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THE LEDGE

VOL. XV. GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1909. No. 36

PAINTS Sherwin-Williams paints and varnishes are the greatest help in house-cleaning. By touching up the shabby spots in the house, such as floors, furniture, woodwork, with paint or varnish or stain, the house can be made to fairly shine inside. House-cleaning will give more satisfaction than ever before if

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We recommend Regent Extract of Sarsaparilla

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Our stock of Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes for Spring is the largest and best we have ever shown. All the best American and Canadian makes are represented and at all prices.

BARCLAY & CO.
Dry Goods. Millinery. Boots and Shoes.

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

P. BURNS & CO.

Dealers in
Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish and Poultry

Shops in nearly all the towns of Boundary and the Kootenay.

Passing Throng

D. A. McBride of Bridesville is in the city.

P. W. George of Phoenix was in the city yesterday.

John H. East of Midway was a visitor in the city Tuesday.

Jas. G. McMynn of Rock Creek was a visitor in the city yesterday.

White Bros. will move to the Wallace-Miller block next month.

John Craig came in this week from the Slocan on his way to Nicola.

R. A. Brown and J. McCallum of Grand Forks were in the city Monday.

A. McQueen of Victoria, traveler for the Morena and other cigars, is in the city.

"Monte Christo" was played to a good house in the Auditorium Tuesday night.

Chas. Watkins, representing the Calgary Brewing Co. was in the city Saturday.

N. B. Whitley of Seattle was in the district this week adjusting T. Hardy's loss by fire.

Born—On Saturday the 13th inst. to Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hansen, Rock Creek, a son.

Sydney M. Johnson, C. E., returned last Friday after a couple of weeks spent at the coast.

Born—In Greenwood, on Saturday, the 13th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Sanders, a son.

Bert de Wiele returned from the coast Friday and went up to Beaverdell on Saturday's stage.

P. H. Burnham, district passenger agent of the Great Northern, was a visitor in the city this week.

Thos. and Mrs. Jenkins are spending a couple of months on their ranch near Chewelah, Wash.

H. E. Brenizer, G. N. agent at Midway for the past seven months, visited Greenwood yesterday for the first time.

Cleve Newman had his preliminary hearing before Police Magistrate Hallett Friday last, and was sent up for trial.

A good strike has been made on the Bruce near Midway, the ore being encountered in the tunnel now being driven.

The dance of the Miners' union in the old Masonic hall last evening was well patronized and a pleasant evening epent.

M. Heller is in from the West Fork. He has built a small mill to treat the second-class ore from mines around Beaverdell.

The partly burned buildings on Copper street have been torn down, greatly improving the appearance of that portion of the city.

H. R. Stevenson, formerly C. P. R. agent at Midway, is now in the employ of the Canadian Northern and located at Humboldt, Sask.

Jas. S. Birnie, D. D. G. M., will pay an official visit to Greenwood Masonic lodge this evening and to Harmony lodge, Grand Forks, next Wednesday evening, the 24th inst.

Local writers should not forget the $25 prize to be given by McClung & Goodeve for the best written article upon the resources of this district. The competition closes upon April 10.

A gentleman's glove was found on Copper street last week. It's a good glove. As the owner can possibly have no use for the left hand glove—its mate, he will kindly bring it to this office.

The Hotel Brooklyn in Phoenix has been thoroughly renovated and $1200 worth of new carpets laid. James Marshall is up-to-date in everything that pertains to the comfort of the traveling public.

J. M. Doyle, of Spokane, assistant superintendent of the Spokane Falls and Northern railway, is in the city. Mr. Doyle is interested in the Wellington camp properties under bond to the B. C. Copper Co.

At the I. O. O. F. smoker Friday evening a very pleasant evening was spent by all. W. B. Fleming was chairman, and the programme consisted of speeches, and vocal and instrumental music. Refreshments were served.

The "Kerry Gow" was presented in the Auditorium last week. The performers were fortunate in that the Irish here are good natured and decided to laugh at them. The company will play in great luck if they do not run into an Irish lynching bee some place in the West.

Peter Boucher, who left Phoenix three years ago to prospect around Cobalt, died near there last week from la grippe. He was 46 years old and had only been married two weeks. It is reported that George W. Rumberger and the deceased had recently sold a property for $200,000.

Saturday last, near Cascade, one of the coaches of the C. P. R. passenger train left the track on a trestle. The car tilted and knocked the water barrels off the bridge, but was prevented from going over by the coupling, which fortunately held. Constable Aston of Midway, who was taking Cleve Newman to Nelson, got out of the car with his prisoner before the train stopped, but in doing so had his hand and leg badly bruised. The other passengers were taken out of the car through the windows by the train crew. It was a narrow escape for the passengers, among whom were many women and children. Had the car gone over the trestle the drop would have been several hundred feet and all must have been killed. Much credit is due Conductor Peck and his train crew for the speed with which they got the women and children out of the coach, in some cases having to use ropes.

Richard Armstrong arrived from Chicago Friday last, and states that he is either here for a few weeks or a few years, all depending upon the city council and the property holders. He is here to run the tunnel if satisfactory arrangements can be made with the city. There is no doubt the property owners of the city are willing to go any reasonable length in giving substantial assistance to the tunnel scheme, but they will also expect Mr. Armstrong to give security that he will carry out his part of the agreement. Practical mining men believe that the tunnel is a good business venture. Mr. Armstrong has succeeded in interesting capital in it. He is entitled to every consideration consistent with the safeguarding of the people's interests. In return for a bonus the city will expect Mr. Armstrong to enter into certain engagements whereby this money will be returned to them in wages of employees.

We recommend and sell the Smardon shoe for women, the Startright shoe for children. Barclay & Co.

City Council.

City council met Monday night, all the members being present with the exception of Alderman Buckless. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From the Canadian Municipal Journal, asking council to renew subscription. Subscription discontinued.

From F. W. McLaine, re rent of portion of recreation grounds. Filed.

From J. E. McAllister, signifying his approval of the manner in which the solar system was being run, therefore was satisfied with Pacific time. Filed.

From Greenwood City Water Works company, re reduction of street light rates. Referred to fire and light committee to report at next regular meeting.

From Richard Armstrong, on behalf of the Greenwood-Phoenix Tramway company, Ltd., as follows:

"I hereby offer and undertake to construct an underground tramway from the City of Greenwood to the limits of the City of Phoenix, for carrying of ore, the said tramway to start within the limits of the City of Greenwood, on or near the Nelson mineral claim.

"In order to carry out the construction of the said tramway, I would ask and suggest that the corporation of the City of Greenwood bonus said undertaking to the extent of $50,000 of bonds to be payable as follows: $15,000 when said tramway is completed 3,000 feet from its portal; a further $15,000 when it is completed 6,000 feet from its portal; a further $20,000 when it is completed to a point under the limits of the City of Phoenix."

The city solicitor was instructed to draft an agreement in accordance with Mr. Armstrong's letter.

The following petition, signed by Sidney S. Oppenheimer and 63 others, was read:

The petition of the undersigned humbly showeth:

1. That your petitioners are the owners of real property within the limits of the municipality of the City of Greenwood of the value of at least on-tenth of the total value of the real property in said municipality, as shown by the last revised assessment roll.

2. That your petitioners request your honorable body to introduce a bylaw to raise upon the credit of the corporation of the City of Greenwood a sum not exceeding $50,000 to assist in the construction of an underground tramway to tap ore bodies under, between or adjacent to the cities of Phoenix and Greenwood, and carry said ore to Greenwood.

Water committee reported having repaired four leaks in town and one in Anaconda, consequently the water had to be cut off during repairs.

Bylaws 3, 4 and 5 of 1909 were read three times. Council then adjourned to meet March 26th.

Ladies' Oxfords. Big variety. All kinds, all prices. Barclay & Co.

Radium in Cornwall Mines.

The Phoenicians and the Romans who went to Cornwall for their tin many centuries ago could not guess that they were handling ore worth many times its weight in precious metals. The disused copper and tin mines have been found to contain deposits of pitchblende from which can be extracted radium worth $5,200 per grain or thereabout.

The Cornish miners of even half a century ago sought for what are known as simple ores and threw aside the complex ores as refractory. In this way they found uranium ore and sent it to the smelters as black copper, only to have it returned to them as rubbish, and some forty thousand tons of ore containing perhaps 10 per cent of pitchblende, estimated to be worth $1.50 a pound has been found dumped at the head of the Wheal Trenwith mine near St. Ives. How much more remains underground untouched by the pick of the miner it is impossible to estimate. The Cornish ore is considered by experts to be richer than that from Bohemia.

Chemists have concentrated their attention on the production of Radium from uranium ore, but up to the present those researches have been almost purely for scientific purposes, and it is only comparatively recently that the production has been conducted on a commercial scale. Sir William Crookes was one of the first chemists to extract radium from pitchblende, on the lines laid down by Mme. Currie; that is, first of all, uranium was extracted, and from the residue radium was obtained by means of acids after a great deal of labor.

A new rapid mode of extracting radium has just been announced by a young English chemist whose process is to separate radium as a primary product, leaving uranium as a by-product, instead of the other way as heretofore. From a ton of ore containing 20 per cent pitchblende he secured 1½ pounds of radium-barium-bhloride. This would produce 120 milligrammes or 1.80 grains of radium chloride, and the process only takes about two days against a week by the present method, with its prolonged boilings and washings in the treatment of the residues.

It is now hoped that raidium in the near future will be brought within the reach of the general practictioner, as regards both quantity and price.

An interesting point is that the Cornish mines were drained in the day of their activity to a common center, from which the water was pumped, and for this purpose they were made to communicate in their lower levels, so that all thus connected are flooded to a certain depth. The waters have now been found to be radioactive, and the establishment of radium baths is expected to bring increased prosperity to Cornwall.

The effect of a radium bath is to create a feeling of exhilaration and to invigorate the bather, although the bath itself, which creates a prickling sensation between the toes and the fingers and is occasionally attended with other sensations that are not altogether pleasant, may not appeal to everybody.

Ranch Sold

The sale of the Coryell ranch, consisting of something like 900 acres, was consummated last week, Peter Vergerin and associates making a cash payment and taking possession of the property. Mr. Veregin has also purchased 160 acres of mountain land west of the Newby ranch. The land was acquired principally for the purpose of running irrigation ditches over it to the Coryell ranch. It is understood that the new owners of the Coryell ranch have contracted for all the unsold nursery stock in the Riverside nurseries, and that a large number of trees will be planted on the property this spring. —Grand Forks Sun.

Banquet to Borden.

