luck emblems. But, as a tip, don't sit down with happy folded hands and expect all these blessings to come to you. The world's experience has usually been that if you want these good things of life you must get up and amble after them quite hurriedly.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Five cents' worth of whiting kept in a bathroom closet is a cheap and quick polisher of nickel fixings.

If oilcloth is given a coat of varnish twice a year it wears longer, is more easily kept clean and does not lose the pattern.

A paste of thick starch and water put on blood stains and allowed to stand for a short time will remove them when not too old.

In cutting bread for sandwiches if a hot instead of cold knife is used the slices will be thinner and more easily cut.

A saucerful of lime placed in a damp closet will act as a disinfectant and absorb dampness. The lime should be renewed once in two weeks or as often as it slakes.

The cheaper grade of almonds with hard shells are quite as good as the better almonds for salting. They are no more trouble to prepare if a nutcracker is used to break them.

Cold shrimp or cold chicken cut into dice and mixed with cold peas makes a delicious leftover when creamed with butter, salt, pepper and a little milk or cream in a chafing dish.

Up Against It

The suffragette leader was addressing a meeting of the Cooklady's and Chambermaids' union.

"You women should all have a voice in the affairs of the nation," she exclaimed. "You should assert yourselves. You should be entitled to a vote."

Hereupon a seeker after information arose. The interruption was accompanied by a strong Hibernian accent. "Sure, thot wud mean that we'd be after havin' to live in wan place for six months, wodn't it?" demanded the speaker.

It was not until then that the suffragette leader fully realized what she was up against.

Convalescing

The following was told of the patient of a well-known New York physician:—

The patient, an elderly gentleman, became quite ill while the doctor was absent upon a vacation, the indisposition being the result of too frequent potations. A female nurse was at once engaged to care for him in his hotel.

A lady residing in the same hotel one morning inquired concerning his condition of the chambermaid.

"Shure, ma'am," replied Maggie, "an' I think he be getting along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'!"

Exasperating

From the dark kitchen there emanated a series of thumps and angry exclamations. Jones was looking for the cat.

"Pa!" called the son from the stairway.

"Go to bed and let me alone," blurted Jones; "I've just barked my shins."

"Pa!" insisted Tommy, after a moment's silence.

"Well, what is it? Didn't I tell you to keep quiet?"

"I—I didn't hear your shins bark."

And the next moment Tommy was being pursued by an angry sire with a hard hair brush.

What Shall the Punishment Be?

How must we deal with those who steal a child from its mother's side?
What is the fate that should await such wretches far and wide?
They bid us pay or they will slay—let vengeance quickly fall.
Enact, oh state, a fitting fate—a fate that will appall.

Mighty Uncertain

A Georgia moonshiner whipped his wife. She betrayed him for revenge, and then refused to give evidence. The judge summed up the collective experience of the universe in the comment that "if there is one thing the Lord doesn't know it is what a woman will do."—Montreal Herald.

The man who can't stand prosperity will find it harder to stand adversity.

A dumb man is like a minority; he has no voice in the matter.

When the Nerves get out of Tune

And nervous prostration or partial paralysis brings you to a bed of helplessness.

You can remember the case described here and revitalize the wasted nervous system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is so easy to neglect derangements of the nerves until something serious happens.

We say happens because many persons do not think they are really sick until they are laid low by nervous prostration or some form of paralysis.

They overlook the headaches, the nervous indigestion, the irritability and nervousness, the loss of sleep and energy and ambition. They forget that for weeks or months life has been more or less of a drag.

Then when the nervous collapse comes it takes patient and persistent treatment to get you on your feet again. The nerve cells must be gradually built up and a little more energy added to the system each day than is expended.

Get in the sunshine, breathe the fresh air, rest and use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you will get well. But you must be patient and persistent.

Mr. Wm. Graham, Atwood, Ont., writes:—"My wife had been ill for some time with nervous prostration and two of the best doctors we could get failed to help her. She gradually became worse and worse, could not sleep and lost energy and interest in life. She was giving up in despair when a friend advised a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"From the first box of this preparation my wife used we noticed improvement and now she is completely cured and as well as ever she was, eats well, sleeps well and feels fully restored. I am satisfied that my wife owes her life to *Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.*" 50c a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Tobacco Heart

I might have wed, but realized
What married life might mean,
And so I but idealized
My Lady Nicotine.

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued.—When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.

A man's lid may not be a thing of beauty, but he can wear it in the rain without getting the curl out of the feathers.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Some surgeons manage carve out large fortunes.

It is usually the blunt man who says the sharpest things.

Real English SUITS and OVERCOATS to Measure from $5.14 to $20.

Cut in Latest London and New York Style, whichever preferred. No matter what part of the dominion you live in, we undertake to supply you with a smart, comfortable Suit, fitting you perfectly, or otherwise to refund your money in full. The process is simple, merely fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

SUITS and OVERCOATS to measure from $5.14 to $20.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

CURZON BROS. "Go to Curzon." The World's Measure Tailors,

(Dept 81 D, 60/62 City Rd., LONDON, ENGLAND.

Addresses for Patterns:
For Toronto and East Canada: CURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT DIRECTORIES, Ltd. (Dept. 81D) 74-76 Church St., Toronto, Ont.
For Winnipeg and the West: CURZON BROS., c/o Henderson Bros. (Dept. 81D) 279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG
— Please mention this paper.

