

THE LEDGE

Vol. XVII

GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1910.

No. 17

A FULL LINE OF

WOOLLEN GOODS

SWEATERS, UNDERWEAR, BLANKETS, SOCKS, ETC.

RUSSELL-LAW-CAULFIELD Co.
GREENWOOD, B. C.

Windsor Hotel

The Windsor Hotel is one of the best furnished hotels in the West. It is located in the heart of Greenwood and within easy reach of all the financial and commercial institutions of the Copper Metropolis. Heated with steam and lit by electricity. Commodious sample rooms. The bar is replete with all modern beverages, and the Cafe never closes. Rooms reserved by telegraph.

The Windsor Hotel Co. E. J. Cartier, Manager

DON'T BUY FURNITURE

Until you size up our Stock and Prices

We carry a BIG LINE of ALL KINDS.

T. M. GULLEY & Co.,
GREENWOOD, B. C.
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE. PHONE 27.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., PRESIDENT.
ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER.

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$6,000,000.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1 and upwards in this Department. Careful attention is given to every account. Small deposits are welcomed.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor. Full and clear written instructions as to who is to make the withdrawals should always be given to the Bank when opening accounts of this nature.

J. T. BEATTIE, Manager. Greenwood Branch.



TEMPERANCE

is all right if shown of humbuggery. Too much water drinking is just as injurious as too much liquor or anything else.

OUR PURE WINES AND LIQUORS

are medicinal if not abused. Every household should have a moderate supply of pure wines or liquors in the closet for emergency—either unexpected visitors or sudden illness, when a drop of pure liquor in time may forestall all necessity for drugs.

Greenwood Liquor Company, Importers, Greenwood, B. C.

ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL

GREENWOOD, B. C.

The Really Best House in the Boundary, Recently Remodeled and Strictly Up-to-Date. Restaurant in Connection.

ROY & BOYER PROPRIETORS.

Honest Confession.

From La Harpe Journal, (Kansas).—The Journal erred last week in saying that Mrs. Lillie Slack played "Narcissa" for the rose drill at the eighth grade school commencement. Miss Marjorie Bright should have received that credit.

The playing was fully worthy the fine musical talent of Mrs. Slack anyway—and the Journal man is practically blind after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

A GENTLEMAN is never in a hurry, but this should not apply to paying the printer.

FROM THE KITCHEN TO TRAIN.



We have the smartest Kitchen Cabinet on earth. Special at \$7.50.



Suit Cases, Travelling Bags and Trunks. See the Line.

You will save money by seeing

A. L. WHITE,

The Furniture & Stove Man.
PHONE 16. GREENWOOD, B. C.

F. JAYNES' SPECIALS

PASTRY BAKED DAILY AND ALWAYS FRESH.

HOLBROOK'S CUSTARD POWDER
1 lb. Tins, 3 for 50c.

COLUMBIA COFFEE
3 lbs. for \$1.00.

COPPER STREET.

Take your Repairs to

A. D. MORRISON

Grand Forks, the Leading Jeweler
of the Boundary District

Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Nelson, B. C.

Wants a Man.

Down in Alberni a girl is advertising for a husband. She wants a young man, not over 42.

What, in the name of the little naked god, is this western country coming to? There is something radically wrong with the times when a girl has to go out after them with a "want ad." It may be the damp climate down there at the coast that accounts for the backwardness of the "young men under 42." Or it may be the increased cost of living. Rents are high and family washing has gone up 20 per cent in the past year. But this does not excuse the Island swains. When duty calls, mere material considerations should have no weight in deciding their course of action. The only way the Island bachelors can redeem themselves is to offer themselves in a body to the fair advertiser and let her take her choice.

A girl has a right to marry if she wants to. By the limits of conventionality she is required to wait until an acceptable swain offers her his hand and latch key. Under these circumstances what is the first duty of a single man? Every man who has attained his majority should paste on a conspicuous place on the outer surface of his hat these words, "Will you be my wife?" Justice and gallantry demand it. Conditions warrant it. The girls would appreciate it. Every single man should be so labelled. Then, at last, would the weaker sex have "equal rights" and an even break. A girl has a right to tell a man she will be a sister to him. Man also should have the refusal privilege, provided he could show cause. Otherwise he should come through. It is a crying shame that a girl should have to blow in her pin money on publicity when she could use it to much greater advantage on new trimmings for last year's hat.—Ferne Free Press.

FOR SALE—1,000 shares of Boundary Mining and Exploration Co., Ltd., stock (Midway Coal), at 15c per share. Apply E. G., Ledge office.

Doc. Thomas left for New Westminster on Monday, where he will do business in the drug line. Doc. is clever and should do a big business at the coast.

