

THE LEDGE

Provincial Library

43

VOL. XV.

GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1909.

No. 47

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.

BARGLEY & CO.

Dry Goods. Millinery. Boots and Shoes.

Windsor Hotel

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

McClung & Goodeve, Propr's.

SCOTCH - WHISKIES

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

HOTEL BROOKLYN

PHOENIX, B. C.

Is opposite the Great Northern depot and is a delightful haven for the weary traveler. Great views 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 workmen of all nations. It is convenient to the smelter on the hill. The dining room is supplied with tasty and substantial food, while the bar contains the best wet goods in the market. Electric lights all over the premises. Hot and cold baths.

Ola Lofstad, Proprietor

Passing Throng

M. W. Ludlow of Denora was in the city Tuesday.

C. J. Leggett, barrister, Midway, was in the city yesterday.

John Prescott left Saturday to work at the Bruce mine near Midway.

T. J. Hardy, the Midway merchant, paid a business visit to the city today.

Jack Keefe left last week to play baseball with the Oroville team this season.

C. J. Floyd, representing the Winnipeg Telegram, was in the city this week.

Isaac Crawford, the Rock Creek merchant, was in the city Saturday to Monday.

Neil Robinson came in from the Golden Eagle mine on the North Fork this week.

Dr. Simmons returned Tuesday after a successful professional trip in the Similkameen.

John Barclay, of Barclay & Co., left Saturday last on a business trip to the Northwest.

The tunnel on the E. P. U. is in over 900 feet and the vein should soon be encountered.

Miss Ollie Roberts leaves today to take a course for a trained nurse in the Vancouver hospital.

The Findlays, who have a lease on the Crescent, will ship a car of high-grade ore this month.

R. K. Steven returned Monday after a month spent at the coast, having had a splendid time.

C. J. Bunbury, chief of provincial police, has been very ill for the past week, but is recovering.

E. Mallandaine, C. P. R. land and timber agent for East Kootenay, was in the city over Sunday.

Hugh McGillivray came up from the Bruce mine at Midway Saturday last and is spending the week in the city.

Angus Nicholson, lately at the Mother Lode, has secured a position at the Britannia mine, north of Vancouver.

The C. P. R. exploration party that have been working up Boundary creek, were moved to Arrow Lake this week.

A report is current that construction on the Midway and Vernon will be started at once. It is hoped this is true.

Wm. Barnett has purchased the bay mare from the Hunter-Kendrick company and now has the finest matched team in the city.

H. V. Fuller will run a tunnel to tap the Bay vein at depth. It looks as if the high-grade belt will be doing something this season.

The sale of the Dominion Copper company's properties did not take place in Vancouver last week, bids not coming up to the reserve price.

On the 2nd inst, J. C. Castleman and Florence Lillian Burkmar of Boundary Falls obtained a marriage license at the government office.

A marriage license was issued at the government office on the 1st inst. to Paul Meacham and Kate Ranby, both of Phoenix. Congratulations.

J. A. Tuza came in from the West Fork Saturday and left for Beaverdell on Monday. He reports a rich strike on the Rambler, running 980 ounces in silver.

Mrs. R. D. Kerr and daughter are spending the week in the city. The latter is writing at the entrance examination, as are also the Misses Gundersen and Sutton of Midway.

Mrs. W. B. Fleming leaves on Saturday for Vancouver as delegate from the local lodge to the Rebekah grand lodge which convenes in that city on the 7th inst.

In Toronto, on Wednesday the 26th May, Neil R. Morrison and Miss Christina McMillan were married. The Ledge wishes the young couple a long, happy and prosperous life.

W. Elson and A. E. Braithwaite leave Saturday to attend the grand lodge of Odd Fellows at Vancouver on the 7th inst. as representatives from Boundary Valley lodge No. 33.

The store of P. W. George & Co., Phoenix, was entered from the rear Monday night and several hundred dollars' worth of clothing stolen. One suit of clothes was taken out of the front window.

An ice cream social will be held on the 17th June in the store on corner of Greenwood and Copper streets, opposite the Bank of Montreal, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church Greenwood. Ice cream, cake, strawberries. Don't forget the date.

Rev. R. W. Hibbard, B. A., B. D., has been appointed to take charge of the Methodist congregations in Phoenix and Greenwood. Services will be held alternately morning and evening in both places.

All the courts in Greenwood are working full time, and some of them are getting in extras now and then. The assize court last week had a full docket, and this week the county and police courts have been busy.

H. A. Small, the well known traveler for McMillan & Co., Vancouver, died in Revelstoke a few days ago. Deceased was one of the oldest drummers in Canada, having been about fifty years on the road.

Bill Deach was over from his ranch on Christina lake this week. There are a number of launches on the lake and several are being built to accommodate the increasing number of people who spend the summer there.

Mrs. N. F. Lamont and family leave today for the coast to visit friends in Vancouver. Mr. Lamont will not leave for a couple of months, when he intends going north and will probably locate on Queen Charlotte islands.

Wm. Rowe returned from Erie, B. C., yesterday, where he has been for the past six months. On his way home he visited some of the Sheep creek properties, and thinks that will be one of the great gold camps of the continent.

A. S. Locke of Winnipeg was in the city this week. Mr. Locke is the principal owner in the Bruce mine at Midway and has been spending a couple of weeks at the property. He is well pleased with the results from development.

At the referendum vote by the Greenwood Miners' union Saturday last, George Heatherton was elected delegate to the seventeenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners, to open in Denver, Colo., July 12. Wm. B. Embree is alternate delegate.

At the meeting of Boundary Valley lodge No. 33, I. O. O. F., Tuesday evening the following officers were elected: A. Logan, N. G.; W. E. Spackie, V. G.; S. Rowe, R. S.; G. B. Taylor, F. S.; A. E. Braithwaite, Treas. The other officers will be appointed at installation, which will take place early in July.

Bert de Wiele leaves Saturday for the coast and from there he will go north to Dawson. Bert is one of those who incurred the displeasure of the Tyrant of Greenwood, simply because he was a man and acted a man's part on all occasions. Success, Bert. There are a few who are not toadies left in the West.

J. W. Nelson will leave for the West Fork this week to arrange for putting a force of men to work on the Rambler. The ore being taken out of the mine at present runs 980 ounces in silver. This is rich enough to ship at a good profit and several carloads will be taken out and shipped as fast as the ore can be stopped.

A number of public school pupils are writing on the entrance examination in the public school this week. Nearly all the schools in the district are represented, there being 9 pupils from Phoenix, 5 from Greenwood, 5 from Midway, 2 from Ehol, 1 from Deadwood, and 1 from Ingram mountain. Inspector Deane is conducting the examination.

J. P. Flood and J. P. Kelly left Tuesday morning for Waterville, Wash. They are forming a company to work the Buster mineral claim on Wallace mountain. The Buster is an adjoining claim to the Rambler, and has shown up well with the development done, having a very rich lead of silver lead ore, from 18 to 24 inches in width at about 12 feet depth. It will require about \$5,000 to develop the claim to a shipping stage.

Dan Gunn was over from Rossland this week attending court. Dan was chief of police in Phoenix last year. While wearing the king's badge and fulfilling his duties as a peace officer Dan mingled with a bunch of Vikings. The Viks were too numerous. They filled the whole scenery, and took Dan into camp, sat on him, and talked to him in every language but Gaelic. All the Viks left the country but one, and he had several alibis, so was let off on suspended sentence.

A Pioneer Judge.

His Honor Judge Spinks will preside at the sittings of the county court in Grand Forks and Greenwood this month. He is making a farewell trip through is old circuit previous to his retirement from the bench, owing to ill health. The judge's old circuit comprised all the territory in Yale and Kootenay. Most of this territory was covered by cayuse special. That is, the judge furnished his own riding equipment. Any rancher,

prospector or cowboy along the route would furnish a fresh mount, usually very fresh. The rest was left to the Lord, the judge and the cayuse. Sometimes the judge arrived a few hours early, and a little informally, and at others a few hours late, but the judge and the cayuse always arrived at the same time. Fifteen years ago county court sessions were less formal in the Boundary than they are today. There were no lawyers, no gowns and very few boiled shirts. The first court at Ehol's ranch, now Midway, was one that will never be forgotten by the old timers. The judge was coming through from Vernon to hold court at Osoroo and then on to Midway. A number of cases had been entered, many of them by common consent, to make the court a success and to test the judge's legal knowledge. All the prospectors and other residents of the district were present on court day, and there was every prospect of a very successful session, but, unfortunately, the judge was late. There was a saloon in town, time wore on and no judge. Some one had an inspiration, and suggested. Others suggested. Some one had a grudge, and hit. Others hit. When the judge and the late Chas. Lambly arrived, two days late, they found the litigants and their friends full—and the docket empty.

The Assizes.

Following are the cases at the assizes not published in last issue: Fuller v. Hall—An action for specific performance of agreement. Adjudged.

McKenzie vs. Phoenix Steam Laundry—Action for \$600 salary as manager. Judgment by consent with costs. J. P. McLeod for plaintiff, J. D. Spence for defendant.

Wennerud vs. Dahl—To have account taken of partnership dealings and to have affairs of partnership wound up. Judgment Reserved. C. J. Leggett for plaintiff, J. P. McLeod for defendant. Columbia and Western Ry. vs. McIntyre—Question of taxing costs reserved.

Fisher vs. Ham et al—Damages to be assessed at Rossland.

Rex vs. Shute—Assaulting a peace officer. Defendant did not put in an appearance, bail ordered excheated.

