Provincial Library

THE LEDGE

VOL. XVI. GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1909. No. 3

GREAT
Midsummer
SALE.

For the next ten days we will place on sale our entire stock of summer goods at greatly reduced prices.

Our stock of Ladies' Waists and Whitewear is very complete, and, at the prices marked, Genuine Bargains.

BARCLAY & CO.

Dry Goods. Millinery. Boots and Shoes.

Windsor Hotel

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

C. A. McClung, Proprietor.

SCOTCH - WHISKIES

James Buchanan & Co's

BLACK AND WHITE, AND
HOUSE OF COMMONS

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

HOTEL BROOKLYN

PHOENIX, B. C.

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

JAS. MARSHALL - - PROPRIETOR

PHOENIX BEER

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

Phoenix - Brewing - Co.

(Limited.)

The Pride of Western Canada. Phone 138, Greenwood

The Hotel Ladysmith

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

Ola Lofstad, Proprietor

Passing Throng

Bob Halcro returned to Beaverdell on Saturday's stage.

Jas. C. Dale of Bridesville was in the city a few days last week.

Doc Goodeve of the Windsor spent a few days in Nelson this week.

In Boundary Falls E. O. Lewis provides excellent meals for the traveling public.

R. J. Sanders returned Friday from a trip to Spokane and other points in Washington.

Miss Sarah Lawson left Thursday last for Vancouver, where she has accepted a position.

Mayor Bunting returned from the coast Saturday last. He also visited Okanagan points.

J. A. Tuzo has joined the engineering staff on construction of the Midway and Vernon railway.

J. P. McLeod returned Friday from a trip to the coast, taking in the Seattle fair, and spending a week in Victoria.

Miss Margery McArthur returned last week from Victoria where she has been attending the high school for the past year.

C. A. Thomas of the Bank of Commerce staff returned Sunday, after a two weeks' vacation spent at Vernon and other Okanagan points.

Wm. Frawley left Monday morning to see the Seattle fair. Before returning he will spend a few days in Victoria, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene City.

Mrs. W. H. Moore is spending a couple of weeks with relatives in Phoenix and Grand Forks, after which she will go to Prince Rupert to join her husband.

Work continues to progress upon the Argo tunnel. This is a stock company that is worthy the attention of the local investing public. The success of the tunnel means a great deal for this city and stock in it at the present time is an excellent investment.

A. G. and Mrs. Evans returned Monday from Vernon, where they have been for the past three months. The Okanagan district is not the best place in the province for working men, wages being much lower there than in the mining districts.

George Riter, one of the old-time prospectors in the district, arrived in the city Monday from Idaho. Mr. Riter still owns property in Copper camp, adjoining the Big Copper. For the past eight years Mr. Riter has been prospecting and mining in Nevada, California, Oregon and Idaho. He will remain here about a week.

J. A. Mara and Moses Cotsworth, the civil service grading commissioners, were in the city last week. It is said that Mr. Cotsworth, in examining one of employees of the government, asked: "Do you drink?" and was answered "Certainly, I'll take one with you." "Oh, I didn't mean that," replied Mr. Cotsworth. "Well," said the employee, "I'll just take an even break and shake you the dice." Whether or not this will improve the employee's chance of promotion remains to be seen.

A banquet will be given Saturday evening at the Imperial hotel to Dr. J. E. Spankie by his friends in the district. The doctor has been a resident of the district for about ten years and shortly leaves for Vancouver to practice as a specialist. He is largely interested in mining in the district, especially in the high grade properties near Greenwood. He has proven his faith in the high-grade belt by putting his money into it. Many friends in the district will be sorry at the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Spankie and will wish them increased prosperity.

W. Fowler arrived in the city Friday last and left again for Scotland Monday. Mr. Fowler was the first to develop a high-grade property in the vicinity of Greenwood. Several years ago he took a lease and bond on the Providence, and commenced shipments. At first he had trouble with the smelters, not getting returns nearly up to assay values, but when he decided to ship to Colorado the smelters came to time. He cleaned up about $75,000 out of shipments and sale of the Providence. Before leaving for Scotland he will spend a few days with C. Scott Galloway, and may return next year to make his home in the Boundary district.

Strike Settled.

At Saturday night's meeting of the Miners' union the settlement arrived at between the committee of the union and E. G. Warren, representing the company, was confirmed. Monday morning at 7 the smelter whistle was heard for the first time since May, and it cannot be said that it was an unwelcome sound to all the parties interested. Men are being put on at the Mother Lode mine, principally the old hands. It is said that all the old shift bosses will take their old positions as work gets under way.

The fact that the settlement is satisfactory to both parties will ensure continuous operation at the mines and smelter. It is understood that each party met the other in a true spirit of conciliation, willing to concede anything in reason, so it is probable that the shut-down of the past three months will prove permanent benefit to Greenwood and the district, through a better understanding having been arrived at between employers and employees.

Entrance Examination.

In the Entrance to high school examination Greenwood school stands highest in Kootenay and Boundary districts, Gertrude McIntyre obtaining 728 marks out of a possible 1,100, and all candidates from the school passed. Midway also did well, passing four out of five candidates, and obtaining an average of 671 marks for those passing. Greenwood's average was 659, all passing, which gives it first place among the schools in Southern British Columbia. Following are the names of those passing from Greenwood center:

Greenwood—Candidates, 5; passed 5. Gertrude McIntyre, 728; George W. Redpath, 679; Francis M. Rowe, 660; Evelyn M. Horton, 642; Bertha M. Smith, 596.

Deadwood—Candidates, 1; passed, none.

Eholt—Candidates, 2; passed, none.

Ingram Mountain—Candidates, 1; passed 1; John H. Bruce, 652.

Midway—Candidates, 5; passed, 4; Alice L. Kerr, 715; Janet L. Munro, 700; Lottie Sutton, 674; Gladys M. Jackson, 597.

Phoenix—Candidates, 9; passed, 3; Grace McKenzie, 593; William Johns, 579; Gladys Pickard, 571.

City Council.

At the meeting of the city council Monday evening there were present Mayor Bunting and Aldermen Buckless, Dixon and Johnson.

Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted.

The following letter from Wm. G. McMynn, government agent, was read:

"The honorable the provincial secretary wishes to establish an isolation hospital in the district, at a point to be selected which would also serve the cities of Phoenix and Grand Forks, and with that end in view has requested me to ascertain from the authorities of the cities interested what each will contribute towards the erection and maintenance of such a building.

"I might add that the policy of the department has been to provide for one-third of the cost, the municipalities to pay the remainder and provide for maintenance. The government also reserves the right of entry for patients for whom they have to provide, including supervision and inspection."

Clerk was instructed to notify the government agent that the city already has an isolation hospital.

Treasurer's report of receipts and expenditures for six months, amounting to about $13,000, was received and filed.

From R. W. Hodson of Victoria informing the council that Major Jas. Shepherd, an authority on road building, would be in the province for a month this fall, and asking if the city wished him to speak in Greenwood. The clerk was instructed to acknowledge letter and state that the citizens of Greenwood would be glad to hear the major providing no expense was incurred.

Street committee were instructed to clean up streets and alleys.

Following accounts were ordered paid: Crane & Co., $1.90; Fire and Water, $2.00; J. W. Nelson, $21.35;

Street committee reported ordering 2,000 feet of plank.

The city clerk was granted two weeks' leave of absence.

Council adjourned.

McKinley Mines.

The annual meeting of the McKinley Mines, limited was held in the offices of the company, in Rossland, on Tuesday, the 13th inst. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, G. A. McLeod of Spokane; vice-president, Jas. Breen, Spokane. secretary-treasurer, A. B. Mackenzie, Rossland. These officers, with D. Whiteside and B Lequime of Grand Forks, constitute the board of directors.

The option on the property of the company, given a few days since, was ratified.

In a short chat with Mr. McLeod he stated that there was no doubt about there being a mine in the McKinley. With a little extra development it will produce a sufficient tonnage of ore to justify the extension of the Kettle Valley line to McKinley camp, and there is no doubt it will be extended when the tonnage is assured. About twenty miles of track is all that is necessary to construct in order to reach the camp. The opening of the McKinley camp will be of great benefit to that section of the Boundary, as there are several promising prospects in the camp besides the McKinley.—Rossland Miner.

Ladies' whitewear very cheap during the sale. Barclay & Co.

Sullivan to Resume.

The Sullivan Group Mining and Smelting company's entire property, mine, smelter and equipment, was bought in at the sheriff's sale by the Fort Steele Mining and Smelting company, which is said to be another name for the Federal Mining and Smelting company, the chief bondholders and incumbrancers. The liens for wages filed by the workmen will be paid off at about 75 cents on the dollar and the ordinary creditors both judgment and otherwise, will, it is said, accept stock in the new company in lieu of their debts.

The settlement is looked upon as most satisfactory and it is also stated that work will certainly be resumed. It looks as if the effect of the proceedings is a freezeout of the ordinary stockholders.—Moyie Leader.

Ladies' white lawn waists, regular $1.50 to $2.00 values, for $1.00. Barclay & Co.

British Columbia Offers

To the capitalist—The most profitable field for investment in the known world.

To the manufacturer—A great wealth of raw materials. Unsurpassed shipping facilities. Rapidly increasing markets at home and in the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and in Mexico, Australia and the Orient.

To the lumberman—Millions of acres of the finest timber in the world. An ever increasing demand for lumber at home and abroad.

To the fisherman—Inexhaustible quantities of salmon, halibut, cod, herring and other fish.

To the fruit grower—Many thousands of acres of land producing all the harder fruits, as well as peaches, grapes, apricots, melons, nuts, etc.

To the dairyman—splendid pasture and high prices for butter, milk and cream.

To the poultryman—A cash home market for poultry and eggs at big prices.

To the farmer—Large profits from mixed farming and vegetable growing.

To the miner—Three hundred thousand square miles of unprospected mineral-bearing country.

To the workingman—Fair wages and a reasonable working day.

To the sportsman—An infinite variety of game animals, big and small game fishes and game birds.

To the tourist—magnificent scenery, good hotels, well-equipped trains, palatial steamships.

To everybody—A healthful climate, inspiring surroundings, golden opportunities in all walks of life, just laws (well administered), a complete modern educational system—free, undenominational, primary and high schools; all the conveniences of civilized life, health, peace, contentment and happiness.—Saturday Sunset.

Children's slippers, regular $1.50 values for 95 cents. Barclay & Co.

Trunk Mystery Solved.

There is not much fun in being a policeman but occasionally an incident crops up that, if not altogether amusing to the police, has a flavor of interest for the observer of things sub rosa. The local police have for some time been endeavoring to catch a well known character about town who was known to be a constant frequenter of places where an occasional visit only is condoned. On every occasion when a raid was made the intended quarry seemed to have had warning, for he would not be in evidence and was nowhere to be found. Recently made frantic by abortive efforts to make a capture, the police instituted a thorough search of the premises where it was thought their man was concealed, and discovered him reclining comfortably in a trunk beside a bottle of beer, contentedly smoking a cigarette. He is now in durance vile.—Fernie Free Press.

