

# THE LEDGE

Vol. XVI.

GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1909.

No. 17

**Stylish Millinery**

Have you visited our Millinery Showrooms? All the newest creations in Fall and Winter Hats. Give us a Call. We can please you.

**BARCLAY & CO.**

Dry Goods. Millinery. Boots and Shoes.

**SHOES!**

We have added to our shoe department a full line of the celebrated Leckie Digging Shoes. Call and see our stock.

**Russell-Law-Caulfield Co., Ltd.**

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

**COPPER STREET, GREENWOOD**

**PHOENIX BEER**

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

**Phoenix - Brewing - Co.**

(Limited.)

The Pride of Western Canada. Phone 138, Greenwood.

**HOTEL BROOKLYN**

PHOENIX, B. C.

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

**JAS. MARSHALL - PROPRIETOR**

**SCOTCH - WHISKIES**

James Buchanan & Co's

**BLACK AND WHITE, AND HOUSE OF COMMONS**

**GREENWOOD LIQUOR CO.**

IMPORTERS, GREENWOOD, B. C.

**The Clarendon Hotel**

GREENWOOD

Is situated in the heart of the city and within stepping distance of all the banks, restaurants, express, stage, telegraph offices, etc. The building is heated with hot water and has a radiator in every room. The bar contains a large variety of brewed, vinted and distilled beverages suitable to the tastes of a cosmopolitan population. Come in and have something.

**J. H. GOODEVE - PROPRIETOR**

**Grand Forks.**

R. J. Gardner of Phoenix may open a furniture emporium in this city.

Robert Clark, jr., is spending the winter in the City of Mexico. The name of the Granty hotel is to be changed to the Russell.

A. D. Morrison has recently improved his jewelry store, making it superior to the majority of similar shops in the west. It takes 68 feet of cases to display his goods, and a visit to his establishment is a great pleasure to those who admire the beautiful and artistic.

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.

The C. P. R. will put in a fill at Fisherman creek. A tunnel about 400 feet in length will be run to dam the creek.

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

In Princeton J. F. Waddell's laid up with an attack of Bright's disease.

**Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.**

The Revelstoke Mail-Herald announces that it will take an independent stand in the present provincial election. It was reported some time ago that Lindmark had paid \$9,000 to control the stock of the paper and shut Tom Taylor out. However Tom is so popular in Revelstoke and the province that he cannot be defeated, unless his constituency has been filled with voting tenderfeet since the last election.

An isolation hospital is being built in Kamloops at a cost of \$7,000.

Mrs. Max Nord died in Kaslo last week. She had resided in Kaslo 14 years and her maiden name was Pearl Spier.

**HOT AIR**

This is an old song. You'll want some soon, and we have the stoves that will produce it

Old air-tight heaters - - - \$1.50 up  
Old box heaters - - - 2.50 up  
Old coal heaters - - - 3.00 up  
New air-tight heaters - - - 3.30 up

**A. L. WHITE**

The Furniture and Stove Man.

There should be a warm Christmas in Phoenix. By that time nearly fourteen hundred men will be working in the vicinity of the city at mining and railroad building.

Bob Stevenson was in Boundary last week making arrangements to send a test shipment of copper ore to the Grauby smelter from some copper properties a few miles east of Princeton.

Last week the New Dominion Copper company issued cheques in payment of the wages unpaid by the old Dominion company. The Rawhide and other mines will resume operations when the preliminary work is completed.

W. E. McArthur, Wilson and Miss Louie Grace Rowe were married in St. Jude's church by the Rev. F. V. Venables at 7 yesterday morning. The happy couple have gone to Spokane and other cities to spend their honeymoon.

Billy Biner will go to Los Angeles and train for the pugilistic business. His brother Gus will accompany him and reside in Los Angeles. Billy is a fast mover with the gloves and with training he should become prominent in the ring.

In the future the C. P. R., instead of making the fill at the big bridge in the north end of Greenwood, may run their line along the hill past the Providence and other mines through the city to Anaconda, where they would have more yard room.

**TO THE ELECTORS**

—OF—

**GREENWOOD RIDING**

GENTLEMEN: Having received the nomination at the Conservative convention, I solicit the vote and influence of the voters in the Greenwood riding at the next provincial election.

**JOHN R. JACKSON.**

**MINERAL ACT**

**Certificate of Improvements**

NOTICE

Sanjee and Dawn Fraction-Mineral Claims, Situate in Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District, Where located: In Graham's Camp.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Eric E. Jackson, Free Miner's Certificate No. 193118, 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 shall be commenced before the expiration of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 27th day of September, A. D. 1909.

**ERIC E. JACKSON.**

Chief Inspector of Machinery, New Westminster, B. C.

**Passing Through**

Mrs. D. S. Hardie is on a visit to Nelson.

W. H. Dockstader returned to Victoria on Monday.

Premier McBride expects to be in Greenwood next Thursday.

Wm. McBride has returned from his trip to Omaha and other points.

Born—At Anaconda, October 25th: to Mr. and Mrs. Grubick, a son.

The coal lands near Midway are to be prospected with a diamond drill.

Apples are being shipped by the carload to Greenwood from Myer's Falls.

Last week the Snowshoe shipped over 700 tons a day to the Trail smelter.

V. M. Sherbino is the new license and police commissioner in Phoenix.

Born—In Greenwood, October 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Watson, a son.

W. Dunstan was down from Wellington camp for a few days last week.

Rev. M. D. McKee and W. S. Graham are attending the Sunday school convention at Nelson.

The I. O. O. F. ball Monday night was the greatest success in the history of the local lodge.

Phoenix proposes if possible to obtain an all-night telephone service. Greenwood should do the same.

The provincial government has granted \$3,800 towards the heating plant of the schools in Greenwood.

At the full court in Vancouver Henry Barnes won his case against the B. C. Copper Co. for \$4,500 and costs.

In Phoenix Morris, Thompson & Co. are erecting a store building at the corner of Knob Hill avenue and Second street.

The council in Phoenix proposes to make the amount of hotel licenses \$650 and all hotels to have at least 30 furnished rooms.

Jud Foulds, Geo. Vaughan and George Patterson returned last week from Field, where they had been working at the Monarch mine.

Alex McDonald is the Liberal candidate for Greenwood riding. In his trouble and sad fate Alex has the sympathy of many warm friends.

The B. C. Copper Co. will make a test shipment of 500 tons of ore from the Jackpot mine. It will be teamed to the C. P. R. spur near the Winnipeg mine.

**Tacla Lake Gold.**

The gold-bearing conglomerate dykes of the Bear lake and Tacla lake district have been known for many years, having first been discovered by placer miners thirty or forty years ago. They have been the objective of several expeditions into that country and at one time a great many claims were staked but no work done. Prospectors and others have been through the country from Tacla to Bear lake and describe the conglomerate as, evidently being the accumulations of fine gravel in the bed of an ancient river, nearly one hundred miles in length and five hundred feet or more thick. Single samples have shown as much as \$30 in gold to the ton and colors can be found in almost any place by using the gold pan. To prospect the whole reef is beyond the power of any expedition in one season, however well equipped.—Omineca Herald.

We will have an extra large stock of jewelry for the holidays. Particulars later. E. A. Black, The Jeweler, Phoenix.

**Departed Glory.**

A staff correspondent writes in the Vernon News about a camp that was a hummer in its day. He says:

"One time Fairview was a real western mining camp with a payroll ranging from 500 to 800 men. The Joe Dandy, the Snuggler, the Tin Horn, Morning Star, Stemwinder, Dominion Consolidated, and others too numerous to mention were names to conjure with. In all five stamp mills were constructed. Four were built first—the Snuggler, Tinhorn, Joe Dandy and Strathair. All of these ran for varying length of time and finally shut down. The first three were torn down to help construct the fourth, the Stemwinder. Over a million dollars was spent in developing the last named and nearly \$5,000,000 was spent in developing the camp. In the early days from 1895-1899, you would have found every kind of a man there, from the remittance man who had blown his last cheque in on a salted claim to the tinhorn gambler of the frontier, from the mining expert 'in' from the 'Outside' to the grizzled old prospector who had followed the mountains a lifetime and found nothing. There were honest men and crooked men there, and all were seeking one thing—money. Some made it, but more lost it, and that is pretty near the whole story. With five hotels and saloons, whiskey ran like water, only a little more freely. The camp never was a 'shooting' town, but just the same it was wide open in every other sense.

