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THE LEDGE

VOL XIV. GREENWOOD, B. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908. No. 36

Spring Hats

All the New Spring Styles at Prices to Suit the Times. Have you seen our new Spring from the

Crown Tailoring Co.?

They are Worth Looking at

Russell-Law-Caulfield Co., Ltd.

Hardware, Groceries, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid-up Capital, $10,000,000. Reserve Fund, $5,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

B. E. WALKER, President. ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager.

Branches Throughout Canada, and in the United States and England.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

BANKING BY MAIL.

Business may be transacted by mail with any branch of the Bank. Accounts may be opened, and deposits made or withdrawn by mail. Every attention is paid to out-of-town accounts.

J. T. BEATTIE, Manager Greenwood Branch.

1836 THE BANK OF 1908

British North America

One of Canada's Strongest Financial Institutions.

TOTAL ASSETS OVER $50,000,000.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Savings Accounts given special attention. A deposit of $1 or upward starts a Savings Account, on which the highest current rate of Interest is paid or added to the Principal every 6 months. Deposits may be withdrawn at any time without notice.

Banking by Mail.—People living at a distance may send in deposits or withdraw cash by mail. Write for particulars.

H. F. STOW, MANAGER GREENWOOD BRANCH.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817.

PAID UP CAPITAL, $14,000,000. REST, $11,000,000

UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $422,689.98

General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts issued on all points, and Collections made at lowest rates.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT — INTEREST ALLOWED AT CURRENT RATES

W. F. PROCTOR, MANAGER GREENWOOD BRANCH

Smardon Shoes

FOR LADIES

Best in Quality. Modern in Style.

Finest workmanship. Being from the best American Shoemakers, they are just right. We have them in all styles and lasts. Let us supply you with your spring footwear. We guarantee satisfaction.

Dry Goods. RENDELL & CO. Boots and Shoes

If You Want

A house furnished with the best, most artistic, useful and in all that goes to make a home comfortable and pleasing to the eye at reasonable prices, drop a line to D. J. Robertson & Co. at Nelson, B. C. Goods guaranteed the Best for the price.

AGENTS FOR THE BELL PIANO.

C. J. McARTHUR GREENWOOD

Dealer in **Coal and Wood**

Contractor for Ties, Poles and Fence Posts.

Heavy Teaming and Draying

Phone 85.

Frederic W. McLaine

Mining and Real Estate Broker. Estates Managed and Loans Made. Local and District Land Agent Canadian Pacific Railway. Stocks and Shares a Specialty. Greenwood, B.C.

Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,

Nelson, B. C.

ALL THE STAGES

Arriving in and leaving Greenwood have headquarters at

Chenier's Cigar Store

Pipes, Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos to suit your tastes, your fancy or your pocket.

J. A. CHENIER - - PROPRIETOR

Next door north of Pacific hotel, Copper street, Greenwood.

Arlington Hotel

F. E. GRIFFITH, PROP.

THE HOTEL OF SLOCAN CITY, B. C.

Headquarters for mining and commercial men; the home of the rancher, the lumberjack and prospector. Come once and you will come again.

The Grand Hotel

Vancouver, B. C.

Rates—American plan, $1.25 and $1.50 a day; European plan, 50 and 75 cents a day. Free omnibus meets all trains and boats. Baths free; telephone in each corridor; 100 rooms; hotel is centrally located; baggage stored free; special rates for families and large parties.

T. J. ROBERTS, Proprietor.

Smoke...

Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by

J. C. Thelin & Co., Nelson

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 Thursday evenings at 7:30.

R. A. MATHEISON, Secretary.

C. S. BAKER

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

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

The perfect results of careful culinary efforts, the true delights of fine cooking, are known only to users of

CRITERION STEEL RANGES

The Range that keeps the Range Boiler Boiling. For Sale by

E. W. BISHOP

Phone A-38. Opposite Norden Hotel.

KASLO HOTEL

KASLO B. C.

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

COCKLE & PAPWORTH.

Passing Throng

A. J. McDonald is in Frisco.

J. J. Gray is running a shoe shop in Los Angeles.

John Rusk has gone to Westbridge for a few months.

Moving picture shows seem to be popular in Greenwood.

Jack Foulds went north from Vancouver a few days ago.

Remember the K. of P. dance in Midway tomorrow evening.

W. G. McMynn, government agent, went to the coast Saturday.

The improvements to be made at the Granby smelter this year will cost $200,000.

It is reported that the C. P. R. will build twenty miles west of Midway this year.

James Marshall and wife have returned to Phoenix from a pleasant trip to the coast.

Ernest Bunting, for eight years with Rendell & Co., left for Prince Rupert this week.

John Farrell is in Southern California. He was recently married to a lady in Goldfield, Nevada.

J. H. McFarlane came over from Rossland Saturday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. John H. Morrison.

Last week the Granby paid in wages at Phoenix about $50,000. About $30,000 more was paid to smelter employees at Grand Forks.

The relatives of the late Mrs. J. H. Morrison wish to thank the the many kind friends for assistance and sympathy in their bereavement.

Midway announces a celebration on the 24th of May, consisting of Baseball, horse racing and the other sports usual to an event of this nature.

The season for house-cleaning and using wall paper is now here, and J. L. Coles has a stock of wall paper that will please the public in prices and patterns.

Boundary Valley Lodge No. 38, I. O. O. F., wish to thank the Greenwood Orchestra and all friends who helped to make their smoker such a success last Friday evening.

There will be a meeting of the Liberal association in the old Times building this evening. Geo. R. Naden, M. P. P., and Organizer McIntosh (not Duncan) will address the meeting.

E. G. Warren had two dogs poisoned last week. Strychnine was the method of their taking-off. The only solution offered is that the dogs went to the drug store, procured the poison and deliberately committed suicide.

Fred King and Donald Langley were sentenced to three years in jail last Thursday by Judge Brown for stealing goods from the Wm. Hunter Co. of Phoenix. Constable Ashton left with them on Saturday's train for the penitentiary at New Westminster.

Geo. R. Naden, M. P. P., arrived in the city Monday and will spend a few weeks in the district. He will probably be present at the ceremony of opening the new bridge across the Kettle river at Rock creek, which event will take place early in April.

The Conservative nominating convention for Yale Cariboo will be held in Vernon on Thursday, April 23 at 2 o'clock. It is not known how many candidates there will be, but it is thought that the choice will be either Price Ellison of Vernon, or Martin Burrell of Grand Forks. However, there may be a number of horses of varying shades of darkness, not yet before the public. The nominee should have a walk-over.

A bunch of Italians had a free fight in one of the cabins near the railway track Sunday evening, in which axes, clubs, etc., were freely used. It is a matter of very great regret that the fighting was so close that no fatalties can be reported. It is to be hoped that next time they will be more successful. The bunch were arrested, but a case could not be made against any of them, as all had forgotten the the event. There is a bounty on coyotes in this province.

Boundary Valley lodge No. 38, I. O. O. F., gave a smoker last Friday evening, which was the most enjoyable ever given in the city. W. B. Fleming occupied the chair and in a short opening address welcomed those present, numbering upwards of one hundred and fifty people. Vocal and instrumental music and a number of short addresses comprised the evening's programme. The selections by the Greenwood orchestra received repeated encores. A lunch was served about eleven o'clock, and "Auld Lang Syne" was sung at 1:30.

Archie McLean, formerly at the Mother Lode, is living in Butte.

One of the signs of Spring—our dog Peter has come back to town.

Mrs. C. J. Tynan of Spokane arrived in the city Saturday to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. J. H. MacFarlane.

The Miners' union ball given Tuesday evening was a very successful affair, nearly a hundred tickets being sold. The Greenwood orchestra of ten pieces furnished the music.

John Findlay, R. Parry and Henry Britzens came down from the West Fork Tuesday last. The had a lease and bond on the Kokomo last winter, and afterwards worked in the Sally.

D. A. Bannerman is prosperous in San Jose. He owns a $3,000 auto, and occasionally takes a spin through all the southern towns in California. Dave has grown very stout and weighs about 250 pounds.

F. M. Elkins returned Tuesday from a month's trip to Vancouver, Victoria and other coast points. Mr. Elkins says that the reports about hard times in Vancouver and Victoria are without foundation. Especially in the former city are building operations active.

Miss Helen Moffatt of Greenwood and Mr. Carl Julihn of Washington, were married in Spokane a few days ago. They have gone east to reside in the capital. Mrs. Moffatt, the bride's mother, attended the wedding, accompanied by the bride's three sisters. The happy couple have the best wishes of many friends in Greenwood.

Hon. W. J. Bowser has issued in pamphlet form his speech on the Natal Act, and Duncan Ross, M. P., has done likewise with his speech on the Oriental question, both excellent reading for persons who have plenty of time and are not particular as to how English is thrown together. Now, if John Oliver would issue a pamphlet on pneumatics, hot and cold, the country might be considered politically safe during the summer months.

T. J. Hardy of Midway has been gazetted a justice of the peace. Now, Tom, don't attempt to hold an assize court, as one of the most eminent of the district justices of the peace attempted to do some years ago. Don't go into the speedy trial business either, the county court judge will attend to that. If a murderer, a horse-thief or a claim-jumper wants a speedy trial, fine him $10 for contempt of court. In intricate cases consult decisions of Judge Norris, which can be found in the government office.

Death of Mrs. Morrison.

Early Friday morning last, the 13th inst., Antoinetta, daughter of Mrs. Theresa Roth and wife of John H. Morrison, who has been a resident of Greenwood for the last eleven years, passed away at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Macfarlane, on Gold street. Mrs. Morrison has been ill for some time and the end has been expected for several weeks.

The deceased lady was born in Germany, at Coplands on the Rhine, and was 43 years of age. She came to Greenwood in 1897, and is widely and well known in this vicinity. She was a very kindly woman and was highly respected in the community.

Mrs. J. Macfarlane, and Mrs. J. W. Nelson of Greenwood, and Mrs. C. J. Tynan of Spokane are sisters of deceased. Two brothers are living, one in London, Eng., and the other in Germany.

The funeral took place Sunday afternoon from the residence of J. H. Macfarlane to the church of the Sacred Heart, where services were conducted by the Rev. Father Bedard. Interment took place at the Greenwood cemetery.

The pallbearers were W. B. Fleming, C. J. McArthur, Thomas Walsh, Sydney Oliver, John O'Brien and Hugh McKee.

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.

Sutherland-Younge.

In the Presbyterian church, Greenwood, Monday evening, 16th March, 1908, Thomas Fraser Sutherland, of Trail, B. C., and Florence Ethel Younge, of Trenton, Ont., were married by the Rev. M. D. McKee. Kenneth McKenzie acted as best man and Mrs. M. D. McKee assisted the bride and E. W. Bishop gave the bride away.

Both the young people are well known and popular in Greenwood. The Ledge wishes Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland a long, happy and prosperous married life.

The Kootenay Belle reigns supreme in many a camp. It is a cigar that brings delight and appreciation wherever smoked.