Rex vs. Gus Larsen—Assaulting a peace officer. Suspended sentence. I. H. Hallett for crown, A. S. Black for defendant.

Lardeau Prospectors.

Ferguson has three prospectors who are a credit to the Lardeau. If the country had more like them the mineral resources of the country would become better known, and the development work that attracts the attention of capital would be in a more advanced state.

J. Livingston has a property known as the Rambler, on the northwestern extension of the Silver Cup mineral belt and located at a point a mile and a half above Five mile, where he has put in all last winter developing his property and had formerly done a lot of work there. Livingston is also one of the owners of the Copper King group, a very promising property about five miles from Trout Lake City, and located on the divide between Trout and Glacier creeks.

Lew Thompson has now worked for a long time on the development of the Baltimore and Brooklyn, a northwesterly extension of the Nettie L mineral zone. The Baltimore and Brooklyn are right on the North Fork trail, a mile above Ferguson, so that the property is exceptionally conveniently located if it should turn out a mine. A tunnel has been driven 300 feet. Good indications are obtained as the work proceeds and there are outcrops which justify the expectation that a shot of ore will be found here. S. A. Dancy is interested in the property.

Another stand-by of the Lardeau and a man who believes in developing his own property as fast as possible, is Dave Morgan, who, with W. A. Foote of Revelstoke, is one of the principal owners of the Surprise property on the North Fork. Dave has been working hard this winter on a promising vein on the north side of the Lardeau river, near the bridge on the North Fork. The claim is known as the Security. He has run sixty feet of a tunnel all alone, and has one wall, but has not yet located the other, the ore body having apparently been eroded by the action of the river. The vein on which the work is being done is up against a serpentine dyke, showing nickeliferous pyrrhotite. This vein has been traced to the Broadview.—Revelstoke Observer.

Some Good Advice.

William Frecheville, whose name is familiar to all Canadian mining men, recently wrote a letter of thanks to the secretary of the Canadian Mining Institute. Summing up the impressions that he

received during his last summer's excursion, Mr. Frecheville emphasizes his opinion that large expansion is in store for the Canadian Mining industry, both in established industries and in new fields.

To account for the small participation of English capital in Canadian mining, Mr. Frecheville cites the following reasons: First, the results obtained by enterprises launched in England to work mines in Canada, have not, as a rule, been encouraging. Secondly, the distance from the Canadian and American centers of capital to the Canadian mines is so much less than the distance from England, that the enterprising and alert Canadian and American gets there before the man from over the water has even a look in.

It would have brought out the truth more fully had Mr. Frecheville added that "the enterprising and alert Canadian or American" is not to be blamed for the undoubted lack of success on the part of English investors. English investments have been unsuccessful mainly because they have been blunderingly conducted. Instinct after instinct has occurred where capitalists from the mother land have proved easy victims for promoters discredited in Canada. Time and again good British guineas have been squandered by a wasteful and incompetent management. Neither Canada nor Canadians can be blamed for this. The English investor needs, above all else, experience and responsible mining engineers to guide him; men, indeed, of Mr. Frecheville's class.

"As the matter now stands," concludes Mr. Frecheville, "the best procedure for English capitalists who contemplate interesting themselves in mines in Canada, would seem to be to have a resident agent here, who would keep them in touch with what is going on, otherwise I am afraid that history will repeat itself, and what is brought over to London will be by no means the pick of the basket." Continuing he recommends that only prospects that are at least promisingly developed, or mines already proved payable, be brought to the attention of London capitalists.—Canadian Mining Journal.

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 short orders. Visitors to the city should not fail to drop in and have a meal cooked by white labor.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Is Not All Luck.

Although there is much of what is commonly known as luck in the discovery of new veins and ore bodies, there is also much that isn't. We have heard of men being "kicked into millions" but when counted up on the fingers their number is found to be small.

By far the larger part of the ore discoveries that have been made were the direct results of persistent and systematic search by men who had at least some knowledge of the manner of occurrence of the ores being sought. The greater knowledge that the prospector possesses in this direction the better are his chances of making important discoveries.

The plainest surface indications of the possible presence of important ore bodies may, to the untrained, mean nothing. The "iron cap" is looked for in searching for copper ores, not that iron oxide bears any resemblance to copper, but from the knowledge that it is the surface residue of oxidized and leached out chalcopyrite or double sulphide of copper and iron. One who is unacquainted with this important, yet simple fact, might camp on a fortune yet grumble at the poor success of his search. The well-informed prospector would recognize it at a glance and act accordingly.

It is no uncommon thing to read of "rich discoveries" in regions that have been prospected over for years with little or no success because the prospectors failed to recognize the signs which later comers were quick to see and appraise at their real worth. The chances of the prospector who informs himself on the principles of the formation and occurrence of ore deposits are immeasurably greater than of the practical man who regards theoretical knowledge as worthless, says the Mining World.

Although every new mining region is overrun with prospectors, many a potential mine has gone undiscovered and is still waiting for the man to come along who will be able to recognize it. Because ninety-nine prospectors have been over the ground is no reason that the one-hundredth is wasting his time.

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.

Western Float

Cleaw will celebrate July 5th. Keremeos had a rainfall last week.

A law and order league has been formed in Orient, Wash.

The fur catch in the Port George country last winter was very light.

The Imperial Bank of Canada has established a branch in Moyie.

The grand lodge of Odd-Fellows will meet in Vancouver Monday next.

The Moyie Leader has discarded the patent inside and will hereafter be all printed at home.

Vancouver is having another war over Deadman's island. No casualties yet reported.

The Alice mine at Creston has been banded by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co.

Dr. Simmons was in Keremeos last week rejoining the people of that town who were short on molars, etc.

Kaslo and Nelson played a baseball game on Victoria Day, the score being 23 to 13 in favor of Kaslo. Not so bad for amphibians.

J. Peck MacSwain had an important unofficial position in connection with the Victoria Day celebration, and carried through his work in a most official manner, and had the honor of being complimented by a number of ladies on the efficiency with which he carried out his duties.—Nicola Herald.

Two pasteboard artists, costumed as lumberjacks, dropped off at Orient Tuesday on their way from Republic, where it is reported that they operated very successfully, carrying off more than \$1,000 of cash given them by the sports of the county seat. They also found easy money at Curlew and Grand Forks. The two gentlemen did not lose any money in Orient, according to rumor, but they did lose their liberty for one day.—Kettle River Journal.

The tailings from the St. Eugene concentrator are to be put to good use. The C. P. R. is at present putting in a siding on the west side of the track near the old slime plant and will load cars from the big pile of tailings which has accumulated. These tailings will be used as ballast on various parts of this division of the road, and will be the finest kind of material for the purpose. There will be practically no end to the supply, for about 400 tons of this material is carried off from the mill in a flume to the dump on the west side of the track every 24 hours.

Frank Bailey is locked horns with the Great Northern, whose track he is blocking up with muck from a tunnel that is being driven on one of his mineral claims near Henry creek. The tunnel mouth is just a short distance above railway grade and the rock from the tunnel lands on the grade. He has been warned by the chief engineer to desist, but the muck continues to pile up. It is practically a repetition of the flume incident, and the railway company will in all probability have to seek redress in a civil action. Had they hurried up with the track laying and had their rails down they might possibly have been able to juggle him under the criminal code for putting obstructions on a railway track, but that's a matter for the attorney-general's department.—Hedley Gazette.

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.

Day of Accidents.

Two serious accidents occurred near Okanagan Falls on Monday, 24th May, says the Pemberton Press. In the first case, Colin McKinnon, who was engaged in work at the new Myers Flat wagon road, noticed a small bush fire creeping near a supply of blasting powder. He hastened to extinguish the fire, but before he could do so the powder exploded, filling his left side, arm and face with shattered rock. No bones were broken, but the left eye was injured.

In the second instance, Luke Nicholson was driving a team with a load of lumber down the hill at Okanagan Falls when he was thrown from his seat, falling under the wheels. One of the wheels stripped the flesh from the lower portion of his left leg.

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

He who loves and runs away will have fewer bills to pay.

LISBETH'S LESSON.

By LESTER ROSE.

Copyrighted, 1905, by the Associated Literary Press.

Lisbeth straightened up, with a sigh, and wriggled her fingers, bent and almost distorted by constant work with the needle. The sharp eyed forewoman hurried toward her.

"So you have done it at last?" she asked. "I was beginning to think that you never would get it done."

"I hurried all I could," said Lisbeth patiently. "There is an awful lot of stitches in that dress, Miss Brady."

"All the more need for working quickly," snapped the forewoman. "Mrs. Cryder has telephoned three times since 4 o'clock."

As she spoke she was rapidly examining the work, but even her critical glance could discover no defect, and with a last deft touch she shook out the heavy folds and prepared it for packing, while Lisbeth hurried off to the little cupboard, by courtesy termed a dressing room, and exchanged her working clothes for the neat street dress.

She made what speed she could, for Tommy Ranson was coming to take her to a dance and she must have time to primp before she could make her one well worn party dress presentable. She had reached the door when Miss Brady's shrill voice arrested her steps.

"You'll have to take this home," she declared. "I told Sally to wait for it, but here she's gone. I suppose she'll turn up in the morning and declare that she never heard me. That girl is the daughter of Ananias."

Miss Brady extracted the pencil that was stuck through her back hair and wrote an address on the box; then she searched her pocketbook for a dime. Something in Lisbeth's face caught her attention.