Now what is it? A postoffice and an hotel is all that is left. Harry Jones of the old Golden Gate is still in business and Mrs. McCuddy looks after the postoffice. The sawmills are gone, the stamps are silent and the miners have departed. All that is left are a few old-timers who, along with the lure of the gold, have departed from their evil ways and gone over to farming.

The railroad between Oroville Brewster will be finished within 200 days.

**The Liberal Candidate.**

At the Liberal convention on Saturday evening D. A. McDonald was the choice of the meeting in preference to Mayor Bunting. Mr. McDonald is a native of Nova Scotia and has lived for many years in Greenwood. For some time past he has been one of the publishers of the Boundary Creek Times in addition to his insurance and brokerage business.

C. H. Blake thinks that Los Angeles will become the greatest mining center in the United States.

**A Serious Accident.**

About 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, while running down from Phoenix light, engine No. 1385 of the C. P. R. jumped the big curve about a mile from Eholt and plunged down the mountain three or four hundred feet. Leo McAstocker, the engineer, had his skull badly fractured. George Beattie, the fireman, was thrown into a tree, falling to the ground a little later. He sustained a slight fracture of the skull and a double fracture of the left ankle. Mr. McWilliams, who lives in a cabin near the scene of the accident, although in poor health, made fast time to Eholt and gave the alarm. His prompt action probably saved another wreck, a fact that the C. P. R. should not overlook. When 1385 plunged down the hill it broke a rail and tore up a little of the track. The rapid action of Mr. McWilliams enabled railway men to reach the scene and flag an open train before it ran into the broken rail. The injured men were found some distance from the engine and taken to the Greenwood hospital. McAstocker is so badly injured that there is little hope of his recovery. He was unconscious on Monday and took week to have his skull trepanned. His sisters came from Nelson on Sunday on the superintendent's special. Monday evening about 9 o'clock he died. He was 21 years of age and was married a few months ago to Miss Luse of Eholt.

George Beattie is 18 years old and came from Nova Scotia about a year ago. He is a nephew of Kenneth McKenzie of this city. His chances of recovery are very favorable.

**Western Float**

The Gazette says that Joe Manley has secured the agency for Princeton coal and will place it on sale in Grand Forks this year.

The Yale-Columbia sawmill, 12 miles east of Grand Forks, employs 100 men, and cuts nearly 70,000 feet of lumber daily.

Two regular stages are now running between Hedley and Princeton.

In two months the Vermillion Forks Coal company, near Princeton, expect to have their coal sold in Hedley at \$5 a ton.

McCrae is building a three-story hotel at Tulameen.

For exhibition in England this winter 377 boxes of fruit will be shipped from Okanagan.

Con Murphy, formerly a Slovan prospector, is reported to have been drowned in the Naas river.

In Vernon seventy rooms are to be added to the Empress hotel.

In one day last week the C. P. R. took 2,835 tons of ore out of Phoenix.

The largest hydraulic mine in California is at Scales in Sierra county. The gravel runs about \$26 to the yard.

S. M. Lowery has bought the Bazaar in Port Arthur, Ont., from W. R. Henders. Sam made something less than a million in Petrolia years ago, and he is sure to make a fortune in the Duluth of Canada.

Long Louis of Enderby has gone to China on a visit. During his absence Long Hen will sell bird's nests, rat pies, preserved ginger, etc., to the customers of Louis.

A movement is on foot to have the government clean the Fraser river so that boats can run from Lytton to Soda creek.

P. Burns & Co. will build cold cold storage plants at Prince Rupert and Kitlesal.

Whiskey did business in Prince Rupert last month. Charles Egan, at one time a ball player in Detroit, got drunk in Port Essington and while on his way to Prince Rupert he fell in the ocean and got some salt water into a bottle of booze that he had in his pocket. Arriving in Prince Rupert he went into the Maple Leaf restaurant and offered Bill Shields a drink. Bill was drunk but he tried the booze, spat it out and accused Egan of giving him salt water. He abused Egan and struck him. Egan lost his temper and stabbed Shields so badly that he died with his boots on. Egan was sent to Vancouver to stand his trial for murder.

The very best cuts of beef sell at retail in Prince Rupert for 20 cents a pound.

Billy Lynch is mining at the Portland Canal.

Mrs. Denny O'Connor advertises in the White Horse Star that she will sell home-grown turnips at seven cents a pound, and that people coming to her place to buy garden truck will not meet any objectionable persons. According to this one would think that White Horse was a tough old camp.

A report from Dawson says that the Guggenheim dredges have cleaned up over two million dollars in gold this year.

During the year ending August 31 the Tyee smelter at Ladysmith produced 3,500,000 pounds of copper, 52,000 ounces of silver and 7,000 ounces of gold. In seven years this smelter has produced 22,000,000 of copper. A portion of the ore smelted came from Alaska and Mexico.

Big Nick, the cigar man, has bought the Clarendon hotel in Winnipeg for \$325,000.

The allotment of the south half of the Colville Indian reservation will begin next month.

In the Whipsaw camp Knight & Day are building a cabin on their claim and getting ready to work all winter.

Princeton has another barber shop, and H. Masson has opened a watch shop.

A movement is on foot to establish a public hospital in Princeton.

The Keremeos Chronicle says Henry Bahrs has taken an option on Jim Riordan's claims for \$60,000.

A Culture Club has been organized in Keremeos.

At Orlana, A. Stansfield has raised a potato weighing 3 pounds 13 ounces.

The miners will open a cooperative store in Nelson.

Three miles south of Kettle Falls D. McKellar has sold his ranch for \$14,000.

Billy Hall, jr., one of the locators of the Silver King mine near Nelson, died at Marcus aged 40 years.

Creamery butter from Carlew took first prize at the Spokane fair.

In one day \$21,000 worth of cattle were recently shipped from Republic.

R. E. Lee has sold his store in Colville.

An injunction has stopped operations at the Republic mine in Republic.

The Noble Five and Last Chance mines near Sandon are to have a case in court.

Andy Grierson, formerly of Sandon, was married to Miss Adams in Spokane a short time ago.

J. Parke-Channing has drawn up plans whereby the ores of the New Dominion Copper Co. will be treated at the Greenwood smelter.

The Le Roi mine at Rosland has declared a dividend of two shillings a share.

The Telkwa Mining company, of which Harry Howson is manager, owns 47 mineral and 6 coal claims in the Bulkley valley country, about 23 miles from Alderfer. Next year the company will expend \$100,000 in the development of these claims.

R. J. McDonnell of Port Essington has bought the Ingueca hotel.

Glentauna is the name of a new postoffice recently opened in the Bulkley valley.

Considerable fruit is being shipped from Meyer's Falls to Nelson and other towns in B. C.

At Molson Mr. Wedel recently jumped over the big divide by the gun trail.

At the power plant four miles from Oroville Theodore Inman was killed by getting caught in the belt.

On a ranch at Salmon Arm, owned by Mrs. A. McGuire, 530 boxes of Wolf River apples were picked from thirteen trees.

Martin Downs, the well known circus man, died in Toronto from the kick of a horse.

The B. C. elections will be held upon November 25, and the next legislature will meet January 20.

The 23 fremen of Grand Forks are exempt from road tax.

The Local Option League will hold a convention in Nelson next Thursday.

Billy Vaux will not be the prohibition candidate at the approaching election.

At Cascade J. A. Bertois is enlarging his hotel so it will accommodate 17 more guests.