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Jim Grier writes from New Denver, to say that he weighs 180 pounds, in spite of the fact that he has to work nearly all the time to keep abreast of the work that constantly pours into his office.

The Annual Ball of the Odd-fellows, upon Monday evening, was a pronounced success, and one of the best dances ever given in Greenwood. The music was furnished by Bush's orchestra and the supper by the Windsor hotel.

The canvassers report that nearly \$3,000 has already been subscribed towards the building of a large rink in Greenwood. It will be known this week how much money can be raised towards the creation of this worthy enterprise.

John McGrath was brought in from Phoenix, last Friday, charged with being insane. He has been working on the C.P.R. upon the Phoenix hill, and imagines that various natural agencies are exerting a malign influence over him.

If stores had bargain days for husbands, many a dear old virgin would be camped at the door long before Old Sol touched the horizon with the first tint of dawn.

Passing Through

Tuesday was pay day at the Argo tunnel.

J. H. East has returned to Midway from the Cariboo district.

Born.—Upon October 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Eustis, a son.

These days Stork's store is crowded by ladies seeking bargains.

F. W. McLaine has returned from a trip to Cranbrook and Calgary.

More than \$4,000 was taken in at the City Hall, on Tuesday, for taxes.

In Greenwood, Grand Forks apples retail at from 4 to 6 cents a pound.

George Swaulund is night watchman at the silent smelter at Boundary Falls.

Indications in the Argo tunnel seem to be favorable to the striking of a large body of ore.

The signs of an approaching municipal election are becoming apparent in Greenwood.

The Narden hotel has been improved in many ways this fall, and now contains 44 rooms.

Kotka Wizaick took hold of a live wire at the Gold Drop mine, last Friday, and was killed.

James Cunningham and the other typhoid patients in Greenwood are rapidly recovering.

Nearly all the empty houses along Kimberly avenue have become occupied by new tenants.

Ola Lofstad expects to sell a large block of Argo tunnel stock in Vancouver within a few weeks.

The lots in Orient townsite have been put on the market and vary in price from \$100 to \$600 each.

L. Reinecke has finished his geological survey in the West Fork district and returned to Ottawa.

The Russell-Law-Caulfield Co. has received several carloads of apples and potatoes from Grand Forks.

Jack Coryell has returned to his home in Grand Forks after spending the summer surveying in the Cariboo.

David Manchester, who has been running a motor at the smelter for the past three months returned to Spokane this week.

HAY FOR SALE.—130 tons of Baled Wheat Hay, No. 1 quality, and 15 tons of Timothy. R. G. Sidley, Sidley, B. C.

The Greenwood Liquor Co. received a carload of whiskey from Toronto this week. The freight cost more than \$730.

James McCreath was in Grand Forks last week upon a commercial trip. He does a large business in the city of big apples.

Duncan McIntosh estimates that he will not again be a candidate for the mayoralty, although he may fill in as an alderman.

George McDonald of Baker creek, is supposed to be insane and has been taken to Grand Forks to await a medical examination.

FOR SALE.—1,000 shares of Boundary Mining and Exploration Co., Ltd., stock (Midway Coal), at 15c per share. Apply X, Ledge office.

Hon. Price Ellison and Robert Wood have a bond on the Okanagan mine, near Penticton. The tunnel will be driven several feet farther than its present length. If results are satisfactory a shaft will be sunk with two shafts. This mine was discovered in 1886, and ore from it runs as high as \$35 a ton in gold and silver.

Gordon, a son of Dan McLaren, at Deadwood, while playing with some other boys four years ago, got a head of timothy three inches long into one of his lungs. This boy, now nine years old, has been sinking ever since, and Dr. Oppenheimer was sure he had consumption. The other day, after a violent fit of coughing, Gordon succeeded in expelling the timothy that had caused him to droop for four long years. The timothy is just as fresh as it was upon the day that Gordon breathed it into his lung. While still weak, it will not be long before he recovers his health and becomes a joy to his parents.

Since last week the following have registered as municipal voters: J. Dockstader, C. E. Smith, A. Kier, O. Boyer, M. E. Roy, A. S. Black, J. M. Cropley, J. D. MacLean, N. McLeod, P. Fogarty, J. Meyer, G. Hamby, B. Schandel, A. A. Frechette, J. A. Clark, H. McGilvray, W. Elton, E. Ruessell, W. Connell, W. Lepard, W. E. McArthur, R. T. Lowery, J. H. Goodeve, W. H. Campbell, E. Cartier, R. Robinson, D. P. Binor, G. H. Thompson, R. H. Hargreaves, W. G. Pond, J. Foulds, C. W. Lawe, M. Kay, J. Barryman, A. A. Anderson, Geo. Lamb, W. B. Vaux, H. C. Cummin, D. A. McDonald, J. H. James, R. H. Whitford, R. Henderson, A. Poutessau and W. Johns.