Western Float

Andy Reevesbach died in Vancouver a few days ago.

The Nicola Herald is moving to the town of Merritt.

The first week in May will see a locomotive in Hedley.

Owing to ill health Dr. Gibson of Nelson has gone to Arizona.

It is likely that a copper smelter will be erected in Kamloops.

Peck is an alias. His real name is James Pringle MacSwain.

Robert Dowswell has opened his new $75,000 hotel in Kamloops.

Sixteen more policemen are to be added to the force in Vancouver.

Koch's sawmill in the Slocan valley will resume operations this week.

Wm. Rutherford of Nelson is opening a drug store in Grand Forks.

Angus McGillivray, formerly of New Denver, has located in Prince Rupert.

Frank Fortin has gone east to run a summer hotel on the St. Lawrence.

Theo. Adams has left Kaslo and settled on a farm at Valleyford, near Spokane.

J. E. Davis of Cranbrook has gone into the plastering business in New Alberni.

Charles Freedman was shot dead last week in his Victoria residence by a burglar.

Andy Cummings and John Knox have opened a temperance hotel in Prince Rupert.

Golden is in the field with the best route to the new Findlay river diggings.

Captain Troup is going to England to look after the building of the new Princess liner.

Good placer ground is reported to have been found on the West Coast of Vancouver Island.

Last year the Crow's Nest Coal company mined almost a million tons of coal.

The lumber business has improved and all over the province mills are resuming operations.

Arthur St. Clair Brindle of New Denver will be the new mining recorder at Prince Rupert.

The Chinese want $159,000 for the damage done to them in the Vancouver riots last September.

Outside buyers are already looking for Grand Forks fruit lands. They should take a look at Midway.

George Fairbairn of Silverton is working a claim on the Queen Charlotte Islands called the Star Pointer.

Wolves with four legs have been seen prowling around Prince Rupert. Looking for soft snaps, probably.

At New Denver Tom Hoben has bought George Williamson's improved ranch of five acres for $3,000.

H. M. Beach and ten miners are traveling 370 miles on snowshoes between Port Essington and Manson creek.

John Hector, formerly of Nakusp, has made a fortune in Vancouver. He runs an hotel with 48 rooms.

The Star says that Golden has 1500 people and only four barrooms. Some places in B. C. have five bars to a hundred people.

Tom Collins and Charlie Lucason, formerly of Nelson, have located some rich copper claims in Southern California.

In the Nicola valley seventy men are working at the Diamond Vale coal mine, and the company is building ten cottages for the married men.

Foley Bros., Larson & Stewart have received a contract to build one hundred miles of the Grand Trunk Pacific eastward from Prince Rupert. It will cost six millions of dollars.

J. G. Steel died in Spokane a short time ago. For many years he was accountant for J. M. Harris in Sandon. He was related to the Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Mr. Steel served through the American war and was the strongest man in his regiment.

In Kootenay at the coming Dominion election the Conservative candidate will probably be one of the following well-known men: F. A. Starkey, Harry Wright, R. S. Lennie, W. A. Macdonald, or Jas. H. Schofield. In the event of W. A. Galliher retiring from the Liberal field, F. J. Deane, the energetic editor of the News, may be the candidate, although around East Kootenay many are in favor of Fred Simpson.

At Granite creek Spokane men will build a $10,000 dredge and work the creek for placer gold.

The Nelson Iron Works has an order from the B. C. Copper Co. for eight 30-ton slag pots, each weighing eight tons.

It is likely that, commencing in June, the C. P. R. will run three daily express trains each way across the continent.

During the past six months the Trail smelter has shipped over a million ounces of silver, nearly half of which went to the mint at Ottawa.

The B. C. Gazette was established in 1863, and has never printed anything but ads. Colonel Wolfenden has been Queen and King's printer since 1860.

Louis Mero is the name of the man who made the placer strike on Findlay river. He was grubstaked by Fernie men, and returned to the diggings via Ashcroft a few days ago.

Boston capitalists have leased three miles of the Fraser at Lillooet and will build a $100,000 dredge for the purpose of scooping out the yellow stuff from the bottom of the river.

The company owning the Monarch mine at Field is offering 10,000 shares of stock at $1.25 a share in order to raise money with which to build a large concentrator. The sum of $12,500 should build an immense concentrator!

When you want a monument or headstone, write to the Kootenay Marble Works, Nelson, B. C. *

CITY COUNCIL.

All members were present on Monday evening. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

A letter was read from the fire department with list of requirements. It was placed on file and will be further considered when preparing estimates.

The letter from David Manchester, asking for a reduction in his water, was tabled.

A letter from the C. P. R., asking for exemption from taxes, was filed, and the clerk instructed to write the C. P. R. and ask under what the railroad claimed exemption.

A letter from Dr. Fagan of the Anti-Tuberculosis society was received, stating that municipalities paying $30 for each thousand of population could appoint a governor of the society. The letter was filed.

A letter from Geo. R. Naden was read re the amendments to the Municipal Act. Mr. Naden also addressed the council and explained all he knew about the government rejecting the amendments, stating that it was a surprise when the government defeated them.

The Auditorium authorities were requested to make another exit on the ground floor. The manager of the Auditorium will allow two firemen, wearing badges, a permanent pass to all entertainments. The fire department also recommended that fire escapes be placed in the schools, and the pupils instructed in a fire drill.

The clerk was instructed to buy one Seagreave cut-off valve. The clerk was instructed to request the Board of Trade to return 24 chairs borrowed in 1903.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:

Greenwood City Waterworks Co.	$133 25
Boundary Creek Times	18 50
S. Oliver	20 00
E. W. Bishop	53 71
Russell-Law-Caulfield Co.	4 10
A. L. White	1 95
A. D. Hallett	3 75

The council adjourned until March 30th.

Wide Tires.

The chief commissioner of lands and works has instructed government officials throughout the province to bring to the notice of the local press some clauses in in the Highway Traffic Regulation Act, with the request that a "free" notice be inserted. As the province has a couple of million dollars surpluse this year and cannot afford to advertise the clause in the usual way, The Ledge gladly comes to the rescue of the chief commissioner and the government in their time of financial stress. Local newspapers are published solely for the purpose of giving free puffs. Following are the clauses:

"8. It shall be unlawful for any wagon or vehicle carrying a load of more than two thousand pounds to be drawn or driven on any public highway unless the tires of such waggon or vehicle shall be at least four inches in width."

"10. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to drag logs or timber over or along any public highway."

The act does not come into effect east of the Cascade range of mountains until Jan. 1, 1909.

The Lust of Hate

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil," "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr. Nikola," Etc., Etc.

(Continued)

"But what reason have the authorities for connecting this case with that of Major-General Brackington?"

"Well, in the first place, on account of the similarity in the victims' ranks; and in the second, because the same extraordinary anaethetic seems to have been the agent in both cases; and thirdly, for the reason that the same peculiar mutilation was practised. When Lord Beryworth was found, his left eyebrow had been cut completely away. Strange, is it not?"

"Horrible, I call it," I answered with a shudder. "It is to be hoped the police will soon run the murderer to earth."

If I had only known what I do now I wonder if I should have uttered that sentiment with so much fervour? I very much doubt it.

The following evening, for some reason or another, certainly not any desire for enjoyment, I visited a theatre. The name or nature of the piece performed I cannot now remember. I only know that I sat in the pit, in the front row, somewhere about the middle, and that I was so hemmed in by the time the curtain went up, that I could not move hand or foot. After the little introductory piece was finished the more expensive parts of the house began to fill, and I watched with a bitter sort of envy the gaiety and enjoyment of those before me. My own life seemed one perpetually unpleasant dream, in which I had to watch the happiness of the world and yet take no share in it myself. But unhappy as I thought myself then, my cup of sorrow was as yet far from being full. Fate had arranged that it should be filled to overflowing

Five minutes before the curtain rose on the play of the evening, there was a stir in on of the principal boxes on the prompt side of the house, and a moment later two ladies and three gentlemen entered. Who the ladies, and two of the gentlemen were I had no notion; the third man, however, I had no difficulty in recognizing, he was Bartrand. As I saw him a tremor ran through me, and every inch of my body quivered under the intensity of my emotion. For the rest of the evening I paid no attention to the play, but sat watching my enemy, and writhing with fury every time he he stooped to speak to those with whom he sat, or to glance superciliously round the house. On his shirt front he wore an enormous diamond, which sparkled and glittered like an evil eye. So much did it fascinate me that I could not withdraw my eyes from it, and as I watched I felt my hands twitching to be about its owner's throat.

When the play came to an end, and the audience began to file out of the theatre into the street, I hastend to the front to see my enemy emerge. He was standing on the steps, with his friends, putting on his gloves, while he waited for his carriage to come up. I remained in the crowd, and watched him as a cat watches a bird. Presently a magnificent landau, drawn by the same beautiful pair of thoroughbred horses I had seen in the morning, drew up before the portico. The footman opened the door, and the man I hated with such a deadly fervour escorted his friends across the pavement and, having placed them inside, got in himself. As the vehicle rolled away the bitterest curse my brain could frame followed it. Oh, if only I could have found some way of revenging myself upon him, how gladly I would have seized upon it.

Leaving the theatre I strolled down the street, not caring very much where I went. A little snow was falling, and the air was bitterly cold. I passed along the Strand, and not feeling at all like bed, turned off to my left hand, and made my way towards Oxford Street. I was still thinking of Bartrand, and it seemed to me that, as I thought, my hatred became more and more intense. The very idea of living in the same city with him, of breathing the same air, of seeing the same sights and meeting the same people was hideously repulsive to me. I wanted him out of the world, but I wanted to do the deed myself, to punish him with my own hand; I wanted to see him lying before me with his sightless eyes turned up to the skies, and his blood crimsoning the snow, and to be able to assure myself that at last he was dead, and that I, the man he had wronged, had killed him. What would it matter? Supposing I were hung for his murder! To have punished him would surely have been worth that. At any rate I should have been content.

When I reached Oxford Street I again turned to my left hand, and walked along the pavement as far as the Tottenham Court Road, thence down the Charing Cross Road into Shaftesbury Avenue. By this time the snow was falling thick and fast. Poor homeless wretches were crouched in every sheltered corner, and once a tall man, thin and ragged as a scarecrow, rose from a doorway, where he had been huddled up beside a woman, and hurried after me.

"Kind gentleman," he said in a voice that at any other time could not have failed to touch my heart, "for the love of God, I implore you to help me. I am starving, and so is my wife in the doorway yonder. We are dying of cold and hunger. We have not touched bite or sup for nearly forty-eight hours, and unless you can spare us the price of a night's lodging and a little food I assure you she will not see morning."

I stopped and faced him.

"What will you do for it?" I asked, with a note in my voice that frightened even myself. "I must have a bargain. If I give you money, what will you do for it?"

"Anything," the poor wretch replied. "Give me money, and I swear I will do anything you may like to ask me."