Rosland can tax the surface of mineral claims not used for mining, provided said claims are within the city limits.

In July, J. O'Brien and A. L. Young, railway contractors, bought 17 acres of mining land at Cobals from the Ontario government for \$10,500. After expending \$2,486 in improving the property they sold it to a Montreal syndicate for \$400,000.

Robert Neal, a barber, died suddenly at Molson. He was addicted to booze and morphine.

The Golden Sands, a placer proposition near Oroville, is to be worked by the hydraulic process. Some assays have given the ground a value of \$4 to the cubic yard.

Two sawmills are to be built at New Alberni.

A report from Whitewater says that the lead has been struck in the long tunnel of the Whitewater Deep.

A lighthouse is needed at Lardo. Upon dark winter nights the lake captains have no lights to steer by except the one that Jack McLachlan has in his hotel window.

The C. P. R. is again running trains into Sandon and taking out plenty of ore.

There are 8,000 voters in Victoria. The list has doubled in 30 months.

Mann & Mackenzie have acquired mining properties in the Portland Canal district and will build a short line of railroad in that section.

A railway will shortly be commenced at Pasco in the State of Washington that will ultimately end at Vernon, B. C. Other railroads are making for this side of the line and they will draw an immense trade to the United States. The Canadians are apparently too slow in building railroad.

In Calgary the other day Duncan Ross drank some carbonic acid by mistake and died in 15 minutes. This is not our Duncan, for he never drinks anything stronger than whiskey, and is too wise to make a mistake in the bottles.

The wheat of Western Canada is worth \$122,000,000 this year.

There are signs of activity on Granite creek, and Vancouver mining men are examining quartz and placer claims in that district.

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

**Provincial Library**

Library

NOV 8 1909

VICTORIA

TALES BY A TRAMP.

The Dilapidated Gentleman and His Many Experiences.

HISTORY REPEATED ITSELF.

How a Justice of the Peace Got What Was Coming to Him For Making a False Arrest—A Michigan Murder Mystery.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

THE dilapidated gentleman was sitting on a park bench in the sunshine and enjoying his pipe with great gusto, and as the interviewer approached he was greeted with:

"I'm not much on old sayings, but I wish to remark that history repeats itself."

"Just how in this case?" "Seven or eight years ago, as I was taking a saunter over the great state of Ohio and was approaching Youngstown, I was nabbed by a constable, rushed before a J. P. and sent to jail for three months as a vag. I had \$25 in my pocket, had been at work for a farmer for weeks and was a vag in no sense of the term. I asked for



FOR AN HOUR I MADE HER TASTE THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH.

a lawyer to defend me, but was refused. While I dug my way out of the old jail within a week, I've always wanted to get even with that J. P. After getting out I wrote him a letter that I would get even."

"Well, I've got even at last. Half an hour ago the worst looking c-d bum I've seen in three years came along here and struck me for a nick. We fell to talking, and bang me if he didn't turn out to be that same old J. P. Lost his wife, lost his home and all else and has come down to tramping. Say, I got up, turned him around and gave him the boot six times, and now I feel that the matter is off my mind. Dr. Parkhurst would say that I ought to have taken him to my bosom and forgiven and sent him back to Ohio with a necklace of pearls, but I'm not doing business on that corner."

"I was telling you one time," continued the dilapidated, "about the absorbing interest farmers take in murders and robberies. It is because they seldom meet up with anything of the kind personally. I have stayed at farmhouses where such a thing as a robbery had not been known in fifty years. I told you at the same time that the general idea of a tramp is that he must have been a pretty wicked fellow at some time in his life. If he don't own up that he was and state that he has reformed we consider as only half a trumper."

"Five years ago this summer I was touring Michigan. There's a town up in the northern part of the state named Bad Ax. Perhaps there's a Good Ax around there somewhere to match it, but I can't say. Five miles from the town I struck a farmer who offered me a certain sum and board to grub out some stumps. I went at it. After supper that night I was asked enough questions to prove that the family was curious about me, and I promised that on the next night I would relate an experience to make their hair stand up. That farmer was a thrifty man. He went among his neighbors and repented my words, and the result was that when night came sixteen outsiders had gathered at his house, at a charge of 10 cents each, to hear me talk. Did he divvy with the undersigned? Oh, no! He knew a good thing when he saw it."

"His Marriage to a Lovely Girl. "When ready to talk I began with my marriage to a lovely girl and the happiness that followed for a year. Then a feud incarnate told her that I loved fourteen other women, and she eloped with him. I found her tracks in the mud and cowed heaven that I would never rest until I had had revenge. For eight long years I followed the guilty couple, and I was about to give up in despair when one evening I found myself seated directly behind them at a circus performance. As they ate peanuts and drank lemonade I tried to borrow a stiletto to stab them in the back. No stiletto was to be found."

"When the show was out I followed the couple. They got into a wagon, and drove three miles into the country, and I followed close behind. I could have pulled a rail off the fence and killed them as they drove, but I had another plan. At this point I asked 'one of my audience to take a solemn oath not to betray my secret nor take any steps whatever to bring me to justice. Not one refused to take the oath. They licked their chops and were glad to take it. It presaged something more bloody than they had hoped for."

"Well, as the story went, I hung around the farm for a couple of days, and then the wife began making soft soap. The lye in the big kettle had been boiling for five hours and mid night had come when I raised a win dow and crept into the house. I found the guilty parties asleep. I tapped them on the head with a club and

awoke them. Then I sat down by the bedside and glistened over their fears. Oh, but I glistened! They wept and prayed and shivered and shook, but I sat there with the look of a demon on my face. I prolonged their misery for hours, and I had my audience so wrought up that no one breathed."

"I could have battered in the skulls of my victims with the club or cut off their heads with the ax, but such a death would have been too merciful. After tantalizing them to my heart's content I carried the man out to the soap kettle and held him in it, head downward, until he ceased to kick. Then came the turn of her who had been my wife. Heavens, how she shrieked and prayed, how she ran around the room, how she cried out to me that the man had hypnotized her! I was grim-grim as the death that must soon be hers. She looked for just one flicker of mercy in my eyes, but she looked in vain. For an hour I made her taste the bitterness of death, and then I reached out to seize her and make soft soap of her, but heaven disease had carried her off. She was dead."

"And I'm glad of it!" shouted every soul in the room as he or she rose up

Robbed House and Fleed. "Well, there wasn't much more to tell them. I robbed the house and fled far away and had never even been suspected of the murders. I asked them to be so kind as to remember their oaths, as I had a strange prejudice against being hung, and then let the farmer lock me into the barn for the night. Next day I was arrested, of course. Every one of them had gone and given me away. Two constables came and loaded me with chains, and I was taken to the county jail. Warrants for murder were sworn out and the legal authorities at Plover Knob, Mo., communicated with. That's where I had laid the scene of the crime."

"Say, my friend, I was in quod six weeks and during that time 245 people were admitted to gaze upon the blood stained demon. Reporters from three papers interviewed me, and I told them six different yarns. I received and entertained and confessed to five different ministers. No two confessions were alike. Seven different doctors studied and examined me. I wasn't going through with all this and living like a tramp, you know. You bet I wasn't. I had the bridal chamber of the jail, and I had dainties and bouquets to eat the band. It was my harvest, and I made the most of it."

"Of course the Missouri officials were bound to write back after due investigation that I was a liar, and of course the time came when I was turned out of jail. There was general indignation that I was not a feidish murderer instead of an innocent man, and some folks hinted at lynching. The sheriff fairly kicked me out of the jail, and the only friend I had was the farmer for whom I had started grubbing stumps. He was waiting for me at his gate, and when I came along he saluted me with:

"Come right in and go to work again, and I'll make your board free this time."

"But I thought you'd be down on me," I said.

"Lands, no! A man that can tie like you can ought to have \$30 a month and board to do nothing else. Come in, come in."