When You Feel Played Out

There comes a time when your grip on things weakens. Your nerves are unstrung, the vital forces low, the stomach is weak and the blood impoverished. You feel old age creeping over you. Be careful of yourself. Take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

at once; there is need to renew the life forces. Weak nerves, wearied brains, sick stomach, feeble blood, torpid liver, sluggish bowels—all feel the quickening effects of Beecham's Pills. Their use makes all the difference. The tonic action of these pills upon the vital organs is immediate, thorough and lasting. They are Nature's own remedy

For Run-down Conditions

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA, ASK FOR

EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.

EVERY WOMAN WHO SUFFERS

CAN FIND SURE RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Mrs. J. Oliver Tells How She Lost Her Pains and Weakness When She Used the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy

Elgin, Ont. (Special).—Women who suffer, and there are thousands of them in Canada, will hear with interest the experience of Mrs. J. Oliver of this place. She has suffered and found a cure and she has no hesitation in saying that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for over a year from Backache and Fainting Spells," Mrs. Oliver states. "I was tired and nervous all the time and the least exertion would make me perspire freely. My feet and ankles would swell and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised and bought some. Twelve boxes cured me."

All women who suffer should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They make healthy Kidneys and healthy Kidneys are the first rule of health for woman. The female organs depend almost entirely on the Kidneys for their health. No woman can hope to be healthy and happy unless her Kidneys are right. The Kidneys need occasional help or they must become tired or sick. And almost any woman can tell you out of her own experience that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the help they need.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

Sagacity Shown by Trained Dogs as Part of an Army.

For dogs to be enlisted in every great army of the world, either in the ambulance department or as scouts and dispatch bearers, is surely something of a novelty.

In the Franco-Prussian war out of 129,000 killed and wounded 13,000 were returned as "missing." And who shall say what these men endured? Every war of the future, however, will see the dog lessening its horror. In Germany his education is at this moment being taken in hand by a voluntary society with nearly 2,000 members, among them some of the most able officers in that country's great army. The war dog proper is used for sentry, messenger and scouting service, while the ambulance dog's training inclines him only to scour the battlefield in search of the wounded and missing.

The needs of modern warfare not only call for vast enlarging of the battlefield, but also compel the troops to take every advantage of natural cover. This and the fact that wounded men will use their last strength to seek protection from artillery fire, cavalry charges and the wheels of guns by crawling into thick bushes, ditches and natural holes will show how difficult it is for the overworked stretcher bearers of the Red Cross department to notice prostrate figures not readily seen. Moreover, modern warfare is carried on largely by night attack, and at night, too, the wounded have to be collected. The ambulance dog, however, is independent of artificial light and relies only on his power of scent.

Recently during the great Austrian maneuvers 200 men were left lying on the field to represent the wounded, and the stretcher bearers, working against time, overlooked thirty-eight of these. Within twenty minutes the Viennese dogs had found them all. Each dog had about his neck a flask of brandy or soup and a roll of bandages. The wounded man, having made what use he can of this relief, gives the dog his cap or belt, and the animal races off with it to the ambulance attendants, whom he then conducts to the spot.—W. G. Fitzgerald in St. Nicholas.

No one can tell what is happening in the Caspian sea. For years past its waters have been falling, and it has been supposed that the great inland sea was gradually drying up. Recent soundings revealed the astonishing fact that the Caspian is at present actually deeper than it was a century ago. There is only one possible hypothesis. The bottom of the sea must be dropping out.

"The physician attending me prescribed, on my rallying from an attack of rheumatism, your *Scott's Emulsion*, which I have been taking every winter since. I find it most valuable in strengthening and building up one after a severe illness. I have not had rheumatism since the time mentioned above and I owe it to your most valuable *Emulsion*. It is my life now, and makes me strong and healthy."—R. PICARD, Grand Ligne, Quebec.

For two hundred years before SCOTT'S EMULSION came Cod Liver Oil was used for rheumatism.

Scott's Emulsion

is modernized Cod Liver Oil; the purest and best oil partly predigested, made palatable and suitable for the most delicate child or invalid. It enriches the blood, tones up the entire system, and drives out rheumatism.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Picard's letter and other literature on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

ECONOMICAL PRIZES.

Dainty Little Bows Made From Short Lengths of Silk.

It is the custom to give prizes for all game and contest entertainments; therefore the woman who does much entertaining is ever on the lookout for new ideas.

A girl who has not much money to spend, but whose parties are enjoyed for their informality and the touch of novelty found in the arrangements, hit upon a set of prizes for a recent card party that proved so popular they may be suggestive.

Dainty handkerchief boxes covered with stylish blue and white Japanese paper were lined with white tissue paper, and in each box were put two belts and two small silk bows to match. Tinseled and fancy belting was used, and the double bows were not more than two inches across when finished.

The belts can be picked up quite cheaply when sales are watched, and each tie takes less than an eighth of a yard of silk. They are simple to make, a consideration with a busy girl.

A pattern for each loop was a semicircle about two inches and a half long and two inches deep. The straight edge was put on the fold of the silk and the material cut double. Four of these pieces were cut, and each one was gathered around the curved edge and drawn up into as tight a neck as possible.

Two loops were then sewed together neck to neck, and one set of loops was placed on top of the other and the joining covered with a narrow fold of silk.

Half a dozen such bows can be made in a short time, and if pretty colors are chosen they are extremely becoming, besides making an artistic looking gift when combined in the box with contrasting shades.

WE LIKE TO MEET HER.

The Girl Who Is Always Glad to See Us.

The girl who makes us think she has been pining to see us. She may have not been, but her assumption is pleasing to our self esteem.

She who has some graceful word of praise. Pounds of taffy may cloy, but the occasional piece usually goes to the spot.

The girl who laughs.

The girl who can calm us down. When the flame of ire is stirred it is easier to find those who will throw on fuel than be an extinguisher.