The banquet given in Ottawa by the Conservative members to R. L. Borden was a great success, there being over a hundred present. Mr. Borden's speech dealt with the recent campaign and the hopes for the future. A feature was the warning he addressed to a prominent railway corporation, which had been particularly active during the campaign. The party desired no feud and sought no alliance with any great railway corporation, but it was just as well that the directors of the railway in question should understand that the gauge of battle thus thrown down might some day be picked up.

Western Float

The Prince Rupert board of trade has entered a protest against the proposed sale of lots of that city in Vancouver or Victoria.

The cannery at Uchucklesat, owned by the Alberni Packing Co., will not be operated this year.

The Barclay Sound Cedar company's mill at New Alberni has resumed operations.

J. Howarth, the Alberni jeweler, has closed up his business and gone to Victoria.

Premier McBride will visit Alberni this month.

The Spokane-Orient Power Co. has been incorporated with a capitalization of $1,000,000. The power will be taken from Boulder creek falls, three miles from Orient.

The glove contest craze has struck Ladysmith. The editor of the Chronicle is not one of the gladiators.

Ladysmith is to have direct steamer communication with Victoria.

The semi-annual election of officers of Phoenix Miners' union was held Saturday of last week. Following were elected: President, R. Silverthorn; vicespresident, J. D. McLean; financial secretary, W. A. Pickard; recording secretary, W. X. McDonald; assistant recording secretary, Clifford Adams; treasurer, D. W. McKenzie; warden, L. McKelvie; conductor, J. P. Cosgrove; trustees, J. D. McLean, Angus McKinnon, Dan Patterson, D. W. McKenzie, M. McLeod.

A very interesting and unusual ceremony took place in St. Mark's church on Sunday afternoon last, when the young son of Mr. and Mrs. James Kee of the local Chinese colony, received the right of baptism at the hands of Rev. Gilbert Cook. The sponsers were Mayor Archer and Mrs. Gilbert Cook. The name which the light and joy of the Kee household will henceforward bear is James Barrington. There were a large number on hand to witness the ceremony, and little James Barrington received many nice presents, including $10 from his godfather, Mayor Archer.—Kaslo Kootenaian

Mrs. Walter S. Cook, formerly of Phoenix, died in California on the 5th inst.

The machinery for the Broadview creamery, near Molson, is being installed.

Chesaw ball players will miss Dill, the popular enthusiast who has made himself couspicuous with the Greenwood team for years.—Chesaw News.

Chesaw has an Irish orchestra. How did they manage to choose a leader?

The head office of the East Kootenay Lumber company has been moved from Cranbrook to Jaffray.

A building boom is expected in Moyie this season.

J. R. Brown, stipendiary magistrate at Fairview, has been gazetted as presiding genius of the small debtors' purgatory at that place.

H. G. Lockhart, the alleged embezzler of Fernie relief funds, was arrested at Moncton, N. B., and is now back in Fernie to stand his trial.

Paul Shodes had his leg broken through a car jumping the track in the Coleman mine.

Joe Hoffman of Field was taken to the asylum last week by Police Sergeant Terry of Revelstoke.

Victoria is to have an evening Conservative paper, edited by Bill Blakemore. One of the features of the new paper will probably be, "Prominent Men I Haven't Met," by the editor.

James Clary, a shipper for the Columbia River Lumber company at Golden, dropped dead while at work last week. He was 67 years old.

J. E. Griffith of Golden was given a traveling bag and a purse of gold on the eve of his departure for South America.

Enderby flour is to be shipped to Liverpool by way of Vancouver.

It is now believed that trains will be running into Hedley over the V., V. & E. in 1944, and to the coast in 1967.

Charles Baker and James McCurdy, two timber cruisers, were found frozen to death on the McLeod river, about sixty miles from Barkerville.

Walker's Weekly is the latest worshipper of Joe Martin. On closer acquaintance Harry might perhaps not fine Joseph a very adorable deity. The Biblical Joseph had an outer garment of many colors; our Joe is internally and infernally many-colored. He is not a "big" man, except in girth. He was the first to introduce the "spoils" system into politics in Canada.

Those harbingers of prosperity, the "ham and" prize fighters, have made their first appearance in Prince Rupert. Last night, before an audience of about 150 at the Dominion club, Kid Sheehan of Seattle and Tom Murphy, who claims Chicago as the place of his nativity, started on a 15-round route. Both fighters showed considerable class—about eighth or ninth class. Sheehan had some fifteen pounds the best of the weights, and used it to advantage in the break-aways. The men having been warned that they must extend themselves to earn their easy money, started at a lively clip. Enough haymaker swings and uppercuts were left lying around loose in the first round to put away a dozen champions. Murphy had a slight gain at the end of the first round, he having done most of the leading and had succeeded in landing about ten per cent of his blows. They fiddled and clinched from the call of time for the second round, Murphy being thrown to the floor for the count of nine. After a fierce rally in which both contestants almost got hurt, Murphy went to the mat for the count, and found such a comfortable spot in the center of the ring that his second had to carry him to his chair. After ascertaining that the fight was over and he was assured of receiving the loser's end, he became again interested in the proceedings. It is to be hoped that both men got a get-away stake, as, judging by their footwork, they are poor pedestrians.—Prince Rupert Empire.

Saved Spokane.

In a recent speech, in Los Angeles, C. H. Moore, mayor of Spokane, said:

"In the panic of 1893 and 1894 Spokane was saved from the sheriff's hands by the sale of the Le Roi mine of Rossland, owned entirely by Spokane men. The transfer took nearly $5,000,000 in cash into the city and since then untold millions have poured into it from the mines of British Columbia and Idaho."

Thus we see how mining has saved and built up Spokane. There are one or two towns in B. C. just now that require a little of the saving grace. Let us pray for another Le Roi.

Boys' shoes, the kind that wears. Barclay & Co.

Time and Development.

There is a species of news that is based upon opinions of men whose ideas are considered worth having. Among this tipe we often find the words of some prominent engineer who has gone into a district, has seen, has investigeted, and who knows. This class of matter carries with it a certain distinct value, as it lays before investors who read it the notions men "who know how to investigate" carry.

When the early days of a camp are on, it is either the part of the foremost engineers to keep away from it, or go there and report purely on what has been demonstrated. As the short time that has passed since the original discovery does not permit of very extensive development—and very little at all at depth—those reports are contrary and are injurious to the camp.

It is the habit of eastern publications to gauge a district very largely by what men of this class have to say regarding it. If they are not favorably impressed, a distinct and resonant knock goes forth which puts a dent in the sympathy and support of many who read it. Later, as the camp progresses, these same men may again visit it, and find in the progress much to be proud of, and much to talk about. Accordingly, at a time when the camp really needs their good words the least, they are loud in their praises of it. Nevertheless, their opinions are valuable in so far as they tell of existing conditions.

Camp-making is not based upon opinions so much as upon optimism—on that subtle belief that development will bring forth mines and that sticking to the game is what counts. Human nature may err in some instances, but this belief in the beneficial effects of delving for ore deposits is much more satisfactory than is the other kind.

Opinions are, of course, only worth while as their source is known, but a strong tendency of opinion, growing more pronounced as time passes, is worthy of notice.

In Nelson Taylor Bishop runs the White House Cafe, night and day. It is next to the postoffice, and there are Turkish Baths in the same building.

Maud—But do you believe in vaccination?

Bessie—Rather. It kept my sister from playing the piano nearly a week.—Judge.

The cheapest place in the city to buy Wall Paper, at McRae Bros.

GETS NINETEENTH MAN

Arizona Kicker Editor Adds One More Victim to His List.

HAS TO SHOOT A CALLER.

Visitor First Makes a Target of Purveyor of News, but Misses Him—Laid to Rest In Private Burying Ground. No Feeling of Exultation.

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

Last Thursday morning we tumbled out of bed half an hour after the sun had risen over Bull mountain. Although we had to hunt for twenty minutes after our collar button, we were at peace with all mankind. We were glad we were alive. We felt that we wanted to keep on living for the next hundred years. Any critter in the territory of Arizona could have sportively pulled our nose and we should not have resented it.

We sat down to a breakfast consisting mostly of grizzly bear chops and wildcat ribs, but we underwent no change of temper. We were still lamb-

THE SANCTUM DOOR SWUNG BACK, AND MR. CHARLES SPOONER ENTERED.

like as we took our way to the Kicker office and sat down to write an editorial on the annexation of the United States to Canada.

We felt a balminess steal over us as we wrote.

We had thoughts of raising the salary of our agricultural editor and wondered to ourself if it would spoil his industrious spirit.

We have kept our horse editor on $7 a week for the last year in order that he should not be tempted to commit matrimony, but we wondered now if the time hadn't come to raise him a dollar a week and let him become the head of a family.

Mr. John Schwartz, the druggist, came in and called us a liar, but our balminess remained.

Mr. Jerry White, the saloonist, dropped in to say that he would riddle our carcass if we had anything more to say about him in the Kicker, but we only laughed and winked at him.

It seemed as if nothing could trouble us or put us out of temper. It was one of those days when one looks around him and realizes that this is a good old world and doesn't want to take chances on the next.

We were never in better fettle for writing. We had advanced fifteen reasons why it would be a good thing for Canada to get hold of this country and were hunting around for the other fifteen when the sanctum door swung back and Mr. Charles Spooner entered. We noticed that he had a gun in his hand and that there were signs of mental excitement in his face, but as this is the way with half our callers we paid no particular attention to him.

Mr. Spooner, it should be explained, landed in Giveadam Gulch about three months ago. He had watched the slow but sure approach of that resistless thing called civilization, and he had bucked against it. He wanted old times to stay with us and to keep the new far away. He looked over the town, thought the soil was fertile and hitched his cayuse to the nearest post. The late deceased, as we must now speak of him, didn't lose any time getting to work. He used his guns right and left to reduce the next census, and he was soon known as a riproarer. To do him justice, he had sand—lots of sand

Drove Him Out of Town.

We are secretary of the local vigilance committee. The late deceased was given a fair show to make his mark, and then it became our painful duty to notify him in writing to light out and hit higher altitudes. He refused at first to go, but one night, after standing on a barrel with a noosed rope around his neck for ten minutes, he changed his mind. He didn't seem to blame anybody in particular at that time, but after getting away he felt humiliated and laid it all to us personally. He had now come for his revenge, but of course we could not read his mind.

The late deceased opened the interview by announcing that if we desired to kneel in prayer he could spare us three minutes to ask forgiveness for all the mean things we had ever done in our life. We told him that it would take three weeks to make any sort of a job of it, but he refused to see the humor in our remarks. He then announced that he had come a distance of a hundred miles to shoot us into the other land and ordered us to elevate our hands. Up they went. Any editor in this part of the west who is worthy of the name can talk with his hands up as well as down.