Ladies' white linen waists, $3 to $4 values, for $2. Barclay & Co.

C. A. McClung has purchased the interest of his partner, Doc Goodeve, in the Windsor saloon.

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.

Western Float

James Cronin has returned from the north. He made arrangements to work the Dibble mine on the Babine range all winter.

Dr. Andrew Grant, a pioneer presbyterian minister, is one of the richest men in the Yukon.

John Farley, an old railway man, died on the train between Chesaw and Spokane.

A Vancouver syndicate has 108 square miles of coal lands staked on the Copper river.

In order to administer the last rights of the church to a dying man, Father McKinnon rode from Rossland to Trail the other day in 19 minutes.

The lead refinery plant at the Trail smelter is to be enlarged to a capacity of 200 tons daily.

The hotel bars are now closed in Trail on Sundays.

There was a potato famine in Molson this month.

In Molson, Chesaw and other towns just across the line saloon licenses have been raised to $1,000 a year.

Over 17,000 lobsters have been brought from Halifax and put in the sea near Nanaimo.

The Leader says that many miners in Moyie own bank accounts.

In North Vancouver there are 149 local telephones, and the line is being connected with Vancouver.

New machinery is being put in the Monarch mine at Field. It is said that there are 10,000 tons of lead ore in sight, worth an average value of $25 to the ton.

The town of Golden is becoming somewhat of a tourist center. In In one day this summer fifty were there.

James Reilly died in Victoria. He was three times mayor of Calgary.

An electric railway is to be built from Creston to Goat river, a distance of ten miles.

The banks in China buy 200,000 ounces of silver a month from the Trail smelter. Up to date the smelter has sold 1,250,000 ounces to the mint at Ottawa.

Work has commenced on the new electric plant at Ladysmith.

Several proprietors of blind pigs in Prince Rupert have been fined from $150 up for selling firewater without a permit or license.

The police say that the train robber who was killed by Decker was Bill Haines, a notorious California convict.

The coal mine at Hillcrest resumed operations last Thursday, the strike being settled.

The Bow river coal properties 65 miles from Lethbridge have been sold to a Montreal syndicate for $160,000.

Sol Johns is running a store at Burton City.

Joe Martin has been given the Liberal nomination for East St. Pancras in London.

His health having improved, James Reith will soon return from Texas to Keremeos.

Hon. E. Dewdney was in Princeton last week. He will make a trip to England in a short time.

Bricks will soon be produced at Princeton, the first kiln of 60,000 being nearly ready.

Frank Pyman will remove his jewelry store from Princeton to Enderby next month.

At a meeting of the B. C. Medical council in Vancouver the name of Dr. Wilson of Nelson was struck off, he being charged with attending a case of confinement in an unfit condition.

The contract has been let for building 180 milef of the G. T. P. from Edmonton to Tete Jaune Cache to Foley, Welch & Stewart.

John Considine, who died in Seattle last month, was one of the founders of the Eagles.

Merritt is to have a polo club.

The editor of the Granum Press was presented with a a bale of brome grass last week. Next it will be bunch grass, and then Johnny from Bruce will surprise some of those Alberta rawnchers.

Bill Bailey (not our Bill) has been sentenced to three months for theft in Alberta. This is probably the reason "Why Bill Baily Don't Come Home."

A car a week of concentrates is being shipped from the dump of the Rambler.

Gray copper has been struck in the lower tunnel of the McAllister at Three Forks.

The Blueboll shipped 176 tons of concentrates to Trail last week.

The Enderby Press lost three subscribers a couple of weeks ago for telling the truth plainly. The Ledge had the misfortune some time ago to lose three subscribers for speakin' out in meetin' but gained 26 the next week.

In Creston 75 Conservatives signed the roll at one meeting.

The Bodie mine at Chesaw has been sold to Minneapolis parties.

The Trail ferry left that city last week for a trip down the Columbia. This is the regular annual excursion of the ferry.

Summerland Masonic lodge was constituted last week by Dr. Boyce, D. D. G. M., of Kelowna.

A baby moose was captured in the Yukon river and brought to Whitehorse a short time ago.

The C. P. R. and G. N. R. are hitting the grit pretty hard to get control of the east bank of the Fraser.

The Penticton Press says that the closing of seven hotels in Phoenix is "an evidence of the growth of the temperance sentiment in the province." Possibly!

Mrs. S. Breslauer of Portland, Ore., is visiting her parents, J. H. and Mrs. McDonald of Molson.

Six men are now working on the Apex mine near Olalla. This force will be doubled shortly.

Thos. Roderick at Phoenix is doing assessment work on his claims near Olalla.

The name of Dog lake has been changed to Lower Okanagan. Bill Pugsley is responsible.

The editor of the Revelstoke Observer was arrested last week for mixing in the insurance business. He was committed for trial. This should be a warning to editors to keep out of a business in which truth and honesty are non-essentials.

Angus Ruis was stabbed in the heart by John Kulczcki last week at Frank, Alta. Booze led up to the tragedy.

The City of Enderby has sold its 6 per cent. street improvement debentures at a premium of 2.29.

The Provincial Conservative association will meet in Kamloops early in November.

Stuart Henderson, member for Yale in the local legislature, will be the new leader of the provincial Liberal party.

Teddy Mortimer was killed at Lumby last week by falling under a mowing machine that he was driving.

Charley Wagner is in the hospital suffering from numerous wounds inflicted by an infuriated she bear whose cub he killed as he was going to work at A. C. Wilson's logging camp about eight miles out on Wednesday morning. It appears there were a male and a female black bear and a cub on the trail and Wagner, who caught sight of the cub first, shot it. The old bear turned on him and before he could use his gun he was thrown down and badly lascerated. Fortunately help was at hand and he was moved into town as speedily as possible.—Vernon Okanagan.

The Kootenaian says that stealing tools from idle mines is becoming common. Those taking the tools are probably going to use them, which is not being done by the idle mines from which they are being stolen. Better to wear them out than have them destroyed by rust.

In the Kaslo city offices a garter snake is kept preserved in alcohol just to convince those who imbibe freely that there is something doing.

The gold dredge at Goldbill on the Lardo river, owned by a Philadelphia company, is to be launched at last. It is now about two years since the dredge was constructed and since that time one delay after another, principally due to the unsettled state of the money market, has prevented the beginning of operations. The experiment will be watched with keen interest by local mining men, as it is the first attempt at gold dredging in the Kootenays. W. T. Stead, who is in full charge and well experienced in gold dredging, is very confident of the success of the venture, and experts endorse his opinions.—Kaslo Kootenaian.

Children's dresses, half price. Barclay & Co.

A city clerk never missed the chance of expatiating on his garden to his colleagues, who, however were never taken home to see see it, but were under the impression that it was of enormous size. Five of them resolved to have a look at it, discovered his address, and called one Saturday afternoon to see the hundreds of roses all agrowing and ablowing. On being reluctantly taken to the rear of the house, judge of their surprise on seeing a back yard about 12 feet by 10 feet. One bold spirit ventured to remark that it was not very big.

"Big!" replied the proud owner, pointing to the sky. "Why, man alive, look at the height of it!"

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

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

THE ELEVATOR BOY.

He Tells What Causes Trouble In a Skyscraper.

MISTAKE OF JANE SKELDON.

Pretty Stenographer Realizes the Influence of Sammis and Makes Love to Him, but Starts In the Wrong Way.

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IT is all very well for the would be tenant of a skyscraper to make full inquiries about the agent the janitor and the engineer before renting quarters, but he should not stop there. Indeed, he should begin at the head, and the head is the elevator boy. He doesn't make out the monthly bills for office rent nor furnish the heat or light, but it depends upon him to make the skyscraper a paradise on earth or a hotbed of misery. Only about half the tenants understand this, and hence the troubles that arise. If I were the president of a $5,000,000 trust and I went to a skyscraper to see about renting a whole floor I should say to the agent:

"Oh, I don't care anything about your credentials. Your engineer may be a murderer and your janitor a pirate, but what I want to know is what sort of an elevator boy you have got. Can he be fixed? If not, he would drive us out of here in six weeks."

And as president of that trust I should interview the elevator boy before a stick of furniture was moved in. I shouldn't try to bulldoze him, and I shouldn't try to buy him. I should softly and gently say to him:

"My son, I have met over a million elevator boys to date, and each and every one of them has been the son of a widow. Each and every widow has had a gigantic mortgage on her home, and each and every son has been breaking his youthful back to pay it off. I see that you are no exception. Come up to me every Saturday night and get $5. It's for the interest on the mortgage. It's to prove to you that a trust is a blessing instead of an oppression."

That would settle things right off the reel. That trust would prosper like a green bay tree, and I shouldn't have

"WITH A RAZOR IN MY HAND AND KILL US BOTH."

to borrow the ready at 50 per cent interest to buy my cigarettes and make an occasional bet on the horses.

If I were a young woman stenographer, thirty-five years old and not too good looking, and I didn't know exactly when or how or where some one was going to come along and ask for my lily white hand I'd be even sharper than the trust president. I wouldn't try to work the googoo racket on that innocent youth and set his heart aflame, knowing that in the end I must throw him over and darken his whole life, but I'd appeal to his honor and chivalry to aid a poor girl in making a living. I'd ask his advice on all things and seek to gain his powerful influence. I'd call him Brother Sammis and encourage him to call me Sister Jane. What would be the result? Why, that stenographer would go about walking on air, and you'd hear of her investing in real estate every week or two.

Smiles at Sammis.

When Miss Jane Skeldon came to our skyscraper to do stenography she realized my influence all right, but she started in the wrong way. She smiled at me. She made eyes at me. She called me Sammis within two days. Within three days she toyed with my curly locks and claimed to have dreamed about me. Inside of a week my young heart was a seething caldron of love. Mother could cook nothing at home to tempt my appetite. Every night I dreamed of scaling precipices 200 feet high to rescue Miss Jane, and during the days it seemed as if I must get sight of her every hour or drop down dead. It should be known to the public that when an elevator boy loves it is with an intensity that makes every telephone wire within a mile of him hum like a harp string.