"I'm sorry if you're going out this evening," she said, more kindly, "but you know what Mrs. Cryder is, and if I sent it up by a messenger boy he'd stop to play craps or something. Were you going out?"

Lisbeth nodded. "A friend's going

to take me to a dance," she explained simply. "I guess I'll be in time, though," she added hopefully.

Miss Brady caught up a bow of ribbon from the work table and gave it to the girl.

"Pin that in your hair when you dress," she said kindly. "I'll look fine against your black hair. Perhaps your beau'll pop when he sees how fine you are."

"It won't do no good," contended Lisbeth. "He did pop. I don't want to marry a man who can't make a home for me. I'd have to keep on working if I marry Tommy."

"There's worse things than work," reminded Miss Brady as she helped Lisbeth through the door with the box.

The cars were crowded with homegoers as Lisbeth came out upon the street. Not even the gift of the bow had lightened the gloom upon her usually pretty face, and as she clung to a strap and sought to protect the precious box from injury she gave rein to her imagination.

Mrs. Cryder, for whom the dress was intended, was one of Miss. Celeste's best customers. Lisbeth knew her well—a proud, pale lady, whose dresses were the envy of the entire shop. The girls searched the society columns of the papers for reports of parties at which she was a guest and took a half personal pride in the descriptions of her elaborate costumes.

It was Mrs. Cryder who had given Lisbeth her dislike for the life she led. The girl had once helped Miss Brady with a fitting, and Mrs. Cryder had begged the time to chat with a friend who accompanied her, ignoring the two women who were working on the gown.

Lisbeth had gone back to the workroom with new ideas in her foolish little head. Mrs. Cryder had bewailed the fate in store for a friend who had married a man with only \$50,000. Tommy with his \$3 a day had suddenly become an undesirable suitor.

Lisbeth gave rein to her fancy now as the car sped uptown. She wished that she might be like Mrs. Cryder. There would be no dress to deliver when she wanted to go to a ball, and she could go to balls every night in the week if she so desired and to the operas and dinners.

The diners in particular appealed to her. Her stomach was crying aloud the fact that two slices of bread and butter and a thin wedge of cake was scarcely a satisfying luncheon preparation for a delayed dinner. Hunger added to Lisbeth's gloom.

Her dissatisfaction with her lot increased as she entered the Cryder home and was escorted to the lady's apartments. The hurried maid received her and, with her help, unpacked the dress. It lay on the bed, a shimmer of pale

green and silver, as Mrs. Cryder entered.

Her face was wan and white save where a red mark crossed one cheek. The grande dame was lost in the woman, and Marie had to help her mistress to a chair and bathe her face with cologne while Lisbeth finished the unpacking.

"Was there an accident?" whispered Lisbeth as Mrs. Cryder tottered into the dressing room and Marie came toward the dress again.

"An accident of marriage," explained Marie, with a shrug of her fragile shoulders that bespoke her beloved Paris. "It is evident that monsieur is drunk again. Ah, well, madame married for the money. With it she has to take monsieur, for, unfortunately, he cannot drink himself to death, though he tries hard, poor man."

"I suppose that she will not need the dress, after all," suggested Lisbeth as she smoothed out the shimmering folds.

"But yes," insisted Marie. "Well or ill, one must be seen at the ball or else one is not fashionable. Poor madame! Truly she works harder than you or I, who have no appearances to keep up. The dress is charming, mademoiselle. It will not be that you need wait."

With a nod she dismissed Lisbeth, who hurried down the stairway. The downtown cars were less crowded, and Lisbeth found a seat. With her hands tucked into her pockets, the right clutching the dainty bow Miss Brady had given her, Lisbeth again was lost in her thoughts.

But this time the thoughts were vastly different. She was thinking of the price Mrs. Cryder paid for the luxury with which she was surrounded. She had married for money, married a drunkard whom she could not love. If Tommy ever dared to treat her in such a fashion—Lisbeth blushed at the thought as she signaled the conductor for her crossing.

Tommy was waiting for her in the tiny parlor when her toilet was completed.

"My, but you look swell," he cried appreciatively as his eyes rested upon the saucy bow against the coal black hair.

"Who gave you that hair ribbon?"

"Miss Brady," exclaimed Lisbeth, blushing again as she thought of Miss Brady's prophecy. "Do you like it?"

"I like it," he commanded. "Don't waste it now. I want you to wear that when we get married."

"Who said we're going to get married?"

"I did," admitted Tommy placidly. "We're going to get married week after next. I got my pay raised, and I can afford it."

"You've got a nerve," scoffed Lisbeth, but she let him clasp her in his arms, and as he pressed her cheeks with eager lips she remembered the scene in the Cryder home. She had had her lesson, and her intended rejection of Tommy Ranson's love was forgotten.

He Asked For Stale Bread.

The sympathetic young woman was telling the story. "I went into a bakery to buy some supplies, and as I was waiting for the girl behind the counter to do them up the door opened, letting in a man, unshaven, unwashed, unkempt, with a thin coat buttoned tightly around his neck.

"Got any stale bread?" he asked the clerk diffidently.

"No. We keep only fresh bread here," the lady replied haughtily.

The man turned around with a weary drop to his shoulders and passed out into the night. All my Samaritan impulses welled up. I gave the languid clerk a reproachful look and hurried after him. He had stopped in the middle of the next block and was looking around uncertainly.

"I ran up breathlessly and, holding out my last dime to him, panted out: 'Are you so hungry? Here, please take this.'"

The man stared and then slowly grinned as he replied:

"Why—why, no, miss, I ain't hungry, but I've got some chickens I want to feed!"—New York Press.

He Kept His Job.

Railroads frequently receive considerable money. On one of the big roads of the middle west a conductor who had been in the employment of the company for years was in the habit of "knocking down" fares. The fare over his route was about \$3. Money was generally scarce among the students, and when they wished to go to the larger city they were in the habit of taking a silver dollar, placing it under a card of any kind and handing it to the aged conductor when he came to take up the tickets. He used to slip the dollar into the palm of his hand, punch the card, and the students saved \$2 a trip, the conductor pocketing the extra dollar. In October, 1904, the officials of the road were astounded to get, together with his resignation, a full confession of his guilt in the form of a check for \$24,000, the sum he had stolen in twenty years. Every one thought the road would prosecute the old man, but it didn't. The officials were so flustered that instead of discharging him they raised his salary.

St. Louis Republic.

Old Dr. Rudge possessed a fund of common sense and dry humor as valuable as his medical knowledge. One frosty morning he met a business friend, who innocently remarked:

"Doctor, when you have a bad cold, what do you do?"

"Why, I blow my nose and cough,"—Lippincott's.

"What sort of confuses me," said Uncle Eben, "is that after I give a lot of advice I've got to go around and get a lot of advice about which advice I've given take."—Washington Star.

Irate Parent—"I won't stand for your dancing with that young Bings." Pert Daughter—"All right, pa. We'll sit it out."—Baltimore American.

First Student—"I'm thinking about marrying that beautiful young girl I met yesterday." Chum—"For heaven's sake, old man, you haven't anything to marry on!" First Student—"Don't be alarmed, old chap; I'm only thinking about it!"—Town and Country.

A man has to be more than a "brother-in-law to the church" before he can pluck fruit from the tree of life.

APPRECIATION.

I heard a pitter grouchin' yesterday
Cause they was shy on beauty in this town.
I guess he's never watched the sun
go down
Strikin' some high white buildin' on
its way

Just like a reg'lar spotlight in a play,
An' leavin' all the rest a deep, dark
brown
With his black shadows hangin' all
aroun',

Just servin' notice Night had come to
stay.
That rummy owns a bang-up auto
car,
His house is like a mansion in the
skies,
An' he was puffin' at a big cigar;
You'd think a guy like him could use
his eyes

An' kind of frame things up the way
they are;
He shouldn't need a kid to put him
wise.

—From *Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead*
by James F. Haverson.

HIS HEART IS YOUNG.

I. B. Lucas, M.P.P., Never Seems to Grow Up, Say His Friends.

For a decade now, Mr. I. B. Lucas, member for North Grey, has been the Peter Pan of the Ontario Legislature. He has persistently refused to grow up. He has not aged a minute since he was introduced to the House as a new member of the Opposition, and his friends say that he actually looks younger and less burdened by care now as he guides the devious processes of the private bills committee than he did when he was first called to the bar.

Between sessions Mr. Lucas spends most of his time in the town of Markdale cultivating the sciences of law and citizenship. But when these begin to irk, as they frequently do, he finds his relief in a game that lasts as long as the summer time does. Mounted on a fiery steed, he issues forth in the direction of Flesher-ton. This is no longer I. B. Lucas, M.P.P. for North Grey, and chairman of the Private Bills Committee, but One-eyed Mike, the terror of Demon Gulch. At his side ride such members of his family and close friends as have stout hearts enough to ride with him when there is desperate work afoot.

There are names in that band which carry terror to the whole countryside where they are known, but they do not often leak out, for the chief reason that their wearers rarely remember them at the close of the day.

Alkali Bill and Red Pete and Sonora Slim and Cattle Kate and Five Ace Joe put in an appearance from time to time, but the leadership always is tacitly awarded to One-eyed Mike. He is the head of many such frolics.

After a hard ride, these desperadoes of an afternoon swoop down on the unsuspecting village of Flesher-ton. "Red licker" is what they want, and they will have it if they have to shoot up the whole district town. But they do not have to. Tying their mounts to the post before the Bob-Tail Tush Saloon, otherwise the Bob-Tail Tush Saloon, they march in with a muttered imprecation and call for ice-cream soda. Then they ride home, and Flesher-ton never knows that she has sheltered within her boundaries the worst gang of "bad men" in all the north country.