Superfluous. "When I observe the way some things go in New York, or why we make a fuss when we get them," said the Rev. Thomas R. Silver, "and think of what we ought to have I am reminded of the poor minister who had seven children and whose family was increased to eight. He told his eldest child, a daughter, about the new baby."

"Well, father," she said, "I suppose it is all right, but there are a lot of things we needed more."—Saturday Evening Post.

What She Hoped. Miss Cayenne—Why, I thought you were to sail for Europe yesterday. Callowt—That was me—intention, doucher know, but I—w—changed me mind at the last moment.

Miss Cayenne—Glad to hear it, and I hope you got a better one in the exchange.—Pittsburg Post.

Her Weight of Sin. "Mother, I've a dreadful thing to confess to you. Last night when you told me to lie down in bed I lied down, but after you turned out the gas I grounded my teeth at you in the dark!"—London Punch.

Your Gait. Don't go such a fearful gait. "Take a slow an' steady gait. Don't you think you'd better heed Common sense an' check your speed? Rome warn't fashioned in a day. Flurry lobs don't never stay. Take a gait that's safe an' sane. They keep pushin' on the rein."

Better make it slow an' sure or you want it to endure. Lots o' things kin hap, indeed. When you try to overspeed. You might get there quicker, an' then ag'in you might be land. There's a gait that's safe an' sane. Take it, then push on the rein.

Quite Modern. "What are you doing?" "Waiting for my ship to come in." "You are waiting a long way from the ocean." "This is an airship."

Too Good to Keep. "What are you promoting?" "Just a gold mine." "Any gold in it?" "Think I'd be selling stock in it if there were?"

Disappointing. "She is writing an ode to Pan." "That sounds good. What pan?" "Pan, the god of nature." "Oh, she's! I thought it was the frying pan."

Economical. "Why does he now eat breakfast?" "To get his money's worth." "Don't understand." "Boards at the hotel, American plan."

MR. PICHE, PROMOTER.

Prospector Has Floated Some Interesting Companies in His Career.

Piche, the French-Canadian prospector, who was captured by the authorities after two years' search in all parts of the continent, has, as has already been shown by the reports in the daily press, had a spectacular career in his long life in the wilds, but there is one episode in his career that has not found its way into the daily papers.

A few years ago the city editor of an evening newspaper was asked to send a reporter to certain address on John street, Toronto, to receive an item about an important joint stock company that was to be formed. He finally located the place, and found it to be one of the rather shabby lodging houses that abound in that district. Here he found the little weasel-faced prospector in the company of twelve or fifteen Englishmen who had come to Canada with their savings to make a fortune. Piche was expounding what he called a great scheme, which the Englishmen were drinking in with apparent delight.

It was nothing less than to secure a large reservation on the shores of the Hudson Bay for the "breeding of fur-bearing animals." The promoter of the scheme had his prospectus drawn up, and expatiated on the high price of furs, and how in his wanderings in the wilds he had learned the secret of rearing beavers and other valuable beasts. The reporter had obviously been sent for a purpose, to convince the strangers that his scheme was bona fide. Piche, indeed, seemed to believe in his own plan, and his manner was so sincere that it was impossible to say whether he regarded the other fellows as "suckers" or not. However, the reporter decided that his paper did not want to boost the "get-rich-quick" scheme, and whether any of the Englishmen were persuaded to tempt fortune in the frozen north he never learned. At any rate, Piche's company never obtained letters of incorporation.

British Novel Markets. It is a curious fact, and one that none of the many connected with the making and selling of British books will, I think, deny, that while the nation as a whole seems to be first drifting toward practical schemes, those who make their living by literature are being asked, for the first time, to consent to the extreme cheapening of their wares. The vain author—and the type of writer whom I have in mind is almost invariably a man and not a woman—is being "got at" on the pretext that it is his work is offered to the public at a very low price. It will reach an immense number of readers thirsting for the message he has to convey. Within the last week one such author has informed me that if his books could be published at, say, threepence a copy, there would be a shelf of them in every cot in England, and that there is the writer who is told that cheapness spells circulation, and who is reminded that it is better business to earn fifty thousand pennies than a thousand shillings.—"A Woman Novelist" in London T.P.'s Weekly.

Airship Gossip. "How is it she doesn't manage to get along very well with her husband?" said the porch lady.

"She says he's too slow. He always wants to be pottering round the United States in an automobile."—Puck.

Summer Reading. I ask you novel when I'd win Contentment in my chair. Give me the weather bulletin That says "continuously fair."—Houston Post.

Past Cure. "They say Bluggins is a confirmed pessimist." "He is that. He told me only yesterday that he never expected to hear his child say a single smart thing."—Baltimore American.

A Fishing Incident. Although he didn't get a bite Upon his fishing trip. 'Twas plain when he got home at night That he'd had many a nip.—Detroit Free Press.

About Right. "What may I expect as pay for that poem?" asked the hopeful young man. "Well," said the editor, glancing at it again, "how would a penny for your thoughts suit you?"—Kansas City Times.

Contentment. I love the game as it is played, And yet the palm I yield. I'd rather lounge within the shade Than roam about the meads.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poultry Note. "So you are raising chickens?" "Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots. "What do you find the greatest menace to the welfare of poultry?" "Sunday company."

Just a Little Rhyme. The automobile goes its way. The swift and bright and chuggy. But I've no use for any day That folks devote to a buggy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All Are Not Useless. "A drowning man will catch at a straw." "Yes, especially a man who is drowning his sorrows."—Baltimore American.

Wanted a Weeping Whale. Captain E. P. Nuse of the Celtic was regaling a little group of ladies with sea stories.

"One trip," he said, "there was a woman who bothered the officers and me to death about whales. Her one desire was to see a whale. A dozen times a day she besought us to have her called if a whale bore in sight. "I said rather impatiently to her one afternoon:

"But, madam, why are you so anxious about this whale question?" "Captain," she answered, "I want to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to see such an enormous creature cry."—Rochester Herald.

Hard to Convince. As the celebrated soprano began to sing little Johnnie became greatly exercised over the gesticulations of the orchestra conductor.

"What's that man shaking his stick at her for?" he demanded indignantly. "Sh-h! He's not shaking his stick at her."

But Johnnie was not convinced. "Then what in thunder's she holleing for?"—Everybody's Magazine.

MEN OF MANY NAMES.

Oddities of the Baptismal Font Shown in Great Britain.

One cannot help sympathizing with Lieut. Tollemache, who, after groaning for many years under the burden of seven Christian names, containing no fewer than sixty letters, has at last decided to jettison five of them and to be known for the future as plain "Leo de Orellana Tollemache," a designation long enough surely to satisfy any reasonable man.

And yet the gallant lieutenant was an enviable person compared with the other members of his many-named family, nine of whom share one hundred and three Christian names, among them, ranging in number from ten to seventeen, the latter number being the baptismal dower of one of his sisters, who, if she ever has time to sign her full name, must write "Lyona-Decima Verona-Portia-Quintia-Cyssa-Hylda-Rovena-Viola-Adela-Phyllis-Urania-Ysabel-Blanche-Lelias-Dysart-Plantagenet-Tollemache."

That a multiplicity of names is not the prerogative of the higher classes was proved a few years ago when the infant boy of a Buckinghamshire farmer was presented at the font with a very long list of Christian names, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet, from Abel to Zarahiah and Zechariah, and when a farm laborer banded a list of twenty-nine names to the vicar of a church near "Newbridge Wells as the dower of his baby boy. Fortunately for the child the father was induced to cut down the allowance to a dozen.

Even then we can imagine that in future years that boy will look with envy on the offspring of a Mr. Penny, who labelled his children One Penny, Two Penny, and so on, up to the full shillings-worth of pennies.

The absurdities of Christian names are illustrated in a Sussex jury list of the late century, which may be seen in the "British" and "The Times." Jurors of that time were Safety-on-High-Snat, of Uckfield; Kill-Sin-People, of Westham; Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith-White, Small-Hope-Biggs, Pain-Not-Hirst, and Earth-Adams; although, after all, the names are no more remarkable than those given a few months ago to twin infants in the Midlands, who will go through life as Faith Hope Charity Rogers and Pentateuch Rogers.