We tried to be entertaining to our caller. We told him two or three good jokes and hoped to see him laugh with us, but he continued to treat the matter as a serious affair. We had just started in on the best yarn of all when he called time on us and began blazing away. Why he didn't gather us to our fathers and leave the only good weekly paper in this country editorless is a wonder to us, for he was only eight feet away. Even as the bullets cut our clothing and whizzed by our ears we said to ourself that it was mighty poor shooting for a holy terror to do.

We had a distance of six feet to go and then to pull a gun from its holster, and our first shot was fired as Mr. Spooner fired his last. No second was needed. He went down, and he expired while breathing out the words:

"Why didn't I come in and attack him with a crowbar?"

Of course it was a case for the coroner, and that official was soon on the spot and his jury summoned. Our office devil had seen the last of the fracas, and the late deceased had boasted on the street of what he was going to do. At the end of half an hour a verdict of justifiable homicide was rendered and the body removed. We have had but one policy ever since the first man was planted in our private editorial graveyard. We have always paid all funeral expenses and taken a carriage at the head of the procession. Later on we have erected tombstones with lamps on top and decorated the graves until they were pleasant and artistic objects to contemplate.

Nothing was found on the body of the deceased to show that he had a living relative. All that was discovered in his pockets consisted of a few shillings in change, a dozen extra cartridges and a poem entitled "Bury Me 'Neath the Willow." This had been cut from a newspaper, and it looked as if the deceased had read it over many times. It seemed to show that he had a deep feeling of sentiment way down in his heart, after all.

Laid Him to Rest.

On Thursday we saw the mistaken man laid in his last resting place. He brought the number of mounds in our graveyard up to nineteen, but there was no feeling of exultation in our soul as we looked around.

Some editors would have striven to turn the affair to their benefit in the way of increased subscriptions and advertising, but not so with us. We have ever kept the two things apart. We take advertising at regular rates, and we remove men who seek to remove us, and even if it does occur under the same roof we keep the accounts separate.

Mr. Spooner had a large and liberal funeral. There was nothing to mar the harmony of the occasion. It was a cloudless day, and his coffin cost $25, to say nothing of the gravedigging and the hacks. We also gave the officiating minister a five dollar bill, and he was pleased to praise our straight shooting and to observe at the grave that the deceased would never more know weariness and pain.

A week hence we shall erect a tombstone over the grave of our mistaken brother, and next spring the trailing arbutus will be taught to trail o'er the mound covering him in.

We don't think he was a bad man at heart, but was simply mistaken in his mission here on earth. He thought it was to remove an Arizona editor, but it was more likely to have been to run a sawmill.

We have no word of criticism. One must take this life as one thinks best. Mr. Spooner may have decided in his own mind that the holy terror business just fitted him. He might have made an even greater failure at anything else. We are sorry that we could not bury him under a willow, but that kind of tree does not flourish here. He shall have a cottonwood in place of it, and we shall personally see to it that it is enriched and watered and made a thing of beauty on the landscape.

M. QUAD.

His Quandary.

Hewitt—I hear that you are a happy father.

Jewett—Well, I don't know yet whether I am happy or not. I was insured against the birth of twins, and I am not sure whether I can collect under the policy, seeing that I am the father of triplets.—Bohemian Magazine.

Rather Cutting.

Herr Eul (to barber)—Say, couldn't you just run the clipper over your conversation too?

Striking a Balance.

"Why are women who figure in the press items invariably beautiful?"

"To offset the newspaper cuts, I imagine."—Judge.

Superfluous.

The architect was explaining the plans for the proposed new mansion.

"Here," he said, "will be the inner court."

"What's the use of that?" sharply asked Mr. Struckoyle. "The girls can do their sparkin' in the front parlor, same as their maw and me did."—Chicago Tribune.

The Family Autocrat.

"The face of that woman who passed us just now is very familiar. Where have I seen her?"

"At my house probably."

"At your house. Do you know her?"

"Yes, she's our cook, but she doesn't notice me on the street."—Houston Post.

"Shall I see your father?"

"Oh, no," said the politician's daughter. "Necessary to a choice, one."

"Then I am the groom elect?"

"You are. And, Harold"—

"Yes, dear."

"I shall expect you to keep some of these pre-election promises you've been making."

OF WHAT SHE DIED.

What the Bereaved Customer Told the Sympathetic Bartender.

An old German woman became ill and was taken by her husband to a hospital for treatment. The first day she was there when her husband called to inquire about her the doctor said she was improving. On the second day he was again told she was improving, and on the third and fourth days the assurance was the same. This was very encouraging to the old German, but when he called on the fifth day he was told that his wife was dead. In his grief he sought his favorite saloon to drown his sorrow.

"Vat's de matter?" asked the sympathetic bartender, noticing his customer's despondent condition.

"Ach! My wife iss dead," replied the German.

"So? Vat did she die of?" asked the bartender.

"Improvements," replied the bereaved husband, calling for another glass of beer.—Bellman.

The Colonel's Yarn.

The old fighting colonel was reminiscent.

"Geese saved Rome," he began as he lit his black cigar, "and, gentlemen, at the battle of Bull Run my men were saved by a flock of chickens flying in front of them. It was the greatest coup of the battle, sir."

"That's pretty good, colonel," laughed the comedian boarder. "I suppose you would call that a chicken coup."—Bohemian Magazine.

Curious Woman.

"Henpeck says he has never belonged to a club of any kind, he is not a member of any fraternal order, he does not use tobacco in any form, he is a total abstainer from all alcoholic drinks, and he has eyes for no woman save his wife."

"I know it. And yet she doesn't seem to be absolutely sure that he is an ideal husband. Curious about woman, isn't it?"—New York Herald.

Great Ignorance.

Colonel Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Archie. After he had completed his labors he said sternly to the suffering victim:

"Now tell me why I punish you."

"That's it," sobbed Archie. "You nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Good Reason Why.

Porcupine—That's funny. My mamma never licks me that way.

Making Sure.

Country Cousin—Are you sure I am in the right train? Town Relative (who has had about enough of it)—Well, I have asked seventeen porters and thirty-two passengers, and they all say "Yes," so I think you'd better risk it.—London Telegraph.

If thou continuest to take delight in idle argumentation thou mayest be qualified to combat with the sophists, but never know how to love with men—Socrates.

An Absentminded Beggar.

The Professor—My dear madam, this is really a very dainty rug. I congratulate you upon it.—Illustrated Bits.

The Brakeman's Advice.

Down in Maine is a town called Burnham, situated on a small branch railroad that joins the main line at Burnham Junction. One day as the train approached the latter place the brakeman entered the car and in his usual stentorian tones went through his regular rigmarole when a station and junction are reached.

"Burnham Junction!" he shouted. "Burnham Junction! Change cars for Burnham! Leave no articles in the car! Burn'am, Burn'am!"—Lippincott's.

Wise Red Men.

William Hanley, a well known Duluth cruiser and timber man, tells a good story of Indians and the importance of personal publicity to a redskin. Hanley was in charge of a big drive on the St. Croix river, and in the vicinity of Taylor's falls a big jam occurred. Among the drivers were half a dozen Indians. They were good men on the river and held up their end with the white men. One day while inspecting the jam Hanley passed the six Indians. In a spirit of good nature he hailed the Indians and said:

"Break that jam, boys, and I'll put your names in the paper."

"Ugh!" responded one after a pause. "Six Indians dead in paper, but we no see it."—Duluth News-Tribune.

NEW STRENGTH FOR WEAK GIRLS

Can be Had Through the Rich, Red Blood Made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There comes a time in the life of almost every girl when sickness attacks her. The strain upon her blood supply is too great, and there comes headaches and backaches, loss of appetite, attacks of dizziness and heart palpitation, and a general tendency to a decline. The only thing that can promptly and speedily cure these troubles is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This is the only medicine that actually makes new, rich, red blood, and a plentiful supply of rich blood is the one thing needed to maintain the health of growing girls and women of mature years. The truth of this statement is proved in the case of Miss Esther E. Sproule, Truemanville, N.S., who says: "At the age of sixteen years I left my country home to attend high school. The close confinement and long hours of study nearly broke me down. My blood supply seemed to be deficient, and I grew pale and depressed. I was dizzy nearly all the time, and pimples broke out on my face. I was altogether in a miserable condition and it seemed impossible for me to continue my studies unless I found a speedy cure. I tried several tonics prescribed by the doctor, but they proved useless. My mother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I finally consented to do so. I had hardly finished the second box before a change for the better took place, and the use of a few boxes more fully restored my health, and I have since been well and strong. I feel that I cannot say too much in favor Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I strongly recommend them to other ailing girls."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at fifty cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"They are coaching him for his examinations."

"No."

"So I hear."

"Pshaw! They are automobiling him."—Nashville American.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective is mild and soothing.

Cassidy—Hello, Casey, how's things wid ye these days?

Casey—Oh, busy, very busy, indade.

Cassidy—Ye don't tell me?

Casey—Aye. Sure iv'ry time I'm at laysure I hev somethin' to do.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Johnnie—An' yer didn't get nothin' but a knife and a football for Christmas?

Willie—Dat's all I got what's any good. Dere wuz an overcoat an' hat, an' a suit of clothes, an' some underwear, an' stockin's, an' gloves, an' a whole lot of other things like dat; but dey ain't no kind ob Chritsmas presents.—Harper's Weekly.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of La Grippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation.

Wifey (in a hurry)—Oh, bother! Pins get away in the most mysterious manner.

Hub—My dear, one has to be sharp to match a pin. The reason they get away is because they are pointed one way and headed another. — Boston Transcript.

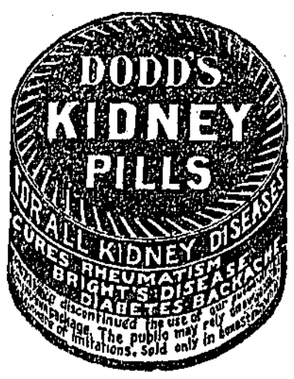
Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Never give painted toys to very young children. They are a source of great danger, as it is difficult to prevent children from putting them to their mouths, more particularly at teething time. Tin toys are also better banished from the nursery, as many a nasty cut is caused by a fall on the sharp edges of a tin toy badly made.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Ha!" said the Terrible Turk as, he rode up to the safest place in the camp while the battle with the fierce Bulgars was going on, "is the army in fighting condition?"

"I may say, your highness," said his general, discreetly, "it is in good running order."—Baltimore American.