Story of a Baby Contest.

Everybody knows John Farrell in the district west of London. He is popular in all quarters and in great demand as an efficient chairman at picnics, tea meetings, concerts, etc. The joke is on John once in a long while only.

On one occasion at a rural picnic in West Lambton he gave an address and took occasion to offer a prize of \$2 to the mother of the best looking baby on the grounds and selected as the judges his friends, Messrs. F. F. Pardee and R. E. LeSueur, the Liberal and Conservative candidates respectively, for West Lambton. These two astute politicians brought in the report that the eight babies in the competition were all so beautiful that they could only decide that each should receive a prize, and they elected the donor to pay \$2 to each of the eight mothers.

John promptly met the situation by informing the judges that they could not evade their clear duty in that way, and appealed to the audience to decide the matter. It was won, with the result that the two politicians were out eight dollars each.

Deported as a Drunkard.

That Canada does not want drunkards, and will not have them, was emphasized at the North London Police Court recently, when Jane Cousins, forty-eight, widow, who said she had no home, was charged with being drunk and incapable at Mare street, Hackney. Constable Pitcher proved the offence. A daughter of the prisoner then came forward and said her mother came back from Canada three weeks ago, having been deported by the Canadian Government because she was drunkard.

Mr. d'Almeida said it was news to him that the Canadian Government sent people back to England because they were drunkards, and remanded the prisoner for the court missionary to make some inquiry.—Lloyd's Weekly News.

Many Nationalities.

The various peoples in the Canadian west was well illustrated by the story told by Rev. D. B. Harkness of Winnipeg at the Laymen's Missionary Conference a short time ago. It was the case of a Galician who quarrelled with a Chinaman over work done by a Hungarian carpenter when a Russian tailor tried to make peace. A Syrian waiter took the Chinaman's side, a Bohemian cook took the side of the Galician, a Swedish doctor dressed the Chinaman's wounds, an Irish policeman arrested the Galician, who was tried by a Scotch magistrate, convicted by the evidence of an Italian organ grinder, locked up by a German turnkey and attended in jail by a Polish nurse.

Many a man is kept from being a failure by having a good wife.

The man with a beam in his eye is always complaining that there is something the matter with the world.

The greater the house built on the sand the more dreadful will be the wreck.

"Ethel's a horrid thing!"

"Why, I thought you were friends?"

"Well, we aren't any more. She has a more hideous hat than mine, and I'd told my milliner to go the limit."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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 TORONTO

Preference Offered Canada

London.—In the House of Commons Col. Seely stated that the continued court of British Guinea recently passed a resolution in favor of preference, especially to Canada. Pending the appointment of a royal commission of trade between Canada and the West Indies the government will not take steps in the matter.

Tommy—"Teacher, may I go out to sneeze?"

Teacher—"That is unnecessary, Tommy. You can sneeze in here without disturbing anybody."

Tommy—"I expect you never heard me sneeze."

"Mr.," said a newspaper man, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.' 'Why?' 'So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle.'"

A Pleasant Purgative.—Purmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to operate on both the stomach and the bowels, so that they act along the whole alimentary and excretory passage. They are not drastic in their work, but mildly purgative, and the pleasure of taking them is only equalled by the gratifying effect they produce. Compounded only of vegetable substances the curative qualities of which were fully tested, they afford relief without chance of injury.

A—"That old villain has gone and married his cook. I wonder at it, for he's cooking in miserable."

B—"That's all right. He has now got her out of the kitchen, and hopes she will hire a cook that will suit him."

Your neighbor's affairs are nothing to speak of.

"What do you mean, sir," roared the irate father, "bringing your portmanteau to my house and ordering a room?"

"I'm adopted as one of the family," coolly answered the young man. "Your daughter said she would be a sister to me."

Internally and Externally it is Good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

After the school days, one might do well to remember that a diploma is not an insurance policy against failure.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

You make a mistake if you think that poverty means only the lack of gold. Its worst form is a poverty of thought and ambition.

In the evening of life the want of things material is easily righted, but the poverty of mind is beyond all repair.

Fine days sometimes come under the head of spring novelties.

A great many uncancelled for remarks reach the dead letter office.

In this wild stress of greed and gold the invisible will be just enough to give every man his due.

Duty is one of the most ever worked words in all the language. Duty is the cold and bare anatomy of righteousness.

Otherwise Engaged

Mrs. Tiptop—"I am sorry you were not at my reception last evening." Mrs. Hignup (coldly)—"I received no invitation." Mrs. Tiptop (with affected surprise)—"Indeed? It must have miscarried. I had among my guests three foreign counts." Mrs. Hignup—"So that is where they were? I desired to engage them last evening to wait at table at our card party supper, but the employment agent told me they were out."

All the science in the world can't make a bad man feel comfortable in the company of the good.—Ran's Horn Brown.

Mother (to a married daughter)—"What's the matter, Clara? Why are you crying?"

Clara—"Henry is so awfully cruel—he is getting worse and worse every day. What do you think he said just now? He told me that I must get rid of the cook; he couldn't stand her cooking any longer. And he knows well enough that she has not done one bit of cooking for a fortnight, and that I have done it all myself!"

Bacon's Philosophy

The reverent philosopher, Francis Bacon, says in his *Advancement of Learning*: "To conclude, therefore, let no man out of a weak conceit of sobriety or an ill-applied moderation think or maintain that a man can search too far or be too well studied in the book of God's word or in the book of God's works, divinity, or philosophy, but rather let men endeavor to believe an endless progress or proficiency in both." We have people amongst us who would promote in the twentieth century the obscurantism against which Bacon protested in the sixteenth.

Stubb—"Uncle Hazeckiah made a ridiculous blunder in that swell cafe last night. He noticed the dignified waiters in tuxedo suits going around with towels on their arms."

Penn—"Was the old man puzzled?"

Stubb—"I should say so. He leaned over and asked if the gentleman in wedding suits were going to take a bath."

Strength is the force of man, and influence is the force of woman—that influence which the suffrage snobs at.—The Connexion's Desart.

As long as love has a drop of blood left it has something it is willing to give up.

It's better to mend your ways before you go broke.

W. N. U., No. 739

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Making Himself Solid

"Step this way, ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed the lecturer in the dime museum, "and gaze upon one of the greatest wonders known to medical science—the Ossified Man, a human being, perfectly normal in every other respect, but who has turned to stone."

"How did he get that way?" came a voice from the awe-stricken throng.

"Love," replied the lecturer, lowering his voice confidentially; "love did it. He fell in love with a beautiful maiden, tried to make himself solid, and overdid it. We will now pass on to the stone."

Yellow Peril Again

There are 110 Chinese laundries in Winnipeg, but the exclusion movement does not seem to have arrived yet. It is a disease confined to the Pacific coast.—Halifax Echo.

"Your honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me knows that I am incapable of lending myself to a mean cause."

"Fence," said the opponent; "the learned gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

"I was very angry just now when Bleker asked me for \$10 that I owed him."

"But why did you get angry?"

"I found it much easier to get angry than to pay."

A woman never knows what a man thinks of her, although she thinks she does.

Lincoln and Reed on the Tariff

When Abraham Lincoln came to Washington to take the oath of office in March, 1861, he said, in Pittsburg: "The tariff is a question of national housekeeping; it is to the government what replenishing the meal tub is to the family."

Thomas B. Reed once said: "Did a perfect tariff bill ever exist? Oh, yes. Where? Why, in your mind of course. Everybody has a perfect tariff bill in his mind, but unfortunately a bill of that character has no extra-territorial jurisdiction."

John Bright used to tell how a bar her who was cutting his hair once said to him: "You've a large head, sir, it is a good thing to have a large head for a large brain means a large brain and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can have, as it nourishes the roots of the hair."

It often happens that a woman can't accomplish much at night because of coaxing her children to go to bed, and can't get much done in the morning because of coaxing them to get up.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. L., Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

"Your husband plays poker a great deal, doesn't he?"

"No," answered young Mrs. Torbins, "he doesn't play much."

"What prevents him?"

"The fact that pay day does not come oftener."

USES BABY'S OWN TABLETS ONLY.

Mrs. Wm. Bell, Falkland, B. C., says: "I have five little ones ranging from one to eleven years of age, and when any of them are ailing I always give them Baby's Own Tablets, which always brings prompt relief. I do not think there is anything you can keep in the home as good as Baby's Own Tablets." Thousands of other mothers speak just as warmly of this medicine, which never fails to cure all stomach, bowel and teething troubles. Guaranteed by a government analyst to be perfectly safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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According to advices from Auckland (N.Z.), Colonel W. E. Gudgeon, resident Commissioner at Rarotonga, is proceeding to the disturbed Cook Islands on board the cruiser *Cambrian*, with full powers to deal with the difficulties that have arisen in Manahiki and Rakahanga, which are stated to be due to local jealousy. The natives of Rakahanga hailed down the British flag on July 1 last, and after electing an island council appointed their own Government, and judges and police. The ringleaders of the movement was a dismissed teacher of the London Missionary Society.

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FORTUNES FOR AUTHORS.