For four weeks I lived midway between the heavens and the earth, and mother run the house on $1.50 a week. Then came the downfall. A telegraph boy whose life had been wrecked ten or twelve times by just such a female fiend put me next. He realized how I would suffer, but he felt it his duty to tell me that my Jane was pulling my leg. I could not, would not believe it at first, but he went ahead and made such a strong case that I had to investigate. Investigation proved that the agent for the Scotch Granite company on the twelfth floor was boqueting her every morning and taking her out to lunch and the theater very often. My first thought was to go out into the woods and die, leaving a note that would bring tears to the eyes of the public. My next was to rush up to Jane's room with a razor in my hand and kill us both. I adopted neither of these plans, however. Give an elevator boy half a day to think things over and he will hit the target. It was the telegraph boy who told me of the family in a flat up town, and it was for me to corroborate things. I found the trustful wife and five children. Jane continued to smile at me, and I continued to return them, but within my being a voice was crying out for vengeance.

I went home one night and read "The Murder of the Rue Morgue" and "The Memoir of Sherlock Holmes," and next morning I was ready for the last act of the drama. Was there any mercy in my heart? Not sufficient for a mosquito to bite at. Had any capitalist offered to raise a dozen gigantic mortgages like the one on my mother's home I would not have foregone my vengeance. My heart had been toyed with, and I was implacable. No matter how I found out that the Scotch Granite man and Jane were to take the Coney Island boat that afternoon; no matter how the trustful wife and innocent children got word to be at the dock and take the trip with the husband and father. When you have read Poe and Holmes all things become possible. I went to Mr. Rasher, the agent, and told him that I had been working my heart over time and must give it a rest, and he gave me half a day off.

I was at the dock when the false hearted Jane and the stony hearted Granite man went aboard. They were smiling as the people on the slopes of Vesuvius smile when anybody predicts an earthquake. Hist! They come! They are mine! Fifteen minutes later the family arrived. Notwithstanding the gigantic mortgage weighing me down I had the tickets for them, and I directed them aboard—innocence and vengeance walking hand in hand! I followed on. The woman who is scorned always follows on. So does the elevator boy. He isn't the guy to go out before the last act is played.

Granite and false heart had chairs in the center of a large and growing audience. They smiled and cooed. Not the slightest warning of what was about to break loose came to them. The sun shone, the Hudson river rippled, and it seemed to them as if things would roll on forever without a jar. Did any feeling of pity come to me at the last moment? Did I say to myself that such revenge was unworthy of an elevator boy working for $8 per? Never! Never!

I did not point out the truants to the wife and children. I simply left them to do their own pointing. It wasn't three minutes before they were next. Then there was a rush forward, with cries of "Oh, husband—oh, papa, how good of you!"

An Awful Silence Fell.

Then an awful silence fell upon that boat—a silence lasting about thirty seconds. It was as if she had been in midstream and waiting to collide with a ferryboat. It was broken by female screams and a masculine voice attempting explanations, and then the air was full of hats and ribbons and other adornments. I turned and left the boat. I was on the dock when the others came ashore. I was watching when the false hearted Jane made for a cab and the others for a street car. I even gathered up some pieces of her hat for souvenirs. I even kicked Scotch Granite's panama into the river as I made my way ashore. The false Jane never returned to our skyscraper, but Scotch Granite slipped in after office hours to pack and remove his belongings. He hangs out in some other office now, and his wife and dear ones come down to see him every day, and Jane wanders here and there with drawn, pinched face and tears in her eyes and would meet me if she could and ask me to forgive, but the gulf can never be bridged.

SAMMIS,
The Elevator Boy.

Per M. Quad.

End of Ambitions.

"What's become of that girl who wanted a career—said she felt herself fitted to do headwork in the world?"

"She's doing it all right—got a good job with a fashionable milliner."—Baltimore American.

Garden Hose.

—Harper's Weekly.

Bad Handicap.

"He was probably spoiled by lack of application of the red in his youth."

"What are the symptoms?"

"He has suffered from lack of application ever since."—Kansas City Times.

Saved by a Cat.

Mme. Marie Rayot's cat saved her mistress' life one morning last month. Mme. Rayot, who lives in Paris, heard the cat mew loudly and jumped out of bed, thinking that it was after her birds, which were in the next room. As Mme. Rayot rushed into this room a burglar knocked her candle from her hand and caught her by the throat and attempted to strangle her. He let go, however, with a cry of pain, and when Mme. Rayot's shrieks brought in the neighbors it was found that the cat had caught the burglar by the throat and had scratched out one of his eyes. An accomplice of the burglar was found hiding under a bed.

The Ten Biggest Canadians.

The Canadian Courier recently conducted a balloting contest to select the "ten biggest Canadians." Nominated for the roll of honor were 120 leading men. Of these the following were declared the winners: Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Strathcona, Sir William Van Horne, Goldwin Smith, William Mackenzie, Sir Charles Tupper, the Hon. S. Fielding, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Sir Sanford Fleming and R. L. Borden.

HART AS A BOY.

How Sir Robert Once Lectured a Teacher For Ill-Temper.

Opportunity and luck have played a prominent part in the success of many men; others have lifted themselves from the ruck by sheer hard work and patience. To the latter class belongs Sir Robert Hart, "The Grand Old Man of China," who is just now enjoying a well-earned rest after half a century of diplomatic work in the Far East.

But Sir Robert always was a worker. As a boy at school he was nicknamed "Stewpot," for so great was his passion for study that he was in the habit of stealing fifteen minutes of h[illegible]ch hour to work at Hebrew.

And he was always a reasoner—never satisfied until he knew the why and the wherefore of matters in which he was interested. Says Juliet Bredon, in her absorbing book on Sir Robert Hart, "To the masters he must have been something of a trial.

"One day, for instance, when a certain master spoke somewhat sourly and irritably to him, Sir Robert then and there took it upon himself to deliver him a lecture which, in its calm reasoning, was most disconcerting. 'It is wonderful the way you treat us boys,' he said; 'just as if you were our superior—just as if you were not a little dust and water like the rest of us. One would think from your manners you were our master, whereas you are really our servant. It is we who give you your livelihood—and yet you behave to us in this high-handed manner.' Naturally this tirade made a pretty row in the school."

An amusing story of Sir Robert's first school is also told by the authoress of this book, who, by the way, is a niece of the great pro-consul. One day two visitors were announced. One was a stoutish man, with sandy hair; the other a very long person, like a knitting-needle. The stout man called the boy to him, passed his hand carefully over the bumps of his head, and then, turning to the father, said, "From what I gather of this child's talents, from my examination of his cranial cerebration, my brother's system of education is exactly the one calculated to develop them." The men were two brothers named Arnold, who proposed to open a little school, and were tramping the country in search of pupils.

Abdul Hamid In London.

The dethroned Sultan is not altogether a stranger to London. Once, and only once, he passed in procession through our streets. That was forty years ago, however, so it is doubtful whether any mere man in the street can recall the event. His late Majesty was then a young man in the train of his uncle, the Sultan Abdul Aziz. He rode in the Sultan's procession from Charing Cross station to Buckingham Palace, visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, and attended the opera at Covent Garden, a review at Spithead, a Guildhall reception, a ball at the India Office, and a festival performance at the Crystal Palace.

Ten years after this visit Abdul Aziz was deposed, and within a few days of his successor's appointment he committed suicide. Abdul Aziz's stay in London aroused unusual enthusiasm, the public receiving him splendidly wherever he went. At that time the ex-Sultan, Abdul Hamid, was a pleasant-looking young fellow "of medium height, with clear olive complexion, dark hair, high forehead, and large dark brown eyes, the habitual expression of his face being one of extreme sadness." To observers at the Guildhall banquet the young Turk appeared "shy and retiring." It is also recorded of him that in the gardens of Buckingham Palace he "would shrink behind the bushes and conceal himself if he saw anyone approaching."

His Majesty's Victory.

A topic of the week has been the victory of the King's colt Minoru in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas. His Majesty's successes are quite the feature of the present racing season. Last season the King won only $27,000; this season, which is barely a month old, he has already won $45,000 in stakes. At this rate the King's winnings in 1909 may exceed his record gains in stakes of $145,000 in 1900, $75,000 in 1897, and $130,000 in 1898. The royal year started auspiciously at Newbury when for the first time since His Majesty came to the throne his horses won two races in one day. Out of six races the King's horses have won four and been second twice.

The royal victories are always exceedingly popular, and the only regret is that His Majesty has not been able to give the crowds at Newbury and Newmarket the opportunity of not only cheering the royal colors but of shouting the owner.

The Lunatic's Thought.

The chaplain of a large private asylum in Yorkshire, Eng., recently asked a brother clergyman to preach to the inmates on a Sunday morning during his absence. He said to him: "Preach them a good sermon, for though insane on some points they are very intelligent." The preacher talked to them of Africa and India and of heathen mothers who threw their babes into the sacred River Ganges as offerings to the gods. Tears streamed down the face of one listener. When asked by the clergyman afterward what part of the sermon had affected him, the lunatic replied: "Sir, I was thinking it was a pity your mother didn't throw you into the Ganges."

Coastguard Stations as Sanatoria.

A novel scheme was disclosed by Lady Aberdeen, the wife of the Viceroy of Ireland. The countess said that "for some time past they had been in communication with the Admiralty as to obtaining the leases or remainder of the leases of disused coastguard stations, with a view to converting the into santoria or convalescent homes. They had now got the first of these at Sutton, where there were eight cottages of three rooms each."

His Theory.

"I wonder why the band is playing 'Old Hundred?'" said a man at the circus to his neighbor.

"As a reverential tribute to the ancient jokes of the clown no doubt," replied the party of the first part.—St. Louis Republic.

Unexpected.

"Does my whistle annoy you?" asked the joker solicitously.

The pleasant man put down his pen.

"Not a bit!" he protested.

"Well, in that case," remarked the joker, "I'll try something else."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE DOCTOR SAID "I CAN'T HELP YOU"

Suffered 10 Months with Kidney Complaint. Gin Pills Cured.

Dunvegar, Inverness Co.

I am perfectly cured of Kidney complaint after using Gin Pills. Six hours after taking the first Pill I obtained relief, and now after three months I feel as well as ever.

I suffered ten months and the Physician attending me advised me to go to the Victoria Hospital at Halifax, as he could do nothing more for me. I may add that I used a great deal of medicine, and strictly followed my physician's directions regarding diet, etc., but without avail, until providentially I learned of your most excellent remedy. I am recommending Gin Pills.

(Sgd.) LEWIS MACPHERSON.

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Dept N. U. National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 120

Scottish Retort

It was a Scot, of course, whose minister reproached him as an habitual absentee from kirk, and who pleaded his dislike of long sermons. "'Deed, man," said the minister, "if ye dinna mend, ye may land yersel' where ye'll no' be troubled wi' mony sermons, lang or short." "Weel," was the answer, "but it mayna be for want o' ministers."

"Th' feller what went t' congress from this deestrict sent me a whole passel uv garden seeds," said the pessimistic granger, "an' not a gosh blamed one uv 'em came up, by grass!"

Eyes Are Relieved by Murine

when irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,928 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Is compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles; You will like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Had Been

Mistress (angrily)—"How dare you talk back to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. You have a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady's maid." New Maid—"I don't call myself that, now, ma'am; but I was a lady's maid before I got this job."