Champion of Tariff Reform. Whatever views one may hold in regard to tariff reform, one cannot help admiring the spirit in which Mr. Austen Chamberlain is carrying on the campaign instituted by his father. He is a true champion of the Midlands, a "rare child of the old Midlands," and the veteran statesman, whom illness has compelled to retire from the political arena, must indeed feel proud of the son who has followed so creditably in his footsteps. Mr. Austen Chamberlain was once asked what qualities he considered contraindicatory to the success of a politician. "The powers of diplomacy and flattery," he is said to have replied. Apparently he studied the latter in his early days. The story goes that on one occasion, when his father had had a large number of trees planted in the grounds at Highbury, he gave a luncheon in honor of the occasion.

Mr. Austen was late, and he knew that if there was one undeniable fact in his father's eyes it is that of unpunctuality. He came in with an apology, and when he added that he had lost his way in "this new forest" he was speedily forgiven.

Little Mary and the Pig. The Marchioness of Graham, who is now receiving congratulations on the birth of a second child, was Lady Mary Hamilton, one of the richest heiresses in Europe, for her father, one of whose many titles was Duke of Hamilton, left as much of his land and money as was legally possible to his little daughter. Lady Mary's upbringing was, however, very simple, many of her childhood's days being spent at Brodick Castle, on the Isle of Arran, which she entirely owns, and her realization of her own great power was long in coming. During her father's lifetime, to train the little girl in the ways of economy and charity, her mother each year gave a pig into her charge. The supervision of the pig's rearing and the account of its costs were made the duty of the little Lady Mary, and when the pig was sold at the end of the year she gave the profits to her poorer friends among the tenantry. Immediately after her father's death, begging letters of all kinds came to her in shoals, much to her own mystification. "What's that, mother?" she remarked after reading through the first pile, "everybody seems to have heard about my pig."

Two Hearts. The teacher in a country school was explaining to a class in physiology the different organs and their functions in the human body.

She had just explained how the heart was divided into four chambers and that the right and left halves of the heart were entirely distinct. "Then she asked Annie, aged thirteen, how many hearts a person had.

"Two," answered Annie. "How is that?" asked the teacher. "Well, don't some people have a sweetheart?" answered the undaunted girl.—Los Angeles Times.

Learned Composer. The Court of the Stationers' Company has awarded a pension of £30 a year to Mr. Andrew Davidson, a journeyman composer, under the terms of the will of William Bowyer, made in July, 1777. Among the conditions laid down were that the pension must be given to a composer who is able to read Greek fluently with accents, and who is "a man of good life and conversation."

Digested Jokes. The Duke of Cumberland once said to Samuel Foote, the fearless satirist and versatile actor: "Well, here I am, ready as usual to swallow all your good things." To which Foote replied: "Upon my soul, your Royal Highness must have a most excellent digestion, for I never hear that you bring any up again."—John Fyvie.

The young American was stopped at the door of a fashionable church in London. "Are you related to the bride or groom?" asked the sexton. "No," said the young man. "Then what interest, may I ask, have you in a ceremony that is to be of the quietest character?" "I'm the defeated candidate," replied the young man.

Traded Medicines. Manman—Have you been taking your cough medicine, like a good boy? Tommy—No, not a bit. I let Polly taste it an' she liked it so I traded it to her for an orange.

\*\*\*\*\* ROSY-CHEEKED BABIES \*\*\*\*\*

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, rosy-cheeked, happy baby. But the price of Baby's health is constant vigilance on the part of the mother. The ill of babyhood comes suddenly and the wise mother will always be in a position to treat them at once. No other medicine can take the place of Baby's Own Tablets in relieving and curing the ills of babyhood and childhood, and there is no other medicine so safe. Mrs. Winslow, Vassar, Parretton, Ont., says:—My baby was troubled with his stomach, and was very cross while getting his teeth, and did not sleep well at night. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets with the best results. He is now one of the best natured babies one could wish. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Business Letter. Uncle (helping Harold to write to athletic outfitters for an air-gun)—And now how are you going to end up—Harold, affectionately, eh?—Harold, No. I know better than that; this is a business letter. I'm going to say, "Yours to hand."

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL. To All Women: I will send free, with full instructions, my home treatment, which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 77, Windsor, Ont.

What He Found. "He went into the country to find solitude." "Did he find it?" "No, quite the opposite; he sat down on an ant-hill."

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

Matter of Business. Highbrow (boastfully)—I get twenty cents a word for my stuff. I'm a word painter. Lowbrow (scornfully)—That's nothing. I get two dollars a word for mine. I'm a sign painter.

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

No Soothing Passage. Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)—Very fine. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back? Composer—That is where the waiter has the hotel bill brought to him.

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.

Blobs—In France I understand they eat horse meat. Slobbs—Yes, but they generally begin the meal with a pony.—Philadelphia Record.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes, so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected, a few applications completely curing the irritation, and preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly, W.A.V.R. Many a man's so-called moral courage is laziness, pure and simple.

Privilege of Experience. "Some o' de men dat I hears indignatin' 'bout Wall street," said Uncle Eben, "has had personal experiences dat intitles dem to speak wif feelin'." Dey minds me of de boy dat went after honey in a hornet's nest an' got stung."—Washington Star.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parneelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

"Love is the wine of life," quoted Wiseman. "And marriage is the morning after," added Simpleton.

Little Eugene, aged three, is the baby of the family. One night, after having had his supper and being put to bed, he propounded to his mother the question, "Mamma, who got my supper for me when you was littler?"—Lippincott's.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. Up-to-Date Lunatic. An angler was trying the water near a lunatic asylum, when he noticed a strange object floating down the river. As it neared him he saw, to his great astonishment, that it was a man, nearly submerged beneath the water. "Hi," he shouted, "what are you doing there?" "Sh-sh!" came the reply; "don't touch me; I'm a submarine!"

W. N. U., No. 760.

Had All the Symptoms

When Bluggins, senior, on the occasion of his annual party was obliged to his guests with "The Love. That Makes the World Go Round," Master William Bluggins seized the opportunity to retire for a few minutes behind the Japanese screen with his sire's half-smoked cigar.

The applause subsiding, Master Bluggins was observed by one of the company to be looking far from well. His face had taken on the hue of putty and his eyes stood out like small hatpegs.

"Good gracious, Willie! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Bluggins in alarm. "I believe you have been smoking."

Willie shook his head. "I don't think I have," he declared untruthfully. "It's the time that father has been singing about I—re-reckon I'm in love!"

A country visitor to a big city contemplated with amazement the huge sign displayed over the entrance to an institute in a prominent thoroughfare: "Stammering Institute. Trial Lesson Free. Upon my soul," exclaimed the rural traveller, "if that don't beat all! I knew they taught most everything these days, but who the dickens wants to learn stammerin'?"

"Hurrah!" "What's the matter?" "Here's a magazine with an article in it about something that the other magazines haven't any article about!"—Cleveland Leader.

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for Bath or Toilet. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

The tramp rang the doctor's bell and asked the pretty young woman who opened the door if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a suit of old clothes he would kindly give away. "I'm the doctor," said the smiling young woman, and the tramp all but fainted.

Hope for the Chronic Dyspeptic.—Through lack of consideration of the body's needs many persons allow disorders of the digestive apparatus to endure until they become chronic, filling days and nights with suffering. To these a course of Parneelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended as a sure and speedy way to regain health.

These pills are specially compounded to combat dyspepsia and the many ills that follow in its train, and they are successful always.

A young gentleman with a very plain face was rather annoyed because his view of the stage was obstructed by the hat of a pretty girl who was sitting in front of him in the gallery. "I wish to get a glimpse of the performance," he pleaded with courage and, in a nervous voice, exclaimed: "See here, miss, I want to look as well as you."