A QUEER WOOING.

Whistler's Offhand Wedding and the Bride's Scant Trousseau.

Labouchere's claim that he brought about the marriage of Whistler is thus recorded in the "Life of Whistler:"

I believe I am responsible for Whistler's marriage to the widow of Mr. Godwin, the architect. She was a remarkably pretty woman and very agreeable, and both she and he were thorough bohemians. I was dining with them and some others one evening at Earl's Court. They were obviously greatly attracted to each other, and in a vague sort of way they thought of marrying. So I took the matter in hand to bring things to a practical point.

"Jimmy," I said, "will you marry Mrs. Godwin?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Mrs. Godwin," I said, "will you marry Jimmy?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"When?" I asked.

"Oh, some day," said Whistler.

"That won't do," I said. "We must have a date."

So they both agreed that I should choose the day, what church to come to for the ceremony, provide the clergyman and give the bride away. I fixed an early date and got the then chaplain of the house of commons, the Rev. Mr. Byng, to perform the ceremony.

It took place a few days later.

After the ceremony was over we adjourned to Whistler's studio, where we had prepared a banquet. The banquet was on the table, but there were no chairs. So we sat on packing cases. The happy pair when I left had not quite decided whether they would go that evening to Paris or remain in the studio.

How unpractical they were was shown when I happened to meet the bride the day before the marriage in the street.

"Don't forget tomorrow," I said.

"No," she replied; "I am just going to get my trousseau."

"A little late for that, is it not?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "for I am only going to buy a new toothbrush and a new sponge, as one ought to have new ones when one marries."

DON'T FIGHT THE WEATHER.

Try the Plan of Being on Friendly Terms With It.

What a great misfortune this is, the habit of considering the weather—of thinking that we must consider the weather! It is largely due, is it not, to clothes? No mention is made of rain in the garden of Eden, but we must not therefore contend that rain was disagreeable and omitted. We must recollect that Adam and Eve did not need to consider rain. Furthermore, in blessed ignorance they did not know that it was anything to be considered.

To mind the rain no more than the May sunshine, but to plunge into it and let the drops pelt as they will, to accept snow without a thought of discomfort, but, rather, to enjoy the thronging presence of it; to pursue one's daily stint regardless of whether the sky be dun or blue—this is a state which we, especially of the cities, long, long have lost.

We regain it, some of us, in the wilderness camp, where we hunt or fish if the day be dark or if the day be bright, and where we find that the dash of the soft rain on one's face is not death, after all; that wetness and dryness are merely relative terms.

All the centuries of fussing and fuming with the weather have not affected the weather one particle. It still rains and snows and sleets and blows, just as dictated by circumstances. Therefore, what's the use? Are your puny diatribes or mine of any greater potency than those of others gone before? Evidently not. Accordingly try the plan of being friendly with the weather, of agreeing with it instead of fighting it, and, 'pon my word, presently it will be agreeing with you.—E. L. Sabin in Lippincott's.

Kinnikinic.

"We ran out of tobacco while fishing in the Canadian wilds," said a clubman. "Our guides put us on to kinnikinic, and we smoked that for ten days. It wasn't bad.

"Kinnikinic is the inner bark of the red willow. You dry it, then you cut it up. It really tastes like tobacco. The Indians always use it when they can't get the real thing, and I understand that there are certain brands of Canadian tobacco that are flavored with kinnikinic."

Emperor William's Appetite.

The Emperor, William I., was a fine looking man notwithstanding his age, and he had that old world manner which is as attractive as it is rare. He was full of gayety and chaffed some of the young people present. It was a mystery to me how he survived what he ate and drank, although he was doing a cure. He began with poached eggs and went on to potted meats and various strange German dishes, added many cups of strong tea, and ended with strawberries, ices and sweet, tepid champagne. We talked banalities. It was not very exciting.—Lady Randolph Churchill's Reminiscences.

The Register of the Voice.

The register of the voice is sometimes confounded with the range. There are two registers to the voice, whatever its quality. These are termed the register of the chest and the register of the head. The chest notes are given in full, even tones and with the natural voice. The tones may be either open or closed. They are given from the chest and the back of the nose. Head tones come from the bridge of the nose and if untrained are apt to develop an unpleasant shrillness. In a trained voice it is impossible to detect where the chest register ends.

Keen on the Main Chance.

He was gazing with dreamy eyes into the distance.

"Ah, my darling," he murmured, "what matters it that sorrow and trouble must of necessity be lurking in the unknown future? While I am with you I think of naught but the present—the beautiful, superb present."

"So do I, dearest," she replied, "but you'll take me with you when you buy it, won't you? Men have such queer tastes in rings."

Another Philanthropist.

"Why don't you abolish straps and high steps on your street car lines?"

"My friend," answered Mr. Dustin Stax impressively, "scientists tell us that unless we take more exercise we will become more creatures of brain, with neither arms nor legs. I'm trying to stand between humanity and an awful fate!"—Washington Star.

Strictly Feminine.

"Yes, I always let papa buy my hats."

"Is his taste so good?"

"It isn't a matter of taste. Papa always buys hats that are too expensive, and then I change them and get the difference." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Embarrassing.

Good anecdotes of Saphir, the great German humorist and editor, are told in Berlin. A young couple, newly engaged, were favored with a letter of introduction to Saphir, which they duly presented. Now, the gentleman was notorious for his effeminate habits and ways, and his appearance at once struck the eye of the observant journalist, who had heard about him. He received the pair with empressement, insisted upon their being seated in his most comfortable easy chairs, assured them how pleased he was to hear of their engagement and wound up with, "Now, pray, you must, you really must, tell me which of you is to be the bride."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Reporter—But why did the Harrises and the Boggses end their fued?

Native—Well, Ah reckon you don't know what it takes to make a right good feud. No Harris girl never fell in love with no Boggs man, an' no Boggs girl never fell in love with no Harris man. There wasn't nothin' happened to keep up no interest in things, so th' fued jest naeth'ly died.—Cleveland Leader.

A Powerful Medicine.— The healing properties in six essential oils are concentrated in every bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, forming one of the most beneficial liniments ever offered to the use of man. Thousands can testify as to its power in allaying pain, and many thousands more can certify that they owe their health to it. Its wonderful power is expressed by its cheapness.

"He has everything to make a woman happy."

"On the contrary, he has nothing but whealth."

"Dear me! What more can a woman ask of her husband than that he have wealth?"

"That he have brains, beauty, bravery."

"But——"

"Or, failing these, heart disease."—Life.

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

Clergymen Are Scarce.

The reluctance of men to take holy orders in the Church of England, which is so noticeable a feature at the present time, is a matter of more than ecclesiastical interest. It affects not only the existing clergy, as also the laity alone, but the nation as a whole.—Nineteenth Century.

Girlhood Vigor Regained.

The difficulty with most women lies in the fact that while they are anxious about the health and welfare of their family and loved ones, they rarely ever pay attention to themselves until Nature says Stop. To prevent this every woman should take Psychine regularly. It creates an appetite and is the greatest of digestants. Psychine is a boon to run-down, tired and over-worked women, for there is LIFE IN EVERY DOSE. Mrs. J. T. Miller, of 63 Notre Dame St., Winnipeg, proved this for she says: "I am thankful for what Psychine has done for me. I was laid up with weakness. Oh, how I suffered. My appetite was very poor and my stomach was greatly disordered. Today I am strong and well, for Psychine has brought me permanent relief. I feel like a new woman now to what I did before taking Psychine. I feel the vigor of girlhood in my veins once more."

Psychine regulates and strengthens the stomach and is an infallible remedy for all disorders of the throat, lungs and chest. All druggists and stores, 50c. Samples sent on application. Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto. Psychine drives away La Grippe!

Beresford is a Vegetarian.

People who believe that all animals should be left to die a natural death, and buried without having their bones picked, are caling attention to the sturdiness of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and the fact that for some years he has steadfastly adhered to a vegetarian diet. Not only does Lord Charles refuse to eat meat, but for a long time he has held the theory that man is better without wine or spirits of any kind. In fact, his convictions on this point are so strong that the doctors who attended him during his recent illness had the greatest difficulty in persuading him that stimulants were necessary for his full recovery.

A Pill That Lightens Life.—To the man who is a victim of indigestion the transaction of business becomes an added misery. He cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks and loss and vexation attend him. To such a man Parmelee's Vegetable Pills offer relief. A course of treatment, according to directions, will convince him of their great excellence. They are confidently recommended because they will do all that is claimed for them.

"What is the object of your society?"

"You wish the truth?"

"Why, yes."

"To get our names in the papers as often as possible."—Kansas City Journal.

Whether you consider Dependable Quality, Ease and Comfort, Dressy Appearance, or Reasonable Price, Elmira Felt Shoes and Slippers meet each and every requirement.

Insist on the dealer showing you the "Elmira" Trademark when purchasing felt footwear.

Sold by Dealers Throughout the West. 43

ALWAYS,
EVERYWHERE IN CANADA,
ASK FOR
EDDY'S MATCHES

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

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.

Who Gets the Most Out of Life?

Not the wealthiest, not the most learned, nor the idler—but the man who has good health and works for his living. This truth is trite, but not trivial.

Every man should guard his health as his most valuable possession. The more so because health is easier to retain than regain.

Keep your grip on health by regular exercise, reasonable care in eating and requisite sleep. Take Beecham's Pills occasionally, to tone the stomach and keep the liver and bowels in good working order. And don't worry.

Observe these simple rules and you will agree that the one who gets the most from life is

The Man Who Uses

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Prepared only by the Proprietor, Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, Eng.

Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

The Battle for Health

EVERY DAY QUESTION, "HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY?" KEEP WELL BY TONING SYSTEM WITH

Dr. A.W. Chase's Nerve Food

How to keep well.

This is the problem Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve-Food has helped many thousands of people to solve by reason of their extraordinary blood forming and system building qualities.

The only sure foundation for health is rich, red blood and a vigorous nervous system.

Both of these result from the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Even though you know of this great restorative as a cure for nervous exhaustion, prostration and paralysis, you may have overlooked it as a tonic to build up the system when it gets run down and you feel weak and miserable.

Mr. Wm. Graham, Atwood, Ont., writes:

"My wife has been ill for some time with nervous prostration, and we had two of the best doctors we could get but neither of them did her any good. She gradually became worse and worse, could not sleep and lost energy and interest in life. She was almost giving up in despair when a friend advised a trial of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"From the first box of this preparation my wife used we noticed an improvement and after using six boxes she is completely cured and as well as she ever was, eats well, sleeps well, and feels fully restored. I cannot say too much in praise of this valuable medicine and am satisfied that my wife owes her life to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

This cure is certified to by Mr. C. H. McFarlane, druggist, Atwood, Ont.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you fight "the battle of keeping well." The genuine bears the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D. 50 cents a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co.