There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Cure, and it can be used without danger of injury.

She Wondered

"Yes," said the young student, thoughtfully, "when I get interested in a subject I never stop until I have embraced it thoroughly." "That's nice," was the unhesitating reply. "Do—do you think I am an interesting subject?"

The Other Side

"Say, pa," Johnny asked—and it was his thirty-seventh query—"is there two sides to every question?"

"There is," replied the long suffering parent, as he suddenly yanked the youngster across his knee and began to apply his slipper, "and this is the other side."

She is a wise young wife who tries her first cake on a tramp.

As men grow older they are apt to talk less and say more.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

The hot weather months are an anxious time for all mothers, but particularly for young mothers. They are the most fatal time of the year for babies and young children, because of the great prevalence of stomach and bowel troubles. These come almost without warning and often before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. No other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets in promptly curing bowel and stomach troubles and an occasional dose given the well child will keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter and ensure good health to the child. Therefore the Tablets should always be kept in the home, as they may be the means of saving a little life. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Not Him

Little Girl—My mamma is awful strict. Is yours?

Little Boy—Orful.

Little Girl—But she lets you go anywhere you want to, and——

Little Boy—Oh, she ain't strict with me.

Little Girl—Then who is she strict with?

Little Boy—Pa.

A Mother's Anchor

A babe is a mother's anchor. She cannot swing far from her moorings. And yet a true mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts follow the imagined future of her child. The babe is the boldest of pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts down through scenes of coming years. The old ark never made such voyage as the cradle daily makes.—H. Ward Beecher.

He Didn't Believe It

Wife (laughingly)—There are some exceruciatingly funny jokes in this paper about women going shopping all day and never buying anything.

Husband (hotly)—Yes, but they're lies!

When a man thinks he's the real head of the family he is intellectually equipped also to think he can work out perpetual motion.

Just as sure as a man plans to go to a baseball game that's the day he has to take the children after school to get them new shoes.

ROYAL MAIDS.

When They Wish to Marry They Must Do the Proposing.

When a reigning queen is to be married she must be the one to broach the subject first to her future consort. The same rule holds good with regard to all royal ladies who marry commoners.

The late Queen Victoria has told how she managed to "put the question" to Prince Albert—how she first showed him Windsor and its beauties and the distant landscape and then said, "All this may be yours." The queen of Holland on a like occasion simply sent a sprig of white heather, begging Prince Henry to look out its meaning in a book of flowers and their meanings. The Duchess of Argyll took the following means of proposing to the Marquis of Lorne: She was about to attend a state ball and gave it out that she would choose as her partner for the first dance the man she intended to honor. She selected the marquis, who subsequently became her husband.

But perhaps the most interesting of all ways chosen was that of the Duchess of Fife. She took the earl, as he then was, to a drawer and showed him its contents. There he saw a number of trifles he had given her at different times, including sprigs of several kinds of flowers, now dead, he had picked for her at various times. He was much impressed at the sight, nor did it require words on her part to make her meaning plain.—London Answers.

ADENOIDS.

The Way These Growths Endanger the Health of Children.

Adenoids are curious little cauliflower-like growths which appear at the junction of the nasal cavity and the pharynx. They are often observed at birth, but they seldom cause discomfort until some months later. Then they interfere with respiration and cause the baby to be restless. It tosses in its sleep and wakens suddenly, crying out as if in distress.

If adenoids are permitted to remain they deform the mouth, teeth, throat, chest and face. At their worst they produce pop eyes and what is called a frog face. They cause mouth breathing, with all its attendant evils. They open the way for a hundred and one ills, from rupture of the eardrum, running from the ears, coughs and tonsilitis to pulmonary tuberculosis.

A slight operation suffices to remove them. The baby suffers little pain and loses little blood. Out they come, and with them the overgrown tonsils that commonly accompany them. If they are suffered to remain they may never be discovered. But it is certain that in one way or another, directly or indirectly, they will cause damage.—Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshbergin in Delineator.

Yarmouth's Narrow Street.

Kitty Witches row, Great Yarmouth, can justly claim to be the narrowest street in the world, the entrance at one end being only twenty-nine inches and at the other fifty-six inches. It gives some idea of the width when one mentions that neighbors can shake hands and put out each other's candles across the street! Why these rows have been so constructed has given rise to a good deal of discussion. Some writers give the reason that when there was a very high tide the water might flow through them; others, in the event of an invasion they would prove an excellent means of defense or that the ground plans of the rows were suggested by the fishermen's nets, which spread on the dunes to dry, had a narrow pathway left between them, which represented the rows. Yarmouth has 145 rows, and their total length exceeds seven miles, Kitty Witches being the most interesting and the narrowest of all.

How Faraday Refused a Pension.

Lord Melbourne once announced to Faraday that it was his pleasing duty to offer him a pension, but, he added, "I suppose all this science is humbug." Faraday at once replied, "If that is your opinion, my lord, I decline the pension," and retired. Melbourne, on meeting some of his colleagues, said: "I have had a strange thing happen. A man has declined a pension." But these gentlemen knew Faraday's position and reputation better than the premier and urged him to rectify the blunder. Faraday was again interviewed, but Melbourne was obliged to retract and apologize before the pension was accepted.

London Snowstorms.

The purifying effect of a snowstorm on city air was shown in London by experiments which demonstrated five times the amount of impurities on week days, when all the factories are active, as on Sundays. It was figured out that nevertheless a single Sunday snowstorm carried to the surface of the county of London 75 tons of dissolved solids, 142 tons of suspended matters, 100 tons of coal, 25 tons of salt and a ton of ammonia.—London Chronicle.

A Sudden Start.

"You used to go to school with Coppers, the new millionaire, didn't you?"

"I did. Fact is, I gave him his first start in life."

"How?"

"With a bent pin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On His Birthday.

He—The worst thing about me is my nose. I've got such a beastly one. She—You shouldn't say such things about a gift. He—A gift? I—ah—don't understand. She—Wasn't it a birthday present?—New York Journal.

Wherever we meet misery we owe pity.—Dryden.

Quick Shaves

"You must drink hot water with your whisky," the doctor told his patient, "otherwise you mustn't take it at all."

"But how shall I get the hot water?" the patient queried, plaintively. "My wife won't let me have it for the whisky toddy."

"Tell her you want to shave," the doctor said, and took his departure.

The next day the doctor called and asked the wife how his patient was.

"He's gone raving mad," his wife replied. "He shaves every ten minutes."—Tit-Bits.

Reason to Thank Him

"Ah, my dear Mr. Briefless," said Mr. Hardcash, seizing the young barrister's hand and shaking it warmly, "I am so immensely obliged to you. That case of mine the other day, you know—I won it triumphantly."

"Thanks," replied Briefless; "but did I represent you?"

"No, my dear fellow," replied Hardcash; "you represented the other man."

An old physician was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. A lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil. "But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy." "Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

"Are you going to settle anything on your daughter?" asked the young man with the cigarette and languid air. "Well, it rather looks, if she marries you, that she is going to settle something on me," replied the parent.

His Fault

Old Husband—Didn't you marry me for my money? Answer me that, madam.

Young Wife—Certainly I did. And we'd get along splendidly if you were not so mean with it.

Art and the Artist

Miss Brush—I suppose you don't mind my being in your field, Mr. Goebel?

Farmer Goebel (heartily)—The longer you stay the better, miss. Fact is, the birds 'ave been very troublesome this season.

Could Not Get It

Miss Bunkerhill—Have you read Scott's novels?

Miss Laker—All except his "Emulsion." I have seen it advertised, but I have never been able to get a copy.

Quite the Thing

"Poor Brown is gone."

"Did he die a natural death?"

"Yes; he was run over by an automobile."

"Oh, well," replied the optimistic proprietor of the crossroads grocery, "you ain't got no kick comin.' He might have sent you his speeches on phonograph records."

All ways lead to the theatre this year. Let's see, there's been the "Easiest Way," the "Gay Way," "A Woman's Way," the "Narrow Way" and a lot more.

Not a Nurse

Mamma—We must get a nurse for the baby.

Papa—Nurse be hanged! What he wants is a night watchman!

Old Resident—And does my daughter's singing annoy you?

Mr. Newcomer—Oh, dear, no. I used to be fireman in a sawmill.

"How did you learn Maud's weight? "I asked her what she considered the most attractive weight for a woman."

Miss Passe—Do you think women should propose?

Her Friend—Have you tried everything else?

Practically all Canadian druggists grocers and general dealers sell Wilson's Fly Pads. If your storekeeper does not, ask him why.

"Who rules your house, Jones, you or your wife?

"It's a toss up between the baby and my wife's mother."

Critic—Ah, No. 152! "The Desert of Sahara."

Baseball Fan—What a splendid ball ground that would make, hey?

"How could you keep so cool, cap—"Oh, I was in charge of the refrigerator ship."

Have you ever noticed that the henpecked man does all his crowing away from home?

If clothes didn't make the woman some of them would look like men.

Josh Wise says:—"It's funny how easy a woman who can't keep a secret kin keep a husband."

The Rising Generation.

"Bliggins is always repeating something his small boy said."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "That boy must be a wonder. He is the only person I know of whose opinions Mr. Bliggins regards as more important than his own."—Washington Star.

His Whereabouts.

"What became of that young man who sought your hand in marriage at the seashore last summer?" asked the dear girl who had been abroad.

"Oh," replied the fair one who had remained at home, "I have him under my thumb now."—Chicago News.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Do you know the difference between working and having the work done for you?

Sunlight Soap actually makes the dirt drop out—saves you time and money—but injures neither hands nor clothes. That is just the difference between Sunlight Soap and ordinary soaps.

So Many Do

"He is going to write a book."

"On what line?"

"Exposing something."

"Exposing what?"

"His ignorance, I guess."

He Knew

"Do you know that your chickens come over into my garden?"

"I thought they must be doing that."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because they never come back."

A Difficulty

"When we are married, of course you will shave every morning. That is one of the rules of our club. We all agreed not to marry any man who wouldn't shave every morning." "Well, what about the mornings I don't get home in time? I belong to a club, too."

A valuable thing to a man who has gone through college is what a lot he could have learned anywhere else.

It takes a man to be pleased with himself for having a dog that can fight but disgusted with his neighbor for having one.

The great trouble a woman has about keeping a secret is that if she does it doesn't seem to her a real secret.

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30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per pound

At all Grocers.

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If your storekeeper does not keep it, write Sales Manager,

CARBON OIL WORKS, Ltd
WINNIPEG, CANADA.

(Look for our exhibit in the Manufacturers Building at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition.)

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indicates weakness of the stomach nerves which control the desire for food. It is a sure sign that the digestive organs need the help of

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The Lure of the Tents.