Some of the Fancy Prices Received For Literary Work.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN

Tells of the Remarkable Cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought in Her Case—Had Undergone Four Operations Without Help

When women approach that critical period in their lives known as the turn of life, they do so with a feeling of apprehension and uncertainty for in the manner in which they pass that crisis determines the health of their after life. During this most important time in the life of a woman, her whole aim should be to build up and strengthen her system to meet the unusual demands upon it. Devotion to family should not lead to neglect of self. The hard work and worries of household cares should be avoided as far as possible. But whether she is able to do this or not, no woman should fail to take the tonic treatment offered by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will build up her blood and fortify her whole system, enabling her to pass this critical period with safety. We give the following strong proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly doing for suffering women.

Mrs. Margaret Wood, Southfield, N. B., says: "Some years ago I became a victim to the troubles that afflict so many of my sex, in the very worst form. The doctor in charge, neither through medicine nor local treatment gave me any help, and he decided that I must undergo an operation. It was to have any relief during the next two years I underwent four successive operations. During this time I had the attention of some of the best physicians. From each operation I received some benefit, but only of short duration, and then I drifted back into the same wretched condition as before. During all this time I was taking medicine to build up my system, but with no avail. I was reduced to a mere skeleton; my nerves were utterly broken down. My blood was of a light yellowish color, and I was so far gone that I took spells in which my fingers and tongue would seem paralyzed. I cannot begin to express what I suffered and went through in those two years. I was completely discouraged and thought I could not live long. Then on the urgent advice of friends I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after some weeks perceived a change for the better. I continued to take the pills for several months, gradually growing stronger and suffering less, and in the end found myself once more a well woman and enjoying the blessing of such good health as I had not known for years. I now always keep these pills in the house, and after a hard day's work take them for a few days, and they always seem to put new life and energy in my body. I sincerely hope my experience may be of benefit to some other suffering woman."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicines or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Jogged His Memory

A negro pastor was warming up to the climax of his sermon, and his auditors were waxing more and more excited. "I wahns yer, O my congregashun," exclaimed the exhorter, "I wahns yer against the sin uv drinkin' an' de sin uv chicken robbin', an' I wahns yer, my breddren, against de sin uv melon stealin'."

A devout worshipper in the rear of the church jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers excitedly.

"Whufdo does yer, my brodder, r'ar up an' snap yer fingers when I speaks uv melon stealin'?" asked the preacher.

"Kaze yo' jest 'minds me whar I left mas' overcoat," replied the devout worshipper as he hurried off.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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

Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Meek Oyster Dressing

One cupful of celery leaves and one minced quart of bread crumbs, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, or to suit taste; enough liquid from fowl to moisten bread. Beat eggs well and add celery and bread mix well together, and stuff fowl as for oyster dressing. Be sure and use leaves of celery, for they give the flavor of oysters.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

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

I am never without it now.

Yours gratefully,
MRS. C. D. PRINCE
Nauwigewank, Oct. 21st.

Inconsiderate

The farmer had attended the funerals of his neighbor's wives without protest. When his friend was reaved a third time he positively refused the invitation. His wife pleaded with him in vain.

"Not a step will I go," he explained. "How would I feel accepting his invitations three times and not without no way of returning his civilities?"

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.

The sun sets only in the west, but an old hen is willing to set anywhere.

Two Sleights and a Maiden.

By HELEN WOOD.

Joel Herrick drove along disconsolately in the moonlight, flitting his whip about Bay Charles' ears. Behind the ram muffer his face wore an expression of disappointment and wounded pride, and it was evident that the five miles of fine sleighing before him on this moon, beautiful night held no charms. Disconsolate he looked and disconsolate he felt, for he had not just been scorned by the lady of his heart?

"Little had he thought when he drove Susannah Peters out to Johnson's golden wedding that she would desert him for his bitterest rival, Ed Sparks, and yet—"

Joel had danced often with the pretty, golden haired Susannah. She, happily conscious of her new blue ribbons and pink cheeks, had beamed upon him, dancing his heart quite out of him and himself into the brave resolve to speak of his love on the homeward drive, for, although Joel had "kept company" with Susannah for six months, he had always lacked the courage to "ask her," point blank.

Now, Ed Sparks, on the other hand, lacked not the courage, but rather had pressed his suit, even when Susannah had clearly snubbed him. Perhaps it was due only to nettle the hesitating Joel; perhaps Susannah was really impressed by Ed's brand new suit of store clothes, scarlet tie and glittering cut buttons and studs. At any rate, when the dancing was done and the big dining room was thrown open it was Ed Sparks who stepped quickly forward and "handed" Susannah to the delectable feast, and it was Ed Sparks who filled her glass with Aunt Marcy Johnson's best blackberry wine when the health of host and hostess was drunk. And all the while Joel Herrick, his heart eaten out with jealousy, tried to look gay as he served another and less favored damsel.

After supper goodbyes were said, the bottle bottles were filled with water in anticipation of long rides through the cold night, the women bunched each other up in tipple and shawl, while the men harnessed the horses. To be sure, Joel had but one horse to harness, yet the crafty Ed managed to reach the house door first with his prancing young horses and a new, fancy sleigh. Susannah gave one swift glance from Ed's dashing turnout to staid Bay Charles and the old fashioned cutter. Vaguely she heard a chorus of feminine "oh's" and "ah's," and Joel's fate was sealed. She sprang into Ed's sleigh, the envy of every other girl on the great porch.

All this furnished anything but pleasant thoughts for Joel as he drove home alone, and when he realized that at this moment Ed's arm might be encircling the slender waist of Susannah he fairly groaned in spirit. Perhaps the bold fellow might even dare to kiss her. Joel grasped his whip tightly, and Bay Charles sprang forward in surprise.

Two miles had been covered, and he reached a point where the road wound through a patch of woodland. The trees stood gaunt, strange and black against the dazzling snow. Now and then a branch snapped with the cold, sounding like the report of a pistol on the still moonlight. Joel commenced to whistle from sheer loneliness. Then suddenly the sound died on his lips. In astonishment he saw a woman walking toward him. Nearer and nearer they came together. More and more familiar became the outlines of that feminine figure. As he slowed up it struck him against a tree.

"Why, Susannah!"

"Oh, Joel, I'm so glad it's you!"

There were tears in her voice. But Joel remembered the slights, the humiliation, recently put upon him and hardened his heart and his voice.

"Well, Miss Peters, if you are going home alone I shall be pleased to take you under my care."

His tone was not inviting, but the shivering Susannah quickly climbed to his side. Joel touched up Bay Charles, but for some time remained silent. Now and then he glanced at the little figure crouched at his side, shivering with cold and cold together. Joel's heart "approached him, and he finally remarked:

"Seems to me you ain't actin' right tonight. First you take up with a no account sort of fellow like Ed Sparks; then you go walkin' alone at this time of night. Where's Ed, an' what does he mean leavin' you all alone like this? If he ain't treated you right I'll take him out on 'horsewhip him."

Susannah hid her hand appealingly on Joel's arm.

"I've been mean to you, Joel, but this ain't Ed's fault. I—I fell out!"

Joel snorted incredulously.

"Yes, I did, too, Joel. We were just above Old Man Judkins' place, an' one of those big wild geese was lyin' in the road, we not seen' it because of its bein' all white. It just took an' flew right up in the horses' faces. They're sperry, you know, an' won't stand much, an'—an'—this very softy and slyly—Ed ain't a driver like you. He ain't strong. They ran like wild, an' he had to stand up to hold 'em. An' when we turned the corner by the old apple tree the sleigh went into a pole, toppled over, an'—I—I fell out. An' when I got up I saw the sleigh swingin' from side to side an' Ed standin' up an' laughin' on to the reins."

Her recital came to a sudden and undignified end as she gazed at the recollection of her admirer's plight. She tried to smother the giggle in the sleeve of Joel's great rough coat and then continued:

"There hasn't been a soul along with you came. I was scared to death. Everything was so white an' still, an' in the woods the moon was lookin' at me through the dark branches of the trees for all the world like a queer face. I—I don't believe I could have stood it much longer."

By this time Joel was chuckling over his rival's predicament, and Susannah sat up in sudden dismay.

"But you won't tell anybody, will you, Joel? The whole town 'll be laughin' at me."

Joel turned serious on the instant.

"No, they won't laugh at you. If they do they'll have to answer to me. Besides, the joke ain't on you. It's on Ed."

But just at this time Ed was having fresh troubles of his own. Careening, swaying, he drew near Huddlesburg at a racing gait, utterly unconscious that Susannah was no longer clinging to the seat before which he still stood, tugging at the reins. Occasionally he threw an encouraging word over his shoulder or told her how brave she was not to scream and add to their danger. The horses would soon run themselves out, and the road before them was clear.

But, alas, just as he turned into the town a sudden obstacle appeared in their track—Farmer Schneider's big sleigh, laden with the rosy-cheeked Mrs. Schneider and three equally rosy daughters! At Ed's warning about Schneider drew his placid white mare to one side, but the flying team caught the rear of Schneider's sleigh, and a chorus of feminine shrieks was wafted to the fleeing Ed. The drift was deep, and the five Schneiders, when disentangled, found themselves uninjured, but nevertheless wrathful at the reckless driver.

In the meantime Ed had reached the center of the town, and his horses, exhausted and steaming, finally responded to the rein. With a feeling of intense relief Ed turned to his companion. Conspicuously he saw the man in the street of Schneider's. No. His cutter had not been injured in the collision. He remembered with horror that she had not spoken since the horses first began their mad run. What if she had been back there in the woods all this time, frozen, perhaps attacked by tramps? Ed was too frightened to be logical. With a curse he turned his fagged horses back into the road and whipped them on at a mad gallop. Again he passed the Schneider family, and as the former once more pulled out of his way, this time more successfully, his good-will murmured:

"I did not think Marcy Johnson's wine was so strong as that."