THE BIG TUNNEL

Duncan McIntosh received a wire from Chicago on Monday, stating that all financial matters relating to the Big Tunnel had been satisfactorily settled, and instructing him to make a draft for all the money that he required. The Ledge understands that at least \$70,000 has been placed in the treasury of the company in Chicago and that the stockholders in that city are jubilant over the prospects of this great enterprise. Preparations are being made this week to resume active operations, and the two big machines will soon be pounding the rock at the rate of ten or more feet a day. This tunnel, when completed, will be the largest and longest mining tunnel in Canada. It will be driven over 17,000 feet under the mountain between Greenwood and Phoenix. The resumption of work on this great enterprise will soon focus the eyes of the mining world upon Greenwood.

Western Float

Lime is being burned at Stuart lake.

In Rupe, real estate is becoming more active.

In Nicola's hay is \$21 a ton and potatoes \$22.

Harvey Creech is erecting a hotel at Copper City.

Richard Hall is building a \$12,000 residence in Victoria.

The Canadian Express Co. will establish a branch in Stewart.

Trout Lake City is becoming celebrated as a rest cure resort.

Louis Barrett has sold his restaurant in Merritt to F. Iverson.

The average daily shipment of milk from Langley is 1,000 gallons.

The B. C. legislature will resume active operations upon January 11.

The C.P.R. will build a scenic railway from Banff to Windermere.

The C.P.R. is laying heavy steel rails between Trail and Castlegar.

More money is needed to complete the power plant at Revelstoke.

All the ground near Kilselas that carries coarse gold has been located.

The C.P.R. has surveyors at work on the north end of Vancouver Island.

Around Chilliwack the potato crop is expected to average 15 tons to the acre.

M. J. Heney, the well-known railway contractor, died in 'Frisco last month.

A movement is on foot to build an ice curling and skating rink in Vancouver.

So far this year New Westminster has had 79 fires. There were 85 last year.

There were \$2,000 worth of pure-blooded poultry exhibited at the Cheesaw fair.

All C.P.R. trains between Broadway and Moose Jaw are despatched by telephone.

His friends in England would like to know the whereabouts of Cecil Robson.

This year the ranchers in the Yakima valley shipped 3,500 carloads of apples.

The New Era, with J. M. Miller as editor, has made its appearance in Chilliwack.

From May 19 to September 30, the city of Prince Rupert expended \$60,157.98.

There are about 15,000 opium victims in Canada, most of whom live in the west.

St. Paul has the lowest death roll in the United States and New Orleans the highest.

Owing to the high price of milk the cheese factory at Jardine closed down some time ago.

John A. Turner has announced himself as a candidate for the mayoralty of Victoria.

Hon. Price Ellison and wife are on their way to England. They will return in January.

This week the prizes given at the National Apple Show in Vancouver amount to \$25,000.

Bob Stevenson the veteran prospector is in hospital at Hedley, suffering from a carbuncle.

Mayor Stork, Geo. R. Naden and other liberals have bought a newspaper in Prince Rupert.

Potatoes weighing from three to four pounds are not uncommon to the farmers around Keremeas.

About 200 places, including four cities, will vote upon local option in Saskatchewan, upon Dec. 15.

During the past 40 years the Vancouver Island mines have produced \$60,000,000 worth of coal.

As its works in Ladysmith, the Tyee Copper Co. propose to build the first copper refining plant in Canada.

The owners of the Monarch mine, near Field, propose to erect a 50-ton concentrator and a zinc separating plant.

Kilselas is putting on airs. The local paper has changed its name from Big Canyon Weekly to the Inland Colonist.

In Dawson every year, the Methodist church gives a sordid dinner. Prayers are said the following morning.

During the present season more than 6,000 boxes of peaches, in addition to other fruits were shipped from Penticton.

An effort is being made in Armstrong to form a company for the purpose of building a curling rink. The shares are \$5 each.

Bert Whitcup fell off the steamer Islander when it was passing thru the Big Canyon on the Skeena river, and was drowned.

A company has been formed to work some mica mines in the Big Bend country. Mica is worth from \$500 a ton upwards.

What's the Difference.

Talking about war; a soldier in Victoria leaned out of a barrack window and shot an officer. No doubt they will hang him; which seems absurd, as a lot of money had been spent training him in the gentle art of killing. The difference, however, seems to be that he killed a man whom he hated, in his own behalf, which is criminal, whereas he should have confined himself to killing somebody he didn't even know on somebody else's behalf, which is glorious. Then, instead of being hanged he would have been given a medal, and possibly allowed to starve to death on the Embankment.—D. G. McKenzie.