By S. B. HACKLEY.

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"I shall never ask you again, Annette. Tell me—you absolutely refuse to give it up even for—even for me?"

Forsythe's voice trembled and a repressed light burned in his black eyes as he laid his hands, slender, but brown and strong with the strength that three years of cowboy riding had given, on the shoulders of a girl standing on this April afternoon just outside the women's dressing tent of the new Wild West show.

The girl, who wore a dark green corduroy divided skirt, a short white coat with fringed sleeves, a dark handkerchief knotted about her soft throat and a cowboy's hat on her red-gold hair, thrust off his hands with her gauntleted ones and gave him a merry look, underneath which were defiance and determination.

"Bobby Forsythe," she cried, "it's me for the show forever!"

The young man's dark face turned crimson.

"My ring, please, Annette!"

The girl's glowing cheeks paled slightly, but she slipped off her glove and laid the solitaire in his outstretched palm. Then, with a gurgling laugh that might have passed for a sob, she bowed mockingly before him and, lifting the tent flap, disappeared within.

It was Buffalo Bill's show to which these two belonged, but it was a pretty good Wild West show, and Annette Lucile Blossom was the best "cowgirl" rider of the twenty that dashed twice a day fearlessly around the arena. How she could ride—even better than the daring young wife of one of the show's owners who rode with him now and then for the benefit of the public.

Robert Forsythe, the most daring rider of the cowboys, the pride of the troop, always had hated to see the Blossom riding. When he glanced over the ropes and saw some woman spectator looking on calm and dignified and then glanced toward Annette astride Western Wind, the bay pony with the black spot on his left shoulder, her cheeks brilliant, crying in mad merriment with the other girl riders, his heart boiled within him.

Forsythe, of a fine old South Carolina family, had become known for his horsemanship on every western ranch. Reckless of nature and ready for a frolic, he had not said "No" when besought by the managers of the new Wild West show to join it.

On the day that he joined the troupe—a spring day in Oklahoma—he first saw Annette disentangling her skirt from a Cherokee rosebush. With the courtesy to a woman that is the southerner's birthright Forsythe offered to assist her.

When the thorns were conquered Annette was no longer heart free, and Forsythe went back to his quarters feeling like one who has looked into paradise and received a blow in the face.

That life might be all right for a man, but at his home it was like a crime for a girl of his station to ride thus for exhibition.

Was this girl with the glorious beauty, with the eyes of heaven, as public a thing as the armless woman in the sideshow?

Forsythe clinched his hands. In after weeks he clinched his hands many times. He scorned himself for the flame of admiration that the guileless young girl had kindled in his heart and for the fact that he could not hold aloof from her.

It was in Winnipeg, when midsummer and the show entered Canada together, that he threw aside pride and tradition and told Annette that he loved her. Then for the girl, for whom since the April day in Oklahoma all commonplace things had been bathed in glory, began a life of torment.

Forsythe began the moment his ring shone on her finger to beseech her to leave the show as no fit place for a refined woman.

Her kinsmen, the show's owners, would have released her, but the spell of the circus held her, and, secure, as she thought, in Forsythe's love, she laughed at his entreaties.

Forsythe grew sick with loathing of the tent life. Every part of the performance disgusted him.

Forsythe overtook her just outside the dressing tent wild with humiliation and besought her to marry him that evening and let him take her home to South Carolina.

She refused laughingly, but when he demanded that she stop riding immediately, even though she did not marry him, his arbitrary tones angered her, and it ended in a broken engagement.

For two months Forsythe gave no sign of wishing to renew his friendship with Annette, but treated her with a formal politeness that rendered her miserable.

"I wish he would leave the show," she thought daily, but he remained, held as by a magnet.

In the quadrille on horseback she never was his chosen partner again, and when he had to touch her fingers in an interchange of movements his face was stern and inscrutable and his hands were like ice.

Annette's friends were not told of her broken engagement, but they noticed that her blue eyes were often dark circled and that in the riding she rode fastest and most wildly of all.

At last they arrived in south Texas, hurrying toward Mexico, the show stopped at the small towns only. There came a night of terrific rain that soaked the ground until it was dangerous for riding, but an exhibition was held whatever the weather, so 2 o'clock in the afternoon saw the performance at its height.

The parade around the ring was over—broncho "busters," Indians, Mexicans, cowgirls and cowboys, Cossacks, all had passed in review. The stage holdup and the Indian dance were over. Then came the cowboy feats of difficult riding.

Robert Forsythe rode most recklessly of all—vaulting over his galloping horse, supporting his weight solely by one hand clutching the pommel—around the arena.

The Cossacks, most daring riders of the world, hated him for his skill, and Forsythe in the latter weeks of his misery had become more reckless in riding than even a Cossack.

"Somebody's going to be hurt today," remarked one of the spectators. "Look at that fellow riding the game little sorrel with the white feet, won't you?"

"Somebody's going to see his finish," remarked the performers behind the weather beaten retiring curtain. Annette shivered and whitened as she listened.

"The sorrel's down!" rang a cry.

The spectators leaped from their seats by hundreds. The horse struggled up and shook himself—unhurt. The man lay still. Then came a woman's scream from behind the curtain, "Oh, Bobby, Bobby Bobby!"

The young man was raised and hastily carried out. The program continued as if nothing had happened, and the show moved on that night toward Mexico.

When Robert Forsythe, bruised and with a broken leg, opened his eyes in the City hospital late that evening the tear stained face of the best cowgirl rider of the new Wild West show bent over him.

He stared at her a moment wonderingly.

"Oh, Bobby," she whispered humbly and uncertainly, "if you still want me I'll leave it—I will—I will!"

A transfiguring light came in Forsythe's eyes. "When?" he asked eagerly.

"Now," she answered, "this minute, Bobby!"

Robert fumbled weakly in the purse which the nurse handed him.

Presently the ring that had been taken off in Kentucky was put on in Texas, and the electric lights that twinkled within the hospital walls were as the lights of heaven.

Presently Robert Forsythe broke the silence.

"Annette," said he, "will you mind very much—if—if"—

"If what, dear?" said Annette. "I won't mind anything except you. If what?"

"If," said Robert, smiling quizzically, "we stay with the show. You know, I kind of like it now. And I can't let that sorrel beat me."

Do Crows Recognize Sunday?

A large number of crows were foraging for food not long ago close to the house of a farmer in West Virginia. They were unusually bold, as though hunger had driven them to forget their usual shyness and distrust of their natural enemies—men.

Two of them alighted close to the back door and picked up the crumbs with an apparent assurance of their safety not easily accounted for. The farmer was telling a neighbor about the tameness of the birds, and the latter remarked:

"You won't see them foolhardy tomorrow."

"Why not tomorrow as well as today?"

"Because today is Sunday, and these crows know it. They know that one day in seven they are not popped at by boys and men. They can count, crows can, and they know that on the seventh day they are exempt from persecution.

"I once lived near a swamp where thousands of crows made their roosting place, and early in the morning they used to start for the mountains for their food. I was often out with my gun trying to get a shot at them. Week days they were shy of me, and I seldom got a shot at them, but on Sunday morning it was different. Then they would fly low and close to my house, their wings almost flapping the ridgeboards of house and barns. Do crows know when it is Sunday? Of course they do."—Exchange.

Where the Cow's Kept.

It was examination day at a council school in the outskirts of Leeds. Six rows of neat little "tykes," with polished faces and clean collars, had been carefully coached by the teacher in the difficult art of evading the pitfalls set by the wily inspector. To a boy they were ready.

The class room door opened and admitted the dreadful personage.

"Now, boys," he commenced in his most insinuating manner, "can any of you tell me a few things that are made in Leeds?"

"Clothes!" said Tommy Jones.

"Right!" said the inspector.

"Engines!" yelled Sammy Jenkins.

"Right!" said the inspector.

Then the replies came to a sudden stop.

"Now, then, you bright boys, hurry up!" said his majesty. But the dreadful silence was unbroken. "Well, now, boys, what is the skin of a cow used for?" asked their examiner in order to jog their memories.

Little Johnny Binks fell off his seat in his eagerness to be seen.

"Please, sir—please, sir," he yelled, "the skin is used to keep the meat in!"—Liverpool Mercury.

Harmonious.

"What is the matter with the hack driver?"

"He has a hacking cough."

"Blazers."

In the late sixties, when flannel coats of club colors first began to be used, the coat adopted for Magdalen College, Oxford, both for the "eight" and the "eleven," was scarlet, trimmed with blue silk. This naturally created some sensation for its conspicuous color and was visible half way up the High street. I think it was a Balliol man who first called these the "Magdalen blazers"; but the name had just come into vogue when I was at Oxford, and has since been extended to color coats of all kinds, however sombre their hue.—John Murray, in "Notes and Queries."

An Ambidextrous Golfer.

A correspondent at Sydney, Australia, writes to The Golfer to say that a bogey competition was recently won at Hunter's Hill out there by Mr. Robert Smith, "whose game is particularly interesting from the fact that he is an ambidextrous player. He carries round about an equal number of 'left' and 'right' handed clubs, and it is a matter of supreme indifference to him which he uses; in fact, if a match were to be arranged, 'Smith right-handed against Smith himself left-handed,' no one could tell which 'hand' it would be safer to back."

WEAK, TIRED GIRLS

Will Find Health and Strength Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is a time in the life of every girl when the strain upon her blood becomes too great; when she grows weak; has headaches and backaches; when dizziness seizes her and she becomes extremely miserable. That is the time of life she needs a tonic—a medicine that will not fail to enrich her blood and give her strength to withstand the changes through which she is passing. Such a tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They have raised thousands of growing girls out of the depths of misery and despair to a full enjoyment of good health and strength. Among those who have found good health through these Pills is Miss Suddard of Haldimand, Que., concerning whose case her mother writes as follows:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great benefit to my daughter who was weak and miserable. She was pale, easily tired and was bothered with indigestion. The use of the Pills has brought back her health, and made her strong and active. I am very grateful for what this wonderful medicine has done for her."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder known to medical science. That is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, etc. That is why they are of such value to women and girls during the changes through which they pass from girlhood to maturity. The Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Reason

Mrs. Dearborn—You say that is Mrs. Burke-Martin?

Mrs. Wabash—Yes, Burke was her name, and Martin was her husband's name.

Mrs. Dearborn—But why does she use the hyphen between the names?

Mrs. Wabash—To show that she's separated from her husband.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad, so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good.

One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, warmed on flannels and applied on my breast, cured me completely.

C. H. COSSABOOM.

Rossway, Digby Co., N.S.

Surely Suffered

Maud—She is a woman who has suffered a good deal for her belief.

Ethel—Dear me! What is her belief?

Maud—She believes that she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 6 foot.

If every housekeeper would use Wilson's Fly Pads freely during the Summer months the house fly peril would soon be a thing of the past.