Half a mile further he met Joel and stopped at the latter's vigorous hail.

"Good evening, Ed," said Joel, with a cheerful smile for his discomfited rival. "Are you going to look for Susannah? She's here, safe in my sleigh, an' you can just bet she ain't goin' to make such a mistake again."

Ed ignored the complacent Joel and, making his best bow—that is, the best he could make while trying to hold the two astonished and trembling horses—said:

"I'm awful sorry I had such an accident, Miss Peters, but if you aren't hurt it don't matter so much, and I hope you'll let me see you safe home."

Susannah choked back a persistent giggle and clung to Joel's arm.

"You see, Mr. Sparks—Mr. Herrick—I mean Joel—an' I—we—I'm just as much obliged."

Joel took up her faltering explanation and made it clear.

"I don't mind tellin' you, Mr. Sparks, that hereafter Susannah an' I'll do our sleighin' together for all time, but if you want a recommendation to any other girl Susannah shall give it, an' we won't mention this here little affair."

And Mr. Sparks, with a dignified up-lifting of his fur cap and a few unintelligible words, whipped up his horses, swung around in the road and raced back to town.

The Sins of the Son.

In Busch, Persia, the land of native justice punishes the robber with great severity, as may be inferred from the following episode, the truth of which is vouched for by a gentleman of position long resident in the district. On a certain occasion a native of low class attacked this gentleman, seized the bridle of his horse and demanded bakshesh. The rider promptly delivered his assailant a blow with his whip and proceeded to the head sheikh, to whom he reported the matter. The sheikh undertook to see that the miscreant should be suitably punished, and the traveler continued his journey. On his return he again visited this dignitary, who, bowing low, assured the gentleman that both the guilty man and his father had been severely bastinadoed! The traveler ventured to remark that the father, at any rate, was innocent and asked why punishment had been meted out to him. The reply was quickly forthcoming. "Oh, we punished the man for his wicked act and the father because he had not brought up his son properly!" a rather startling reversion of the order in which the punishment for sin is to be visited according to Scriptural ideas.

His Kick.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Stiles, "that you'd try to keep yourself center."

"But, my dear," protested her husband, "you're not so careful."

"I'm not? I'm certainly more careful of my clothes than you!"

"That's just it. You should be more careful of me."—Catholic Standard and Times.

His Noble Works at Home.

"Don't you think, Muevra," said her husband anxiously as he tied the kitchen apron firmly around his waist and tucked his whiskers behind the bib to keep them out of the dishwasher—"don't you think that we are carrying this idea of co-operation in domestic matters to extremes? I have been washing dishes for a week now, and between times I have been doing a little Scriptural reading, and I cannot find in the Bible any authority for men's doing kitchen work, but women are frequently spoken of in this connection."

"She looked well to the ways of her household!" She worked willingly with her hands. "She rieth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household!" These quotations, Muevra, would seem to warrant the conclusion that household duties should properly be assigned to the woman."

"My dear," replied his wife, "if you will pursue your studies you will find in 11 Kings xxi, 13, these words: 'I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.' This proves that you are nobly doing the work designed for you by Providence. When you are through be sure to wash the towels clean, shake them and hang them straight on the rack. Death, you know, lurks in the dishcloth. I am now going out to attend a meeting of the Society for the Extinction of the Microbe by Means of Electricity."—Ladies Home Journal.

BABY FELL ON TO THE STOVE

Mrs. T. S. Dougall, of 683 Flora Avenue, Winnipeg, says:—"My baby girl was arranging some of her doll's 'washing on a clothes-rack beside the stove, when she fell, and her hand being thrown out to try and save herself, came in contact with the side of the hot stove. She sustained a serious burn, and her cries and screams were terrible."

"I sent out to the druggist for the best remedy he had to use on a burn. He said there was nothing to equal Zam-Buk, and sent back a supply. I applied this, and it soothed the pain so quickly that the child laughed through her tears. I bound up the hand in Zam-Buk, and each day applied Zam-Buk frequently and liberally, until the burn was quite cured. The little one was soon able to go on with her play, and we had no trouble with her during the time the burn was being healed. I feel very grateful for this cure, and would recommend all mothers to keep Zam-Buk handy for emergencies like this."

This is good advice. Zam-Buk, being purely herbal in its composition, is particularly suited to the delicate skin of children. While a powerful healer, it is also highly antiseptic. Applied to a burn, a cut, a scald or a scratch—it will kill all disease germs, and removes all danger of festering, blood-poisoning, or inflammation. At the same time, it stimulates the cells to great activity, and fresh, healthy skin is soon produced to repair the damage. Fifty cents spent on a box of Zam-Buk has saved scores of people as many dollars, to say nothing of saving hours of pain!

Blacks That Had Never Seen Whites

In Mornington Island, one of the Wellesley group in the Gulf of Carpentaria, Mr. R. B. Howard, chief protector of aborigines in Queensland, has found a tribe which it is believed has never before come in contact with white men. After searching vainly for two days, Mr. Howard came upon a few natives, and afterward a considerable number were seen. The blacks he says, were in their primitive state. They did not know the use of tobacco and would not eat bread, meat or even sugar, although they readily tasted anything given to them. There was no sign whatever of any disease, and although emaciated in appearance, they were strong and agile.

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

"Pat!" called the son from the stair way.

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

"Pat!" 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.

Willie was paying a visit, and he found the intervals between meals longer than usual.

"I ain't going to ask for any cake," he remarked at last blandly.

"That's very nice of you, Willie," said his hostess.

"Because," he went on loudly, ignoring her remark, "in houses where ladies is polite to little boys I don't have to."

Willie got his cake.

Had Learned the Symptoms

The learned hobo was dispensing knowledge for the benefit of his less enlightened companion.

"Have you ever been bitten by a dog?" he asked.

"Many's de time," replied the unenlightened one.

"Are you not afraid of hydrophobia?"

"Nix on de hydro."

"This a curious disease. When a person contracts hydrophobia the very thought of water makes him sick."

"Is dat on de level? Youse ain't stringin' no scientific fact."

"Don't I bet I've had it all me life, an' I never knowed wot was de matter wid me!"

There is no greater luxury than the possession of a friend that understands you.

In your version of the story the other fellow makes a poor showing.

Is Your Back the Weakest Point?

Does it play out first when you have steady work to do.

Look for other indications that the kidneys are to blame and obtain cure by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Many a man finds that his back is his weakest point and does not know why.

He cannot do heavy work and even light work, if continuous, leads to an aching back.

Under these circumstances you can be pretty sure that the kidneys are weak and disordered and that the back gains are really kidney pains.

Other symptoms are deposits in the urine after standing, pain and smarting when passing water, frequent desire to urinate, also headache, dryness and hardness of the skin and pains in the limbs and body.

If an insurance company finds these symptoms present they will insure your life. Isn't this sufficient indication that there is danger ahead?

Backache soon disappears when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are used and kidney disease is thoroughly cured by this treatment.

You can find positive proof of this statement in almost every community in this country and here is a letter very much to the point.

Mr. Geo. Tryon, Westport, Leeds Co., Ont., writes:—"For two years I was completely laid up with lame back and could neither walk or ride. I tried many medicines and the doctor's treatment did not help me. A friend told me of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and this medicine completely cured me. I have never had a lame back or kidney trouble since and my cure has been the means of selling many boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box at all dealers or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto."

A BOOM IN SEVENS.

Athletic Brothers Are to Play Football Match in England.

If, as seems likely, we are about to see a "boom" in athletic contests between sets of seven brothers, due to the sensation that is practically certain to be created by the forthcoming football match between the seven brothers Williams, of Haverfordwest, and the seven brothers Randall, of Llanelly, it will merely be a revival of an old custom dear to our forefathers.

Seven has always been regarded as a lucky number, and in the old days, when people were more superstitious than they are now, near relatives who could work together in sets of seven always tried to do so, believing that they thereby secured some mysterious advantage.

There were, for example, the seven boxers of Beeston, all brothers, and all chimney-sweeps by trade, whom the redoubtable Jem Mace met and defeated one after another, as set forth in full in his memoirs.

That there were the seven Leez, gypsies, who used to go about the country with a boxing-cloth giving exhibitions. According to their own story, there was only three years difference between the ages of the youngest and the eldest of the seven, the explanation being that the batch of brothers included three sets of twins.

Their success was such that they soon had plenty of imitators, including the famous Lancashire Wrestling Septette, who for years took on all comers. These were undoubtedly the sons of one mother, for they used to exhibit their birth certificates outside their booth.

At one of their matches they were opposed by a septette of Irish wrestlers, each of whom was said to be the seventh son of a seventh son, a combination which is supposed to be enormously lucky, and is certainly extremely rare. However, in this case skill triumphed over luck, for the Irishmen were easily beaten by the lads from Lancashire.

Dublin's Slums.

The strong remarks of the Recorder of Dublin in regard to the terrible slums which darken the Irish capital have drawn attention to what is undoubtedly a shocking state of affairs. Sir Charles Cameron, medical officer of health for the city, said he considered that the main cause of the extreme poverty was the lack of employment owing to the absence of large industries. "Thirty-seven out of every hundred families live in one room," he said, and I think their case worse than that of the very poor in any centre in England. The proportion of the people of Dublin who are very badly off in regard to good clothes and fire is very large indeed. Here is a typical case which has been brought to my notice. It is that of a poor young woman five or six and twenty in an advanced stage of consumption. She has four children, including a baby in arms who is also consumptive, and her husband only earns eleven shilling a week as a messenger. All they live on is bread and tea. There are considerably over 1,000 regular beggars in Dublin. Most of the very poor live in tenement houses. Much of the property is old and decayed. It often gets so dilapidated that it is unfit for habitation. We have closed about 3,000 such houses in the last twenty-five years. Some of the rooms are let as low as 1s. a week, but the rents vary from 1s. to 2s. It is strange how few bachelors you find among the very poor. They marry no matter how poor they are and thus the ranks of the poverty-stricken are swelled."