"Anything?" I cried. "That is a large word. Will you commit murder?"

I looked fixedly at him, and under the intensity of my gaze he half shrunk away from me.

"Murder?" he echoed faintly.

"Murder? Yes, murder," I cried, hysterically. "I want murder done. Nothing else will satisfy me. Kill me the man I'll show you, and you shall have all you want. Are you prepared to do so much to save your life?"

He wrung his hands and moaned. Then he pulled himself together.

"Yes, I'll do anything," he answered hoarsely. "Give me the money; let me have food first."

As he spoke his wife rose from the doorstep, and came swiftly across the snow towards us. She must have been a fine-looking woman in her day; now her face, with its ghastly, lead-colored complexion and dark, staring eyes was indescribably horrible. On her head she wore the ruins of a fashionable bonnet.

"Come away!" she cried, seizing the man fiercely by the arm. "Can't you see that you are talking to the Devil, and that he's luring your soul to hell? Come away, my husband, I say, and leave him! If we are to die, let us do it here in the clean snow like honest folk, not on the scaffold with ropes round our necks. There is your answer, Devil!"

As she said this she raised her right hand and struck me a blow full and fair upon the mouth. I felt the blood trickle down my lip.

"Take that, Devil," she shouted; "and now take your temptations elsewhere, for you've met your match here."

As if I were really the person she alluded to, I picked up my heels and ran down the street as hard as I could go, not heeding where I went, but only conscious that at last I had spoken my evil thoughts aloud. Was I awake, or was I dreaming? It all seemed like some horrible nightmare, and yet I could feel the hard pavement under my feet, and my face was cold as ice under the cutting wind.

Just as I reached Piccadilly Circus a clock somewhere in the neighborhood struck one. Then it dawned upon me that I had been walking for two hours. I stood for a moment by the big fountain, and then crossed the road, and was about to make my way down the continuation of Regent Street into Waterloo Place, when I heard the shrill sound of a policeman's whistle. Almost immediately I saw an officer on the other side of the road dash down the pavement. I followed him, intent upon finding out what had occasioned the call for assistance. Round into Jermyn Street sped the man ahead of me, and close at his heels I followed. For something like three minutes we continued our headlong career, and it was not until we had reached Bury Street that we sounded a halt. Here we discovered a group of men standing on the pavement watching another man, who was kneeling beside a body upon the ground. He was examining it with the assistance of his lantern.

"What's the matter, mate?" inquired the officer whom I had followed from Piccadilly. "What have you got there?"

"A chap I found lying in the road yonder," replied the policeman upon his knees. "Have a look at him, and then be off for a stretcher. I fancy he's dead; but, anyway, we'd best get him to the hospital as soon as maybe."

My guide knelt down, and turned his light full upon the victim's face. I peered over his shoulder in company with the other bystanders. The face we saw before us was the countenance of a gentleman, and also of a well-to-do member of society. He was clothed in evening dress, over which he wore a heavy and expensive fur coat. An opera hat lay in the gutter, where it had probably been blown by the wind, and an umbrella marked the spot where the body had been found in the center of the street. As far as could be gathered without examining it, there was no sign of blood about the corpse; one thing, however, was painfully evident—the left eyebrow had been severed from the face in toto. From the cleanness of the cut the operation must have been performed with an exceedingly sharp instrument. A more weird and ghastly sight than that snow-covered pavement, with the flakes falling thick and fast upon it, the greasy road, the oilskinned policemen, the curious bystanders, and the silent figure on the ground, could scarcely be imagined. I watched until the man I had followed returned with an ambulance stretcher, and then accompanied the mournful cortege a hundred yards or so on its way to the hospital. Then, being tired of the matter, I branched off the track, and prepared to make my way back to my hotel as fast as my legs would take me.

My thoughts were oppressed with what I had seen. There was a grim fascination about the recollection of the incident that haunted me continually, and which I could not dispel, try how I would. I pictured Bartrand lying in the snow exactly as I had seen the other, and fancied myself coming up and finding him. At that moment I was passing Charing Cross Railway Station. With the exception of a policeman sauntering slowly along on the other side of the street, a drunken man staggering in the road, and a hansom cab approaching us from Trafalgar Spuare, I had the street to myself. London slept while the snow fell, and murder was being done in her public thoroughfares. The hansom came closer, and for some inscrutable reason I found myself beginning to take a personal interest in it. This interest became even greater when, with a spluttering and sliding of feet, the horse came to a sudden standstill alongside the footpath where I stood. Next moment a man attired in a thick cloak threw open the apron and sprang out.

"Mr. Pennethorne, I believe?" he said, stopping me, and at the same time raising his hat.

"That is my name," I answered shortly, wondering how he knew me and what on earth he wanted. "What can I do for you?"

He signed to his driver to go, and then, turning to me, said, at the same time placing his gloved hand upon my arm in a confidential way:

"I am charmed to make your acquaintance. May I have the pleasure of walking a little way with you? I should be glad of your society, and I can then tell you my business."

His voice was soft and musical, and he spoke with a peculiar languor that was not without its charm. But as I could not understand what he wanted with me, I put the question to him as plainly as I could without being absolutely rude, and awaited his answer.

"I want the pleasure of your company at supper for one thing," he said. "And I want to be allowed to help you in a certain matter in which you are vitally interested, for another. The two taken together should, I think, induce you to give me your attention."

"But I don't know you," I blurted out. "To the best of my belief I have never set eyes on you before. What business, therefore, can you have with me?"

"You shall know all in good time," he answered. "In the meantime let me introduce myself. My name is Nikola. I am a doctor by profession, a scientist by choice. I have few friends in London, but those I have are the best that a man could desire. I spend my life in the way that pleases me most; that is to say in the study of human nature. I have been watching you since you arrived in England, and have come to the conclusion that you are a man after my own heart. If you will sup with me as I propose, I don't doubt but that we shall agree admirably, and what is more to the point, perhaps, we shall be able to do each other services of inestimable value. I may say candidly that it lies in your power to furnish me with something I am in search of. I, on my part, will, in all probability, be able to put in your way what you most desire in the world."

I stopped in my walk and faced him. Owing to the broad brim of his hat, and the high collar of his cape, I could scarcely see his face. But his eyes rivetted my attention at once.

"And that is?" I said.

"Revenge," he answered, simply.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Pennethorne, I am perfectly acquainted with your story. You have been wronged; you desire to avenge yourself upon your enemy. It is a very natural wish, and if you will sup with me as I propose, I don't doubt but that I can put the power you seek into your hands. Do you agree?"

All my scruples vanished before that magic word revenge, and, strange as it may seem, without more ado I consented to his proposal. He walked into the road and, taking a whistle from his pocket, blew three staccato notes upon it. A moment later the hansom from which he had jumped to accost me appeared round a corner and came rapidly towards us. When it pulled up at the kerb, and the apron had been opened, this peculiar individual invited me to take my place in it, which I immediately did. He followed my example, and sat down beside me, and then, without any direction to the driver, we set off up the street.

For upwards of half-an-hour we drove on without stopping, but in which direction we were proceeding I could not for the life of me discover. The wheels were rubber-tired and made no noise upon the snow-strewn road; my companion scarcely spoke, and the only sound to be heard was the peculiar bumping noise made by the springs, the soft pad-pad of the horse's hoofs, and an occasional grunt of encouragement from the driver. At last is became evident that we were approaching our destination. The horse's pace slackened; I detected the sharp rings of his shoes on a paved crossing, and presently we passed under an archway and came to a standstill.

"Here we are at last, Mr. Pennethorne," said my mysterious conductor. "Allow me to lift the glass and open the apron."

He did so, and then we alighted. To my surprise we stood in a square courtyard, surrounded on all sides by lofty buildings. Behind the cab was a large archway, and at the further end of it the gate through which we had evidently entered. The houses were in total darkness, but the light of the cab lamps was sufficient to show me a door standing open on my left hand.

"I'm afraid you must be very cold, Mr. Pennethorne," said Nikola, for by that name I shall henceforth call him, as he alighted, "but if you will follow me I think I can promise that you shall soon be as warm as toast."

As he spoke he led the way across the courtyard towards the door I have just mentioned. When he reached it he struck a match and advanced into the building. The passage was a narrow one, and from its appearance, and that of the place generally, I surmised that the building had once been used as a factory of some kind. Half-way down the passage a narrow wooden staircase led up to the second floor, and in Indian file we ascended it. On reaching the first landing my guide opened a door which stood opposite him, and immediately a bright light illumined the passage.

"Enter, Mr. Pennethorne, and let me make you welcome to my poor abode," said Nikola, placing his hand upon my shoulder and gently pushing me before him.

(To be Continued.)

Guides in the Woods.

The sportsmen, sinking down upon a mound of dead leaves, looked drearily about the bare autumnal woods and said that they were lost.

But the guide pointed to a spider's web. "It is easy to get your bearings if you are anything of a woodsman," he said. "A web like that, for instance, is nearly an infallible guide. Spiders nearly always choose a southern exposure for their houses. This web points due south.

"Tree bark is another guide, for it is harder, lighter, drier on the tree's north side. Gum, too, helps. Gum that oozes from the southern part of a tree is firm and amber colored, but north pointing gum is soft and gray.

"The hardwood trees, the oak and chestnut and ash, have all their moss and mold confined to the north side. The cedars and other evergreens bend their tips toward the south.

"Even stones are compasses in the wilds. Fronting the sunny south they are bare and dry. It is on their shady, damp, northern side only that they bear moss."

Curved Spokes.

There is no doubt that an iron wheel with curved spokes is much more attractive to the eye than the ordinary variety, but it is not on account of its appearance that it is constructed in this manner. Wheels that are cast invariably contract a little in the process of cooling, and those made with straight spokes are always liable to crack. The curved variety, by allowing a certain give and take in the metal, avoid this danger.

SHILOH'S

Quick ease for the worst cough—quick relief to the heaviest cold—and SAFE to take, even for a child. That is Shiloh's Cure. Sold under a guarantee to cure colds and coughs quicker than any other medicine—or your money back. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure. 25c., 50c., $1.

Cures Coughs & Colds

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QUICKLY!

MAKE THIS UP AT HOME

MIX IT YOURSELF BY SHAKING INGREDIENTS IN BOTTLE

Toronto Newspapers Say Hundreds of People Will Welcome This Advice, if Only Partly True

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a Toronto daily paper, giving a simple prescription, as formulated by a noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known druggist, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Readers, who suffer, can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

Tommie—Mamma, when a boy is away from home and wants to get back awful bad—that is being homesick, ain't it?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Tommie—Well, when he's sick of staying at home and wants to go skating, what do you call it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

They Advertise Themselves.—Immediately they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, complaint of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague, and the immediate complications to which these ailments give rise.

Phoebe—You would hardly know Freddy since he got back from Monte Carlo. He lost all his money there, and—

Evelyn—Hardly know him! Why, I shan't know him at all!—Illustrated Bits.