Enquiring trooper, new to the ways of the Territorial Army—"Now, what becomes o' these 'orses when we break up camp?" Horse Contractor—"Why, bless yer, they've got to go and 'oss four or five camps after this!" Trooper—"Then I suppose in time of war 'bout six of us would 'ave to ride one 'orse?"—Punch.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Friend—What was the title of your poem?

Poet—"Oh give me Back My Dreams."

Friend—And what did the editor write to you?

Poet — "Take 'em!" — Cleveland Leader.

A Household Medicine.—They that are acquainted with the sterling properties of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatment of many ailments would not be without it in the house. It is truly a household medicine and as it is effective in dealing with many ordinary complaints it is cheaper than a doctor. So, keep it at hand, as the call for it may come most unexpectedly.

Husband—"It is a great thing—that accident insurance. I have taken out a policy so that if, for instance, I merely break my arm, I receive £500." Wife—"Wouldn't that be nice! Then I could take a trip to the Riviera."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The children were having an object lesson on the heron. The master called attention to its short tail, saying: "The bird has no tail to speak of." The next day he asked the children to write an essay on the bird, and one little girl concluded her essay by saying, "The heron has a tail, but it must not be talked of."

A Medical Need Supplied.—When a medicine is found that not only acts upon the stomach, but is so composed that certain ingredients of it pass unaltered through the stomach to find action in the bowels, then there is available a purgative and a cleanser of great effectiveness. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are of this character and are the best of all pills. During the years that they have been in use they have established themselves as no other pill has done.

Visitor—Why do you insist on your employees being married men?

Merchant—To preserve discipline. The married men are used to taking orders.

Josh Wise says:—"A sense o' humor in some people appears more like ignorance o' humor."

"And when he died, what did he leave her?"

"Alone."

Too many friends will put a man in the poorhouse.

He Knew

"Can any little boy," asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?" "I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

GIFT OF LANGUAGE.

Advantages of the Man Who is Able to Talk Well.

There is no other one thing which enables us to make so good an impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well. A man who can talk well, who has the art of putting things in an attractive way, who can interest others immediately by his power of speech, has a very great advantage over one who may know more than he, but who cannot express himself with ease or eloquence.

You may be a good singer, a fine artist, you may have a great many accomplishments which people occasionally see or enjoy, you may have a very beautiful home and a lot of property which comparatively few people ever know about, but if you are a good converser every one you meet recognizes and appreciates your art. Everybody you converse with feels the influence of your skill and charm.

In other words, there is no accomplishment, no attainment, which you can use so constantly and effectively which will give so much pleasure to your friends as fine conversation. There is no doubt that the gift of language was intended to be a much greater accomplishment than the majority of us have ever made of it.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

PAPER AND CANVAS.

An Anecdote of Turner, the Great Landscape Painter.

In a book entitled "Stories of the English Artists" R. Davies and C. Hunt tell an interesting anecdote of Turner, the great landscape painter. He disliked to part with his pictures and when he sold one invariably wore a look of dejection and oppression. If a friend asked him what was the matter he would sorrowfully explain, "I've lost one of my children this week."

Once a rich Birmingham manufacturer, Gillott by name, introduced himself to the painter and stated that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell," or some such laconic rebuff was the answer.

The manufacturer then drew from his pocket a bundle of banknotes, about £5,000 worth.

"Mere paper," observed Turner, with grim humor, a little softened, however, and evidently enjoying the joke.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," replied the persistent Gillott, waving his hand at the "Building of Carthage" and its companions.

This tone of cool depreciation seemed to have a happy effect, and finally Gillott departed with some £5,000 worth of Turner's pictures.

A Strenuous Wooer.

"The Reminiscences of Bismarck" contains an account of his courtship. He was a young Prussian officer when he first met Johanna von Puttkamer, but he made application at once to her father for permission to pay his addresses. Aghast at Bismarck's proposal, the old gentleman did not absolutely decline it. Instead he wrote giving permission to pay a sort of "visit of inspection" at the Puttkamer home. Bismarck hastened to Reinfeld. The whole Puttkamer family was lined up to greet him. The father and mother glared at him solemnly, and Johanna herself stood between them, her eyes cast modestly downward. With the swift, whirlwind decision that scored Bismarck his later political triumphs he carried the situation by storm. Galloping up the driveway, he leaped from his horse, ran forward and flung his arms around Johanna, taking no heed of her scandalized parents and catching her to his breast and covering her blushing face with kisses. After that there could be no talk of "probation" or "waiting." The betrothal was necessarily an accepted fact.

Satisfied Each Side.

Nearer seven feet tall than six was the father of the present earl of Enniskillen. He was a magistrate and a mighty fox hunter. He used to come to the "justice room" ready dressed for hunting quite early in the morning, in order to hear cases before he started off to the meet. His practice was to hear the plaintiff and then horsewhip the defendant, abusing him for behaving in such a blackguardly manner. Then he heard the defendant and afterward horsewhipped the plaintiff. It is said that both parties left the court perfectly satisfied, each saying that the other had been horsewhipped by his honor.—London Graphic.

How He Knew.

"My wife took me to the orchestra concert last night, and I think they played Wagner."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, a big bunch of plaster fell from the ceiling into the middle aisle during the concert, and a man who was sleeping near me woke up and said 'Wagner!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Got It Free.

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

Would Seem Not.

"In these stories of the middle ages we always read about the hero's good right arm."

"Well?"

"Was there never a southpaw knight?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The right word is always a power and communicates its definiteness to our action.—Eliot.

Why did you laugh so hard at that old chestnut he told?

Well, you see, when he started out, I thought he was going to tell me a hard luck story and strike me for some money.

What a girl likes about having several beaux is she can count them as several more.

"There, Fanny! You have broken another vase. Your breakage this month amounts to more than your wages. What shall I do?"

"Give me a rise."

Human Life Increased

By Fourteen Years

Longer Life due to better understanding of Nature's Laws and use of such medicines as DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

During the last century the average life of man has increased by about four years. Insurance statistics prove this.

What is the reason?

People are learning to take better care of their health and to follow the laws of sanitation and hygiene.

The first law of health and the most important calls for "Daily movement of the bowels."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have helped to prolong the life of many because they have enabled them to follow this first law of health.

A torpid, sluggish condition of the liver and kidneys is certain to bring constipation of the bowels, clogging of the digestive and excretory systems, poisoning of the blood and give rise to the most dreadfully painful and fatal of diseases.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills purify the blood and cleanse the system as no other treatment can because of their unique and combined action on the filtering and excretory organs—the liver, kidneys and bowels.

Mrs. R. Morrow, Bracebridge, Ont., writes:—"For years I was troubled almost constantly with constipation of the bowels and never got anything to do me the lasting good that has been obtained from Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They not only relieved that trouble, but have entirely cured the headaches from which I used to suffer, and have improved my health in a general way."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

From the Text

"Here, Benny," said Mr. Bloomplumper to his young son, as the latter started to church, "are a shilling and a penny. You can put which you please in the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church.

Curious to know what coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned, and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way. The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a penny a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a shilling, so I put in the penny."

"Humph!" said the lady with the extra supply of artificial puffs. "Just listen to this crazy stuff in the woman's department of this magazine: 'To retain your husband's interest in you, remember the little traits and ways and mannerisms that won his affections. Be coy, be vivacious. Flirt with him!'"

"Well," responds the lady with the shiny nose. "That seems to me to be good advice."

"Humph! To retain your husband's interest in you, flirt with somebody else's husband, my dear!"—Life.

Matrimonial Indigestion

Giles—Pecken has a bad case of matrimonial dyspepsia.

Miles—How's that?

Giles—His wife doesn't agree with him.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

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

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

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

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"So you danced with my fiancee last night at the ball?" "Yes. Did she tell you?" "Oh no! I noticed that she was limping to-day.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation that no other cordial for the purpose can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

Of late there has been an extraordinary development of service in fine, new modern fast ships between South America and ports in England, Germany and Italy.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

A woman has such an imagination that before the seamstress who sews for her by the day has got on the trolley car in front of the house she can speak of her as her tailor.

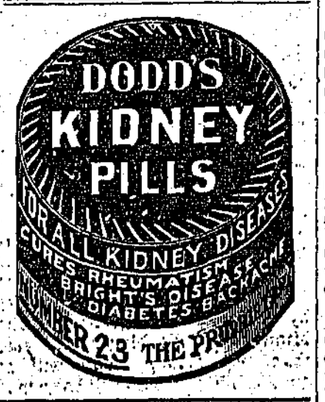
It is an undisputed fact that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has actually killed a bushel of house flies Fortunately no such quantity can ever be found in a well kept house, but whether they be few or many Wilson's Fly Pads will kill them all.

Read Her Way

While Aunty arranged the pantry shelves, her little niece handled the spiceboxes and called each spice by name. Presently she said, "Auntie, I can read."

"Can you dear," answered Auntie.

"Yes, Auntie," came the reply, "but I don't read like you do. I read by the smell."



CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

Some of the Wonderful Properties of Rapidly Revolving Bodies.

It is probably well known to our readers that by means of revolving soft copper disks, the edges of which are served with diamond dust by beating it in, diamonds can be sawed up By means of sharp, rapidly revolving iron disks it is possible to cut through heavy steel armor plates of four to eight inches in thickness. These phenomena belong to a very interesting department in physics, the physics of revolving bodies, that doubtless still has a great deal that is remarkable to offer. The rotation of a wheel results in the phenomenon that keeps the wheelman or bicyclist without exertion free on his seat—i. e., the so called free axis. We can also observe it easily in a top, which, its equilibrium disturbed, as long as the rotation is rapid enough always resumes a certain position in regard to its axis without requiring pivot bearings. Rotation also exercises a tension producing effect on the substance of a revolving body, and it is this tension that imparts to the soft saws referred to their notable efficiency. If, for instance, a disk of thin cardboard is caused by a suitable transmission to rotate very rapidly on the lathe the rotatory tension causes the card to behave like sheet metal.

As the Natuwissenschaftliche Wochenschrift states, the cardboard can in such case no longer be bent and if struck with a hammer gives off a sound as though we were striking bronze. This is, however, only the beginning. If we place on the shaft of an electromotor a disk of good paper, cut into an exact circle about eight inches in diameter, this paper disk can be made at the highest rotating speed of the motor to saw through cigar box wood. At the cutting surface it acquires a fine brown polish. The publication in question shows other interesting experiments. We can, for instance, fit on the shaft of the rotatory apparatus a drum, about which may be passed an annular closed little chain in such a manner that at the highest rotatory speed of which the motor is capable it can be slipped off the drum. The chain will then behave like a solid ring, roll across the table and when it strikes the ground bounce up like a hoop. The active principle on which all these tension phenomena are based is centrifugal force.