She who stops for a kindly greeting, though we know she can ill spare the time. The few minutes of our busy friends are more prized than hours from the girl who is trying to kill time.

The girl who has the latest news. We may disapprove of malice in gossip, but most of us will not seek for ear cotton when simple gossip comes our way.

The girl with whom we can afford to let off steam. There are few among our friends who are trustworthy enough to prove safety valves. Their intention is usually better than their discretion.

She who can make our day brighter. There are some people who can put a damper on our whole day without resorting to a word. A cheer bringer is a mascot.

The girl who is always the same. Variety is an overestimated virtue when it is found in the disposition of our friends.

The girl who leaves us quite in love with ourselves. Meeting some women is like an unexpected glimpse in a distorting mirror—our after humility is painful.

ESCAPES AS ATHLETE.

Glasgow Prisoner Eludes Police In Marathon Costume.

At an early hour in the morning, when the milk carts were making their rounds in Glasgow recently, a scantily dressed figure was seen speeding along Duke street.

Apparently an athlete, little attention was paid to him by the drivers of the milk carts, tramway car men or even policemen, who took the man to be a local Marathon athlete out for a morning spin.

One little boy, sharper than his elders, rang the bell of Duke-street prison and informed the authorities that "yin of yer prisoners has escaped and is rinnin' alang tae Cumbernauld." "Awa' hame tae yer bed," was all his thanks for disturbing the officials at such an hour in the morning.

By the time the boy's story was found to be true the prisoner, Edward Toye, had got safely away, and no trace of him has been found.

It appears that the warder, in making his rounds of the prison, entered the corridor in which the man's cell was situated. He is positive that he locked the gate behind him. Reaching Toye's cell, he had just opened its door when his attention was directed to another matter at the furthest end of the corridor. In a moment Toye, who is only five feet in height and as wiry as a squirrel, threw off his prison garb, and in his underclothing made for the locked gateway, through the bars of which he successfully wriggled himself.

A drop of twenty feet landed him in the courtyard, where he lay across the axle of a goods-laden lorry, the driver of which, in all ignorance, drove him to freedom right under the eyes of the prison staff.

Toye was under sentence of three years' penal servitude, and was that day to have been removed to Peterhead convict prison. He is 29 years of age, and since he was a boy of incorrigible thief.

Are Women Less Honest Than Men?

"Are women less honest than men?" This palpitating question has become one of the great subjects of discussion in Paris, thanks to a symposium in La Revue.

There is not one dares openly to affirm that woman is dishonest. Anatole France, the master of contemporary French literature, questions whether man is so virtuous that he should desire to weigh himself in the balance against woman. And he speaks of masculine arrogance and ferocity and brutality. And so woman, according to the judgment of Paris, is not more dishonest than man. Whence sprang that legend that she was?—Paris Letter to Pall Mall

UGLY SKIN SORES.

Zam-Buk Removes Them

It is just at this season that pimples blotches, sores, scrofulous ailments and eruptions generally make themselves most felt. Zam-Buk will be found of wonderful use wherever there is skin eruption or deep-seated ulceration. Pimples, blotches, and irritating rashes on the face and other parts of the body indicate a disturbance of the functions of the skin. Impure matter which the blood should discharge by means of the skin, is allowed to remain in the pores, the process of "exhalation" is interrupted and just where the bad matter collects, there pimples, ulcers, and sores quickly appear, and the skin tissue suffers. To be complete, the treatment must be of two kinds. The sufferer may help to diminish the supply of impurities by taking no rich greasy and indigestible foods; but, to remove the impurities themselves, the pores must be opened and the skin made healthier by the vigorous application of Zam-Buk morning and night and washing frequently with some pure soap. There is none better than the antiseptic Zam-Buk Medicinal and Toilet Soap. Zam-Buk balm stimulates the functions of the skin by the penetration of its refined herbal essences, and thus reaches the root of the disease.

Mr. Arthur B. Griffin, of 191 Picton Street, E. Hamilton, says:—"I was greatly troubled with pimples and blotches breaking out on my face. I tried a number of remedies, and also specially dieted, yet the pimples and blotches remained. Acting on the suggestion of a friend, I began using Zam-Buk, and was much pleased to find an improvement after several applications. The itching was alleviated and the inflammation seemed less. As I continued the Zam-Buk treatment the pimples and blotches became less sore, the itching was cured altogether, and inflammation banished. In the course of a short time every blotch and pimple was removed."

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for cuts, lacerations, burns, eczema, ringworm, poisoned wounds, festering sores, bad leg, and all skin injuries and diseases. It is also a cure for piles. Druggists and Stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box, or post-free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price.

Grabbed and Held On.

A teacher in one of the schools of Berlin has given to the papers of that city a composition written by one of the pupils in his school on the subject "The Kaiser," in the course of which the young author says: "Prince Wilhelm was born on the kaiser's birthday. From the dome of the castle 101 salute shots were fired. The old grandfather and old Wrangel hopped into a cab and went to the schloss, and old Wrangel said, 'The boy is all right,' and the father made a bow from the balcony, and it was awful cold. And when the boy was baptized his father held his watch in front of the little fellow's nose, and he grabbed it and never let go again because he is a Hohenzollern."

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.

A Song of a Statesman

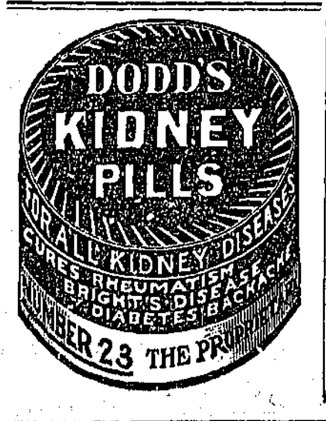
Life would be free from bitter thrills
If all we had to learn
Was to put through our favorite bills
And placidly adjourn.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

A LOST POEM OF KIPLING.