In Phoenix, D. J. Matheson has the agency for twelve of the best board fire insurances in the world. The rates are moderate and the indemnity certain in case of loss. It is a wife man who provides against loss by fire. Drop a line to D. J. Matheson if you feel an interest in fire insurance.

Presbyterian Library

Library, L.P.C. Relative Association
NOV 7 1910
VICTORIA, B. C.

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He Won the Bet

He Also Won Something Else That Was Not Included In the Terms

By DAVID W. CHURCH

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A number of people stood on the piazza of a summer hotel leading into Washington, now looking at their watches and now up the road as if expecting something or somebody. Among them was a young lady dressed evidently for an automobile ride.

"If he gets here at 3 o'clock he'll be no hour ahead of time," said one.

"What time is he due in Washington?" asked another.

"At 3."

"What's up on it?"

"Oh, nothing valuable. It's a gentleman's race against time. A dozen pairs of gloves are all there is in it."

"Here he comes now."

The last one of these remarks was scarcely spoken before a minute cloud of dust was easily discernible up the road. An automobile appeared a mere speck and began to grow in apparent size. In another minute it pulled up at the steps of the hotel. A young man jumped out, calling for gasoline and such other automobile equipments as he needed. The lady mentioned stepped up to him and said:

"Mr. Champlin, I believe."

"I am," replied the auto man, bowing and trying to get hold of his cap to pull it off.

"My cousin, Humphrey Cook, knowing that I was here, that I adore automobiles and that I wish to go to the city, has written me that you would stop here and possibly would take me in."

"Mr. Champlin hesitated.

"I'll be no trouble," the lady added.

"Really I should be delighted for your company, but in case of any delay I may have to proceed at break-neck speed."

"The faster you go the better I shall like it."

"Very well, I'm an hour ahead and if nothing breaks shall have no trouble in reaching the goal on time. Are you ready?"

"I am."

"Step in, Miss—I beg your pardon. I didn't get your name."

"Hood—Jacqueline Hood," replied the girl.

Mr. Champlin started. "Jack Hood" he exclaimed.

"The same. Is there anything about Jack Hood that you don't like?"

"I've heard she's the worst feminine daredevil the world has ever seen."

"You've also heard probably that she knows all about an auto. Perhaps she may aid you in case of trouble."

By this time Miss Hood was settling herself comfortably in the auto, tying her veil under her chin. There was a singular look on Champlin's face. He had bet Humphrey Cook that he would drive his auto to New York and return by a given time. Might not Cook have sent this girl to delay him?

"I'm sorry, Miss Hood," he said, "but I've changed my mind about taking you."

"I haven't changed mind about going."

A bewitching smile hovered on her lips, and her eyes danced with mischief.

"Very well," he said, "I'll take you. But remember that in case there's any rascality perpetrated I shall treat you just as if you were a man."

"Good! That's the way I wish to be treated."

During this scene the onlookers had gathered around the machine, and at the last words some of the men and all the women clapped their hands. Champlin got in, and the couple rolled away, followed by cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. In another minute nothing could be seen of them but a tiny dust cloud.

For an hour Miss Hood entertained the driver of the auto in such a way as to make him forget everything but her. Nevertheless his eye was on the speed gauge and the clock, and nothing pertaining to winning his race was neglected. There are women who can do more with a man in an hour than other women can do in a lifetime. Miss Hood simply absorbed him.

"Have you time to stop for a glass of coffee?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"Well, there's a farmhouse off the road up there. Would you mind getting one for me?"

Mr. Champlin stopped before the gate and went up to the house. A woman answered his knock at the door, and he went inside. He was no sooner out of sight than Miss Hood jumped out, took a small nickel plated monkey wrench from her pocket, unscrewed a nut and put it in her pocket. She had not finished her work before Champlin reappeared with a glass of milk in his hand. Miss Hood was awakened to his presence by hearing the breaking of glass on stone. Looking up, she saw Champlin the picture of astonishment and chagrin. He knew that he had been "done."

Striding with a quick step to the auto, he said sternly:

"You know what I said before leaving—that if there was any rascality perpetrated I would treat you just as I should a man."

"Oh, yes," she replied, making a face at him; "I remember that."

"Give me what you have removed."

"I decline to do so."

Champlin made a dive for her. She sidled around the auto. He followed, chasing her in a circle. She was too fleet for him. He was strong, but she was agile. At every stop there would be the pretty face brimming with mischief, her eyes riveted on him that she should be ready for his slightest move. Finally he gave it up.

"Did Cook send you out to do this?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to lose the bet."

"That isn't necessary."

"What do you mean?"

"That if you ask me to give you what I have taken I will do so."

"On what conditions?"

"No conditions."

"No conditions! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I agreed with Humphrey for a dozen pairs of gloves to come out and delay you. Please don't ask me why I prefer not to do so."