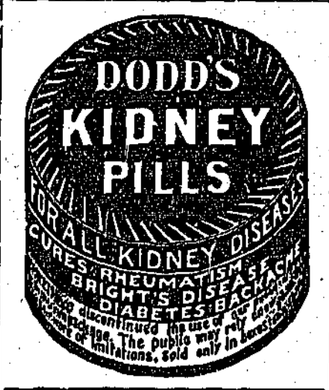
ZAM-BUK CURES PILES
NO RETURN OF TROUBLE

This distressing complaint is successfully dealt with by the Zam-Buk treatment. The agony of Piles is as excruciating as the disease itself is weakening, and every sufferer should lose no time in giving Zam-Buk a thorough trial. Zam-Buk subdues the pain, allays the inflammation and enables rest and comfort to come to the worn-out sufferer.

Mrs. E. Boxall of 75 Scott St., St. Thomas, Ont., writes: "I consider it my duty to write of the benefits derived from using Zam-Buk. For some months I was a constant sufferer from bleeding piles. I had used a great many ointments but got no relief until I had tried Zam-Buk. It cured me and I have had no return of the trouble. Since my cure, I have advised others suffering with a similar complaint to use Zam-Buk, and in each instance have heard satisfactory reports."

Zam-Buk also cures cuts, burns, scalds, ulcers, ringworm, itch, barber's rash, blood poison, bad leg, salt rheum, abrasions, abscesses and all skin injuries and diseases. Of all stores and druggists, 50 cents box or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, postpaid for price. 3 boxes for $1.25.

An amusing story is told of the way the Cullinan diamond—the birthday gift of the Transvaal to King Edward—was sent to England. It was felt that there was a certain amount of danger in the railroad journey from Johannesburg to Cape Town. Two stalwart railway detectives, an hour or two before the mail started from the gold reef city, were ordered to travel with it on special duty. They were told to be well armed, and at the last moment they were intrusted with a small sealed package, which they were directed not to lose sight of until they deposited it in the strong room of the liner. Learning that it was the great diamond, the two men had an anxious journey. Some months later the truth became known, by the Transvaal postmaster general's report, that the diamond had really gone in the mail as an ordinarily registered package. The detectives' mission was simply an elaborate piece of deception.



W. N. U. No. 674.

A CLOCK IN A BOTTLE.

The Way This Marvel of Mechanism Was Constructed.

A German clockmaker living in the little village of Gommer, near Magdeburg, built a clock in a bottle. The maker, H. Rosin, secured a strong movement with a cylinder escapement measuring forty-five millimeters and began by sawing the plate into halves. The opening in the neck of the bottle measures fifteen millimeters, and in order to get these halves into the bottle he cut another segment off each of the halves of the plate. He built a sort of tripod as a resting place for the movement. This tripod was assembled after he had introduced its parts into the bottle separately. The tripod is so constructed that it cannot turn when the movement is being wound. The four pieces of the plate were fastened side by side by means of screws to the platform attached to the tripod, a long screwdriver and other tools especially constructed for the purpose having been used for this operation. When the plate was put together, the clockmaker proceeded to put all the parts of the movement in their original places with the motion wheels for the hands. A ring of white metal was placed around the neck of the bottle, and upon this ring was soldered a round plate, thus closing the opening. On this cover were fastened in an inclined position the arms which serve as a support for the dial.

The dial is made of a ground glass plate, which has a diameter of twenty centimeters. The black numbers on the dial are cut skeleton fashion and cemented to the glass. At night one can tell the time by placing a light behind the dial.—Technical World.

THE HUMAN TONGUE.

Eloquent Even When It Does Not Articulate a Word.

It is never necessary for the tongue to talk in order to tell that you are ill or the nature of your illness. The tongue of the dumb is quite as eloquent when viewed by an experienced physician as the tongue of the most talkative person.

It is a wonderful organ and should be studied by all parents, not only on their own account, but on account of their offspring. It aids in mastication of food, in drinking, in sucking, in articulation, and contains in its mucous membrane the peripheral organs of taste. There are doctors who will spend half an hour feeling of your pulse and listening to your heart beats. There are others who command, "Stick out your tongue." One glance at your tongue will to them tell the tale.

Tremulousness of the tongue when it is protruded is a positive sign of various nervous diseases. But by far the commonest cause of this tremulousness is an excessive indulgence in alcohol. There is an old rule about looking into a man's eye to tell if he be a habitual lusher. It often fails. Drink in some men excites the lachrymal glands, causing the eye to appear watery. But all of us know men who have watery eyes, yet never touch liquor. But the best and final test is the tongue. It is the only sign that cannot be concealed. If a man seeking employment swears on a stack of Bibles that he does not drink, make him stick out his tongue. If it trembles he is a liar.

Combs Made of Old Shoes.

A mountain of old boots and shoes, indescribably ugly, indescribably filthy, lay in the factory yard.

"We'll make combs out of them," said the chemist, "combs that will pass through the perfumed and lustrous locks of the most beautiful girls. Seems strange, doesn't it?"

"Very."

"Yet it's a fact. That is what becomes of all the world's old shoes. They are turned into combs. The leather is first cut into small pieces and immersed two days in a chloride of sulphur bath; then it is washed, dried and ground to powder; then it is mixed with glue or gum and pressed into comb molds.

"It makes good enough combs, but I prefer the rubber ones myself."—Exchange.

The Overcoat.

Probably in no other department sartorial is there exhibited so much indifference to hygienic considerations as in the overcoat. The greatest fallacy of all perhaps in regard to the choice of an overcoat is that the terms "weight" and "warmth" are synonymous. As a matter of fact, they are nearly always diametrically opposed. Moreover, the heavy overcoat is a tax on the resources of the organism and destroys the economy which a good insulating cloth is intended to secure. —London Lancet.

What a Woman Says.

Singleton—I want to ask you a question, old man. Wedderly—Come on with it. Singleton—Does a woman always mean what she says? Wedderly—During courtship she doesn't, but after marriage you bet she does.

Sounds Possible, but Not Likely.

"I've thought of a novel effect for my new melodrama."

"What is it?"

"The villain lights a cigar during the snowstorm, thus setting the snowstorm afire."

Heavy Work.

Mr. Younghub—Did you bake this bread, darling? Mrs. Younghub—Yes, dear. Mr. Younghub—Well, please don't do anything like that again. You are not strong enough for such heavy work.

Inevitable.

"So Nelson is dead. What killed him?"

"You know he had one foot in the grave?"

"Yes."

"Well, some one pulled his leg."—Harper's Weekly.

We are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand and snarl at the good and beautiful because it lies beyond their sympathy.—Goethe.

A GREAT DOCTOR SPEAKS OF A GREAT REMEDY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Strongly Endorsed by One of the World's Greatest Doctors---Hope for the Sick.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only advertised medicine in the world that has had the public endorsation of a doctor of world wide reputation. Such an endorsation stamps this medicine as being worthy of the confidence of every person who is sick or ailing. A great doctor would not risk his reputation unless he was absolutely confident, through a personal knowledge that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do what is claimed for them. Dr. Guiseppe Lapponi, one of the greatest physicians of modern times, for years the trusted medical adviser of the Pope, writes the following strong letter in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple anaemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation, not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of anaemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like."

(Signed) DR. GUISEPPE LAPPONI.
Via dei Gracchi 332, Rome.

The "simple anaemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is of course that tired, languid condition of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of that development, is so often imperilled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at that time is of the highest scientific authority, and it confirms the many published cases in which anaemia and other diseases of the blood, as well as nervous diseases, have been cured by these pills, which, it need hardly be mentioned, owe their efficacy to their power of making new blood, and thus acting directly upon the digestive and nervous system. In all cases of anaemia, decline, indigestion, and all troubles due to bad blood, and all affections of the nerves, as St. Vitus' dance, paralysis and locomotor ataxia, they are commended to the public with all the greater confidence because they have the strong endorsation of this great physician.

A Modern Development

"Your child undoubtedly has chicken pox," says the attending physician.

"And why does she have continued chills with it? Is not that unusual?" asks the parent.

"Well—ah—no doubt it is a new manifestation of our changing conditions. I might diagnose the case as cold-storage chicken pox."—Success Magazine.

Known to Thousands.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to directions they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

Compensatio

"Pardon me," said Ascum, "but it must be pretty tough to be married to a strong-minded woman."

"Oh," replied Henpeck, "it has its advantages. When my wife thinks she hears burglars down stairs she won't trust me to go and investigate."—Philadelphia Press.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

A MATRIMONIAL TIP.

Beware of the Time When the Novelty Shall Wear Off.

What are the critical years of married life? Just those when, novelty quite gone, manners are apt to deteriorate and interest abate. It has been stated as a psychological fact that in the life of every married man comes a moment when with a goose deshly shudder he realizes that the face opposite to him at the breakfast table is the face that will always be there, and the monotony of the prospect appalls him. Be that as it may, most women will agree that the toothpick heralds disenchantment and that the first wedding anniversary passed unnoticed is the tocsin of doom.

As a rule, one of a couple ardently desires to retain the interest, admiration and warm affection of the other When the wish is mutual, bliss is fulfilled. The case of that couple calls for no comment.

The men who disappoint their partners are mostly those with surface refinement, who cease tactful ways, small attentions and good manners, because, when these have secured the object of their desire, to retain them seems not worth the trouble. Women who live to see husbands out of love and vainly regret it are generally not the unlovely, but the unintelligent. A cold woman who sets a value on herself and her approbation appears often enough better worth pleasing than a dense, warm hearted treasure who blurts out all she feels, for nothing bores the average man so much as this.

At the risk of seeming cynical the complete mutual understanding of any man and wife, however loving, may be doubted. On the main points they may not have an interest apart, but in the essentially masculine and feminine phases of character there will be reserves or difficulties always.

Word That Means Volumes.

Italians who can speak very little English when questioned through the court interpreter (or, as he is more familiarly called in the criminal courts building, the court interrupter) almost always say "sure" instead of "yes" in answering in the affirmative. A person interested enough to make some inquiries discovered that the first word that an east-side immigrant learns is "sure." It seems to answer the purpose of more words than any other one in our language and is equally adapted to trade and social communications. —New York Press.

Boy Wanted

A small boy passing down Chestnut Street the other day saw a placard in a window reading: "Boy wanted. Apply within." As this boy was in this business, looking for a job, he went in and asked for the boss. Getting an interview, he asked:

"Do youse want a boy?"

"Yes," replied the merchant.

"Wot kind of a boy does yer want?"

"Oh, a nice quiet boy who doesn't use naughty words, smoke cigarettes, whistle around the office, play tricks, or get into mischief of any kind."

"Gwan; youse don't want a boy; youse wants a girl."

Ignorance Is A Curse.—"Know thyself" is a good admonition, whether referring to one's physical condition or moral habitudes. The man who is acquainted with himself will know how to act when any disarrangement in his condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system and the cure of all bronchial troubles.

Helen—There goes that handsome blonde out sleighing. She used to be a beach belle.