BASEBALL STRATEGY.

A Bit of Quick Thinking and Good Play on the Diamond.

The quickest thinking I ever saw on a baseball field was done by Tommy McCarthy, the Boston outfielder of years ago. Tom Browne, one of the speediest runners that ever played baseball, was on second base, and New York needed one run to tie the score. Jack Doyle, then a great batter, was at bat, and it seemed certain that a base hit by Doyle would tie the score and perhaps win the game, as there was but one out, and Browne was so speedy he could score from second base on almost any kind of a safe hit McCarthy crept closer to the infield on left, realizing that, although he could throw with wonderful rapidity and accuracy, the chances were all against throwing Browne out at the plate unless he was close and the ball came to him quickly. Doyle drove a hard line hit straight to the left field. Browne went scudding toward third base. Doyle raced for first, and McCarthy plunged forward at top speed. The fielder reached the ball on its first bound, grabbed it and without stopping or looking threw with terrific force and perfect aim across the diamond into the first baseman's hands Browne had stopped at third base. Doyle, who had turned first with the intention of sprinting to second, was caught standing still ten feet from first. The next batter went out on a fly, and Boston won the game.

After the game I asked McCarthy concerning the play. "Well," he explained, "Browne is a quick thinker. He saw just how hard that ball was hit and knew he would be thrown out at the plate unless I fumbled Doyle doesn't think very fast, and, knowing that he would turn first and stop to see if I was throwing home, I threw across to first and caught him."

He figured that out while the ball was screaming through the air toward him, probably reaching his conclusions and making the decision in four-fifths of a second.—Hugh S. Fullerton in American Magazine.

"Handle With Care."

In her assumed character of mother little Miss Dorothy, "going on five," spanked her new doll so vigorously that the eyes dropped out. This accident seemed to make quite an impression on the young lady, and when it came her turn to be reproved in the good old fashioned way a few days later she glanced up from her mother's knee as the exercises were about to begin and plaintively observed:

"Better not spank too hard, mamma. 'Member what happened to the doll!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Familiar Trait.

"After an absence of twenty years a Chicago man walked in on his wife the other day. She didn't recognize him. He sat down and kicked because dinner was late."

"Then she recognized him, eh?"

Daylight Only.

Mrs. Baker—Mrs. Smith is wearing light mourning. Bobbie—What is light mourning, ma? Mrs. Baker—It's the kind that permits you to go to matinees, but not to evening performances.—Lippincott's.

The Rest Cure

"Now that you have had a square meal," said the old farmer, "I s'pose you'll be willing to do a little work to sort of even things up?"

"I'd like t'oblige youse," replied the husky hobo, "but me doctor sed I wuzn't t' do a t'ing but take de rest cure."

"I see by this paper," said Mrs. Griggs, "that growing children require occasional change." "Well, ours certainly get their share," replied Griggs. "They brace me three or four times a day for nickels and dimes."—Chicago Daily News.

SHE COULD NOT HOLD A TEACUP

BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. JAMES H. WHITE.

They took away her backache, cured her urinary trouble and made her a well woman.

Prevelle, Gaspe Co., Que. (Special).—After suffering for four years from ills, which many a woman knows, and being treated by a doctor, who failed to give her relief, Mrs. James H. White, a farmer's wife living near here, is again a well woman. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

"My trouble started from a strain," Mrs. White states. "I had a pain always across my back and a steady pain in the back of my neck, and I had urinary trouble that caused me a great deal of annoyance.

"For four years I suffered in this way and the doctor I consulted did not do me any lasting good. In the morning I was dizzy and I finally got so nervous I could not hold a cup.

"Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I got relief right from the start. Three boxes cured me completely. To-day I am a well woman."

Mrs. White's troubles were Kidney troubles. So are the troubles of nine out of ten of the suffering women of Canada to-day. That is why Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure them.

Reasonable Alarm

An old gentleman was recently travelling by rail, and opposite him sat a youth with remarkably long legs, which he was not very particular about digging into other people's knees. On the arrival of the train at a big Midland station the long-legged youth observed to his neighbor, "I think I shall get out here and stretch my legs a little." For goodness' sake, man, dinna do that!" said the old gentleman, "for I'm sure they're ower lang by a great deal a'ready."

The Advance Notice

A volume might be collected of innocent but barbarous perversions of the English language. The latest comes from the projectors of a new Siamese newspaper, who have distributed the following notice:

The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder git commit, we hear of it and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been college, and write like Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday. Number one.

Bigger Yet

"That," said Blinkers, as he gazed in astonishment at his wife's new hat, "is the biggest thing I ever saw."

"Oh, that's nothing," rejoined Mrs. B., "just wait till you get the bill for it."

One day a pit manager met a certain collier as he was swaying homewards, taking the full breadth of the road. "Well, Tam," said the manager, "I see you're drunk again." "Ay, sir—once again," replied Tam, as he tried to balance himself. "Noo, Tam," said the manager, "I believe you could carry the whisky you've got far better in a bottle." "Ah, but you see, I might fa' and break the bottle," said Tam, wisely shaking his head.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Competent Interpreter

"How do you manage to travel since you do not know any foreign languages?"

"I have a friend who understands them all who goes along."

"What's his name?"

"Mr. Money."

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

The Parson—"Might I inquire why you think I operate an airship?" "Why, when yo was walkin' along dis mornin', de boss sez to de missus, 'Heah comes de new sky pilot'."—Life.

Pills for Nervous Troubles.—The stomach is the centre of the nervous system, and when the stomach suspends healthy action the result is manifest in disturbances of the nerves. If allowed to persist, nervous debility, a dangerous ailment, may ensue. The first consideration is to restore the stomach to proper action, and there is no readier remedy for this than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Thousands can attest the virtue of these pills in curing nervous disorders.

Too Practical

"Ah, dearest," sighed the young man, kneeling at the feet of his ownest own, "do you know what of all things is nearest my heart?" "Really, I cannot say," she sweetly replied. "But in this cold weather I should think it was a flannel vest." She was too practical, and it broke the engagement.

A woman can make a man angry by nagging him to tell her where he was when he didn't come home till after midnight; she can drive him wild by retending she doesn't care where he was.

A girl will never propose to a man when there are so many easier ways to do it.

A woman's reason for doing her duty is that she wants to; a man's that he has to.

A man's idea of his own importance decreases as the gray in his hair increases.

Queen's University and College

KINGSTON ONTARIO

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE
SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

Students registering for the first time before October 21st, 1909, may complete the Arts course without attendance.

For Calendars, write the Registrar,

GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.,

Kingston, Ontario.

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. G. Chelin & Co., Nelson

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

RETURN EXCURSION RATES

FROM

GREENWOOD

TO

SEATTLE

$19.70

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

REDUCED RATES

Will also be on sale on

June 2nd and 3rd,

July 2nd and 3rd,

August 11th and 12th,

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

For full particulars apply to

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

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

Hotel Alexander

PHOENIX, B. C.

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

R. V. CHISHOLM, PROPRIETOR.

J. R. Cameron.

Leading Tailor of the Kootenays.

Kaslo, B. C.

GREENWOOD AND MIDWAY STAGE

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

J. McDONELL.

MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, James S. Birnie, Free Miner's Certificate No. B2598, for self and Chas. H. Tye, Free Miner's Certificate No B2568 and Sydney M. Johnson, Free Miner's certificate No. B2600, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

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

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

JAMES S. BIRNIE.

LOWERY'S CLAIM

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

R. T LOWERY,
Greenwood, B. C.

CITY Transfer Co.

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

SIDNEY OLIVER.

T. THOMAS

MERCHANT TAILOR

Clothes Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired.

Dry Cleaning a Specialty.

GREENWOOD, B. C.

THE Arlington Hotel

GREENWOOD

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

C. A. Dempsey, Prop.

About Float.

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

R. T. Lowery
GREENWOOD, B. C.

THE LEDGE

Just $2 a year

In Advance.

Get your Razors Honed and your Baths at

Frawley's Barber . .

Shop, Greenwood,

The Bridesville Hotel

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

THOS. WALSH
Proprietor.

HORSE STRAYED.

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

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

Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,

Nelson, B. C.

THE LEDGE

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

R. T. LOWERY,
PUBLISHER.

GREENWOOD B. C., JULY 29, 1909

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL GREENWOOD, B.C.

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

IT is generally admitted even in Grand Forks that a club flush is a genuine black hand.

INSPECTION of the meat sold in this province should be thorough in order to prevent the spread of disease.

THE Prince Rupert Empire wants better fire protection in that city, which is proof that it does not rain all the time in that hustling town.

THE Rio Tinto mine in Spain must be the mother lode of copper. It has 140 millions of tons of ore in sight which will take 70 years to mine.

PAT MILLER left Fernie for Chicago the other day with one dollar in his pocket, and the Free Press deplores the escape of so much capital from the city.

THERE is a town in Alabama where nobody pays taxes. If that town can find a cure for death it it will be nearer heaven than any town in the sunny, cottony South.

THE Holy Ghost society of Maine assert positively that the world will come to an end on the 15th of next September. If that is to be the case we might as well postpone starting the smelter until the end is over, and the banks might as well commence to distribute their wealth at once.

IN 1871 there was only a cabin and hitching post where Spokane now stands and all the land upon which it is built could have been bought for $2,000. In 1947 people may be saying something about how they missed buying real estate in Greenwood before the success of the big tunnels made it a second Butte.

The Chinaman is an inscrutable being. The white man can never know what passes in his mind. But we may conjecture at times what his opinion must be of the laws and customs of the Caucasian. At Vancouver a few days ago a Chinese sailor on the steamer Empress of Japan was fined for having a piece of venison in his possession, sold to him by white vendors who came alongside the ship. Being a Chink, he was forbidden by law to land, and presumably was totally ignorant of anything unlawful in buying the meat. His chinkness was a bar to landing even for trial and he was tried and fined by proxy, his proxy being the ship's steward. He was not even prosecuted by name, but as Chinaman No. 72. Put yourself in his place. You go a-traveling and your ship puts in at the port of Che-foo. You want to go up and see the town but are told that the native law forbids a Canadian to set foot on shore. A junk pulls alongside and you buy a piece of meat from it. The mandarin hears of the purchase and sends a servant to take away the meat from Canadian No. 23 and make him pay 20 taels as a penalty for buying it. You conclude that you have struck the chosen home and abiding place of barbarism. Perhaps you are not far out.—Keremeos Chronicle.

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.