"My grandfather," said the new neighbor, who was making a duty call, "was a great portrait painter. With one stroke of his brush he could change a smiling face into a sad one."

"Huh!" exclaimed small Johnny, who happened to be in the parlor. "Our teacher can do that."—Chicago News.

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

THE SUMMER GIRL IN WINTER

My heart it starts a-sinking when in winter I sit thinking
Of beaus I had last summer by the sea,
And it really does appall me when I foolishly recall the
False promises and threats they made to me.

Tom, with both his arms about me, said that he would die without me.
(The papers have not stated that he's dead.)
Jack would say, "My ownest daisy, I'll wed you or I'll go crazy."
(He doesn't act a bit out of his head.)

George would prate, "I'll ne'er forsake thee, and where I go I'll take thee."
(I guess he's lost the number of my flat.)
Said Sinclair, "If you would leave me, I'd sure get sick, believe me."
(He's had no doctor; I am sure of that.)

So my little list I go through—same old story with each beau who
Made ruthless threats and promises to me.
All the while I sit home lonely, and my one wish is if only
All year could be a summer by the sea.
—New York Herald.

Pushed to it.

Miss Gotrox—The count was awfully embarrassed when he proposed to me.

Miss Poorman—Yes, poor fellow. He probably proposed because he couldn't afford to do otherwise.—Houston Post.

Just a Bit.

His friend—I hear that you are a head of the company.

Guilty Director (absentmindedly)—Ah, yes; about $100,000.—Harvard Lampoon.

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

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

Scott's Emulsion

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

ALL DRUGGISTS

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

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

CHINESE TURKESTAN.

A Province That Is Over Two Thousand Years Old.

Over 2,000 years ago China, the dean of nations, spread her conquests far westward to the sea of Aral, the so-called lake of Cathay. Hordes of barbarians soon drove her back a thousand miles, but she was able to maintain her authority to the east and south of the Tianshan, or Celestial mountains. With them as a bulwark, she organized the new province—commonly known as Chinese Turkestan—which comprises the great Lob or Tarim basin, together with the more northern regions of Turfan, 300 feet below sea level, the fertile vale of Lli and the waste plains and mountains of Dzungaria.

Time and again the Chinese rule in Hsinkiang has been overthrown, sometimes for centuries and sometimes for only a score of years, and time and again China has reconquered the province. With each conquest Chinese officials and merchants have poured in. They have taken to themselves wives of the Aryan inhabitants. They have built government houses, forts and towns—largely of mud—and they have entirely dominated the mild Chanto natives. Then, when foreign invasion has driven them out, they have disappeared, and Hsinkiang, lapsing into its ancient apathy, has become as though the Chinese were not nor ever had been; hence to-day in spite of 2,000 years of intermittent Chinese rule, Turkestan is still the "new province." It is related to China much as Utah and Arizona were to the rest of the United States before the days of railroads. It resembles those states in other ways also, especially in climate and topography, although in every respect its extremes are far greater than theirs.

Cut off from China by 300 or 400 miles of the most rigorous desert and from the rest of mankind by the greatest of mountains, this old new province has pursued the tenor of its way almost uninfluenced by the world at large. During the two milleniums since the coming of the Chinese the people of Hsinkiang have been converted from paganism to Buddhism and then to Mohammedanism. They have been conquered by Uighurs, Tartars and Tibetans. A new language, Turki, has been imposed upon them, and they have suffered from famine, war and pestilence and their attendant ravages. Yet the character of the people appears to have changed but little. The accounts of ancient Chinese pilgrims to India and the evidences found in ruins indicate that the life of the past was not unlike that of to-day. The original Aryan stock still remains dominant, though more or less mixed with half a dozen other races.

A Chameleon Caterpillar.

A Melbourne correspondent of the Standard of Empire states that an extraordinary amount of devastation is being accomplished in the wheat area between Horsham, in Victoria, and the borders of South Australia, by a grub of the caterpillar species about an inch and a half long. The grub, which attacks the wheat at the top of the plant, and works its way right down to where the stem emerges from the round, has the faculty of changing its color from green or yellow to the hue of the earth, and on the approach of a human being the grubs, warned apparently by the vibration of the earth, at once fall from the plant which they may be attacking, and burrow in the earth. The pest only appears to be able to live in the loose ground, and so far has only attacked the late-sown crops, which are more tender than the early ones. Farmers are hoping for another heavy downpour of rain, as that seems to be the most effectual means of eradicating the pest. The ibis is exceptionally numerous in the district this year, and very large flocks of these birds can be seen stalking through the paddocks busily engaged in picking up grubs. One farmer has a mob of sheep grazing on a road in order to prevent the pest from crossing from one paddock to another.

A Valuable Stuffed Giraffe.

Few tourists who visit the Smithsonian institution at Washington and gaze on the mounted giraffe therein exhibited, which at the time of his death was known to be the second largest sized beast of its kind in captivity, would ever guess that the specimen contains the most costly "insides" that could be imagined.

This is owing to the fact that the paper mache used in the construction of the mounted specimen is simply the ground up pulp of thousands of one dollar, two dollar, five dollar, ten dollar and twenty dollar bills furnished the institution by the bureau of engraving and printing, where the worn bills redeemed by the Treasury Department are macerated. It is estimated that old money to the amount of $200,000 was employed to make the pulp which went to fill the dead giraffe.

Never Again.

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim. I waited for the railway train. The light was low and dim. It came at last, and from a car there stepped a dainty dame, and, looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came. "Oh, Jack!" she cried, "oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spoke, then looked again and, frightened, cried, "Oh what a bad mistake!" I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair, for I am not your Jack, and as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back." And since that night I've often stood upon that platform dim, but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.

Always Dublin.

An Irishman and an American were talking about their own countries one day when the American said:

"America is the richest country in the world to-day."

"Shure," said Pat, "Oireland will soon be the richest."

"How's that?" said the American.

"Shure," answered Pat, "isn't the capital always Dublin?"

The Horological Revenge.

They were looking over their wedding presents. He pointed to a small bronze clock. "Seems to me," he said, "that I have seen that before."

"You have," she returned serenely. "You gave it to my first husband and me for a wedding present. When we divided the things after the divorce he kept the clock, and now he is sending it back to us."

Sharp and Blunt.

Cora—She has such keen perceptions.

Dora—And such a blunt way of conveying them.—Puck.

THE ALASKA RAVEN.

A Scavenger That Is Highly Esteemed by the Natives.

In Alaska the raven is highly esteemed, and the natives regard it as a very unfortunate event should one be killed.

In Unalaska ravens fly around the beach and village unmolested, and were it not for their scavenger work the fish offal that lies around the shore and houses would soon engender disease.

The Alaska raven is a fine looking bird, as large as a turkey and upon closer acquaintance a real handsome fellow. His coat is indeed black, but of a black glossier and more rich than silk and softer than velvet, while in a semi-shade the feathers are tinged with that peculiar color so often seen on well preserved blue black bronze.

It is very funny to see these birds holding, as it were, a conclave. Ten or a dozen alight on the ground and walk to the meeting place with a stately, erect step, their every movement cool and assured.

Then an old bird steps gravely into the middle, and the meeting begins with a series of guttural and harsh croaks, which gradually swell in volume until the entire lot of birds have joined in the debate.

Along comes a dog, and for him they scatter, resuming their position when he passes, until the meeting again terminates, and they fly off to the beach and hills.

If you examine the bills of these ravens the peculiar construction is remarkable. They are a combination of a chisel, scissors, dagger and gimlet.

The bill forms an important factor in the raven's existence, for he has to dig on the beach for clams, bore the hard shell by repeated chipping, and again in pure mischief he will tear and break anything that his bright and unerring eye lights upon.

Just as soon as the bright sunlight appears the ravens leave their roosting places on the hilltops for the beach line, and over the village and shores of the bay they fly and wander until sundown invites them to rest.

The raven is a fine flier. On the wing his movements are well under command. With strong, decided beats he winnows the air fast or slow, never seeming in a hurry. But if occasion requires the raven can travel at express speed, and when he sees another bird feasting on some delicate morsal of offal, down he comes from midair with his discordant caw, ready to share or steal the prize.

The same characteristics are visible all along the southern coast of Alaska and Sitka. The natives from Yahutat bay through the network of islands as far as British Columbia have an ancient legend that the raven was the bird that brought light from darkness when the world was created. On this account they venerate it, and the totem of a raven is regarded as denoting the most illustrious descended family.

The raven does not appear to migrate, as the residents all over that portion of Alaska where the birds are found state that they remain throughout the winter.

Mr. Balfour Was a Happy Man.

There may or may not be some truth in the statement of a certain Tory member the other day that Mr. Balfour does not seem to take his politics seriously nowadays; but there is no doubt that the ex-Prime Minister takes his golf very seriously. "You must be quite an expert player now, Mr. Balfour," a certain lady remarked to him a short time ago. "No, madam, I am still a novice and still learning." In this instance, however, Mr. Balfour was belittling his skill somewhat, although it is quite true that he still takes lessons in the science and intricacies of the game. But when in form he really plays a powerful game, and when he does this he is very pleased with himself, judging from the fact that when a caddie ventured to congratulate him recently the ex-Premier was so delighted that he pressed half a sovereign into the boy's hand and said: "Here, boy, put that in your money-box and don't forget I feel a happy man to-day."

A Clever Dog.

"Yes, dogs are undoubtedly sagacious animals," Jones said to his friends, "but none of your dog stories will beat this. My friend Johnson had a most intelligent retriever. One night Johnson's house caught fire. All was instant confusion. Old Johnson and his wife flew for the children and bundled out with them pretty sharp. Alas! One of the children had been left behind, but up jumped the dog, rushed into the house and soon reappeared with the missing child, which he deposited on the lawn. Every one was saved, but Rover dashed through the flames again. What did the dog want? No one knew. Presently the noble animal reappeared, scorched and burnt, with—what do you think?"

"Give it up," chorused the eager listeners.

"With the fire policy, wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen!"—London Scraps.

Wise Tommy.

Tommy was a very sound sleeper and wouldn't get out of bed earlier than 10 o'clock, no matter what his mother said to him. So one morning she tried coaxing and said to him:

"You have heard of the little boy who got up at 6 o'clock in the morning and when he went out he found a purse of gold?"

"Oh, yes," said Tommy, "but what about the little boy who got up before him and went out and lost it?"

Not Like Mother Made.