The February Bookman publishes Kipling's "The Foreloper," which it describes as "the hitherto lost poem." It would seem that of this early bit of Kipling only the first six lines remained within the general memory of men, including the author. The entire poem, fourteen lines in all, was recently discovered in the columns of a Pacific coast publication:

The gull shall whistle in his wake,
the blind wave break in fire,
He shall fulfil God's utmost will unknowing His desire;
And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars arise,
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadow of new skies.
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out and hunger arm his hand
To wring his food from a desert nude, his foothold from the sand.
His neighbors' smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest,
He shall go forth till South is North, sullen and dispossessed;
And he shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people and a king;
And he shall come back in his own track, and by his scarce cool camp;
There he shall meet the roaring street, the derrick and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and with brand,
Till on his lost won wilderness an Empire's bulwarks stand.



WHERE LIFE IS CHEAP.

Human Beings Are of Very Little Account In Canton.

In Canton I met for the second time a talented young Swedish civil engineer who had crossed the Pacific with me in search of a job, writes I. K. Friedman in the Chicago News. He was sanguine as to his future then; he was in the dumps now.

He had just laid before one of the chief officials of the place, to whom he came armed with a letter of introduction, plans for installing a modern sewerage system in Canton. "Your people," he said to the mandarin, "die off like flies every time the plague strikes you here. Your mortality rate, to one coming from the sanitary cities of America or Europe, is appalling. Let me cut it down for you and put it on a par with that of the first centers of the world."

Then the mandarin, so the young engineer said, leaned far back in his chair, stared at him with a surprised air and remarked scornfully, but quietly: "Young man, why did you come all these thousands of miles to Canton for the sake of carrying to us such mad ideas? Take them back to Sweden with you. Let us rest in peace in China and go our own way undisturbed by these silly newfangled ideas. Build modern sewerage systems in Sweden to your heart's content, ten in every city for all we care. We will have none of them in Canton."

When the engineer, crestfallen and bewildered, asked why, the answer was at once forthcoming: "There are too many people living in Canton now. We shouldn't know what to do with more if we had them. Our people, as it is, are finding it hard enough to make a living."

This mandarin's attitude sums up in a way at once amusing and illuminative the oriental attitude toward life and the living.

Nothing seems cheaper in the orient than life, and, as a matter of fact, little else is so cheap. When you pass through the labyrinth of streets that make up Canton, packed almost to suffocation with human beings, you begin to understand why so little value is placed on life. Your understanding of the situation grows clearer when you realize the battle-like competition going on here from early morning until late at night for the few handfuls of rice and millet that sustain the existence of each of this swarming mass.

An Operating Room Hero.

President Fallieres' first list of decorations for the year included the name of one man who is little known. This was a young physician named Louis Bozy, who lost an eye in the discharge of his duty. Dr. Bozy while acting as assistant to an operating surgeon in one of the Paris hospitals had an eye injured through a drop of poisonous matter coming in contact with it. He knew that an antidote must be applied immediately, but by doing this he would have left the chief surgeon unattended and remained at his post with his eye uncared for until the operation was completed. In consequence of his heroism he lost an eye and was confined to a hospital for a long time. President Fallieres in conferring the decoration said that a wound received by a physician in the discharge of his duty was as honorable as one received on the battlefield.

Dickens' Mustache.

Among some stories told by W. P. Frith, the Royal academician, who is ninety years of age, is the following concerning Charles Dickens: Frith many years ago was commissioned to paint a portrait of the novelist. "There was a hitch about the first sitting," says the nonagenarian. "Dickens had started growing a mustache, which was considered almost a crime in those days. The delay in the sittings continued, and one morning, when we expected to find Dickens had relented and had shaved off his mustache, to our dismay he had started growing more hair on his chin. Landseer called that morning, and he gave a great start when he saw Dickens' face. Dickens then took the bull by the horns. 'I say, old fellow, you don't seem to notice this,' he said, pointing to his mustache. 'Oh, yes, I do,' was the reply. 'It enables me to see less of you, and that's an advantage.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Over Herculaneum.

Herculaneum lies under the modern villages of Portici and Resina. In attempting to excavate the buried city the Italian government is encountering the problem of the property rights of the people who live on the modern level. The legal theory is that a landowner owns an inverted pyramid whose apex is the center of the earth—everything under him is his. But who inherits the property rights of the subsoil town which was buried 2,000 years ago? A law is pending to take by right of eminent domain the ground from under the Resina landowners, or at least the treasures it may conceal.—Youth's Companion.

A Canine Marvel.

A contemporary relates an extraordinary story of the strength of a dog's jaws, which, as it is given with full details, we accept in good faith. The strength of a dog's jaws and teeth were never more exemplified than in the case of a Ross-shire gamekeeper, whose collie was unfortunate enough to be caught in a steel vermin trap. The gamekeeper, gun in hand, was soon on the scene, but in the short time the dog had become quite infuriated with pain. Having nothing suitable for muzzling the animal and fearing to place his foot upon the trap spring with the dog's jaws free, the gamekeeper placed the gun barrels in the dog's mouth and held them there while easing the spring. With a vicious snap the teeth closed on the cold steel ere he regained his freedom. The barrels, which are of steel, were holed through—an almost incredible performance—and were examined shortly after.—London Graphic.