Howard—Ah, I suppose now she is a sleigh belle.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

POINTS OF VIEW.

(Gwendolyn de Stile.)

Oh, Madge, the Roxbys' dinner dance last eve
Was quite the sweetest thing we've had this year.
Too bad you couldn't come. * * * I helped receive, * * *
And—well, the seventh waltz was simply dear!
I sat it out with Jack and, on the whole,
Managed to get poor mamma so enraged.
Madge, promise not to breathe it to a soul,
But he and I—that is—oh, we're engaged!
I am so happy, dear, and you must be
My maid of honor, won't you? Here's the ring—
From Biffany's, of course, you see,
And isn't it too sweet for anything?

(Mamye O'Rourke.)

Aw, Mag, Bill Clancy's ball las' night wuz gran'!
Youse should have came—youse never seen such fun.
An' it's a cinch dere ain't no odder ban'
Could spiel dat sevent' waltz like Casey's done.
I w'irled it wit' me Jim, an' it wuz swell.
Say, dat wuz w'en he got ter talkin' sof'
An' swear ter Gawd youse ain't a-gunter tell,
But I an' him is gunter hit it off.
Youse betcher life I'm glad I'm livin', Mag,
An' youse kin be me bridesmaid w'en we splice.
Say, pipe de ring—an' I don't want ter brag,
But ain't dat just de cutest piece of ice?

—Ella Bentley in Puck.

He Escaped.

"I have a friend who is writing an Indian version of 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

"I s'pose it begins, 'Osage, can Ute see?'" inquired the cheerful idiot, dodging immediately into a convenient doorway.

It is not permitted to the most equitable of men to be a judge in his own case.—Pascal.

If you should ask prize Butter-Makers what salt they use — they would say, "Windsor." For Windsor is the choice of Canadian dairymen everywhere. Ask your grocer.

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Windsor Dairy Salt

KEEPS OUT COLD | KEEPS IN HEAT

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

IS ONCE MORE ON THE MARKET AFTER A LAPSE OF A FEW MONTHS, and your wholesaler is in a position to supply your requirements in what is acknowledged to be

THE BEST BUILDING PAPER

TEES & PERSSE LIMITED, Agents,
CALGARY WINNIPEG EDMONTON

"Always—Everywhere in Canada—Use Eddy's Matches."

CARRIES NO ODOR | ABSORBS MOISTURE

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

A Series of Articles Describing their Lives, their Aims and their Influence.

P. G. LAURIE

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THE LATE P. G. LAURIE

Late Editor and Proprietor of The Battleford Herald.

In the long list of editors and newspaper men, short histories of whose work have been set forth from time to time under this heading, what name has appeared more worthy of consideration than that of the late P. G. Laurie. It is doubtful if any other man connected with the newspaper business was better known or more highly respected. Indeed, it may be said that he was almost, if not the first editor to engage in pioneer newspaper work in these western provinces.

A native of Scotland, he came to Canada with his father, when quite a young lad. He learned the printing trade in Cobourg, Ont., and a few years later purchased the Times at Owen Sound, his first newspaper venture, subsequently publishing the Essex Record at Windsor, Ont. In the year 1869 he was induced by the late Sir John Schultz to visit the then little-known west, and after the many vicissitudes of travel he eventually arrived at Fort Garry, where he took charge of the Nor'Wester newspaper. Interrupted by the outbreak of the first Riel rebellion, Mr. Laurie was forced to remove to Lower Fort Garry with the officials of the Canadian Government. Here he printed the proclamations for the authorities, as well as their replies to the counter proclamations of the rebel leaders. Subsequently he was enabled to leave the country and return to Ontario. The following year he made his second trip to the west, coming by way of the Dawson route, and reaching Winnipeg on Sept. 4th, 1870. He purchased the plant of the Nor'Wester, and began the publication of the Manitoba News-Letter. Remaining in Winnipeg for some years in connection with newspaper work, in the year 1878, Mr. Laurie set out across the plains with a newspaper plant in ox carts. Arriving at Battleford on August 11, 1878, he established the Herald, being the only paper then published west of Winnipeg and the most northerly paper on the American continent. From that date until his death on May 13, 1903, the history of his life had been the history of Battleford. Through prosperity and depression, through times of war and of peace, he continued the publication of his paper, during most of the time filling simultaneously every position in the editorial, mechanical and business staffs, never for a moment faltering in his belief in the ultimate future of the country he loved so well. In 1885, during the stirring times of the rebellion, he alternated between military duties at the garrison and the publication of his paper as opportunities offered.

What more can be said than that he did his part well in his capacity of pathfinder for western journalism. It required a man of energy and purpose, a man of great confidence, to establish a newspaper so far removed from the settled districts. It required the courage born of strong conviction to persevere during the early days, when the country was slow in developing, and to retain a faith then that has been more than justified in the marvelous progress and prosperity that has since taken place.

The Herald has been managed since the death of Mr. Laurie by his son, Mr. Richard C. Laurie, who though not a journalist, had considerable practical experience in the early days of Winnipeg. The first paper on which he set type was the Manitoba News-Letter in 1871. He was born at Owen Sound in 1858, and received his earlier education at the public school at Windsor. On coming to Winnipeg in 1871, he attended the public school taught by the late W. F. Luxton. He was a student of Manitoba College from 1872 to 1876 (mathematical medalist); Royal Military College from 1877 to 1880 (gold medalist). He won a commission in the English army although he did not accept it, but adopted the profession of surveying, serving his apprenticeship with George McPhillips, D. L. S. of Winnipeg. In 1882 he removed to Battleford, and has resided there ever since with the exception of six years in which he was engaged as district engineer for the Northwest government at Macleod, Regina and Red Deer. He resigned the latter appointment to return to Battleford on the death of his father. At the time of the rebellion of 1885 Mr. Laurie was in partnership with Gowanlock, whose memory is associated with the massacre at Frog Lake. During the progress of the rebellion he served with E Co., 90th Battalion in Gen. Middleton's column. At the outbreak of the South African compaign he joined Strathcona's Horse as Major in C squadron, and served for some time until invalided home as a result of enteric fever.

Mr. Laurie continues to follow his profession but retains the management of the Battleford Herald, the oldest and one of the best weekly papers printed in Saskatchewan.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of expert chemical experiments, undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption, by destroying the germs that develop these diseases, and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of the Syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected Colds. A trial, which costs only 25 cents, will convince you that this is correct.

Landlord—Remember that you have agreed to leave the tenement in the same condition in which you found it.

Tenant—All right; I understand that the man who occupied it before I did left owing three months' rent.—Harper's Weekly.

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 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Withers—Did you ever win a prize at a lottery?

Blithers—No, an I I've been married five times.

Itch, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion.

Think Again!

Applicant—What is the first thing to do before you get a marriage license?

License Clerk—Think it over, young man; think it over!—Illustrated Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

NATURE'S MYSTERIES.

And the Little That Man Really Knows About Them.

I seized the opportunity some little while ago on finding myself sitting next to a great physicist of asking him a series of fumbling questions on the subject of modern theories of matter. For an hour I stumbled like a child, supported by a strong hand, in a dim and unfamiliar world, among the mysterious essences of things. I should like to try to reproduce it here, but I have no doubt I should reproduce it all wrong. Still, it was deeply inspiring to look out into chaos, to hear the rush and motion of atoms moving in vast vortices, to learn that inside the hardest and most impenetrable of substances there was probably a feverish intensity of inner motion. I do not know that I acquired any precise knowledge, but I drank deep drafts of wonder and awe.

The great man, with his amused and weary smile, was infinitely gentle and left me, I will [illegible] far more conscious of the beauty [illegible]d the holiness of knowledge. I said something to him about the sense of power that such knowledge must give. "Ah," he said, "much of what I have told you is not proved; it is only suspected. We are very much in the dark about these things yet. Probably if a physicist of a hundred years hence could overhear me he would be amazed to think that a sensible man could make such puerile statements. Power—no, it is not that! It rather makes one realize one's feebleness in being so uncertain about things that are absolutely certain and precise in themselves, if we could but see the truth. It is much more like the apostle who said: 'Lord, I believe. Help thou my unbelief.' The thing one wonders at is the courage of the men who dare to think they know."—Putnam's.

POWER OF WEALTH.

Money, Says a Physician, Is Able to Purchase Even Life.

The aged millionaire sighed.

"I'd give all my money," he said, "if I could buy twenty-five more years of life."

"But your money has already bought you that," said the physician coldly.

"What rot are you talking now?" the millionaire asked peevishly.

"No rot at all, for it is a fact, a dreadful fact," said the physician, "that the rich live, on the average, twenty-five years longer than the poor. Born rich, you are assured of a quarter century more life than would be your allotment were you born poor. Wealth buys you all that. And yet they say that there is nothing in money. Why, man, money buys life."

"How do you mean?" said the millionaire. "This sounds rather like nonsense to me."

"Oh, wealth protects one from so many ills. Rich babies nearly always live, but poor ones die of a hundred complaints induced by poverty. Poor babies die off shockingly. And so with boys and girls, with men and women—if they are rich. They live healthily and therefore long, while if they are poor they live unhealthily, and disease, accident, contagion, privation—all sorts of preventable things—carry them off.

"Yes, money buys life, and reliable statistics show that if two children are born today, one rich and the other poor, the rich one will outlive the other by the tidy margin of twenty-five [illegible]."

When the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and all dandruff disappears.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Ayer's

The little book in each package gives the formula of our new Hair Vigor, tells why each ingredient is used, and explains many other interesting things. After reading you will know why this new hair preparation does its work so well.

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

WEALTHY, BUT STARVED.

Old Woman Miser With $22,500 Has Terrible End.

There are some curious features in the case of an old Manchester (Eng.) woman who lived a simple and lonely life and died of starvation, although she had over $22,500 in money and securities.

Mrs. Ellen Cresswell, a widow, lived her life quite apart from the outside world, occupying a house in Billington place, Clifford street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, a typical working-class district. Recently the people who live next door heard a noise like some one falling, but their knowledge of the eccentric habits of their neighbor led them to attach little importance to it. The postman received no answer to his repeated knocks, and when the rent collector called he was told by the neighbors that the old woman had not been seen for a week.

The police were then informed and two constables burst open the door and found the old woman lying dead on the kitchen floor. She was fully dressed and the body bore no signs of violence, though it was in a neglected and emaciated condition. There was little food in the house, and the place generally was in a deplorable state. There was strong evidence that the deceased, who was about 70 years of age, had died of starvation.

A more careful search of the house by the police showed that the late tenant had balances in Manchester banks amounting to over $22,500. She had had transactions with the Manchester and Liverpool District Bank and the Manchester and Salford Savings' Bank, but most of the money was deposited in the district. In drawers and unlikely places the police found $200 in gold, while stitched to the clothing she was wearing were three sovereigns and some silver amounting to $25.