Little Charles was dining away from home, and his hostess noticed with some concern that he was leaving untouched the first course, which consisted of chicken soup with macaroni.

"Why, Charles," she said, "you didn't taste your soup! Chicken soup too."

"No, ma'am," he replied. "I didn't think I'd care for it. Mamma never cooks the windpipes."

Snakes Changed Into Rods.

The Egyptian cobra is not unlike its Asiatic relative except in respect of the absence of the curious spectacle-like mark which distinguishes the latter. Although it is the most poisonous reptile known to inhabit northern Africa, it is the favorite among the snake charmers. These conjurers know how to render this serpent rigidly unconscious by pressing the nape of its neck with a finger. This act appears to throw the reptile into catalepsy, in which it as stiff as an iron rod.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

The Secret of a Famous Healing Balm.

The re-discovery of a secret that has lain hidden in the dust of 20 centuries is an event full of fascinating interest, and the story of Zam-Buk, the world-famed first-aid and skin-cure will always enlist attention. Zam-Buk is the virtual descendant of those wonderful and mysterious herbal balms by the use of which the manly athletes of Ancient Greece and the stalwart gladiators of Rome ensured the healthiness and ready-healing of their skin.

Many are the attempts that were made to produce a perfect balm for the skin, but only in Zam-Buk has the ideal been realized. Since its discovery Zam-Buk has been welcomed in mansion and cottage, and the people of two hemispheres realised that they have been placed in possession of an absolutely unique cure for skin complaints.

The reasons for this triumph of science are simple and few. Taking a lesson from the Ancients, the proprietors of Zam-Buk first of all wisely decided that the ideal balm must be purely herbal and contain not the slightest trace of rancid animal fats or poisonous minerals. Thus Zam-Buk is made solely from rich and pure essences obtained from certain rare medicinal herbs. These juices and extracts are prepared and refined by ingenious scientific processes and then so skilfully blended that a unique, effective, and yet perfectly natural preparation for dispelling skin-disease is secured.

Zam-Buk has an affinity for the human skin such as no ordinary ointment or liniment can possibly possess. Besides soothing pain and allaying irritation, it possesses unique antiseptic and germicidal qualities which virtually chase disease germs out of their hiding places in the skin tissues; at the same time it purifies the pores and invigorates the natural functions of the skin in a way that no other preparation can.

Zam-Buk solves in a perfect manner the problem of always having handy at home or at one's work an ever-ready and reliable first-aid for cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, lacerations, scratches, etc. Zam-Buk is without equal for eczema, ulcers, piles, bad leg, ringworm, scalp sores, festering sores, sprains, stiffness, poisoned wounds of all kinds, face sores, chafing, chapped hands, cold-sores, frost-bites, sore feet, diseased ankles, and all itching, irritation, and inflammation.

Zam-Buk is a daily need in every household and is sold by all druggists and stores at fifty cents a box. Refuse harmful and dangerous substitutes sometimes "pushed" as being "just as good."

In the Wrong Pew.

On the plantation the dairy hands were accustomed to do the milking squatting rown in a prim tive fashion until the owner introduced milking stools along with other modern improvements.

The boy who first sallied forth with the stool returned bruised and battered and with an empty pail.

"I done my best, sah," he exclaimed. "Dat stool looked all right to me, but the blamed cow she won't sit on it."—Remus' Magazine.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

"See here!" demanded the indignant subscriber, "this obituary notice is all wrong. I'm not dead!"

"If the Herald says you're dead," sternly replied the editor, "you're dead. But," he added magnanimously, "if you don't like being dead, we'll print your birth notice."—Success Magazine.

HOW'S THIS?

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

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

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

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

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Stop Screeching.

Sweet Singer—I asked you to show me where I could get something to improve my voice.

Low Comedian—Well, there is the place across the street.

Sweet Singer—That's not a pharmacy. Why, that's a carriage shop.

Low Comedian—Sure! That's where they sell axle grease.—Detroit Tribune.

Dangerous.

"If I exposed my throat and lungs the way you do," complained the father of the beautiful maiden, "I'd be a dead man inside of three days."

"Of course you would," she sweetly replied, "although really I don't believe lynching ought ever to be resorted to for anything." — Chicago Record-Herald.

The Cough of Consumption

Your doctor will tell you that fresh air and good food are the real cures for consumption. But often the cough is very hard. Hence, we suggest that you ask your doctor about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It controls the tickling, quiets the cough.

Ayer's — We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will cause an increased flow of bile, and produce a gentle laxative effect the day following. Formula on each box. Show it to your doctor. He will understand at a glance. Dose, one pill at bedtime.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

MOHAMMED.

His Vision of Heaven and the Story of the Mountain.

Halabi, the founder of Islam, was born at Mecca in the year A. D. 570. He died June 8, 632, at the age of seventy-two. He assumed the titular name of Mohammed, which means, according to some authorities, the "predicted Messiah."

One of the most extravagant relations which can be found in any language is credited to Mohammed. Speaking of the sights he beheld when "transported to heaven," he says: "I saw there an angel, the most gigantic of all created things. It had 70,000 heads, each head had 70,000 faces, each face had 70,000 mouths, each mouth had 70,000 tongues and each tongue spoke 70,000 languages. All were employed in singing God's praises."

When Mohammed first announced his divinely inspired and appointed system the Arabs demanded supernatural proofs of his commission. "Moses and Jesus," said the Arabs, "wrought miracles in the testimony of their divine authority. And if thou art indeed a prophet of God do so likewise."

"It would be tempting God to do so," replied Mohammed, "and bring down his anger, as in the case of Pharaoh."

As the story is told in Brewer's "Phrase and Fable," the Arabs were not satisfied with this answer, and Mohammed then commanded one of the numerous eminences near Mecca to come to him. The mountain not stirring at Mohammed's bidding, the prophet exclaimed: "God is merciful! Had the mountain obeyed my words it would have fallen on us to our destruction.

"I will therefore go to the mountain."

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

"Yes," sighed the genius, "I am starving to death. My work is unappreciated. I can scarcely make enough to keep body and soul together."

"Never mind, old chap, cheer up. Things will come your way in time. Perhaps on your two hundredth birthday anniversary the people will erect a monument to you."—Detroit Free Press.

A Philadelphia woman, whose given name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary.

Whereupon there ensued a struggle to induce the applicant to relinquish her idea that she must be addressed by her Christian name. For some time she was rigidly uncompromising.

"Under the circumstances," said the lady of the house, "there is nothing to do but to follow the English custom and call you by your last name. By the way, what is it?"

"Well, mum," answered the girl, dubiously, it's 'Darling.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Peevish, pale, restless and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

"Jimmie, your face is dirty again this morning," said the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?"

"Huh," grunted Johnny, "I'd be too perlite to say anything."— The Critic.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE TO ALL MOTHERS

Baby's Own Tablets come as a message of hope to all worried mothers. There is no other medicine can equal these Tablets for the cure of stomach, bowel and teething troubles. They make sickly, peevish, crying children bright and well. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. J. Laroque, Log Valley, Sask., says:—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a blessing both to my children and myself. I have tried them for most of the ills that come to young children and have never known them to fail." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A FLOATING ISLAND.

It Was Found Roaming About In the South Atlantic.

A United States cruiser out destroying derelicts found its water supply running low. The water tanks are usually filled at Corn Island, but the ship was too far from it to sail there without losing precious time, which it could not afford to do then, as it was hot on the track of a particularly dangerous derelict, and the chase had led pretty well down toward the coast of Honduras. So when a low bank of purple that might be a cloud or might be land was seen low down on the eastern horizon it was decided to make for it in the hope that it might turn out to be a small coral island yet uncharted.

It proved to be a little island about three-quarters of a mile around and a quarter mile wide. In shape it was long and narrow, with a thick growth of vines and bushes reaching down to the water's very edge. Three tall cocoanut palms grew in the middle of it. No life of any kind was on the island, nor was there any water, though instead of being sandy or rocky, as such islands usually are, the soil was rich, dark and very moist. After gathering the cocoanuts the sailors returned to the cruiser, which, oddly enough, seemed much farther off and considerably more to the southwest than when they left her. Then it just dawned on them that they had been visiting one of the floating islands so often heard about, but seldom seen, in the south Atlantic. Further observation soon confirmed the suspicion, as the cruiser remained near it long enough to see the island change its position.

These floating islands are parts of other islands torn away by hurricanes or some great seismic upheaval. They drift about for months, moving slowly with the winds and currents, held together by the matted roots of trees and plants until they either attach themselves again to solid land or are disintegrated and eaten away by the action of the waves. In some rare instances they gather other flotsam of the sea to themselves and, stranding on a reef, become in time a new island.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

CIVILIZING SAVAGES.

Britain's Work In Africa Is Having Most Satisfactory Results.

A White-paper published by the British Government a few days ago, gives an interesting account of the splendid progress of peaceful penetration in the provinces of Southern Nigeria.

Many of these rich districts were closed only a few years ago to all comers. The natives vigorously excluded the outer world, and gave themselves up to barbarous customs.

In the Ibibio country of the eastern province incessant intertribal warfare was carried on until quite recently. Slave trading, twin-killing, human sacrifice and cannibalism were openly practiced. In the Omoduru, Ahva and Bende districts a similar state of affairs prevailed.

Without bloodshed, or even military measures, the country has been civilized and developed. In the majority of the districts offenses against human life are rare, and old customs, such as witchcraft and trial by ordeal, are being dropped. Even in the most uncivilized tracts the natives are speedily acquiring an appreciation of the justice administered through the native courts which have been established.

Altogether, a remarkable transformation has been brought about in a short time, and great headway has been made against the evil influence of the Aros. They have a powerful hold over the natives, who are generally afraid to give evidence against them, and they indulge whenever possible in slave dealing. Despite their power, however, and their persistent attempts to spread evil reports about the intentions of the Government, their power is being steadily undermined, and the work of progress is going rapidly forward.

LOOKED VERY FOOLISH.

How New Archbishop of York Once Earned a Sharp Reproof.

Born in 1864, and educated at Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford, the Bishop of Stepney, who recently declined to accept the bishopric of Montreal, to which he was unanimously elected by the Diocesan Synod, studied for the Bar for a time. But he decided that the Church was more to his liking. He became a curate in Leeds in 1890; six years later he was inducted Vicar of Portsea, and five years later was nominated to be Bishop of Stepney. Once, when preaching at Westminster Abbey, he became so engrossed in his sermon that he closed his eyes to avoid being distracted by human objects. After the service one of the congregation asked him why he closed his eyes, adding: "You may think you looked like a saint, but you really looked quite foolish." Dr. Lang takes an optimistic view of human nature, and has come across many instances of religion in unexpected places. Some time ago, he happened to be standing on the platform of a big railway station, during a busy rush for excursion trains, when he noticed one particular porter, who, although harassed on all sides, was so calm, good-tempered, and courteous. Going up to the man, he asked him how he managed to keep so collected. "Why, sir, you ought to know. By the Grace of God," was the unexpected reply. It is said of Dr. Lang, who is a Scotsman, that at the age of 19, there were few subjects upon which he was not able to talk, and he earned a name for himself at Oxford as a brilliant orator and vigorous debater.