"Oh, do yer?" she replied, in a rich Cockney accent, as she turned round and looked at him square in the eye. "Then you'd better run home and change yer face."

Professor's English. How often we misuse words to the extent of saying the contrary to what we mean is pointed out in the following anecdote.

A college professor who prided himself on correct English heard his wife remark: "I intend to call Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water."

"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," corrected the professor. "I wish you would pay some attention to your rhetoric; your mistakes are curious."

A few moments later the professor said: "My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah!" she replied, quietly, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock we could not tell the time. I wish you would be more careful with your rhetoric, my dear; your mistakes are curious."

And the professor, all at once became very much interested in the book he was reading.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

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

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



"Why, the firm I represent," said the travelling salesman, "can sell you anything a civilized man or woman can conceive of. There's no end to the business branches in all parts of the world, and as for our central office—"

"You employ a lot of people, I suppose?" "Employees! Why, at the first of the year when we took a census of the employees it was found that eight bookkeepers and sixteen cashiers were missing, and it was the first we knew about it."

Angellina (who has never seen a revolving light before)—"How patient and preserving those sailors must be, Reggie. The wind has blown the light out six times since they lit it, and they've lighted it again each time."

Wounded Dignity—Undersized young husband calls at the registrar's to give in the name of his first-born.

Registrar—"What is it you want?" Husband—"To report the birth of a son."

Registrar—"Go back, my little man, and tell your father he'll have to come himself!"

Health Demands

that the bowels be kept regular. Neglect means sickness. Sluggish bowels are quickly regulated by

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents

VERMIN DEATH

Will exterminate Bed Bugs. VERMIN DEATH can be rubbed on bed-springs as it will not rust iron.

VERMIN DEATH is antiseptic and will not discolor varnished work if used as a cleanser.

VERMIN DEATH is a beautiful brown stain that can be used on floors or other unpainted woodwork.

Ask your store keeper or write Sales Manager.

Carbon Oil Works, Limited.

WINNIPEG, CANADA. Manufacturers of "COWL BRAND" Oil Specialties.

Eddy's Toilet Papers advertisement. offer you more of Better Toilet Tissue for the Same Money than any Other Make on the Market. Made in Every Known Form and Variety, and Every Sheet Guaranteed Chemically Pure. Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For EDDY'S MATCHES

SHOE POLISH advertisement. 2 in 1 SHOE POLISH shines instantly at the first rub or two of the brush or cloth. Will not rub off. Is waterproof. Softens and preserves the leather. No substitute even half as good. 10c. and 25c. Tins

PRIVATE JONES' CHEATING.

He'd Even Cheat the Goats That Would Feed Over His Grave.

By LEO CRANE. "E was a coal passer, was Jones, an' 'e was a store on the bloom'n' tramp Koolah until his mouth got him inter serious trouble affairs by reckless slip'n' lurid dancs toward the chief engineer. O' course 'e men knew 'e didn't mean anythink outer the way by the langwidge, but the chief engineer was a wiculous man, an' 'e allowed his terrible anger to become uncontrolled.

"So we men laid Jones away in the free ward o' a leetle hospital that half bid itself shylike behind a row o' scraggly palms. Then we men went off on a foot, eight o' us. Seven got back to the ship in time to sail with her. The eighth man 'e was left on the wharf deserted amid a multitude o' coolies. 'E was that man.

"An' being as 'E wouldn't shift cargo for a livin' wage, 'E presented meself, body an' soul, to a recruitin' officer who was out after one devil called Juan Torres. This same Juan Torres was up country some'tres bid'n, an' 'e didn't have no idear o' bel'n' k'etched, hence it needed men, an' 'E was a man.

"Now, on the mornin' afore we marched away who in all the worl' o' rascals should leave in sight but Jones. 'E had a rag about his head, an' 'e wanted to list. Now, 'E had never expected to see Jones again in this worl' an', bel'n' plous inclined, didn't want to meet him in the next. 'E always watched my terbacker when 'e was about. 'e saw Rawlins had lost terbacker.

"Well, they needed men, an' Jones was one, so 'e went along. 'E tol' me that the doctors at the leetle hospital had been very coincident that 'e would die, but in spite o' 'e fooled 'em.

"Any way, up country we goes after Juan Torres, an' the first beastly town we gets luter down goes Jones with the fever. The doctor o' the regiment said 'e would die certain, but Jones didn't. 'E scraped through, 'e'p me if 'e didn't. Two weeks after 'e began to creep about the camp unles kicks him a reg'lar smasher in the side, an' away to the leetle hospital they carries him to mend up.

"'E didn't see Jones no more for near a half year, neither did 'E see Juan Torres. One day when we thought we had 'im spotted at last inter camp Jones walks, smilin' grimly. 'E goes to the colonel an' says, 'E'll show 'e just where they are, says 'e. An' in ten minutes out 'e marches, Jones leadin' the way.

"How have 'e been? asks the colonel, leggin' 'e longside of Jones. "Werry well, says Jones back to him, pleasant-like. 'E ain't been out the hospital more'n ten days.

"'E's a hero, cries the colonel, an' 'e shall go.

"Why, man, says the other, 'e's got three-bolt wounds, shot twice through the body an' has been clouted across the head. 'E can't possibly live till mornin'!

"But Jones heard him say it, an' he calls out wreatly, does Jones. 'E's a lie, says he, an' 'E'll go'n' back to the leetle hospital!

"Well, 'e don't die a bit. At the end o' a week two natives shouldered his bed an' started for the coast. 'E an' five men went along to guard 'em. Five pieces in the rear more natives sullenly wrestled with the heavy coffin. Our orders were to plant him decently wherever 'e died, an' we determined to do it. Tow' we had marched a week the coffin came inter sight. By that time Jones was able to sit up an' take notice, but when 'e saw the town an' the leetle red roof o' the hospital, 'e started to wade such a frantic welcome with his hand that a memorichage resulted. We ordered the two sullen natives to bustle to the front with their burden. But Jones rallied.

"It's no use, says he, grittin' his teeth. 'I can't bury me in this worn-out soil. If 'E don't reach the leetle hospital I throw me overboard later 'e'll be cured to one if 'e'll only beave me up the gangway."

"'Spit! 'e cures 'e? 'E queried. "Spit! 'e cures Jones, mutterin' a curse.

"So we did. The chief engineer saw us comin' an' nearly had a stroke. But the fun o' all was to see them two sullen natives. They had hustled an' pushed with that coffin all the way from up country, an' they were all fagged out. With a rich burst o' tropic on the they cast it out inter the water, an' waded their maledictions at the ring o' expandin' ripples that marked its burial.

"Was that for Jones? asked a voice. "E' looked up to see Sam Rawlins sturin' at him. 'E nodded. "It don't 'sprise me, 'e said slowly an' thoughtfully. 'E'd cheat anythink. 'E'd cheat the goats that'd feed over his grave! 'E chagins 'E'll go an' look up my terbacker, says Sam Rawlins. An' 'e did it."

A Scriptural Explanation. When William Fingilly was a sailor boy, weather bound on the coast of Devonshire, he had his earliest geological experience, and S. Baring-Gould, the author of "Cornish Characters and Strange Events," says he was wont to relate it as printed below:

I received my first lesson in geology at Lyme Regis very soon after I had entered my teens. A laborer whom I was observing accidentally broke a large stone of blue limestone and thus disclosed a fine ammonite—the first fossil I had ever seen or heard of.

TOWNS ON HOLIDAYS.

Outings in England Provided by Generous Firms.

A few days ago Swindon was half depopulated. Twenty-five thousand of its inhabitants departed for trips to various seaside places, being conveyed by a couple of dozen special trains provided by the Great Western Railway.

Just before the Swindon exodus, the famous firm of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., of Bourneville, provided a day's entertainment and sport for the thousands of employees at Messrs. Cadbury of course, are, like Messrs. Lever, of Port Sunlight, as famous for the benefits they have conferred upon their workpeople as they are for their respective manufactures.