Efforts to find any of her relatives have failed, and what the neighbors say about her is most contradictory. They agree, however, that she has a son on board ship, and that she buried a son at Lancaster four or five years ago. There is every indication that at one time of her life she lived in more comfortable circumstances and better surroundings, for the police found some old jewelry and a quaint miniature portrait of a young man, which is believed to be that of one of her sons.

SEIZED BY THE BRITISH.

German Warehouse Confiscated By Warship—Alleged Contraband.

It is stated that a warehouse belonging to the Hamburg firm of Wonckhaus, and situated on the island of Abumusa, in the Persian gulf, has been confiscated by the commander of the British warship Lapwing on the ground that it contained contraband goods. The Hamburg firm has called upon the German Foreign Office to take energetic steps for the recovery of damages.

The firm issues a lengthy statement, in which it brands as ridiculous the assertion that the confiscated building held contraband, and alleges that the action of the British commander had no other object than to checkmate a successful German commercial enterprise, his real object being to transfer the oxide business which the Hamburg firm was conducting to British hands and to rob the Hamburg-American line of a profitable freight traffic.

The statement further declares that the Lapwing brought an Arabian sheikh to the island of Abumusa, and that after the German firm's coolies had been driven back to the Persian mainland the sheikh prohibited the Germans from further working the oxide mines, although they had a contract for that purpose. The sheikh then fired upon the German firm's representative.

Commenting upon the affair, the leading Hamburg journal says:

"The British procedure is an act of violence of the worst kind and an outrageous breach of the law, which constitutes the sharpest contrast to the assiduous assurances of friendship of the British press.

"We must insist that the German Foreign Office shall take strong measures."

The Nautch Girl.

The position of the nautch girl is no longer what it was in the Indian social system. Not merely Europeans, but some of the best among the natives, feel that in view of the gradual raising of the tone of society, the evils associated with her profession should cease to enjoy the toleration accorded to them in the past.

This view, however, is by no means universal, and the conflict of opinion is strikingly illustrated by the experience of Gauhar Jan, a well-known nautch girl of Calcutta, and one of the finest native singers in India. A rich Marwari family of Bombay recently engaged her to perform at a marriage ceremony, paying her a fee of Rs 15,000 ($5,000). Later she visited the Lady Northcote Hindu Orphanage, and consented to sing in its aid gratis in the town hall. The citizens of Bombay, male and female, flocked in large numbers to listen to her, as the gramophone has made her name a household word in India. The handsome sum of $2,000 was collected on the spot for the orphanage. At the close of the assembly Hon. Sir M. Perozeshah Mehta pinned a medal on her breast.

Hearing this, Mr. Justice Chandravarkar of Bombay, a well-known social reformer and Brahmin leader, ceased his connection with the managing committee. A hot newspaper discussion has followed. Mr. Tilak and others have written in defence of Sir M. Mehta, while other correspondents are against him. On another occasion Gauhar Jan sang in aid of the Mohammedan College of Allgarh, but Nawab Mohsan-ul-Mulk refused to receive any profit from that source.—London Telegraph.

Hard Work.

The laziest man, without a doubt,
May often know fatigue surprising.
He's naturally tired out
By constantly apologizing.

Don'ts For You.

Don't laugh over other people's mistakes. You soon may be caught tripping.

Don't imagine you know everything, for you don't.

Don't expect acorns to become oak trees in a day or a year.

Don't lose faith in humanity because you find an occasional "bad egg."

Don't quarrel with circumstances or fret over what cannot be altered.

Don't decide that "charity" is a great mistake because you have sometimes been imposed upon.

CHILDREN ENJOY IT

"I have used Coltsfoote Expectorant with the greatest satisfaction with my children. It is a wonderful cure for colds and sore throat. I believe it saved the life of my little son, who was very sick from a protracted cold on his lungs."

MRS. ANNIE BRAMBLER.
Orangeville, March 15, 1907.

"I am greatly pleased with the good results we got from Coltsfoote Expectorant. I get great comfort with it for my children."

MRS. WALTER HAMMOND.
171 Argyle St., Toronto.

Coltsfoote Expectorant is the greatest home prescription for all throat and chest troubles in the world. No home should be one hour without it. You can have free sample by sending name to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto. All good druggists keep it. Price 25c.

Send for Free Sample To-Day.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."—The Catholic News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c

Bob to Bessie—It seems rather strange, Bessie, that when I didn't want to kiss you, you didn't mind, but now that you are old enough to make me want to, you won't let me.

SLEEPLESS BABIES ARE SICKLY BABIES

Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. When little ones are restless, sleepless and cross it is the surest sign that they are not well. Probably the stomach or bowels is out of order, or it may be teething troubles. Give Baby's Own Tablets and see how quickly the child grows well and happy and sleeps soundly and naturally. Not the drugged sleep of "soothing" medicines, but the natural sleep of health. You have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate or narcotic, and you can give the Tablets just as safely to a new born babe as to the well grown child. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—My good man, are you looking for work?

Tramp—Not if I can find anything else to do.—The Pathfinder.

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

SERVANT LORE.

Maxims Which Many Housekeepers Observe.

With so much battling with the servant problem there has sprung up a little code of servant superstitions which many housekeepers observe. "I always shiver when a new cook burns a hole in her apron," says one woman, "for it means that she will not stay with me long. I don't like to have my girls come to me dressed in black either, for it is a sign they won't stay the year out."

Questioned as to some of the other superstitions which influence a housekeeper in dealing with her servants, she said:

"Don't allow your new servant to come just as the old one is departing. It's very unlucky.

"It is unlucky for a maid to reach her place of service so long as there is light enough for her to see to hang up her wraps.

"If you hire a maid on Friday, you may expect smashed china.

"It is unlucky to forbid a servant eating hearty meals the first day she is with you, for if not permitted her appetite will never be satisfied, and she will eat you out of house and home.

"If you praise your servant before breakfast, you will have occasion to scold her before dinner.

"If your new servant has many scars from burns on her hands, it is a sign she will be a good cook. Look for them if you are hiring a cook.

"If a maid has short, stubby fingers, it is a sign she is wasteful and extravagant in the extreme.

"Do not hire a maid with hair of the tight, curling variety, for it's a sign she will not be neat in her work.

"If a servant calls you 'lady' frequently in conversation, beware of her, for she is probably dishonest."

The Origin of "Parson."

"Parson" is from the Latin "persona," a person, and the parson is the persona ecclesiac, or representative, of the church. The forms parson and person bear the same relation to each other as clark and clerk. From being pronounced parson the word has come to be so written. Blackstone in his "Commentaries" says:

"He is called 'parson' (persona) because by his person the church, which is an invisible body, is represented, and he is himself a body corporate in order to protect and defend the rights of the church which he represents."

"To parse a sentence" is to resolve it into its grammatical parts, and the verb is declared to have arisen from the interrogation "Pars?"—that is, "Quae pars orationis?" (What part of speech?) used by schoolmasters.

Black Watch

Chewing Tobacco

Rich and satisfying.
The big black plug.

2208

MOSLEM WOMEN'S SHRINES.

Old Gun Covered With Prayer Symbols—The Tomb of Joshua.

Among the ruins of the old city of Bagdad, to the left of the Tigris, stands a large square brick structure in which the Moslem keepers solemnly assert the body of Joshua is buried. It is useless to test their statements by the apparent age of the building, for the small square bricks of its walls, gathered from the ruins of the Arabic period, may indicate only a reconstruction. The present building is not ancient. The entrance, protected by a portico, leads into a large open court, which is surrounded by chambers.

At the further end of the court, occupying the entire rear of the building, is the shrine, a spacious, windowless chamber, lighted only by the doorway and entirely destitute of furniture save for the coarse reed mats which cover the brick floor. Its centre is capped by a large dome, and the walls have recently been whitewashed, yet in places beneath the thin white coat appear the more ancient Hebrew inscriptions which were once the interior decorations.

The tomb beneath the centre of the dome is protected by a large rectangular paneled case of dark wood, and excepting in one place, where a panel is missing, it is invisible. At the head of the case are two tin projections, about which are tied a number of strings or rags torn from the garments of the visiting pilgrims. One day, while I was standing at the head of the sacred tomb, a young Moslem woman entered, and with eyes wet with weeping she tore a small rag from her garment and tied it about one of the projections, while she mumbled a prayer to God that before a year hence, when she should come to untie the rag, she might present her husband with a child.

It was but a repetition of the picture of Hannah, the mother of Samuel, while she was at the temple weeping and praying before Eli the priest. In the shrines of the east the picture is still common. Before the Government buildings at Bagdad stands a big cannon, which the ignorant Arab women, aware of its tremendous power, believe can answer prayer. The old gun is half hidden with the strings and rags tied about it, each to represent a prayer and could it speak it might tell strange stories of the confessions which the confiding women have poured out to it. So with the tomb of Joshua. There the women gather and pray for all kinds of favors, firm in the belief that the prophet will in some way cause them to be granted.

Less than half a century ago the tomb of Joshua was in Jewish hands, but the Turkish officials caused a number of them to be arrested as they were bearing the body of a noted rabbi there for burial. They were imprisoned for attempting to bury a Jew at the shrine of the great prophet. They were finally released upon the payment of large sums of money, but the care of the tomb was taken from them. Since then the tomb has been forbidden to the Jews, and like most Moslem things, it now shows sad neglect. Yet should we follow the Jewish woman as she crosses the old boat bridge we might see her turn toward the tomb, and from a distance look longingly at the doorway which she is forbidden to enter, while her lips utters a prayer with the hope that the long buried leader, even so far away, may hear and answer it.

Japs Never Take Cold.

With the approach of chilly weather people are becoming fearful lest they should take cold after a hot bath, but this opinion is unable to reconcile itself with the immunity of the Japanese from colds.

The ordinary bath consists of a large wooden tub, oval in shape and fitted with a cover. Before he enters the tub the bather thoroughly lathers himself from head to foot and washes the suds off by means of a wooden ladle or dipper. He then sits in the tub, immersed up to the chin, for several minutes, enduring a degree of heat by which a European would be well nigh parboiled.

When Japan first began to study the methods of western nations the excessive heat of the baths was strongly condemned and a law was made that the water in the public baths should be only moderately heated. This caused great discontent, so a committee composed of European and Japanese medical men was appointed to decide the question. The verdict was in favor of the national custom, which was pronounced to be not only harmless but beneficial.

The high temperature of the water was said to open the pores of the skin thoroughly, even without the use of soap, and a healthy action of the skin and cleanliness were secured which it was impossible to get with any amount of washing in cold or so-called hot baths.

Japanese Girl's Toilet.

The Japanese college girl entertained the fudge party with Oriental reminiscences.

"On every holiday," she said, "the Japanese maiden must rise and have her toilet finished before the sun looks over Fujiyama, our national sacred mountain.

"And what a toilet! The long coarse black tresses are washed, combed and greased till the head shines like a knob of polished black marble. The cheeks are rouged a fine pink. The throat, neck and bosom are powdered, but at the nape of the neck there are left three lines of the original brown skin, in accordance with the rules of our cosmetic art.