On Shipboard.

Poetical Person—What are the sad waves saying?

Sick Passenger—That's easy. "Heave up, heave up!"—Judge.

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

Everyone Needs a Tonic in the Spring to Build up the Blood

If you want new health and strength in the spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. After the long indoor winter months are past most people feel depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood is impure and watery. That is what causes pimples and unsightly eruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheumatism, the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia, poor appetite, frequent headaches and a desire to avoid exertion. These troubles can all be banished by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, strengthens every nerve and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired out, ailing men and women. Mrs Frank Murphy, Clark's Harbor, N. S., says:—"A year ago I was completely run down and my work became a burden to me. I felt tired all the time and could drag myself about. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking three or four boxes was again in the best of health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will prove a friend in need to all who are weak and ailing."

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.

Different Terms

Wilkins—"Does your wife play the piano?"

Bilkins—"Well, she says she does, but——"

Wilkins—"But what?"

Bilkins—"It sounds to me as if she worked it."

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A woman may be as old as she looks, but it is seldom possible to get her to admit it.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Origin of the Sex

A poet who has been known to tell the truth recounts this story of his little daughter. Her mother overheard her expounding the origin of the sex to her family of dolls. "You see, children," she said, "Adam was a man all alone, and was very lonely, so God put him to sleep, took his brains out, and made a nice lady out of them."

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

Failure

Sig. R. Wrett—"Greasy Grinds' college life was a perfect failure."

Hellth E. Chue—"For instance?"

Sig. R. Wrett—"Well, he never learned his class yell!"—Coyote.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup needs no recommendation. To all who are familiar with it, it speaks for itself. Years of use in the treatment of colds and coughs and all affections of the throat has unquestionably established its place among the very best medicines for such diseases. If you give it a trial you will not regret it. You will find it 25 cents well invested.

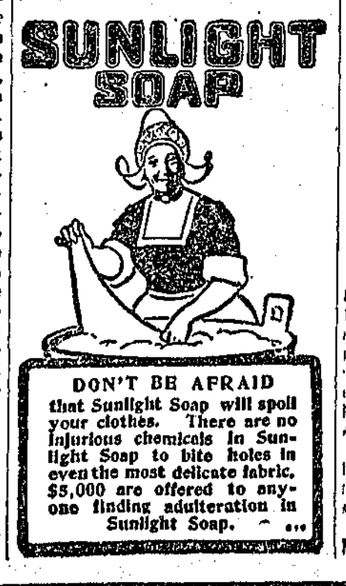
Examination of the records of 8,000 cancer cases of which the Middlesex hospital, London, has notes have shown that there is no evidence that the disease is inherited.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The keel plate of the cruiser Indefatigable to be launched in October, was laid at Devonport recently. She will be the largest cruiser afloat, her length being 570 feet.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

Sir James Dewar, who was presented by the Prince of Wales with the Albert medal of the Royal society, is known pre-eminently in connection with the liquefaction of gases.



DON'T BE AFRAID
that Sunlight Soap will spoil your clothes. There are no injurious chemicals in Sunlight Soap to bite holes in even the most delicate fabric. $5,000 are offered to anyone finding adulteration in Sunlight Soap.

THE TRIPLE TURN.

Few Acrobats Have Attempted This Dangerous Feat.

Of all the feats known to gymnasts the most dangerous is the "triple turn." This means that, starting with a run from a springboard, the acrobat makes three complete turns in the air. This turn has killed more first class tumblers than any other trick known to the profession.

The first man to try the triple turn was a performer in Van Amberg's circus. He struck on the back of his head and broke his neck. This was in 1842. Three years later a performer at Atley's, in London, tried it, but he was instantly killed. John Aymer, a famous acrobat, attempted the feat in 1859. He was killed. The famous Bob Stickney accomplished the feat once in a gymnasium in New York, but got such a scare that he never dared attempt it in the ring.

The only person living or dead who has ever done the feat more than once is John Worland, who has accomplished it six times.

Last year Dan O'Brien, one of the star leapers at the Hippodrome, in New York, found that he was "overthrowing" the double and determined to try the triple. He did the trick to perfection, making a clean light and keeping his feet. But O'Brien, while naturally elated at having accomplished a stunt that places him among a very few of the most daring and skillful performers in the world, is not anxious to try it a second time. "Never again!" says Little Dan, as he is known in acrobatic circles. "Of course," he added, "in our business you are always likely to break an arm or a leg, but in the triple somersault you are taking a big chance with your life. Never again for me! It's too dangerous."—W. R. C. Latson in New York Tribune.

The Right to Kill.

Considerable excitement has been aroused in Paris by the question raised by Dr. Bosredon of Brive and taken up by his Paris colleagues whether a doctor has a right under certain circumstances to take a man's life.

Dr. Bosredon was the first medical man who arrived on the scene of the railway accident in Brive tunnel. The stoker of the engine, a man named Lefort, was caught under the wreck and slowly burned to death.

"When I reached him," writes Dr. Bosredon, "the man was screaming with agony and begged me to kill him. There was no possible hope of saving his life. He was slowly being burned to death, and his body was horribly crushed.

"I considered that my conscience permitted me to put an end to his agony and asked a gendarme for his revolver. He said that he had none, and the stoker was slowly burned to death instead of being put out of his pain there and then."—London Express.

So Near and Yet So Far.

"I've lived for twenty years in New York apartments," said a man who would rather pay rent than shovel snow around his own home, "and I've encountered some extraordinary wrinkles in that form of existence. But the queerest thing of all happened a few days ago."

"Rent reduced?" asked an alleged humorist.