The management of the Spokane Interstate Fair has arranged for more variety in the entire program this year than was attained even last year. To that end, vaudeville and circus attractions have been secured such as are seldom seen in theatre or circus. Some of these attractions, in fact, would be impossible in a theater or the largest circus. The Gregory Fireworks company's production of the Siege of Jerico—the first appearance west of St. Paul—requires a troup of 300 actors and three special baggage cars of scenery. The ancient city, before the besieging army of Israelites, goes up in smoke every night of the Interstate Fair. Every afternoon there will be airship races, and contests for duration of flight. There will be at least five contestants each day, and $2,500 in prizes is offered by the Fair management. The Midway will be bigger this year than ever before; there will be more spielers; there will be trained animals performing for the grandstand; clowns and vaudeville artists. The best attractions of the Iowa and Minnesota State fairs are already billed for Spokane.

Nine Mile Mountain.

Reports from Nine Mile mountain are so very encouraging that predictions are freely made that it will make one of the big silver-lead camps of the province. One good prospect doesn't make a mining camp, nor do a few chunks of high-grade ore make a mine, but there are indications, and good ones, that there will be mines on Nine Mile. It is not a year since the first location was made and there are now forty or more claims staked with a showing on all of them so far as known. Assays from samples taken last fall showed an average of two ounces of silver to cash per cent of lead and gold values up to $15 per ton. The leads are small, varying from four inches to as many feet in width, the smaller veins having the best grade of ore.

On one claim, the Silver Cup, the hill has been cut almost vertically for a distance of one hundred feet and the visitor can look up, when standing at the bottom of the precipice, and see the vein in the cliff from 12 to 15 inches in width, almost vertical in dip, with great pieces of ore ready to fall. A shaft was started on the Hazelton but surface water put a stop to operations when a few feet down. At the present time work on this property is confined to open cuts.

Being within ten miles of Hazelton and having comparatively cheap transportation, $6 a ton to Prince Rupert, many of the claim owners are not caring whether a buyer appears or not, as ore worth from $10 to $250 will pay from the grass roots.—Omineca Herald.

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.

Down in Texas.

A young Bostonian went to Texas and turned cowboy. He rapidly caught the spirit of the country and as rapidly shoek off the outward semblance of tenderfooted habit. Rough bearded, leatherclad, sombrero as wide as the widest, forty-two calibre Colts on his hip, he was as wild as the wildest. Yet within his bosom still burned the flame of Boston culture and refinement.

One day he was riding with a stranger across the prairie. Turning his head suddenly (he was slightly ahead) he saw his companion make a suspicious movement towards his hip pocket. Without hesitation he drew his revolver and shot him. The stranger dropped like a log. The cowbow dismounted and looked at the body of his victim.

"I wonder if he was really going to shoot me," he soliloquized; "I'll see."

Turning the body over, he discovered a flask of whiskey protruding from the pocket.

"Poor fellow," said he, in a tone of regret; "I've made a mistake. I've killed an innocent man and a gentleman at that. He wasn't going to kill me; he was going to invite me to have a drink. Well," sighed, drawing his sleeve across his mouth, "the last wishes of the deceased shall be respected."

Dr. MacLean of Phoenix has taken over the practice of Dr J. E. Spankie and Dr. Oppenheimer and will move to Greenwood next week. Another physician will be associated with Dr. MacLean in the practice here.

Blue Blood.

My sires were strong, heroic men, who fought on many a crimson field; and none could better cut a throat, or batter down a foeman's shield; and some were knighted by the king, and went around with golden spurs, which must have been a nuisance when they walked among the cockleburs. Their sires were barons of the Rhine, who worked a now historic graft; they held up travelers by day and quaffed their sack by night, and laughed; they always slept upon the floor, and never shaved or cut their hair; they pawed their victuals with their hands, and never heard of underwear. Their sires, some centuries before, ran naked through the virgin vales, distinguished from the other apes because they hadn't any tails. And they had sires, still farther back, but that dim past is veiled to me, and so I fear I cannot claim a really flawless pedigree.—Walt Mason.

Tony Tubbs on the Paystreak.

Tony Tubb, well known as a wit, writes the editor of the Juneau Dispatch while visiting the Seattle fair. In part Tony says:

"The Paystreak is a pandemonium. Couldn't afford to pass them all by on my first visit, so there you are! I went in with the crowd to see the streets of Cairo. I must have looked good to some of the swarthy fellows dressed up like Turks. One little fellow was very persistent that I should climb aboard a camel. 'Nothing doing,' says I, so he took hold of my coat—it got kind of personal. It seemed to me I had seen the fellow before, and sure I had. Says I to him, 'And do you like driving camels better than shoveling at the Treadwell, Mr. Miro Jorovich?' 'Oh, is that you. Mr. Steward? I don't forget you; no got mustache no more.'

"The next thing I went into (this was the Paystreak, you know, as the other exposition closes at 6 p. m.) was laughable also. Two old maids, after being taken in for 30 cents, reviewing this boot, wanted to know where they would get the ring. It said at the door a ring goes with every ticket. The spieler politely said, 'Certainly, ladies.' He stepped back and rung a bell (a ring with every ticket, you know), and the crowd ha-ha-ed. I hear them yet."

Insurance of any kind is a good investment, whether life, accident or fire. In Phoenix D. J. Matheson pays particular attention to this line of business and those interested should consult him at their earliest convenience in person or by mail.

David and Goliath.

There is a story of David and Goliath as it is said to have been recently told by the Rev. Billy Sunday, with appropriate gestures to a rapt congregation of eight thousand:

And so David's pa comes up to him where he was working in the field and says: Dave, better go up to the house. Your ma's anxious about the other boys fighting in the army, hasn't heard from them by 'phone or anything, and she'd you'd look them up. So Dave hops on a trolly and hikes to the front, and stays there with his brothers overnight.

In the morning old Goliath comes out in front of the Philistines and dares the Israelites to fight him.

Who's that big stiff making all the big talk out there? asks Dave.

Why that's the head cheese, the big noise, says the brothers.

Why don't some one soak him one? asks Dave.

We've all got cold feet, says the Israelites.

You fellows make me tired, says Dave, and he pikes out to the brook, gets four pebbles in his shepherd's sack, slams one at Goliath, and soaks him in the coco between the lamps. Goliath goes to the mat, takes the count, and Dave pokes him in the slats, chops off his block, and the whole Philistine gang skidooed.—Harper's Weekly.

Missionaries Not Needed.

The work done by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police naturally brings them in touch with the worst of the people and when they meet a good class they, no doubt, appreciate it. In the annual report presented to parliament by the mounted police, the following on the Esquimo appears:

"Esquimo do not steal. They are quite religious, holding service on Sunday and doing no work on that day. There is no missionary here. Their religion they carry into their every day lives. They neither beg nor steal and slander is unknown amongst them. They are as near 'God's chosen people' as any I have ever seen. After my experience of this world I could almost wish I had been born an Esquimo. They are very fond af their children and take the greatest care of them. They never require to be chastised, and are very obedient. One never sees any quarrelling or bickering amongst them. They show the true spirit of sport in their games of football and baseball. They play those games on the hard snow when it registers 25 degrees below zero."

Surely, says the Regina West, the character given these people is a worthy example to follow—they need no missionaries.

A new reporter was told one night to go on board a sleeping car, find an all-important politician and interview him.

Some hours later Bud strolled calmly into the office and stated that after a personal search of every car on the train he had failed to find him.

Do you mean to say that you looked into all the sleeping car berths, Bud?

Yes, that's what I did, said Bud.

But, Bud, the editor exclaimed in consternation, weren't there a good many of those berths occupied by ladies?

Sure, said Bud.

But what did you do when you found a lady who had retired?

When I burst the curtain open and looked in and a woman jumped up and screamed. I took off my hat and says: That's all right, lady, you ain't the man I'm looking for.

There are probably few better raconteurs alive than is the Duke of Argyle, and in his memoirs he has told some inimitable stories. One of the best concerns a showman's ape which paid a visit with its master to Inverary. During its stay there it escaped from the cage, but came to grief through want of food and died by the roadside. Two Scotch farmers came across it and were much puzzled what to make of it. "Dear me, what na beast's yon?" asked one. "It's no a beast, it's a man," said the other. After carefully examining it one of them said, "It's a man, but did ye ever see such a hairy man! It canna be a Highlander; do ye think it's a lowlander, Donald?" "I think not; I don't think a Lowlander is ever so hairy as yon." "Deaar me," said the first speaker; I think it canna be a Highlander; I think it canna be a Lowlander. I'll tell ye what we'll do, we'll just go to the castle and see if any of the English visitors are missing since yesterday.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Australia is buying largely of German coke for use in its smelters.

The fog banks of the North Atlantic average thirty miles in diameter.

The average gasoline engine uses a pint of fuel per horsepower per hour.

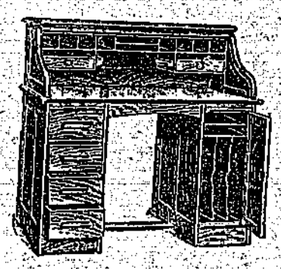
As soon, says the Eugenics Review, as the nations of the earth shall compete with each other, not in armies and navies, but in the art of race betterment, they will be less disposed to sacrifice the flower of their youth and manhood in disastrous, devastating war.

A. L. WHITE

TRUNKS BAGS AND SUIT CASES

The Furniture Man

'PHONE 16.



Anything from the Kitchen to the office.

Also Trunks and Traveling Bags.

A. L. WHITE

The Furniture Man.

MINERAL ACT.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Wellington Mineral Claim, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: On Wallace Mountain.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Thomas Hemmerle, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 28387, James H. McNeil, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 26103, Ralph Smilles, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 28370, and James N. Paton, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 20549, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificates of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 24th day of July, A. D. 1909.

MINERAL ACT.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Bounty Mineral Claim, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: On Wallace Mountain.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Sydney M. Johnson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 21500, and Philip B. Spencer Stanhope, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 26132, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

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

Dated this 8th day of July, A. D, 1909.

Newmarket Hotel

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

HENRY STEGE, PROPR.

TREMONT HOUSE

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

Malone & Tregillus

The Kootenay Saloon

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

KASLO HOTEL

KASLO B. C.

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

COCKLE & PAPWORTH.

C. J. McARTHUR

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

GALT COAL

"Unequalled for Domestic Use."

The... Hume...

Nelson, B. C.

GEO. P. WELLS, Proprietor.

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

'Bus meets all trains.

The... Hotel Allan

Rossland

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

Do not miss it when visiting the famous Golden City.

B. Tomkins, Manager.

STARKEY & CO.

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

PROCTER & BLACKWOOD

NELSON, B. C.

Real Estate,
Mines,
Insurance and
Fruit Lands.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

THE CLUB Cigar Store

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

L. L. Mathews

Pioneer Hotel...

Greenwood, B. C.

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

J. W. Nelson

Lakeview - Hotel

NELSON, B. C.

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

N. MALLETTE - - PROPRIETOR

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

JAS. S. BIRNIE, Secretary.

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

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

GEO. HEATHERTON, Secretary.

The Hotel Slocan

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

HUGH NIVEN, Prop