"With charcoal she rounds and lengthens her eyebrows. She reddens her lips with cherry paste, adding a gilt diamond to the centre of the pouting lower lip. She puts on eight fresh garments, and she ties her obi, or great sash, in a symbolical knot. Her socks—she doesn't wear stockings—are very white and pure, and her clogs are lacquered till they shine like a silk hat.

"Now she is ready to set out. She fills her silk tobacco pouch, thrusts her pipe in her girdle, puts six paper handkerchiefs up her wide sleeve and sallies forth, turning her toes in and waving her fan."

But It Went.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the magistrate, "for the crime of overspeeding you will pay a fine of $10 or be took to jail for ten days."

"That's not a correct sentence," murmured the prisoner.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Way to Draw an Elephant.

Little Gladys—Granny, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please.

Fond Grandmother—What am I to do that for, my pet? Gladys—'Cause I want to draw an elephant.

TRY "SALADA" GREEN TEA once and you will never return to the adulterated teas of Japan.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY Blue Label 40c., Red Label 50., And Gold Label 60c. per lb. AT ALL GROCERS

Absolutely Pure as Required By the Pure Food Laws of 1907

Won the Prize.

At a party recently they were playing a game which consisted in everybody in the room making a face, and the one who made the worst face was awarded a prize. They all did their level best, and then a gentleman went up to one of the ladies and said:

"Well, madam, I think you have won the prize."

"Oh," she said, "I wasn't playing."

"My wife never pays any attention to what I say."

"Mine does—sometimes."

"How do you manage it?"

"I talk in my sleep!"—London Opinion.

There is nothing equal to Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

THE GANGES.

Ancient Legends of the Sacred River of the Hindoos.

From an icy cavern at the foot of a Himalayan snow bed more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea issues a small stream which becomes the mighty Ganges, flowing for 1,500 miles through India to the bay of Bengal, and of whose course every foot is holy ground.

With Mother Ganga, as the pious Hindoos reverently call her, no river on earth can compare in sanctity.

The old poem tells us that the heavenly Ganges flowed from the toe of Vishnu and was brought down from heaven by the prayers of the saint Bhagiratha to purify the ashes of the 30,000 sons of King Sagara, who had been burnt by the angry glances of the sage Kapila.

Ganga was angry at being brought down from heaven, and to save the earth from her impetuous rush Siva caught the river on his brow and with his matted locks checked its course. The legends go on to tell how the descent of the Ganges disturbed the sage Jahnu in the performance of his religious duties, whereupon in his rage he drank up the river, but subsequently relented and permitted it to flow from his ear.

END OF THE WORLD.

One Scientific Theory of How Our Planet May Perish.

A scientific forecast of how the end of the world might come has been given by Professor Ellard Gore. His theory is that final cataclysm may possibly be the result of a collision between the sun and some dark, dead, derelict planet.

Although astronomers have no actual proof that such dead suns exist, without life or light and careering about in space, they believe it quite possible. The result of a collision between the sun and a dark planet would be that the former's light and heat would be enormously increased and the earth instantly destroyed by combustion.

Professor Gore tells how we should be warned of our approaching doom. "When about 15,000,000 miles from the sun, the dark body would begin to shine by reflected light. In about ten years it would have become so bright as to be visible to the naked eye. In fifteen years it would be brighter than any object except the moon. Very soon afterward would come the great catastrophe of its collision, moving at 400 miles a second, with the sun moving at the same speed."

Proverbs of Siam.

It has been said, "Tell me a people's proverbs, and I will tell you what sort of people they are." Judged in this way, the Siamese are a shrewd people.

The Menam, their chief river, is to Siam what the Nile is to Egypt, and the elephant, tiger and crocodile are found in jungle and stream.

Here are a few of their proverbs: "When you go into the woods, do not forget your wood knife." "Place not your boat across the stream" (because of the current). "An elephant, though he has four legs, may slip, and a doctor is not always right."

"Go up by land, you meet a tiger; go down by water, you meet a crocodile" (there are difficulties on all sides). "Nobility is seen in the race, manners in the individual." "If a dog bite you, do not bite him again." "He who lives under the sky should not be afraid of the rain." "Nourish no worms that eat timber" (be careful in the choice of friends).—London Scraps.

Friday Comes but Once a Week.

Friday is the weekly fraud. Everything goes wapper jawed, and the sailor man who sails finds himself food for whales, and the man who killed a friend on a Friday meets his end. On a Friday trade is slack, all the trains run off the track; William Doe, to his amaze, draws $10 and ten days; brickbats fall from buildings high, break your neck and make you cry; fevers, fires and frosts abound, earthquakes come and snort around. Old Subscriber in a pet comes to swear at the Gazette. Every one is feeling blue, everything is hind end to, yet some comfort we may seek. Friday comes but once a week.

Precautionary.

Johnston (to wife)—Well, Maria, I'm going to stay at home with you today and help you to tidy up the house; I'll tack down the carpets and hang up the pictures to begin with.

Mrs. Johnston (to the children)—Children, you may go over to grandma's and stay all day. (Aside) I know my husband is a deacon of the church, but for all that he's just as apt to hit his thumb with a hammer as any other man.—London Tit-Bits.

Before Her Time.

A member of the school board of a certain Pennsylvania town relates the sad case of a young woman who failed to pass her examinations for appointment as teacher in the public school of that place.

The mother of the disappointed young woman was asked by a friend whether the daughter had succeeded in running the gauntlet of the examiners.

"No," was the reply in mournful tone, "Jinny didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe, sir, but them examiners asked the poor girl about things that happened years and years before she was born."—Harper's Weekly.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

More Than She Needed.

Mr. X—Don't I give you all the money you need?

Mrs. X—Yes; but you told me before we were maried you would give me all I wanted.—Illustrated Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Speedy Mohawk.

According to the Shipping World of London, the new high speed turbine torpedo boat destroyer Mohawk, which recently had several trial speed tests under forced draft in the North sea, is one of the fastest war vessels in the world. While all the official figures concerning her speed tests have not been made public, it has been learned that she maintained for six hours a speed of 34¼ knots and later warmed up to a quarter of a knot better on six consecutive tests over a mile course. The Mohawk, which is propelled by five turbines, three ahead and two astern, was built by J. S. White & Co. of East Cowes under license from the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine company. Her turbines represent 14,000 indicated horsepower, the steam of which is generated by six water tube boilers fired by liquid fuel, of which she can carry seventy-three tons. She is 270 feet long, has a beam of twenty-five feet, a draft of eight feet and a displacement of 765 tons.

Too Broad a Hint.

"You've got a fellow in there that won't wait on me again, not much," said an irate customer, as he emerged from the dining room and slapped his money down on the pay desk. "I'm not stingy," continued the customer, "and don't mind giving tips, but when a waiter hangs round till a fellow has nearly finished eating and whistles 'Do not forget me,' I think it is about time something was done."—London Mail.

All He Said.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? Sergeant complains that you called him names.

Private Murphy—Plaze, sur, I never called him ony names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie."—London Tit-Bits.

FOR YOUR **Stomach's Sake**

You should keep Mother Seigel's Syrup by you. It soothes and strengthens, cures wind, pain, cramps, colic and all forms of indigestion.

Take Mother Seigel's Syrup

Price 60 cents per bottle. A. J. White & Co., Montreal

Are You Up to the Mark?

If not feeling as well as you should, do not make the mistake of letting your health take care of itself. Resort to

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

For Churches and Schools

Just one Ceiling is ideal for churches and schools, for its beauty, cleanliness, economy—for its sanitary perfection (no seams to catch dirt)—for its fire-proof qualities

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Hotel Ladysmith

The best appointed workingman's hotel in the city. The finest of bars, stocked with the best Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Lighted with Electricity. Hot and cold baths. Rates: Board and Room, $1 a day
OLA LOFSTAD - - PROPRIETOR

Pioneer Hotel...

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

TREMONT HOUSE

Nelson, B. C., is run on the the American and European plan. Nothing yellow about the house except the gold in the safe.
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One Way Colonist Rates Eastern Canada to
ALBERTA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

Toronto, Brantford, Guelph, London, Galt	$46.05
Kingston	$50.10
Ottawa, via Port Arthur and Sault Ste Marie	$51.40
Ottawa, via Chicago	$52.45
Montreal	$52.70
Quebec	$25.00
St. John, N. B., Moncton, N. B.	$60.95
Halifax	$63.45

Correspondingly low rates rates from all intermediate points. Tickets on sale Feb. 29th to April 29th, 1908.

For particulars call on local agents or address
J. MOE, D. P. A., Nelson.
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The... Hume...

Nelson, B. C.
GEO. P. WELLS, Proprietor. B. TOMKINS, Manager.
First-class in everything. Steam heat, electric light, private baths. Telephone in every room. Finest lavatories in B. C. First-class bar and barber shop.
Orchestra every evening during dinner hours.
'Bus meets all trains.

MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

"Little Home Fractional" and "Little Frank" Mineral Claims, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: In Skylark Camp on Lind Creek,

TAKE NOTICE that I, Sydney M. Johnson, acting as agent for Joseph J. McDonell, Free Miner's Certificate No. B9091, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

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

Dated this 15th day of January, A. D. 1908.
SYDNEY M JOHNSON.

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.

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Sandon, B. C.

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Three Forks, B. C., is the leading hotel of the city. Mountain trout and game dinners a specialty. Rooms reserved by telegraph.
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Is the home for all tourists and millionaires visiting New Denver. British Columbia.
HENRY STEGE, PROPR

The Smoke

of the Mainland Cigar can be seen all over British Columbia. Made in Vancouver by Wm. Tietjen, and sold on the road by Nat. Darling.

BULBS

From France, Holland and Japan.
SEEDS, TREES, PLANTS
For fall planting. Reliable varieties at reasonable prices. Fertilizers, Bee Supplies, Spray Pumps, Spraying Material, Cut Flowers, etc. Oldest established nursery on the mainland of B. C. Catalogue free.
M. J. HENRY
3010 Westminster Road, VANCOUVER.

The Greenwood Branch
Nelson Iron Works

Is now prepared to make all kinds of Iron, Brass or Copper Castings. First-class work guaranteed.
Geo. M. Holt, Manager.

Arlington Hotel

The Arlington Bar contains all the best brands of wines, liquors and Cigars on the market. Open day and night
Dempsey & O'Brien. Proprietors

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

In the County Court of Yale, British Columbia. In the Matter of the Estate of William Dimond, Deceased!

Notice is hereby given that on the 7th day of March, 1908, it was ordered by the County Court, holden in Greenwood, that James Ernest Spankie be executor of all and singular the estate of William Dimond, late of Greenwood, deceased

Every person indebted to the said estate is required to make payment forthwith to the undersigned and every person having in possession effects belonging to deceased is required to notify the undersigned forthwith. Every creditor or other person having any claim upon or interest in the distribution of said estate is required before the 20th April, 1908 to send by registered letter addressed to the undersigned, his name and address and full particulars of his claim or interest and a statement of his account verified by statutory declaration and the nature of the security (if any) held by him.