She cast down her eyes, and her meaning was plain. She had "gone soft" on Champlin.

She handed him the nut. He replaced it, and in another minute they were shooting again along the road.

Champlin was delighted. Cook had very nearly got ahead of him—it would have been a great deal to have done so.

What a splendid joke it would be on Cook and the party who were present at the making of the bet when Champlin and Miss Hood rolled up to the hotel on time! Miss Hood nudged even asked for the gloves her cousin had offered her to help him win them. Champlin told her that as soon as he received the stakes he would give them to her and she could change them for ladies' gloves. Instead of being pleased at this, she appeared to be very much hurt. Champlin begged her to tell him why, and she replied that she had not consented to be a tumbler for a bribe. This left him to understand that she had done it all for him. There was a very tender scene between them, at the end of which the misunderstanding was made up, and for the rest of the journey Miss Hood held the steering wheel, while Mr. Champlin's arm was about her waist.

There were no more delays. On approaching the city, having still an hour's leeway, they concluded to stop at a convenient place and get the dust out of their throats with an ice. Champlin left the lady for a brief season while he poured out something more effective than an ice in doing away with dust. On rejoining her they partook of the ices and resumed their journey.

"What are you smiling at?" asked Miss Hood of her companion.

"Oh, I was thinking how surprised that cousin of yours will be when we roll up on time. That was a rascally proceeding of his, and it deserved to fail. If you hadn't been the dearest girl in the world it would have succeeded. But just think of his surprise when he hears of the other part of it."

He managed to get hold of her hand with his left, holding on to the wheel with his right, and they bowed along in this way until they met another conveyance.

And now the dome of the capitol with the figure perched upon it loomed up faint in the distance. It was not long before the outskirts of the city were reached, and half an hour before the time limit had expired they stopped at the ladies' entrance to the hotel. A liveried servant advanced and said:

"Mr. Cook and a party of ladies and gentlemen are in a private dining room waiting for you, sir."

Entering the room, Champlin expected to find Cook eager to know why his scheme had failed. Instead Cook handed his cousin a dozen pairs of ladies' gloves. After this he put out his hand to Champlin.

"I congratulate you, old boy, with all my heart on your engagement."

Champlin stood mute with astonishment.

"Champ, old boy," added Cook, "you need an explanation. To make you lose I sent my cousin Jack out to effect an entrance into your auto and delay you on the way. If she succeeded she was to have a dozen pairs of gloves for a reward. She has lost the gloves."

"That's plain," said Champlin.

"Well, there was a bet between Jack and me of another dozen pairs of gloves against a hundred cigars that she would make you propose to her on the way."

Champlin looked so many emotions, of which astonishment and shamefacedness were the most prominent, that all burst into a laugh, in which he was finally joined. Then, turning to Miss Hood, he advanced, with a puzzled, inquiring look on his face.

"Was it all a sham?" he asked.

She made no reply in words, but a slight color rising to her cheeks indicated that the brief period she had passed, even of a sham engagement, had not been unpleasant to her. Besides, Champlin was regarded as one of the best catches in Washington. Since he could get no word of confirmation he concluded to apply a test. Putting an arm around the girl's waist, he drew her toward him and kissed her. She submitted without a protest.

"It's go!" shouted Cook, and there was a burst of merriment, all crowding around Miss Hood to congratulate her, the men with handshakes, the women with kisses.

"Good for you, Champ!" cried Humphrey Cook. "You've won out all around. But the stake on the race is nothing compared with winning a wife. And you're got a dandy. Jack can run anything from an auto to a man, and you'll find that she can take both the auto and the man apart and put them together again without the least trouble."

The Man in the Moon.

An old folklore legend contentedly asserts that the man in the moon is no other than that ancient Hebrew whose Jews stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, as recorded in Numbers xv, 32-36.

Netherlands Fruit Farms.

Some fruit lands in the Netherlands are valued as high as \$3,200 per acre.

Detroit's First Map.

It is claimed that Joseph Gaspard Chaussegros de Perly, a French engineer, made the first maps of Detroit in 1749 and 1754.

Liberian Sugar Cane.

In Liberia sugar cane reaches a height of twenty to thirty feet. A stalk sometimes becomes so heavy that it is bent over until it touches the ground in two or three places, taking root at each place.

Tired Feet.

When your feet are very tired and hot, plunge them into a basin of cold water and keep them there until a sensation of warmth begins. Then dry them and put on fresh stockings and shoes.

IRISH SPOOK STORY.

Boy Who Floats From Bed Baffles All Investigators.

A remarkable ghost story comes from Enniscorthy and so far it seems incapable of explanation. Newspaper men and others have investigated a series of queer happenings in this town and those who came expecting to find that a practical joker had been at work have been forced to abandon this theory.