Every thing is carried out on a free and generous scale by the great firm of Bass when their employees go to their outing. Their usual plan is to buy up for the day the whole of the amusements of the place visited, in addition to which everyone is insured against railway accident for £100 or £200. This mammoth excursion usually costs Messrs. Bass about £15,000.

Proposed by Beaconsfield. The recent death of Don Carlos recalls the death of Lord Cardigan, who, by reminiscences will shortly be published, was at one time engaged to his cousin, but the match was broken off, and she afterwards married the Earl of Cardigan, who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and who died just over 20 years ago.

Judged by the Title. Mr. Harry M. Vernon, the author of that clever curtain-raiser, "The Deputy Sheriff," which is attracting so many people to the Garrick Theatre, told the writer a curious story concerning it the other day.

Capitalizing a Voice. Floating a young lady's voice as a limited liability company sounds somewhat Gilbertian, yet it has actually been done in Australia. A syndicate with a capital of £1,000 in £1 shares has been formed to send a young lady with a remarkable voice to be trained by Mme. Marchesi in Paris.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc. One day a dentist had occasion to punish his five-year-old son for disobedience. As he picked up the rod the little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?"

Malta's New Governor. It is 32 years ago since Lieut-General Sir Leslie Rundle, the new Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta, joined the Royal Artillery. Since then he has seen much active service, and proved himself every inch a soldier, one of his greatest admirers being Lord Kitchener.

What He Thought. The old gentleman was not accustomed to having the new railway in his town. Upon seeing a train approaching he whipped up his horse and tried to cross the track in front of it.

NERVOUS DISORDERS

Promptly Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If your hand trembles or is unsteady, remember that this is a sure and early sign of your nervous system being at fault. The mischief may develop slowly to a worse stage. You feel unaccountably weak and weary after exertion; you lose flesh; you turn against food and suffer palpitations and indigestion after eating.

Every other weak, sickly, worn out, nervous person should follow the example of Mrs. Ward and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These Pills will send new blood coursing through the veins and bring brightness and energy to the weak and despondent.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Expeller has their town. There were no losses on the British side. The Gussoro chief was at first reported killed, but he succeeded in making good his escape.

The Western Way. Henry W. Lucy, the famous English journalist, familiarly known as "Toby, M.P.," under which name he writes deliciously humorous Parliamentary comment for Punch and who was recently rewarded with a Knighthood, tells some rich stories indeed in his recently published volume of reminiscences, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia. One day a dentist had occasion to punish his five-year-old son for disobedience. As he picked up the rod the little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff. There was a slight commotion under the sofa. The pretty girl and her fiancé needed under and she started to see Brother Tommy's toes protruding.

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POISONED ARROWS.

How a British Force was Ambushed at Kuta, in Nigeria.

A hazardous journey in face of a tornado to a scene of an attack on a British force, who were ambushed, is told in the details now to hand of the attack on a British force in Nigeria. The first news came at Minna, a place on the line of the Baro Kano Railway, about 30 miles from the scene of the occurrence, stating that a British force had been cut up at Gussoro: by the difficult and treacherous Guari people.

Mr. Low spent 12 hours in Kuta, and, having assured himself of the loyalty of the townspeople, resumed his journey to the coast. Picking up a construction train on the way back, he just caught his steamer, but was nearly drowned in a native canoe when going down the Niger. He met the punitive force under Maj. Williams, consisting of 150 men, with a Maxim, on its way to the scene of the ambush.

When the attack was made, however, the telegraph line was down. Lieut. Vanrenen had only proceeded for a few miles when he was completely overwhelmed by a force of some 600 natives, who surrounded the party in the thick bush. A deadly fire of poisoned arrows, at short range, was poured upon the British, Lieut. Vanrenen being at once killed, his body falling in the long grass. The doctor was also wounded by poisoned arrows, and 12 police were killed.

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MAURETANIA

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TOOKE'S

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MAGISTRATE'S SKIN DISEASE CURED

Magistrate F. Rasmussen, of St. Marquette, Montreal, writes to the Zam-Buk Co. as follows: "Gentlemen,—For many years I was troubled with a serious eruption of the skin, which was not only unsightly, but at times very painful. I first tried various household remedies, but all these proved altogether useless. It was then that I tried your medicine, and I determined to give this a trial.

"After a thoroughly fair test, I can say I am delighted with it. I have the best reasons for this conclusion; because, while everything else I tried—salves, embrocations, washes, soaps, and doctors' preparations—failed absolutely to relieve my pain and rid me of my trouble, three boxes of Zam-Buk have worked a complete cure."

Making a Start. Jackson and Hughes were old friends. The former, by shrewdness and industry, earned a good income but Hughes was not so fortunate.

The Smallest. A conductor on a car had a good run of business on Sunday afternoon, but he had difficulty in keeping himself supplied with small change.

You Bet! "De man dat thinks 'e's smarter dan everybody else," says Uncle Eben, "must be fairly happy if 'e could keep from reachin' into his wallet an' bakin' himself wit' real money."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc. One day a dentist had occasion to punish his five-year-old son for disobedience. As he picked up the rod the little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?"

Agreed With the Court. A lawyer came into court drunk, when the judge said to him: "Sir, I am sorry to see you in a situation which is a disgrace to yourself and family and the profession to which you belong."

Capitalizing a Voice. Floating a young lady's voice as a limited liability company sounds somewhat Gilbertian, yet it has actually been done in Australia. A syndicate with a capital of £1,000 in £1 shares has been formed to send a young lady with a remarkable voice to be trained by Mme. Marchesi in Paris.

DODDS KIDNEY PILLS. THE QUALITY MARK. Recognized the world over as the quality-mark of finest silt-plate, the name "1847 ROGERS BROS." covers a line of knives, forks, spoons, etc., famous for beauty and durability.

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The Union Hotel. Eholt, B. C. A COMFORTABLE HOSTELRY. John A. McMaster Proprietor.

The Hume... Nelson, B. C. GEO. P. WELLS, Proprietor. First-class in everything. Steam heat, electric light, private baths.

Central Hotel... PHOENIX. The nearest hotel to the Granby mines. One of the largest dining rooms in the city.

Pioneer Hotel... Greenwood, B. C. The oldest hotel in the city, and still under the same management.

THE Arlington Hotel GREENWOOD. Is the place for Peep-o'-Day Cock-tails and Evening Night-Caps.

The Kootenay Saloon. Sandon, B. C., has a line of nerve bracers unsurpassed in any mountain town of the Great West.

Hotel Alexander. PHOENIX, B. C. Is a comfortable home for the motorist and traveler.

THE HOTEL GRANBY. Is pleasantly situated in the heart of Grand Forks, and is convenient to all the leading financial and commercial institutions of the city.

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.

CITY Transfer Co. Baggage transferred to any part of the City. Furniture moved to any part of the District.

SIDNEY OLIVER. Get your Razors Honed and your Baths at Frawley's Barber. Shop, Greenwood.

T. THOMAS. MERCHANT TAILOR. Clothes Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired. Dry Cleaning a Specialty.

PROCTER & BLACKWOOD. NELSON, B. C. Real Estate, Mines, Insurance and Fruit Lands. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Smoke... Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by J. E. Chellin & Co., Nelson.

Frank Fletcher. PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR. Nelson, B. C.

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

J. R. Cameron. Leading Tailor of the Kootenays. Kaslo, B. C.

About Float. Float is not a periodical. It is a book containing 36 illustrations all told, and is filled with sketches and stories of western life.

R. T. Lowery. GREENWOOD, B. C.

The Hotel Slokan. Three Forks, B. C., is the leading hotel of the city. Mountain trout and game dinners a specialty.

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.

R. T. LOWERY, PUBLISHER. GREENWOOD B. C., NOV 4, 1909.

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

It is now said that Limburger cheese will cure cancer and leprosy.

It looks quite natural for people at the coast to favor a local option law.