"No. In the apartment over me has lived for four years a family which I came to know pretty well. While not on visiting terms, we met often and agreeably. The head of the house was a fine fellow, for whom I entertained a sincere liking.

"Well, sir, this man, a familiar acquaintance, living in the same house with me, died suddenly and had been buried nearly two weeks before I heard of his death, and then I learned of it quite accidentally through a chance remark by the elevator boy.

"A neat commentary on New York life, isn't it? I wonder what they'd think of it down on the old farm?"—New York Globe.

CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

Sometimes It Holds Water Enough to Float the Boats.

Of some of the crude and outgrown methods used on China's Grand canal a writer in the North China Daily News remarks: "The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundreds of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the lock of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some eighty vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and for transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

"For this reason a Chinese lock on the Grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

"After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—a by no means unlikely occurrence—there is nothing to do but to wait until more comes from somewhere."

"Hush Money" at the Opera.

There are a number of singers belonging to the Metropolitan Opera House company who, although they are retained merely for cases of emergency, are nevertheless guaranteed a certain amount of pay. Thus, supposing that their price per performance is $500, they each get, say, $5,000 for the season, even if they do not sing at all.

Some wag at the opera house has invented a most appropriate name for the salaries paid out to these silent song birds.

He calls it "hush money."—New York Times.

"MY KIDNEYS HURT ME ALL THE TIME"

Gin Pills Cured Them. Free Sample Box Leads to Cure.

Only those who have been tortured with Kidney Trouble can appreciate how Mr. Trumper suffered. Being a railroad man, he was called upon to do all kinds of heavy work. The constant strain of lifting, weakened the kidneys.

I received the sample box of Gin Pills and was greatly benefitted by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes of Gin Pills, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad and did not lose a day.

FRANK TRUMPER, Napanee, Ont.

Do sharp twinges catch you as you stoop? Are you subject to Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago? Does your Bladder give trouble? Take Gin Pills on our positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded, 50c a box—6 for $2.50. At dealers, or direct if you cannot obtain from druggist.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 117

EARTHQUAKES.

They Are Not the Most Terrible of the World's Catastrophes.

It is the general opinion that earthquakes constitute the most terrible of the world's catastrophes both as regards loss of life and destruction of property.

This, however, is not so.

The convulsion in southern Italy killed not less than 200,000 people, and in this respect it is easily the most dreadful occurrence of its kind. The historic Lisbon earthquake, which ranks next below it in regard to the number of fatalities, caused 50,000 deaths in that one city alone and about an equal number elsewhere. The South American one of 1867 was responsible for 30,000. That which destroyed Aleppo in 1822 slew 20,000. These are the four worst earthquakes concerning which anything like reliable statistics are obtainable, and the total combined loss of life, it will be observed, did not, at any rate, exceed 350,000.

But when the Yellow river burst its banks in September, 1887, more than 7,000,000 people were drowned in the resultant great flood, which covered to an average depth of six feet a populous Chinese province the size of Scotland. Thus in this one catastrophe more lives were lost than in all the earthquakes recorded in the world's history.

Then, again, there is pestilence. The black death killed in China, where it broke out, 13,000,000 people, in the rest of Asia 24,000,000 and 30,000,000 in Europe, or 67,000,000 in all. In India alone, and that within the past twelve years, the bubonic plague has slain over 6,000,000 of our fellow subjects, and the epidemic still rages.

Or there are famines, which run plagues a close second. The one that raged in Bombay and Madras in 1877, for example, slew 5,000,000 people, and that which prevailed in northern China in the same year and which was due to the same climatic causes cost 9,500,000 lives.

No! Earthquakes, terrible though they strike the imagination as being at the time they occur, are mere flea bites when compared with these other manifestations of nature's power to kill.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Terrible Loss.

As is the case with all occurrences where tragedy is uppermost, the collision between the Republic and the Florida brought out some amusing incidents. Here is one:

When the Republic passengers were taken on board the Baltic many of them had saved practically none of their belongings. One lady, arrayed in a nightgown and fur coat, all she had brought with her from the sinking ship, climbed over the side of the Baltic and spied a sort of bulletin board on which notices of interest to the passengers were posted. The following caught that lady's eye:

"Lost.—One gold button. Finder please return to"—

The possessor of one nightgown and one fur coat looked long and solemnly at that notice.

"Lost, one gold button," she murmured dreamily. "Think of it—one button lost!"

Then she went into hysterics.—New York Times.

The Eagle Dam.

The dam of the Rio Grande, opposite Eagle, N. M., is to be one of the largest in the world, and it is intended to end the ancient war between old Mexico, New Mexico and Texas, says Roy Crandall in the Van Norden Magazine. It will form a lake forty-five miles in length, 200 feet deep, with a capacity great enough to flood 2,000,000 acres to the uniform depth of one foot. The dam which is destined to work this wonder will be a mountain of concrete, the estimates now being figured calling for 410,000 cubic feet of that material. The vast retaining bank will be 265 feet high, 180 feet thick at the base, 20 feet thick on top, while the length of the crest will be 1,150 feet. It will cost $8,000,000.

McKENZIE'S SEEDS

SELECTED FOR THE WEST.

Sold by every wide-awake merchant. Insist on

McKENZIE'S PURE SEEDS.

and if your dealer cannot supply, send your order to us direct. Address

BRANDON MAN. or CALGARY ALTA.

WRITE FOR CATALOG.

A. E. McKENZIE CO., LTD.

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. Chelin & 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.

F. 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.

HORSE STRAYED.

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

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

Many a fellow who has failed at everything else succeeds in marrying well.