The events occurred in a room which was occupied by two young men and a boy, and exactly the same program was carried out every night. On two nights there were a number of independent watchers in the room. At first a persistent tapping on the walls was heard, but although the room and the whole house were thoroughly searched no trace of any human agency could be found. Then the bed clothes were whisked by invisible hands off the boy and deposited in a heap on the floor. Later the boy himself was lifted bodily and all was deposited in the middle of the room, with the sheet under him and the blankets over him just as he had been lying in bed.

All suspicion that the boy was a party to an elaborate hoax was dispelled by the state of abject terror in which he was, and the fact that his room mates had nothing to do with it was proved by the occurrence of the phenomena while they were held down in their beds by the independent witnesses. The whole town is wildly excited over the occurrences and some of the more ignorant inhabitants are in a state of panic. The clergy of the town are considering the advisability of taking some steps to allay the panic.

Empire M.P.'s.

In connection with Mr. Birrell's recent speech at the Eighty Club and his eloquent utterances on the question of imperial federation, it is interesting to note a very little known precedent for colonial representation in the British Parliament. Among the state papers for the year 1536 may be read a letter from John Barleto to Henry VIII's minister, Thomas Cromwell, stating that, in accordance with the recent act, the mayor and aldermen had chosen Mr. Pryseley to attend the English Parliament as the representative of Calais, and that he had made certain arrangements about his passage into England.

One Thomas Boyd was also elected as his colleague, and Calais continued to send M.P.'s to Westminster until, in the reign of Mary, we lost the stronghold we had held for over two centuries. This is the only instance in history of anything like colonial representation at Westminster, unless, of course, we reckon one or two exceptional occasions when colonial grievances have been voiced at the bar of the House of Commons, as they were so brilliantly by Benjamin Franklin, when Burke said the scene reminded him of "a master examined by a parcel of schoolboys."

The "Red Earl."

Earl Spencer, who recently died at Alderley Park, Northamptonshire, was almost the last of the old school of politicians that link us with Beaconsfield and Gladstone, whose great friend he was. He had been longer in the Lords than his present leader, for he succeeded his father to the earldom as far back as 1857. Soon after this he became a member of the household of the Prince Consort, and subsequently to that of the late King, when Prince of Wales.

He was the first Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland created by Mr. Gladstone, and he has been a member of every Liberal administration since then, excepting the present. There is no doubt that, but for bad health, he would have been a member of the present Cabinet.

It was in the days of his lord lieutenantcy that he was nicknamed the "Red Earl," a title that has only fallen into disuse since age whitened the great red beard which used to spread over his lordship's chest.

Coincidences

"I made a discovery of queer coincidences lately."

"In the poultry journal you mention it was a henpecked poet, egged on by need of cash, who wrote that lay about the setting sun."—Baltimore American.

A bathtub which swings on a horizontal pivot, to produce the effect of an occupant is becoming popular in Germany. In many ways it resembles a patent churn.

The average woman would rather buy things than go shopping—but that takes money.

The British government has organized a special department in connection with its national physical laboratory for the investigation of problems of aerial construction and navigation.

When a young man acts as a girl's escort for the first time she tries to impress other girls with the idea that she can marry him any time she wants to.—Chicago News.

Advantages of the Auto

"There's one thing about an auto car that I like," said Maud Ann. "You can't mistake the sound of a chirrup to go faster and compel the young man to grab the lines with both hands."

Professor (returning home from visiting) that your absent-minded husband didn't forget to bring home his umbrella this time. See!

His Wife—But, Henry, when you left home you didn't take an umbrella.

—Boston Transcript.

Sally—Please, ma'am, I can't find the broom.

Mrs. Shishap—Haven't I told you often enough to have a place for everything and everything in its place?

Sally—Yes, ma'am; I did that, but I have lost the place.—Evening Wisconsin.

"Well, here I am," announced the fashionable physician in his breezy way. "And now what do you think is the matter with you?"

"Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient. "What is new?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A scientist says that people who have heart disease shouldn't marry. We were under the impression that only those with heart trouble should marry.—Boston Post.

The more froth there is on courtship the better a girl thinks it to drink.

If a man doesn't know when he is well off the chances are he isn't.

FREE LUCKY HEART PICTURE. Send your name and address and we will send it to you at once. ALDEN MFG. CO., 54 BOSTON ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I., U.S.A.

Trying to Get a Good One. Pat was a married man—a very much married man. He had married no fewer than four times, and all his wives were still to the fore. According to Pat's own account before the court, where he was tried for bigamy and found guilty, his previous wives were not altogether satisfactory. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women.

"Yer honor," said Pat, apologetically, "I was only tryin' to get a good one, an' it's not at all."

"Is it a restful place at that suburban boarding-house where you are stopping?" asked the young man with the absent air.