The Law Against Ju-Ju.

The proclamation provides similar penalties for the making and using of ju-ju for illegal purposes and for the practice and encouragement of ju-ju worship; and any chief who countenances such trials by ordeal or prohibited ju-ju worship is liable, on conviction, to a fine of $1,000, or to imprisonment for three years. These are far-reaching provisions, which our vivacious Nigerian correspondent, in the exercise of his quasi-chieftain jurisdiction, will do well to avoid. But probably he is fully aware of the difficulties of proving a charge of this sort to conviction, and will consequently continue to extract a little occasional fun out of his rather unique situation. His opportunities for diversion in this direction are not likely to be seriously curtailed in a hurry, for in the opinion of most Europeans who have had opportunities of observing the tenacious hold which the practices alluded to have on the native mind, the proclamation of Sir Percy Girouard is not likely to prove efficacious for many a year to come in eradicating the popular belief in the mysterious powers of witchcraft and ju-ju.—Standard of Empire.

All He Needed.

A boy of twelve years of age, with an air of melancholy resignation, went to his teacher in one of the Liverpool schools the other day, and handed in the following note from his mother before taking his seat:

"Dear Sir,—Please excuse James for not being present yesterday. He played truant, but you needn't thrash him for it, as the boy he played truant with an' him fell out, and he thrashed James an' a man they threw stones at caught him and thrashed him; an' the driver of a cart they hung on to thrashed him; an' the owner of a cat they chased thrashed him. Then I thrashed him when he came home, after which his father thrashed him, and I had to give him another one for being impudent to me for telling father. So you need not thrash him until next time. He thinks he'd better attend regular in future."

Women at Oxford.

Lord Curzon, chancellor of the University of Oxford, has now appeared as a champion of woman. Having been charged with being an opponent of higher education for women, he protests: "So absurdly untrue is it that in my scheme of reform for Oxford I am going to propose that degrees and not merely examinations shall be open to women on exactly the same basis as to men." Already the voice of alarm and protest has been heard from the conservative university.

A Polite Hint.

By way of protest to those reckless paragraphers who are interesting themselves in the edicts of fashion it can be stated with a strong emphasis that no gentleman ever refers to a thin lady as a slat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Kaiser's Gifts.

In order to avoid rewarding certain services with orders of the Red or Black Eagle the kaiser has adopted the custom of offering snuffboxes enriched with his miniature or that of the empress.—Paris Figaro.

SUFFERED 5 YEARS WITH RHEUMATISM

Unable to Work for a Year—Cured by Gin Pills.

I have been troubled with Rheumatism for 5 years, one of which I have been unable to do any work whatever. Have spent much money on other remedies until I purchased from my druggist, L. T. Best, Kingston, one box Gin Pills on his recommendation. The result was beyond my expectations. The first box banished all traces of Rheumatism. I now keep Gin Pills in the house and take one occasionally. My sincere thanks are due you for your wonderful remedy which has done so much for me.

GEO. VANDEWATER, Kingston, Ont.

Friendly letters like the above, reach us every day. No other remedy has ever had so many unsolicited testimonials in so short a time. There can be no question about it—Gin Pills do cure the Kidneys. 50c. a box—6 for $2.50. At dealers or direct. Sample box—so you can test them—sent free if you mention this paper.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 121

A Celebrity Anyhow.

Some few years back a Yorkshire vicar had a call from the squire's coachman, who asked him to christen his son. The vicar asked the name they proposed to give the child and the Jehu replied:

"Cicero."

"Cicero" said the vicar. "Why he was a great orator."

"I don't know about horators," replied the coachman, who had happy memories of having won a bit over Cicero's Derby, "but he was a great 'oss."—Tit-Bits.

So popular is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of colds and coughs or ailments of the throat, due to exposure to draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take and the use of it guarantees freedom from throat and lung diseases.

"When are you busiest?"

"Whenever life insurance agents call."—Detroit Free Press.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

"I see that you look out for No. 1 in all your financial and political transactions."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "when I studied grammar as a boy one of the first things I learned was that the first person singular should always be carefully capitalized."—Washington Star.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

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

How Little the World Knows.

"Some weeks ago," said Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, "I received a letter addressed to me as Secretary of Agriculture. From there it had been sent to the Treasury Department, then forwarded to New York, and finally it came out to Iowa. I opened it. Inside was the following:

"'Dear Mr. Shaw—The Blank Magazine is greatly interested in your work as a Cabinet Minister in the Department of Agriculture, and we are writing to ask you if you will send a photograph for us with a special article of your work in that line.'

"Such is fame,' said Mr. Shaw.—Philadelphia Press.

FURS FURS FURS

For best prices, ship to the old reliable N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Breaking His Own Law.

When King Ferdinand of Bulgaria proclaimed himself czar at Tirnovo recently the members of his entourage agreed that any one omitting the title of "majesty" in addressing or referring to him should be fined 10 francs. The ministers heard of this and agreed to the same system of fines, which, coming to the notice of the prince, was heartily approved by him. On the railway journey from Tirnovo, after the proclamation, the ministers were continually handing out ten franc pieces. But Ferdinand himself provided the climax of the comedy, for just after rebuking the minister of finance and fining him "his majesty" referred unthinkingly to the "princess" instead of the "czarina," whereupon he was promptly called upon to deliver up 10 francs himself in forfeit.

You Can't Cut Out A BOG SPAVIN, PUFF or THOROUGHPIN, but ABSORBINE will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. Will tell you more if you write. $2.00 per bottle at dlers or deliv'd. Book 4 Free. ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1 bottle. Reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands. Allays pain quickly. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 137 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Also furnished by Martin Sale & Wyane Co., Winnipeg, The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary, and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

SOUTH AFRICAN SCRIP FOR SALE

Each scrip entitles selection of 320 Acres of HOMESTEAD LANDS, Two scrips good for 640 Acres.

Buy for yourself or for your son.

Inter-Ocean Real Estate Company
24 Aikins Bldg, Winnipeg.

KEEP YOUR IGNITION RIGHT

$15

75% of all Gasoline Engine troubles come from poor ignition. The "VIM MAGNETO" does away with Batteries and can be used on any Engine. It always gives a good hot spark. Fully Guaranteed — Agents Wanted.

A. R. Williams Machinery Co. Limited, Toronto

A 320 Acre Homestead can be taken if you have a Soldier's Warrant

We sell them. For particulars write

First National Realty Co., Winnipeg Man.

REGINA WATCHES. DIAMONDS. JEWELRY

EASTER GIFTS

AT

A. Logan & Co's.

SILVERWARE. CUT GLASS. CHINA

NEW SCALP BOUNTY

$50 Reward for the Scalp of the Son of a Gun who Sells Cheaper than the

OIC

A. L. WHITE, 'PHONE 16.

The Palace

Livery Stable

Greenwood. The most durable and stylish cutters, sleighs and carriages in the Boundary. Turnouts furnished with or without drivers. Prompt service day or night. Draying to any part of the city or country.

F. C. BUCKLESS, 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

Windsor Hotel

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

McClung & Goodeve, Propr's.

GALT COAL

"Unequalled for Domestic Use."

KASLO HOTEL

KASLO B. C.

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

COCKLE & PAPWORTH.

Smoke...

Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by

J. C. Thelin & Co., Nelson

THE Mainland ... Cigar

is smoked in every camp, town, city and hamlet in British Columbia. It is made in Vancouver by Wm. Tietjen and sold on the road by

Nat Darling.

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 Europeau plan. Nothing yellow about the house except the gold in the safe.

Malone & Tregillus

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 ond 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 23 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.

LAND ACT—FORM OF NOTICE.

Similkameen Land District—District of Yale.

Take Notice that Everd Leslie Steves of Midway, B. C., occupation, contractor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post planted about 20 chains distant and in a northerly direction from the south east corner of Lot 2890, Kettle river, Similkameen district, thence north 80 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 20 chains to point of commencement, and containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated 23rd January, 1909.

EVERD LESLIE STEVES.

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., MARCH 18, 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.

No, the smelter hasn't shut down yet. No particular hurry.

THE man who cannot fall asleep to the music of his wife's tongue is a matrimonial failure.

THE Creston Review has lost the patronage of one parson. And still there are people who say that editors are unlucky.

TINHORNS are like coyotes after a jack-rabbit. They hunt in relays and the one who catches the victim fixes him good and plenty.

THE legislature quit last week to enable John Oliver to have his vocal organs repaired. John will have another opportunity next year.

ANYONE finding the member for Rock Creek in the district will kindly hand it over to the local Liberal association for microscopic examination.

THERE is more joy among the people of Kaslo over the baptism of one Chink, than there is in the prosperity resulting from the employment of ninety-nine whites.

THE Liberals must be short of material for candidates in Alberta when they have to fall back on the old Ontario gang of ballot-box stuffers and bribers. Duncan Marshall is the Liberal candidate in Olds.

IN many respects Premier McBride enjoys the same relative position to his cabinet that Sir John A. Macdonald did but with the difference that some of the members of Macdonald's cabinet were practically indispensible to him because of their hold upon the country. Dick McBride could drop every member of his cabinet and replace them with others and it would make little difference to the people. Premier McBride, occupying the position which he does in the public estimation, bears a heavy responsibility. His outlook should be wide and at all times in the interests of the province. He need nor ever should stoop to the tactics of small politics or golden calf creed. His word should be a law and his promise inviolable. His policy should be big and cut to fit the great needs of British Columbia's future.—Saturday Sunset.

IN their agreement with Richard Armstrong and associates the members of the city council should see that the business interests of the city are safeguarded. It is a business proposition between Richard Armstrong on the one hand and all the people of Greenwood on the other. Mr. Armstrong expects to get returns from the ore bodies encountered, and the city from the wages of those employed in the tunnel. As the amount asked as a bonus will be sufficient to drive one-fourth or one-fifth of the tunnel, it is very important that the company should enter into engagements:—

1. To employ whites.
2. To work continuously.
3. To pay the ruling scale of wages.
4. In event of disputes between the company and its employees, the company to appoint one arbitrator, the employees one, and the city one. This will, we believe, ensure justice to both parties.
5. Should active work on the tunnel be discontinued for sixty days, the charter and plant of the company to become the property of the city.