After the said 20th day of April, 1908, the administrator will proceed with the distribution of the estate, having regard to those claims only of which he shall then have notice.

Dated at Greenwood, B. C., 12th March, 1908.
J. E. SPANKIE, Executor.
Greenwood, B. C.

Choice Fruit LANDS

For Sale at $10, $12 and $15 Per Acre.
R. J. STEEL
NELSON, B. C

E. W. WIDDOWSON

ASSAYER AND CHEMIST.
CHARGES:

Gold, Silver, Copper or Lead, each	$1 00
Gold-Silver or Silver Lead	1 50
Gold-Silver, with Copper or Lead	2 50

Careful sampling; accurate assaying; prompt returns. 317 Baker street, Nelson, B. C.

NOTICE.

There is an unclaimed 3-year-old heifer at my ranch near Rock Creek, which is branded on right hip, and ear-marked with half moon on lower part of right ear. Brand not legible. If not claimed within thirty days will be sold to defray expenses,
35-6. JAS. G. McMYNN.

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 19, 1908

ALL placer ground is not yellow.

FAULT FINDING PEOPLE are prone to disease.

A FLUSH in the hand is worth two in the deck.

THE hand that guides the pen rules the world.

THE hens are laying and the farmers are happy.

GOOD and bad times are largely the result of thought.

THE world owes every man a living, but he must collect it.

WEALTH does not necessarily bring happiness, but it helps some.

GENTLE spring is here, but so far no poets have met an untimely end.

HERE we are in the door of April overstocked with wood and no ice.

WE give an autograph to everyone sending us $2 for a year's subscription.

PEOPLE who read this paper regularly have a chance to become like Solomon.

SMOKELESS powder may be all right, but what most of us want is costless money.

IN a few years Greenwood will be a second Butte and blue ruin a forgotten disease.

MONEY is more plentiful in England and we have a notion to move this plant over there.

THE gambling fever is so rife in Vancouver that the citizens sometimes shake dice for umbrellas.

THE average civilized man is a veneered savage. A slight jar will break the enamel and show the color of the animal.

IT is a dull day in Greenwood when somebody does not invent a blue-ruin story or pull the pumps out of the Mother Lode.

WE all shake the hand of the man who laughs, while the chap with the hard-luck story has to mope alone in the back seats.

THE Empire warns all people to keep away from Prince Rupert except tourists and those who have secured a job before they get there.

ABSOLUTE power invested in any one individual will drive him insane with tyranny. This applies to everything as well as politics.

DOMINION ELECTIONS

YALE-CARIBOO ELECTORAL DISTRICT

A Convention of the Liberal-Conservatives of Yale-Cariboo Will Be Held at the

ELLISON HALL, VERNON

Thursday, April 23, 1908

for the purpose of selecting a candidate to contest the forthcoming Dominion Elections in the interests of the Liberal Conservative Party. Local Associations are requested to meet and appoint delegates at once. Representation at the Convention will be by delegations from the Provincial Electoral Districts of Grand Forks, Greenwood, Similkameen, Okanagan, Kamloops, Yale, Lillooet and Cariboo. One delegate will be appointed for each twenty or each fraction of twenty votes cast at each poll. Accredited delegates may vote either in person or by proxy but not more than five proxies shall be held by any one delegate

Chair will be taken at 2 p. m. All Conservatives are invited to attend the Convention, but only accredited delegates will be allowed to vote.

PRICE ELLISON, President
Yale-Cariboo Conservative Assn.
J. A. McKELVIE, Secretary
Yale-Cariboo Conservative Assn.

SELFISHNESS and greed still dominate the human race. If they did not every mine and smelter in the Boundary would be running full blast.

PEOPLE from the maritime provinces have a paper printed in their interest in 'Frisco. It is called the Maple Leaf, but should be called McDonald's Weekly.

AN invention has been discovered in California that will do away with the noxious effects of smelter smoke. We would like to see it tried in Greenwood.

STOCKHOLDERS are averse to having smelters closed down. Idleness does not tend to improve the price of stock, nor keep rust from eating up machinery.

THE richness of the Findlay river placers is now being denied in the press. Jim Bates must have been dreaming when he told that fairy story at Hazelton.

EXERT a personal influence for good upon others and the spirit will leaven the mass and accomplish wonders. Try it in your daily life and see how it works.

THE teaching of religion in the schools of Italy is liable to cause a disturbance and troops are being held in readiness to shoot loyalty into the crowd if it becomes necessary.

A PREACHER in Atlanta rose up in church and shouted, "Is there a hell?" Try an overdose of Scotch poison, and you will be convinced that there is at least half a dozen.

NEW YORK is becoming a homeless city, only twenty-five private residences being erected there last year. People who bought real estate in that city a hundred years ago are all dead or rich.

WITHIN the past three weeks sixty million pounds of copper have been sold in the United States and it is said that there is not a pound of copper left for sale above ground. This is bad news for the peddlers of blue ruin.

VANCOUVER has lost one of its great attractions. The soup kitchen is closed up for the season, and many a hobo is shedding tears as he hits the hard pike in search of another place where it is not necessary to work in order to eat.

H. M. WALKER has established a handsome paper in Enderby. It is issued in magazine form, which is somewhat unique for weekly newspapers. Harry should be successful with his latest venture, as he is a brilliant writer and one of the hardest workers in the profession.

VICTORIA, Prince Rupert and New Denver are all trying to be the most beautiful cities in Canada. Here in Greenwood we are looking for smelter smoke and have no time to make this a beauty spot. It has the finest climate in B. C., and mixed with a taste of pork and beans anybody can live upon it.

THE abolition in the Southern States of the barroom has been a blessing to the negro second only to the abolition of slavery. Bad whiskey caused most of the outrages in the South during recent years. Bad, or even good booze, when generously distributed will keep almost any community in turmoil. Booze is perfectly harmless when kept in a bottle. When stored in the anatomy of the race that is human it is liable to squawk at any time and wake up the tired policeman, or cause some other kind of misery.

WHILE en route to England with his aunt, a young bank clerk was arrested and taken off the train at Calgary for a $30 board bill in Revelstoke. We are not surprised at this, for we have often wondered how the young bank clerks of the West could pay for anything, except neckties, out of the small salaries they have to work for. In order to be a bank clerk a young man should have a remittance from a rich father while he is learning to control financial affairs. Otherwise there is more money in splitting rock in a mine or driving a four-horse team on a smooth road.

Lowney's chocolates are celebrated for their delicious sweetness, and can be procured at the store of J. L. Coles.

What Gething Says.

At present there is considerable excitement over the alleged rich discoveries of placer gold on the Findlay and Ingenika rivers, but it is not advisable for people to stampede to these diggings until something more definite is known.

Neil Gething, of Slocan, who is familiar with the northern country, strongly deprecates the idea of people going to the new goldfields until reliable information reaches the outside. Mr. Gething owns 240 acres of placer ground on Pete Toy's bar, Findlay river. It is a dredging proposition and was located several years ago. Mr. Gething has never visited the Ingenika, although he has spent several summers in the district. He says that last summer he met a prospector named Goldie, who owns claims on the Ingenika, and who was going out for supplies. Goldie did not enthuse over the alleged strike. He said the prospects, however, were excellent.

Mr. Gething will not install a dredge on his concession until the Grand Trunk Pacific railway is built through the region farther south.

OIL IN WASHINGTON.

A 2,500-Foot Well Being Sunk by a Spokane Company.

The Waukesha Oil Co., Ltd., has been organized under the laws of the State of Washington with a capital of $1,000,000 for the purpose of developing the recently discovered oil fields of Lincoln county.

A 13-inch drill, with a capacity of 500 feet, will be set to work as soon as the machinery can be put in operation. The best of authorities claim that a flowing well will be developed at from 1700 to 1800 feet, but to make sure of reaching the main flow, the company has let the contract for a 2500-foot well.

Where there is oil there is gas, so there is no limit to the good the success of this enterprise will bring to the state of Washington. The treasury stock, now on the market for development purposes, is being taken up almost entirely by citizens of the state, but Greenwood is not behind in the procession in gathering some of it.

Thoroughbred eggs for sale. S. C. Rhode Island Reds, S. C. Buff and Brown Leghorns, S. C. Black Minorcas and Barred Plymouth Rocks, $1.50 per setting. Mrs. A. G. Davis, Westley, B. C.

Last year Frank Fletcher of Nelson made $17,000 surveying fruit and timber lands in Kootenay.

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

Job Printing at The Ledge.

Painting and Paper Hanging.

Make it a pleasure to select your wall paper by having the Spokane Paint and Oil Co's Sample Books brought to your home. The Choicest Patterns, the Most Exquisite Colorings. All New. No Tiresome Search Among Shop-Worn Antiques.
The Lowest Spokane Prices
In your home, at your leisure, and upon the understanding that you are under no obligation to purchase. This is my offer—send for me now.
GEO. H. THOMPSON,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
Third Floor, Mellor Block

You will probably need a heavy suit to wear after you have left off your Overcoat and before the warm weather sets in
LET US MAKE IT FOR YOU.
By our system we can bring you into touch with the finest tailors in Canada. We make all the measurements and your suit is cut and made for you, individually, by the expert cutters in the
Campbell's Clothing factory.
Thus you are getting the most skilful tailors to work for you, at slightly higher price than ready made clothes would cost, and the result is one of those perfect fitting, stylish suits which are a delight whenever they are worn
The fit and finish are guaranteed by us with full satisfaction or money back.
Hunter-Kendrick COMPANY.

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.

Moore's Cafe

Open day and night in the Windsor Hotel. Feeding people is like any other business, it requires experience. We have the experience, you have the money. We know how to prepare and serve meals, you have the palate to appreciate good food well cooked. Try the partnership. It may prove beneficial to both of us. We aim to please.
Howard Moore, Proprietor.

Greenwood City Waterworks Co.

Supplies electricity for Power, Light, Heating and Ventilation. Power Furnished to mines for hoisting and air-compressor plants, with a guarantee that the service will be continuous. Get our rates before completing your estimates

P. BURNS & CO.

Dealers in
Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish and Poultry
Shops in nearly all the towns of Boundary and the Kootenay.

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 room makes the drinks go down like eating fruit in a flour garden. The sample rooms are the largest in the mountains and a pleasure to drummers with big trunks.
JAS. MARSHALL, Prop.

Drink

Kings Liquer Scotch Whiskey
12 Years Old
J. W. Burmester's White Port.
Jas. Hennessy & Co's 3-Star Brandy
GREENWOOD LIQUOR CO.
IMPORTERS, GREENWOOD, B. C.

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. Alex. Greig, Proprietress.

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.
Ernest J. Cartier, Prop.

The buyer who seeks experience may seek it anywhere;
But the buyer who heeds experience buys the Remington.
Remington Typewriter Company
542 Pender St., Vancouver