A Youthful Robber.

Brought before the Preston (Eng.) magistrates recently as not being under proper guardianship, a diminutive boy named Francis Glaze, eleven years of age, was remanded for a week, after a remarkable account had been given of his alleged proficiency in thefts of a particular order. The chief constable informed the court that Glaze was the leader of a gang of boy thieves who went about robbing letter and pillar-boxes in different parts of the town. On the previous Sunday alone the prisoner obtained in this manner cheques, postal orders, etc., to the value of £400, and he had given the postal authorities a great amount of trouble. On another occasion he obtained over £500. Detective Woodcock stated that the boy and a remarkably small hand and a thin arm, which he could thrust through apertures in the boxes and so abstract the contents. The prisoner hid the plunder in a cellar underneath his school and in crevices in different parts of the town. Although so young, he was absolutely beyond control, and frequented the company of thieves.

Mr. Ausen Chamberlain.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain tells an excellent story against himself. When he left his Alma Mater he traveled on the Continent for some months, and then returned to Birmingham with the intention of devoting himself seriously to politics. He had been at home only a few days when he met his old nurse, who inquired what vacation he thought of pursuing. "Oh," he said, in reply, "I'm going in for politics!" "For politics?" was the exclamation of the old lady. "Oh, Mr. Austen, I should have thought two in the family, your father and Mr. Richard, enough to have had in politics! Why don't you go in for something useful?"

Saved Their Taxes.

A curious fact has come to light in connection with the late famine in India. Even in the districts which were most affected, it is now possible to collect the suspended land revenue and the district officers have noticed that many of the rupees paid in on those accounts have obviously been buried. It seems quite evident that the famine, severe as it was, did not exhaust the resources of the people and that at least a portion of the takavi advances were promptly buried against the day when the Sircar should demand their payment.

An Explanation

"Why do you call her a cat?"

"She scratched me off her visiting list."

Mirrors, unlike some people, never force their reflections upon us.

"Don't you think," said the amateur actor, "that I would score a success in the balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

"Well," replied the distinguished friend, "with a little assistance from the stage carpenter you might make a hit at the balcony."

FIGHTING FOR A PEEPAGE.

Famous Claim to Earldom of Berkeley Caused a Sensation.

The claim to the Suokville barony, which has excited so much interest recently, has many points in common with the sensational claim set every tongue in England wagging a century ago.

That the fifth Earl of Berkeley had taken to wife the pretty daughter of William Cole, a Gloucester butcher, who became the mother of seven stalwart sons, was beyond all dispute; but whether the marriage took place before the birth of the eldest son, or ten years later, was a very different matter, and round this point the battle was waged fiercely. Each side alleged marriage as the only evidence was an entry on a slip of paper attached to a page of the Berkeley marriage register. The clergyman in whose handwriting the entry was said to be was dead; so, too, was one of the witnesses, while the signature of the second witness was in an assumed name.

A marriage thus supported failed to satisfy the House of Lords, who held that it was not proven, and the earldom was awarded, not to the eldest son of the union, but to the fifth son, who was born after the later and properly-authenticated wedding; and who, to his honor be said, refused to assume a title which he declared belonged to his eldest brother.

But all claims to peerages are not supported by even such slight evidence as a "doubtful marriage-entry." When a Mr. Cooke cast covetous eyes on the Stafford barony in 1823 he did not trouble himself about such a small matter as making his claim good. Possession, he knew, was "nine points of the law," and, acting on this maxim, he installed himself in Stafford Castle during the owner's absence, and refused to budge until he was turned out "neck and crop." Such a summary proceeding, however, did not disconcert him in the least. He made a neighboring inn his headquarters, served notices on the tenants bidding them pay their rents to him as their lord, and started a carriage which he called the Stafford arms in the face of the world; and when at last he found himself in the clutches of the law, charged with fraud and impersonation, he had the effrontery to claim his "privilege of peerage!"

A less resolute man was the Birmingham tradesman who, some years ago, sought to wear a coronet as Earl of Stirling. He succeeded in raising \$50,000 to purchase the coronet, giving as security bonds for \$250,000 of the property which was soon to be his, and appeared to have the earldom within his clutch when, as ill-luck would have it, he was arrested on a charge of forgery. The claimant, however, seems to have been rather the dupe than the villain of the play, for he was acquitted.

A Begging Letter.

The following petition has recently been printed in an Indian paper: "Honored Master,—Hoping heard of your almighty mercy and loving kindness to us worms. I tell you my circumstances. By the grace of God and your lordship I have seven children, all babes and sucklings. Besides this abominable litter I have many male and female relations. What have I done that I should be blessed with such cursed trials. As your lordship is our father and mother, I would request that you will take this worm and wife and relations both male and female and provide for us from your country at a remunerative of Rs. 20 a month. I cannot read or write, and have only a suckle qualifications and male relations and feminine. But by the grace of God and your lordship I look forwards to years of prosperity and happiness. All the Chaoni of Deo rings of your praises your justice and mercy, therefore call us that we may fatten on your love and gentleness, call quickly your faithful worm and beast.—Numa Lal.

"Despicable brute and unwilling father of babes!"

Suffocated In Church.

An extraordinary incident occurred at a Wesleyan Chapel in the village of Peak Dale, near Buxton, England, recently. The service had been in progress slightly over half an hour, and the preacher had just finished his address to the children, when a boy dropped insensible, and almost immediately afterwards two more children dropped to the floor. Adult members of the congregation rushed for water, and the place was soon in a state of commotion and strange excitement. In all about ten children and a young lady named Hindfield were prostrated, and considerable difficulty was experienced in bringing her and several of the children back to consciousness. Many other members of the congregation were seized with sickness, and were taken home. The cause of the sickness seems to have been the fumes from the furnace of the heating apparatus and the absence of ventilation.

England's Cleverest K.C.'s.

What must they be earning? is the question many people are asking about Mr. Rufus Isaacs and Sir Edward Carson, who occupy the premier positions amongst Great Britain's K.C.'s. In every important case one of these distinguished advocates is retained on one side and the other against him. Solicitors look nowhere else, is the complaint of conferees. And, curiously enough, both passed years in another sphere before joining the English Bar. Sir Edward first practiced at the Irish Bar, and Mr. Isaacs commenced his career as a stockbroker.

To Fight the Lower Caste.

Over a hundred ruling chiefs and hereditary nobles of ancient family in the Punjab have formed a unique political association, the object of which is "to support the British Government and defend the immemorial supremacy of the aristocracy against the disintegrating forces of unrest let loose by ambitious demagogues who have sprung from obscurity."

Wanted No Saxon.

A strange incident occurred at Gorey, Wexford, Ireland, recently, on the arrival of the Lord Abbot of the Order of St. Benedict, in connection with the removal of Father Sweetman, the local superintendent, and the installation of Father Curcliffe, an Englishman, in his place. Hundreds of excited people met the train, and to the abbot's consternation declared that they would have no Englishman, and that there would be trouble if he was brought. Eventually the abbot consented to stay the removal for the present, and the crowd departed cheering.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

The finest fabric is not too delicate to be safely washed with Sunlight Soap. When other soaps have injured your linens and faded the coloured things, remember the word Sunlight.



Harold's Wish

Although there was no sort of toy which could be bought which Harold had not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings.

"I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill. "Yes, dear?" said his mother. "Perhaps you can be ill, Harold; mother will help you. 'Ist to play soldier

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 FERRY
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.

Newmarket Hotel

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

HENRY STEGE, PROP.

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 or the Great West. A glass of aqua pura given free with spirits merrily.

Hotel Alexander
PHOENIX, B. C.

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

R. V. CHISHOLM, PROPRIETOR.

J. R. Cameron.

Leading Tailor of the Kootenays.

Kaslo, B. C.

GREENWOOD AND MIDWAY STAGE

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

J. McDONALD.

LOWERY'S CLAIM

During the 37 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 ceased to publish it, partly on account of a tiny liver and partly because it took 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 25 and get the bunch.

R. T. LOWERY.

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 outplayed 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.

Renewal of Liquor License.

Take Notice that I, M. W. Lowery, intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as the Windsor Hotel at Denoro, B. C.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1920.

M. W. LOWERY.

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 3, 1920

UNION LABEL

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

SHALL we celebrate on Dominion Day or put it off for a couple of years? Do the boycotters try to do anything for the town except look wise? This boycotted concern is willing to put up a few dollars to waken things up, and it is supposed to be dead and in the journalistic boneyard. How many of the non-producing boycotters will toe the mark and come through with two bits apiece.

The man who works for nothing, the merchant who sells below cost, the contractor who takes work below a living rate, is stealing the bread out of his neighbor's mouth, and a constant menace to every man who pays a hundred cents on the dollar. He is stealing from the man who is doing a legitimate business and who is endeavoring to build up the community in which he resides. Nickel men never yet made a dollar town.