Mormonism teaches us that no man is so much married that he couldn't be more so.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but fails to remember that he laughs best who laughs last.

Some men would be willing to pay long distance telephone rates to tell their troubles.

Wigg: I believe in paying as I go. Wagg: Yes, I notice you don't go very much.

Joax: Why on earth did he marry her? Joax: I suppose because there is no marrying in heaven.

It sometimes happens that a letter is opened by mistake, also a man who is operated on for appendicitis.

Many a bride would go home to mamma if it wasn't for all the pretty things she has her house furnished with.

He: So you don't believe in long engagements, eh? She: No, I've never been engaged to a man whose money lasted very long.

After five years of married life love becomes so thoroughly seasoned with duty that it becomes difficult to tell what was the original article.

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., JUNE 17, 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.

Price of Copper.

Talking about the prospects of copper, the Curb says:

The heavy buying is due to the fact that the large consumers have discovered finally that general business is improving rapidly and that the supply of copper is none too large. They have been buying from hand to mouth for some time but now that they see signs of prosperity ahead they are anxious to lay in supplies. In trying to do so they find that copper is not so plentiful as they thought it was and the advancing prices are the result of their efforts to make up for lost time. With the producers in such an independent position as they are at the present time there is every reason to expect 15 cent copper within a few months, possibly sooner than that. This is the opinion of the best posted copper men in the business and they have been right for a long time.

The sales have been so heavy this month and the deliveries on previous sales have gone forward to such an extent that it is safe to to predict a big decrease in the amount of copper on hand for the current month, as shown by the Copper Producers' statement which has just been issued, and there is liable to be a scramble for supplies such as has not been witnessed for a long time.

Viewed broadly, therefore, it is evident that the metal is in a stronger position than it has been for a long time and a steady advance in price and a constant increase in the volume of business may be looked for.

Practical Atheism.

Titus, 1:16—They profess that they know God, but in works they deny him.

There have been some very good and some very sincere people who have found it impossible to believe that there is a God. Some of them have sought long and earnestly for Him, and have not found Him. The world about them, as they have lived, have seemed to them to shut Him out. And sorrowfully they have given up the search. But they have nevertheless gone on, living lives of kindness and purity and putting to shame many who have professed a more assured faith. Of them we might almost say, inverting the words of the text, "They profess that they know not God, but their works confess Him."

Such people have been called atheists as a term of reproach, and have often been looked upon in horror by people whose lives were far less lofty and pure. But, however that may be, let us not forget that it is not atheists of this kind who are spoken of in the Bible. It is another kind of atheism altogether that the Bible so severely condemns, the atheism, not of the man who thinks there is no God. He is the practical atheist, who denies God in his works.

Boswell once asked Dr. Johnson if the comedian Foote were not an infidel. "He is an infidel, sir, as a dog is an infidel," was the vigorous reply. "He has never thought on the matter." There is a good deal of this dog kind of infidelity among us all. We go in the same careless, self-centered way, just as if the Father we profess to believe in were dead.

A man's real creed is the life he leads. What we, in our heart of hearts believe, works itself out in every thought we think, every word we say, and every act we do. Life unfolds itself from within outward. And if the Father is in our hearts we will show it in our lives. We do this simply by being what he is. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and He in him. And if a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. And God is also truth as well as love, and if we love not the truth we deny him, too. The stars above us move around their vast orbits in solemn silence, but they speak a language more expressive than words. We hear them

Forever singing as they shine
The hand that made us is divine

In the same way, every pure thought and every unselfish deed speaks to the man who has ears to hear, of the good Father above. They all come to Him. "God is greater than our hearts," and if we find a spark of love and truth in a human life, it speaks to us of the infinite love and truth. And thus it comes, and when we refuse to let these shine forth in our lives, we are denying Him. When we do we are giving Him the highest worship. It was something like this that the old monks of the middle ages meant when they said "laborare est orare," to work is to pray.

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.

Copper Report.

The monthly report of the Copper Producers' association is as follows: Copper stock on hand June 1 amounted to 769,848,141 pounds, a decrease of 13,349,932 pounds as compared with May 1. Production during Msy was 118,356,146 pounds, an increase of 4,781,854 as compared with April.

Greenwood is short on printers this week, but long on editors. The shortness will be overcome in a day or two. The longs will be eliminated as the grub-stake diminishes. Three editors are more than a printer and devil can hope to feed and clothe.

Clipper Jokes.

Arthur Row, of Robert Hilliard's company of "A Fool There Was," has a friend, an officer in the army at one of the Western forts, who told him this incident: A couple of young fellows in the company, having secured leave of absence one day to go to the nearest town, returned late, overstaying their time. Row tells how they squared themselves and got by the sentry without arrest. Arriving at the lines they were met with the usual challenge, "Who goes there?"

"Friends," was the answer of one of the young delinquents, suggestively adding, "with a bottle."

"Advance and present the countersign," said the sentry, softly—and the password got the boys through the lines without further delay.

One of Row's college friends having an inclination towards the ministry, took a theological course, finally being appointed pastor of a small village church in Maine. The salary was very small, and the members of the church did what they did by way of donations. Pecks of potatoes, sides of salt pork, cords of wood, small amounts of butter, cheese, etc., were the usual offerings gratefully received by the young devotee. One donation, however, he drew the line at, though with characteristic gentleness, he did not apprise the donor of the rejection of her gift. Her seven-year-old-son was sent with it, delivering this message:

Mother wants to know if you like chicken, and if you do, here's one," giving the young minister the basket containing the donation, and turning away with a sob.