If the tunnel is a business proposition the company can have no objections to stipulations along these lines. If the bonus is asked to aid in a promotion scheme, the sooner it is squelched the better.

School shoes, boys and girls', the best. Barclay and Co.

Life Is Worth Living.

(Prince Rupert Empire)

An editor at times gets the best of a lawyer. Up in the Yukon There is an editor at White Horse named White, and at Dawson there is a lawyer named Black. Black ran for member of parliament in January as the Conservative candidate. White supported a Liberal candidate, and in one issue of his newspaper printed the words: "Black jobs woodchoppers for Guggenheims in matter of contracts." Guggenheims are New York Jews who own pretty near everything in the Yukon worth owning. Black was defeated, so was the candidate that White supported. After the election Black was sore and wrote White a lawyer's letter, demanding a retraction of the words quoted above, and threatened a libel suit if they were not retracted. White retracted in the following letter, which was printed in pica type on the front page of his newspaper:

Here Is Where We Eat Crow.

To George Black, Esq., Dawson:

DEAR SIR—Not being a lawyer, and therefore not being able to conduct his own case in court, the editor of the Star hereby tenders to you his apology and retraction of the offensive, "Libelous and Criminal" assertions in "said newspaper" of the 15th of January. Owing to the fact that the ground is covered with snow as with a mantle, Biblically speaking, you will please excuse the formality of the editor rubbing his nose in the dust, and will take the statement of a willingness to do so, were conditions favorable to the deed. The statements you characterize "Absolutely false and without foundation" were wired to the Star from Dawson in a telegram signed "News," and you will accommodate the editor of the Star if you will call at that scissors and-paste emporium and lick the Star correspondent. To ensure getting the right man you had better take a punch at the whole bunch. Anyhow, the editor of the Star apologizes and retracts and hereby requests his readers to expunge, wipe out from the blackboards of their think tanks, the "libelous and criminal" statements contained in the issue of "said newspaper" of the 15th of January. Angels could do no more. Repentantly but lovingly yours,

E. J. WHITE,
Editor Weekly Star.

Subscriptions $5 a year in advance.

Unwelcome Arrivals.

Toronto Telegram: "About 300 immigrants from the old land arrived at the Union station this marning. There was scarcely $100 in the party that remained in Toronto, and one man had $50 of this. The British Welcome League took charge of about 15 families and will provide for them until they are placed. A few friends who had been in Canada about a year met the party, and when they informed the strangers that there was no work here they appeared very much disappointed. One man with a wife and six children when told this, wept because he had no money. He came out here he said because they told him in the old country that he would not be in Canada 24 hours before he had lots of work. This man did not have a dollar."

We reproduce the foregoing for the benefit of those who think that the mission of W. R. Trotter to the old land is not warranted. The Salvation Army has under preparation plans to dump 8,000 more people into just such circumstances as related above. The Salvation Army warns people against the dangers of hell. A man in a strange country, absolutely penniless and with a wife and six children, it seems to us, must consider that he is on the verge of that dreaded land.—Fernie Ledger.

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.

Blaze 1,800 Feet High.

The greatest oil fire in history is supposed to have been the fire which by a conservative estimate destroyed more than 5,000,000 barrels of oil last year in the San Geronimo field near Tampico, Mexico.

The oil stratum was struck at a depth of 1,840 feet in a 9-inch cased well. The torrent of oil burst forth and was quickly followed by a blow-out of gas which opened a big orifice in the earth's surface, swallowing up the derrick and the whole drilling outfit, including the engine and boiler. The gas and oil were ignited from the fire under the boilsr and the great fire was in this manner started.

It burned for 62 days. The vortex or crater through which the oil poured was gradually enlarged until it was more than 500 feet wide. A rim of rocks and earth was formed around its outer edge resembling a volcano's crater. According to the Technical World the blaze extended to a height of from 1,400 to 1,800 feet and the column of black smoke rose above it to a height of about 9,000 feet. On top of the smoke rested a great white cloud of vapor, which was estimated to extend skyward to an additional height of 7,000 feet. The blaze could be seen 200 miles.

The great oil fire was extinguished by means of six centrifugal pumps which were kept constantly busy for two weeks throwing mud and water into the crater. Heavy discharges of dynamite around the rim of the orifice also aided in the extinguishing work.

Shortly after the flames were put out the oil burst forth again in greater volume than ever, and its output was estimated at 150 000 barrels a day. It has been a difficult problem to care for the oil. The Mexican government sent several hundred soldiers to the scene to assist the owners of the well in building earthen reservoirs for temporary storage of the product. The oil overflowed those reservoirs and large quantities escaped into the San Geronimo river and Lake Tamiahua.

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

Twin Roots of Evil.

We also affirm that poverty is the principal cause which makes men "vile, deceitful, fraudulent, thieves, intriguers, vagabonds, vicious, false witnesses, etc., and that riches are the cause of pride, of ignorance, of treachery, of presumption, of deceit, of vain glory, of egotism, etc., and that it is contrary to the good of the community that there should be rich and poor. Men will be rich when they have what they really want, and this state of things can be easily attained. Labor must be distributed in such a way that work will not injure men, but contribute to make them better and healthy.—Thomas Campanelsla, 1612

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Emerson Hough's Echo.

Emerson Hough, the author of several popular novels, is very fond of outdoor life. It takes a good man to beat him when it comes to telling a story around the camp fire at night. While cramping out in the Adirondacks with a party of his friends the conversation turned upon echoes and how plainly they could be heard, until silenced by the following statement by Mr. Hough: "Out in the Rocky mountains it takes eight hours to hear the echo of your voice. When I camp out there, and just before I pull the blankets around me for the night, I shout out, 'Time to get up!' and—do you believe it?—the echo wakes me the next morning!"

In Phoenix D. J. Matheson has the agency for nearly all the best life, fire and accident insurance companies. He also insures plate glass, and if you are looking for insurance drop him a line with particulars of what you want.

The Unprodigal Son.

Otto E. Schaar, president of a club of New York waiters, said the other day of a parsimonious young man:

He resembles a chap they tell about in Bucks county.

This chap lived alone with his father. On the old man's death he would inherit the farm.

Well, finally the old man took sick. His end drew near. The son sat up with him a night or two, expecting him to pass away; but he lingered on.

On the fifth or sixth night the son, instead of sitting up, put a lamp, turned very, very low, on a table by the bed, and went off to his own room with the caution:

When you feel that it is all over with you, father, don't forget to blow out the lamp.

MOVING SALE

Bargains in:

Toilet Articles,
Perfumes,
Brushes,
Combs,
Leather Goods,
Gentlemen's Purses,
Ladies' Purses,
Rubber Goods,
Syringes,
Hot Water Bottles,
Razors, Razor Strops,

These goods must be sold to make room for new stock before we move into our new store in the Wallace-Miller block.

J. L. WHITE

Successor to White Bros.

Get your Seed Grain at

BROWN'S

IN FERRY

Blue Stem Wheat, Seed Oats, Seed Rye.

WANTED:

South African Scrip

Write, giving price, to

F. M. ELKINS

1206 Haro Street,

Vancouver, B. C.

Lakeview = Hotel

NELSON, B. C.

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

N. MALLETTE - - PROPRIETOR

One, when Eve in joyful mirth,
Perambulated on this earth
She gazed at Adam's scant array
Of fig-leaves—two or three, they say—
And said, as only women can,
"It's a good thing clothes don't make the man."

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.

For twenty-seven years William Cullen Bryant Kemp has been a student at Columbia university, and unless he decides to work for a living he is sentenced for life to be a student. A quarter of a century ago a rich relative died, leaving Kemp an annuity of $2,500 with the provision that he might have this amount only so long as he remained a registered student. Ever since then Kemp has been trying not to graduate and not to use up all the 250 courses in the curriculum before he died. He is able now to write half a dozen degrees before he died. He is able now to write half a dozen degrees after his name and before he dies he will probably have a list of titles that will resemble the entire alphabet. Some years ago Kemp applied to the court to have the will so constructed that he might leave the university and marry and still draw his annuity. This was not allowed, however, so Kemp has remained unmarried, and still prefers the classic halls of Columbia to taking any chances of making wealth and fame abroad.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

A platonic friendship is a friendship without any extras.

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

AT THE

Hotel = Balmoral

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

J. A. McMASTER, Proprietor.

C. S. BAKER

Provincial Assayer and Ore Shippers' Agent. Correspondence solicited Samples receive prompt attention.

P. O. BOX 123, GREENWOOD, B. C.

The Kootenay Saloon

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

Hotel Alexander

PHOENIX, B. C.

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

R. V. CHISHOLM, PROPRIETOR.

J. R. Cameron.

Leading Tailor of the Kootenays.

Kaslo, B. C.

Northern Hotel....

EHOLT, B. C.

First-class meals and rooms. Railroad men, miners and others will find a pleasant home at this hotel. The bar contains fragrant cigars and the most popular beverages of the day.

N. LUSE, PROPRIETOR

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

Mountain Belle Mineral Claim, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: North of Wallace Mountain, West Fork of Kettle River.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert Wood, Free Miner's certificate No. B3591, for myself, and as agent for Samuel S. Fowler, Free Miner's Certificate No. B15852, and Thomas Curry, Free Miner's Certificate No. B83078 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 of 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 10th day of February, A. D. 1908.

ROBERT WOOD

HARDY & CO.

General Merchants, Midway, B. C.

Hay and Grain always on hand. Sleighs and Wagons and Implements of all kinds carried in stock. The very best goods at right prices.

STARKEY & CO.

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

Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Nelson, B. C.

THE CLUB Cigar Store

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

JAS. DRUM

T. THOMAS

MERCHANT TAILOR

Clothes Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired. Agent for

Blaine Bros'

Ordered Clothing.

ASSAYING

Gold, Silver and Copper, Each 50c.
[G. G. WEST, 530 Richards St.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

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 spplies only the best Corner of Greenwood and Government streets.

J. W. Nelson

PROCTER & BLACKWOOD

NELSON, B. C.

Real Estate,
Mines,
Insurance and
Fruit Lands.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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.

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 Pacific Hotel...

Is under the management of Greig & Morrison. The Rooms are Comfortably furnished, and the bar contains the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The Pacific Cafe...

Is the best-appointed Restaurant in the interior of British Columbia. The best cooks and most attentive waiters only employed. Open all the time.

MRS. GREIG, PROPRIETRESS.

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.