"It is now," answered the fussy bachelor. "There's a sign in the parlor which reads, 'This Piano is Closed for Repairs.'"

A Happy Marriage. Mrs. Quackenbush—Am my daughter happily married, Sistah Sagg?

Mrs. Sagg—She sho' is! Bless goodness, she's done got a husband dat's skeered to death of her!

If you would enjoy life, make up your mind to let the other fellow do all the worrying.

SUMMER TIME A TIME OF DANGER. Summer time is a time of danger to all babies—but more especially to those living in the towns and cities where the heat is so excessive as to make it almost impossible to keep baby's food in proper condition. It is then that the little one suffers from those stomach and bowel troubles that carry off so many precious little lives. During the summer the mother must be especially careful to keep baby's stomach sweet and pure and his bowels moving regularly. No other medicine will be of such great aid to mothers in summer as Baby's Own Tablets. These little Tablets never fail to regulate the bowels; sweeten the stomach and make baby well and happy. Mrs. D. Devlin, St. Sylvester East, Que., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine for little ones for stomach and bowel troubles and I would not do without them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Knibbs—Easley has a room in his new house that's double walled, padded and entirely sound proof.

Dorothy—What's it for?

Knibbs—His piano player and his phonograph.—Chicago News.

Dorothy—Yes, our college had a female cricket team.

Charles—Did you have any good catches?

Dorothy—It should say so! Six of them caught husbands the first season and broke up the club.

Shiloh's Cure. Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

Obeying Orders. Mr. O'Rafferty (confined to his bed)—"Och, Bridget, phwat did ye be after wakin' me up for?"

Mrs. O'Rafferty—"An' didn't the doctor tell me to give ye a shleepin' powder ivry two hours?"—Judge's Library.

Soothing. "But those extremely violent women lunatics—how do you manage to keep them so quiet?"

"That's an idea of the new superintendent's."

"Yes."

"Yes. He had the straitjackets made up in the peckaboo style."—Puck.

A Remedy for Bilious Headache. To those subject to bilious headache, Parke's Vegetable Pills are recommended as the way to speedy relief. Taken according to directions they will subdue irregularities of the stomach and set upon the nerves and blood vessels that the pains in the head will cease. There are few who are not at sometime subject to biliousness and familiar with its attendant evils. It now need suffer with these pills at hand.

The Canadian Loon.

The wildest bird in all the desolate marsh regions of Canada is the loon. Perhaps it is an account of his shyness and the inability of man to get sufficiently close to him to study him that he is the least understood of all the diving waterfowl. The loon is not a popular bird. His long, wavering cry, that is half a wail, is anything but conducive to the peace of mind of the lonely trapper, returning home across the darkened waters of the bay. "He one crazy bird, dat fellow," the French trapper will tell you, and the Indian say he is in league with the evil spirit.

His Audience With Him. Nobody was more witty or more bitter than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: "My lord, my unfortunate client—My lord, my unfortunate client—My lord—"

"Go on, sir; go on!" said Lord Ellenborough, "as far as you have proceeded hitherto the court is entirely with you."

The Hunting Bill. Two and a half million dollars are spent yearly on hunting in Ireland.

Hard Man to Hold. The only way to keep Moir in confinement would be to lock him up in a cell with stone walls ten feet thick and have his meals handed in through a wicket six inches square. Even then it would be necessary to have the cell situated on a lonely island and keep a cordon of guards constantly around.—Guelph Mercury.

A Waning Love. Husband (coming home late and finding wife asleep)—"Is it you that cares for me. Doesn't think it worth while 't'bay 'wake an' call me a beast."

W. N. U., No. 811.

HE PRODUCED MILLIONS.

Alexander Gibson of Marysville, N.B., Father of Many Industries.

The most interesting figure in the industrial life of New Brunswick is Alexander Gibson, who has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and is still able to walk about the streets of the town of Marysville, of which he was the founder.

Many years ago, Mr. Gibson, after having arisen from the position of a young day laborer in a sawmill to that of the owner of a mill, disposed of the latter property and removed to the site of the present town of Marysville, on the Nashwaak River. The Nashwaak is a tributary of the St. John, which it enters near Fredericton. There was an abandoned mill on the property when Mr. Gibson began operations. He bought a large area of timber land, cleared the stream and constructed driving dams, built a new mill and brick tenement houses for workmen; built a large church and presented it to the Methodist denomination; and, in short, established a thriving town on the site of the old abandoned sawmill. He also operated a sawmill at Woodville on the Miramichi, assisted in building a line of railway to Blackstock in one direction, and to Cratham in another, and became a railway magnate as well as "the lumber king" of New Brunswick.

Mr. Gibson himself took no part in public life, but one of his sons was for a term a member of the Parliament of Canada.