"What is the matter—why do you cry?" sympathizingly asked the minister.

"Cause that was my own little chicken that mother killed," sobbed the boy; "the poor little biddy had a bad case of pip an' was goin' to die onyway, an' mother said it might as well be killed an' do somebody some good," then adding the further information, "it wouldn't have been good to eat if it had died itself."

Needless to say, a distant roadside was the burial place of the defunct bird.

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.

Forgetful.

A minister's wife, a doctor's wife and a traveling man's wife met one day recently and were talking about the forgetfulness of their husbands.

The minister's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful man living, because he would go to church and forget his notes and no one could make out what he was trying to preach about.

The doctor's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful, for he would often start out to see a patient and forget his medicine case and, therefore travel miles for nothing.

Well, said the traveling man's wife, my husband beats that. He came home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said: "I believe I have seen you before, little girl. What is your name?"

How Sad!

Their meeting it was sudden,
And it was very sad;
She sacrificed her dear young life—
'Twas all the life she had.
She's sleeping 'neath the daisies,
She's resting peacefully now;
There's always something doing
When a freight train meets a cow.

The McKinley mine at Orient has seven feet of ore in the bottom of the shaft.

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.

Struck Her Limit.

Nikola Tesla, famous for his original and daring electrical researches, said the other day of perpetual motion:

It will come. That is to say, something equal to or superior to it will come. There is the Wright machine, for instance. Doesn't that solve the impossible problem of a man lifting himself up by his own boot straps?

Ambition, said Mr. Tesla, accomplishes daily miracles. Remember the ambitious hen.

This faithful creature always laid an egg of the same size as the porcelain nest egg used on her as a decoy.

Perceiving his hen's intense ambition, the farmer put a porcelain goose egg in her nest. She laid a goose egg.

Then the farmer, greatly pleased, put in the nest a whitewashed football. The next time he visited the barn he found in the nest an egg as big as a football, but no hen was in sight. He took up the egg and saw engraved on it:

"I'm no ostrich, but I've done my best."—New York Telegram.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

The Philosophy of Life.

Envy is almost the only vice that is practical at all times and in every place, the only passion that can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are everywhere discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.—Dr. Johnston.

It is easy to run a business or anything else on jawbone, but there comes a day when the creditor must be paid and then friendship ceases. Pay as you go, thus avoiding strained relations and preserving independence.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make an earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others. Refrain from saying gloomy, or cutting things and the result will be pleasure and happiness.

Give us, O give us the man or woman who sings at work.

Remember that Saul was the biggest knocker recorded in scripture and he was so disgusted with himself that he committed suicide. Boost those who are earnestly trying. Boost and be happy.

Remember the Methodist strawberry and cream feed this evening, corner of Greenwood and Copper streets. Real cream. Cake like your mother manufactured.

At Olalla clover and timothy were cut on the 5th of June.

Useful Books.

A young girl once asked Mark Twain if he liked books for Christmas gifts. Well, that depends, drawled the great humorist. If a book has a leather cover it is really valuable as a razor strop. If it is a brief, concise work, such as the French write, it is useful to put under the short leg of a wabbly table. An old-fashioned book with a clasp can't be beat as a missile to hurl at a dog; and a large book, like a geography, is as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken pane of glass.—Christian Register.

Al. Sanderson returned this week from the east. His nephew came west with him.

He who can stand for the right can stand before kings.

The just and unjust are side by side in prison and out.

Selected.

Doubt is the first sign of frost on a love affair.

It is often the case that a man should ask his neighbors to forgive him, instead of the Lord.

A boy doesn't care much for a compliment for himself, but he greatly appreciates one for his dog.

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.

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. B2656, for self and Chas. H. Tye, Free Miner's Certificate No B2563 and Sydney M. Johnson, Free Miner's certificate No. B2650, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

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

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

JAMES S. BIRNIE.

G. J. McARTHUR

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

GALT COAL

"Unequalled for Domestic Use."

A bill of fare never sounds good enough to deceive people who have hung around hotels all their lives.

You may not hope to be unprejudiced. The next best chance, then, is to have creditable predjudices.

The most uncertain thing in the world is probably the tenor a man makes up when there is singing.

The inveterate croaker is a gloomy creature, to be sure, but it is doubtful if he is as annoying as the inveterate joker.

Probably one reason the women think they are faultless is that men long since learned the futility of trying to reform them.

If some women admitted that they picked out the hats they wear there would be strong evidence to send them to the insane asylum.

Among quarrelsome fellows it's only a step from a tiff to a biff.

What is man to do? He is mean if he shows his temper at home, and people find out how mean he is if he shows it away from home.

You may say your financial judgment is pretty good if you are wise enough not to risk it bucking the stock market or board of trade. —Atchison Globe.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

A. L. WHITE

TRUNKS BAGS AND SUIT CASES

The Furniture Man

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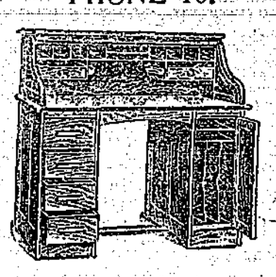

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Also Trunks and Traveling Bags.

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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

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Agent, Greenwood, B. C.

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Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,

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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.

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Hotel Allan

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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.

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

JAS. DRUM

Pioneer Hotel...

Greenwood, B. C.

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

J. W. Nelson

Lakeview = Hotel

NELSON, B. C.

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

N. MALLETTE - - PROPRIETOR

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

JAS. S. BIRNIE, Secretary.

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

GEO. HEATHERTON, Secretary.

The Hotel Slocan

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

HUGH NIVEN, Prop