If employers would pay men in responsible positions better salaries there would be fewer downfalls. The higher the position a young man occupies the greater are his obligations in the community, socially and otherwise. In other words, people expect a young man to live up to his position, no matter what his salary may be. The employer who pays \$600 to a \$1500 position is running a criminal manufactory and should receive a share of the punishment.

A Local Option meeting was held in the Presbyterian church last evening. Just what the people in this city want! Drive every legitimate business to the wall. Then see how long the wind-jammers will survive. We do want local option in this town—the option of attending to our own business. There is no greater pest on earth than the paid wind-jammer who thinks all men should regulate their lives in accordance with his narrow understanding.

For some unaccountable reason The Ledge mailed here at 2 o'clock Friday last did not reach Anacortes until Monday. The distance between the two postoffices is only a mile. We tie the papers going each direction in separate bundles and address the packages going east and west with different colored pencils. All packages going east are addressed in blue, and all west in red. This is done so that the mail clerk can make no mistake, no matter how illiterate, if he is not color blind. It is necessary that the west mail should reach Midway on Friday in order to catch the West Fork stage Saturday. As The Ledge is the only district paper having a fair circulation in the West Fork country we make a point of mailing it in time to reach the West Fork on Saturday.

With four tunnels being run into the high-grade belt at intervals of between a half and a mile apart, development is being done that should result in proving the belt and in the discovery of a number of high-grade veins at depth. Each new vein discovered means the employment of an extra number of men and a consequent increase in the payroll to be spent in the city. At present there are about twenty-five men employed in the high-grade mines. This number should be increased to one hundred in sixty days if ore is encountered, and then the business interests of the city will be independent of the B. C. Copper company, its openings and its closings. When that time arrives Greenwood will be prosperous.

What shall we do with the tramp? appears to be the all-in-

portant question in the East at the present time. Let him continue to hit the grit. It is more healthful for him to tramp all over the country than to loaf in one town, and better for the town. The tramp is something that should be distributed all over the country. He is the best possible object lesson to thrifty citizens on an insane immigration policy. So long as the government of the country allows corporations to import the lowest class of Europeans and Asiatics in order to reduce wages, there will be tramps. There never has been a time in the history of Canada when there was a necessity for the importation of labor. The number of tramps is increasing each year, still the importations go on. Take the employees of the B. C. Copper company, when it was in operation, as an example. Fully one half of them were unable to read or write English. In this we are not referring to the Scandinavians, who have no superiors as mine or smelter workers, and who identify themselves with every movement tending towards the prosperity of the community in which they reside. The Crow's Nest Pass Coal company is another example. English is not heard as frequently among the employees of that company as is some other language. These ignorant foreigners obtain work in two ways: First, by taking a lower wage than residents of the country; and, secondly, by paying a portion of their wages monthly to unscrupulous foremen. The greed of employers and an imbecile immigration policy are responsible for the tramps. Large employers will continue to import cheap labor so long as they are allowed to do so by the government, without any thought as to the qualifications of these foreigners for citizenship. Let the tramp swarm all over the country. If he can't get work he can at least do missionary work among people who do not know how to protect themselves at the ballot box. What this country really needs is more tramps, swarms of them, to show in its true light the immigration policy of the government. Canada needs millions of European ignorant toughs in order that the supply of tramps may not run out.

K. of P. Elect Officers.

At last night's meeting of Greenwood Lodge No. 29, Knights of Pythias, the following officers were elected:

Chas. Birce, G. C.
A. J. Logan, V. C.
Wm. Lawson, P.
N. Morrison, M. of W.
Jas. W. Grier, K. R. S.
W. T. Thompson, M. of F.
Wm. Johns, M. of F.
Chas. Dagman, M. at A.
Wm. Dunstan, I. G.
A. J. Lind, O. G.

The installation will be held early in July.

Who Are You?

What have you made of yourself? What have you done for the world? Whom have you helped on the up-road? What sacrifices have you endured to justify the right to claim principle? How many times have you resisted the sale of your honor? How often have you kept your word rather than keep an unfair dollar or take an unfair advantage?

Is society any better for your birth, or have you added to the welfare of others?

Suppose you drop the blinders of conceit and take a squint in the mirror of revelation. And while you're at it get a good look. See your weaknesses and acknowledge them. They're bound to be found out by some one else, because the biting acid of life will sooner or later eat away the plating of hypocrisy and let the brass of your nature peep through.

Who are you that you have the right to judge anybody?

Is your own past so spotless—has your own record been so pure that you're qualified to condemn any man or woman in the tribunal of your conscience?

Have you known hunger and privation—has your heart been torn and your soul worn by the pressure and the grind of misfortune? Have you been put in positions where temptation cried out with a thousand tongues while necessity knouted with a hundred lashes? Are you so just, so all knowing as to determine how any man or woman shall act?

Circumstances are so peculiar, combinations of events are so misleading, that every wheel in the machinery of justice is set to clog at circumstantial evidence. The juryman recognizing that his verdict will bring a definite result—that it will send a man to his death or deprive him of his freedom and destroy his good name—argues and pleads and fights with his associates over every doubtful point in the testimony rather than go through life with the responsibility of condemnation.

Administrator's Notice.

In the County Court of Yale, holden at Grand Forks in the Estate of William J. Walker, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 24th day of April, 1920, it was ordered by His Honor Judge Brown that A. C. Sutton, Official Administrator, be administrator of the estate of William J. Walker, late of Greenwood, B. C., deceased, intestate.

Every person indebted to the said deceased is required to make payment forthwith to the undersigned, and every person having in possession effects belonging to the deceased is required before the 24th day of June, 1920, to send by registered letter, addressed to the undersigned, his name and address and full particulars of his claim or in event, and a statement of the account, and the nature of the security (if any) held by him, all verified by statutory declaration.

After the said 24th day of June, 1920, the administrator will proceed to distribute the estate having regard to those claims only of which he shall then have had notice.

Dated at Grand Forks, B. C., 10th May, 1920.

A. C. SUTTON,
Official Administrator.
Grand Forks, B. C.

Renewal of Liquor License.

Take Notice that I, Bertha C. Thomet, of Midway, B. C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as the Midway Hotel, at Midway, B. C.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1920.

BERTHA C. THOMET.

Renewal of Liquor License.

Take Notice that I, Saml A. Crowell, of Midway, B. C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as Crowell's Hotel at Midway, B. C.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1920.

SAML A. CROWELL.

But what of the countless times when the name and reputation and character of men and women are disposed of by a word of thoughtless slander? Do you stop then and weigh evidence? Do you demand proof and fact? Do you pause to consider what motive may lie behind the initial accusation? Do you seek to trace its cause? Do you ponder over the probable consequences of your gossip? You don't. It isn't because you wish to hurt nor because you are really malicious, but because you don't visualize the consequences of your thoughtlessness—because you don't see the definite outcome of what you are doing.

The charity that you spell in dollar marks is minor alms. Give of your heart, give of your understanding, of your gentleness, of your forbearance.

Don't judge.

First of all, because when it is your province your own weakness should plead forgiveness for another. And, secondly, because it is usually none of your business to stick your nose into affairs that do not concern you.—E. Kaufman.

Widowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Selected.

A lucky man can afford to pose as a disbeliever in luck.

Babies are coupons clipped from the bonds of matrimony.

A man reaps what he sows, but the woman sows what she reaps.

He who doesn't find others social is hardly ever social himself.

It is better to marry for money than never to have money at all.

No advance in the price of shoes will keep some men from kicking.

You always get a full measure when you acquire a peck of trouble.

If you shake the political plum tree you'll dislodge a lot of grafters.

Only one bloomer girl in a thousand gets a husband and he is a fool.

Men who have to beg are usually the ones who formerly squandered.

Many of us think we are so nice that our kin wouldn't object if we lived with them—but they would.

The fear of being found out is responsible for many a man's respectability.

It makes you feel important every time anyone asks you for advice.

A slow chap frequently gets many laps previous to the one who is fast.

A doctor may be given credit for curing a patient but he prefers the cash.

A widow seems to mourn more for a bad husband than for the loss of a good one.

Never judge the worth of an article by the amount of coin you put up for it.

Although the toper knows that he has to die he draws the line at a watery grave.

It's unfortunate that all men are liars—but it's more so that all women know it.

Often a man spends a lot of time at his club because there is no place like home.

It's a pity that our neighbors don't know as well as we do what's good for them.

The wag of a dog's tail is more to be trusted than the shake of many a man's hand.

Many men would reach the top if they could attain it by sliding instead of climbing.

The worst feature of a divorcee is that it usually results in two more marriages.

The man who hesitates before he makes a promise is the one who's most apt to keep it.

A genius is a man who doesn't know whether he's eating boiled cabbage or stewed fudge.

The average man would rather lose a dollar on a horse race than earn a quarter at hard work.

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Renewal of Liquor License.

Take Notice that I, James Henderson, of Greenwood, B. C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as the Greenwood Hotel at Greenwood, B. C.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1920.

JAMES HENDERSON.

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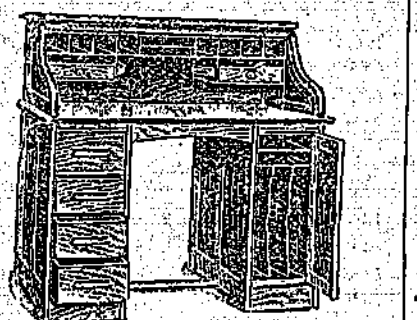
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NELSON, B. C.

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N. MALLETT - PROPRIETOR

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

JAS. S. HENRIE, 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 evening 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.