THE smiling candidate with the glad hand is now apparent in this glorious land.

ANY kind of a dead fish can float down stream, but it takes a live one to swim up.

TIME works many changes. Last week fifty boxes of fancy apples were shipped from Kaslo for exhibition in England.

THE C. P. R. does a cash business, but in paying some of its bills it is about as slow as some of the decisions in B. C. litigation.

TO HAVE a surplus in the treasury is one of the highest compliments that could be paid a government. B. C. has money in the bank and no sheriff at the door.

EXPERTS upon provincial political affairs claim that it is doubtful that even eight Liberals will be elected upon Nov. 25. Oliver will need an overcoat after that date.

THE birth of McBride's railway policy is the fulfillment of the pledge he made years ago when he stated that his government would have no dealings with hot-air promoters or paper railways.

THE Grand Forks Sun says that a paper published not far from that city never grows tired of advising people to buy from home merchants, although the editor imports his butter from Manitoba.

YEARS ago Spokane made millions out of the mines in the Slokan and Rossland, but at present capital in that city is very slow about coming into B. C. If that city had a group of men like those who developed the Le Roi in early days they could make several fortunes by developing mines in the Boundary and Similkameen.

THE young man who went from Vernon to act as trade commissioner for Canada in Japan has been recalled. He hurt the Mikado's feelings by chewing gum and in other ways. He was not discreet or polite. Canada should be more careful when it sends representatives to foreign countries.

It is announced that the C. P. R. has decided to place altars, etc. on its Empire lines so that priests can celebrate mass while crossing the Atlantic. If the same privilege is extended to all churches the terrors of a sea voyage will be somewhat increased.

The formation, or country rock, of the district is gray granites. The greenstone varies in depth. In many places the granites are exposed to the surface, forming bosses.

DEVELOPMENT. The Starve Out mine is developed by three incline shafts. No. 1 80 feet deep; No. 2, 115 feet deep, and No. 3, 40 feet deep, following the veins as nearly as possible.

CHARACTERISTICS OF VEINS. The three veins developed on the property parallel each other in an easterly and westerly direction, pitching southerly, and No. 1 and No. 2 are about 100 feet apart, and No. 3 about 300 feet from No. 2.

THE ore consists of native silver, carbonates, galena, iron and copper pyrites in a quartz gangue, carrying high values in gold and silver. Some assays have been taken and run as high as \$90.

The McBride railway policy has been placed before the people and those who can read should be familiar with the details by this time. Southern British Columbia, especially the Boundary and Similkameen districts, are more particularly interested in that portion of the policy dealing with the building of the missing link of railway between Midway and Nicola.

THE Victoria Times, in its gop for political capital, says that in the railway policy that the premier goes to the country with this month, districts now represented by Liberal members get as much consideration as those represented by Conservatives.

THE smiling candidate with the glad hand is now apparent in this glorious land.

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Very little sorting is required as the ore comes out massive and clean. The ledges are 2 to 5 feet wide as shown in the three shafts. At No. 1 shaft there are approximately 60 tons of ore taken out and ready for shipment.

PRESENT DEVELOPMENT. There are two shifts of men working at present, with a blacksmith convenient, ore cars and rails, and the ground prepared to install a compressor.

REMARKS. Judging from the amount of ore shipped from such mines as the Skylark, Providence, Gold Bug, Strathmore, Silver Cloud, Elkhorn and others, all within a radius of a mile and in the same formation, being parallel veins, the company in my opinion has undoubtedly one of the most promising mines as exposed in the three shafts above mentioned. Respectfully submitted, J. H. EAST.

Kodaks and photographic supplies at McRae Bros., Phoenix.

SCHOOL REPORT. Following is the school report for October: DIVISION I—J. L. WATSON. Pupils actually attending 23. Average daily attendance 20.30. Percentage of regularity 86.26.

Pupils present every session—William Johns, Hazel Redpath, Frances Rowe, Gordon Smith, Iva Sutton, Lottie Sutton, Ward Storer.

DIVISION II—J. I. MACKENZIE. Pupils actually attending 23. Average daily attendance 22.07. Percentage of regularity 95.00.

Pupils present every session—Lena Archibald, Leo Barnett, Joy Cummins, Maudie Eales, Judith Johnson, Donald McAllister, Daniel McKee, Geo. MacLeod, James Oliver, Ted Proctor, Gray Redpath, Robert Smith, Sutherland Smith, Dick Taylor.

DIVISION III—M. CUNNINGHAM. Pupils actually attending 34. Average daily attendance 31.35. Percentage of regularity 92.23.

Pupils present every session—Ernest Archibald, Jean Coles, Kathleen Hardie, Dorothy Johnson, Francis Jordan, Sadie Jordan, Sam McAllister, John McArthur, Helen McKay, Harold McKenzie, Cecilia McIntosh, Ethel Pond, Muriel Redpath, Vera Redpath, Arthur Rees, Catherine Rees, Ruby Smith, Tom Taylor.

Widowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

Take your repairs to A. D. MORRISON Grand Forks, the Leading Jeweler of the Boundary District.

Renewal of Liquor License. Take Notice that I, James Henderson, of Greenwood, B. C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as the Argona Hotel, at Greenwood, B. C. Dated this 14th day of October, 1909. JAMES HENDERSON.

Transfer of Liquor License. Take Notice that I intend to apply to the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Greenwood at their next sitting for a transfer of the liquor license now held by me for the Kootenay Hotel, situated on Lot 16, Block 7, Map 21, Capper street, in the city of Greenwood, B. C. to Donald McDonald and Hugh McMillan. Dated this 12th day of October, 1909. THOMAS WALSH.

Renewal of Liquor License. Take Notice that I, M. W. Ludlow, intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as the Windsor Hotel at Greenwood, B. C. Dated this 14th day of October, 1909. M. W. LUDLOW.

Renewal of Liquor License. Take Notice that I, Perthin O. Thomet, of Midway, intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as the Midway Hotel, at Midway, B. C. Dated this 14th day of October, 1909. BERTHA G. THOMET.

Renewal of Liquor License. Take Notice that I, Evan O. Lewis, of Boundary Falls, intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as the Starve Out Hotel, at Boundary Falls, B. C. Dated this 14th day of October, 1909. EVAN O. LEWIS.

Renewal of Liquor License. Take Notice that I, Norman Luse, of Eholt, intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as the Crowfoot Hotel at Midway, B. C. Dated this 14th day of October, 1909. NORMAN LUSE.

Renewal of Liquor License. Take Notice that I, Saml A. Crowell, of Midway, B. C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for a renewal of my hotel license for the premises known as Crowell's Hotel at Midway, B. C. Dated this 14th day of October, 1909. SAML A. CROWELL.

C. J. McARTHUR Dealer in Coal, Wood, Ties, Poles, etc. Heavy Teaming to any part of the District. GALT COAL. Unequaled for Domestic Use.

Regina Watches. Absolutely guaranteed. All sizes, all prices. Come in and see them. A. LOGAN & CO.

The Argo Tunnel. The Argo Mining and Tunnel Co. is organized under the laws of B. C. with a capital stock of \$125,000, divided into 500,000 shares of 25 cents each, non-personal liability.

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.

The Hotel Ladysmith. Greenwood, is the home for workmen of all nations. It is convenient to the smelter on the hill. The dining room is supplied with tasty and substantial food, while the bar contains the best wet goods in the market.

Lakeview - Hotel KASLO B. C. Employs All White Help and is a home for the world at \$1 a day.

Newmarket Hotel. Is a home for all tourists and millionaires visiting New Denver, British Columbia.

STARKEY & CO. NELSON, B. C. WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS.

PROVINCE HOTEL. Grand Forks, is a large three-story brick hotel that provides the public with good meals and pleasant rooms.

LOWERY'S CLAIM. During the 97 months that Lowery's Claim was on earth it did business all over the world. It was the most unique, independent and fearless journal ever produced in Canada.