In Mr. Gibson's later years he met with business reverses, and the immense property went into the hands of a company in which he had a large interest. Recently he retired, and the property of the company, which became involved in legal difficulties, was sold to satisfy some claims of creditors in Canada and England. The cotton mill has already been purchased by the Canadian Colored Cotton Co.; both sawmills and cotton mills continue to be operated, and Marysville is still a thriving town—a monument to the foresight and energy of a man who was compelled to earn his own living from his boyhood days, and to produce a property that is to-day worth some millions of dollars.

History of the Queen's Own.

The Queen's Own, now at Aldershot, dates back to April, 1860, when an order was issued uniting a rifle company at Barrie, another at Whitby and four in Toronto, into one battalion. During the strike of the Trent affair, the outside companies were dropped, and the organization became a purely city regiment of ten companies. Its first active service was in 1864; its second, in 1866, when it took part in the battle of Limeridge in the Niagara Peninsula. Some of its members served in the composite regiment under Col. (now Lord) Dufferin in the Red River Expedition of 1857. It also was present, under Col. Otter, in the Western trouble of 1855, notably at Cut Knife Creek. It has also been called upon for active service in connection with several provincial industrial disturbances. Lord Roberts is its honorary colonel, and Gen. Otter was one of its commanding officers. Many of the past and present officers of the militia have graduated from its ranks.

One of the most unique features of the regiment is the fact that every officer, past or present, has risen from the ranks. Every private is therefore a potential colonel, and it has often occurred that a private in the ranks had in civilian life a higher social status than his captain or other superior officer. This explains why so many prominent officers of the militia saw their first service in this unique corps. It also explains why the regiment is able to take expensive trips abroad without assistance from the Government. One trip to New York, lasting three or four days, cost the regiment over ten thousand dollars. The expenses of the present trip to Aldershot, which will require seven weeks, will be borne mainly by Sir Henry Pollard himself.

To Explore Labrador.

The unknown regions west of Lake Temascamie in southwest Labrador will be explored by a party of Middlebury college professors which has just sailed for the long trip. The party, which is known as the McFarland expedition, consists of Professors Raymond McFarland, Thomas C. Brown and Phelps Nash Sweet. The first stage of the journey by rail via Montreal to Roberval, Lake St. John, in northern Quebec. There two canoes, guides and food supplies for six weeks will be obtained. During the canoe trip the party will proceed northward by the Chomouchuan River 225 miles to Lake Mistassini, thence northeast, about 150 miles to Lake Temascamie. A full scientific equipment was taken along, and the hitherto unexplored regions will be examined carefully. When this work is completed the return to Lake St. John will be attempted by the Paribon River, which is about 350 miles in length from its source to the lake.

GILLETTE'S PERFUMED LYE. MADE IN CANADA. READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY. For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, whitening sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. SAL. SODA. Useful for 500 purposes—Sold Everywhere. C. W. GILLETTE COMPANY LIMITED. TORONTO, ONT.

Tragedy in Dry Town

"Yes, sir, the fish was so big it pulled him in the river."

"And he was drowned?"

"No, but every one well have been, for he lost his grip on his gallus jug and it floated down stream, and he lives in a dry county!"—Atlanta Constitution.

What might be termed a fireless water heater is a new appliance consisting of a coil of tubing to be inserted in a pair of water containing a resistance unit to take electric current from any convenient connection.

WOMAN'S CHARMS. Of Skin, Hands and Hair Preserved. For preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands; for allaying minor irritations of the skin and scalp and for preventing them becoming chronic; for imparting a velvety softness to the skin; for sanitizing, antiseptic cleansing and, in short, for every use in promoting skin and hair, health and beauty. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are unsurpassed. In the speedy and economical treatment of torturing, disfiguring eczemas, rashes, itchings and inflammations, Cuticura succeeds when all else fails.

Miss Million (of uncertain age)—"The only thing that worries me is the wedding tour. It will be perfectly horrible to have people know."

Miss Rosebud (viciously)—"Oh, don't worry, they'll think you're his mother."

St. Joseph, Lovis, July 14, 1903. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen—I was badly kicked by my horse last May and after using several preparations on my leg, nothing would do. My leg was black and it was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES, Commercial Traveller.

The Right Way. William Muldoon, the noted trainer, was talking apropos of the Jeffries-Johnson fight of training.

"In training," he said, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the theory of training I think of Dash, who, after eighteen years of married life, is one of the best and happiest husbands in the world."

"Dash, I once said to him, 'Dash, old man, how do you take married life?'"

"According to directions," he replied.—St. Paul Dispatch.

He came home in the small hours of the morning, and his loving spouse confronted him with wrath in her eye and a telegram in her hand, saying: "Here is news that has been waiting for you since supper-time."

He blinked

