

THE LEDGE

Vol. XV

GREENWOOD, B. C. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1908

No. 12

The Broadway

Clothing, Slater's Invictus Shoes

W. G. and R. Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, John B. Stetson Hats.

These Lines Speak for Themselves

Russell-Law-Caulfield Co., Ltd.

Hardware, Groceries, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

Passing Through

J. D. Spence is on a visit to Vancouver.

F. W. Hart is running a store in Prince Rupert.

John J. Farrell has returned to Goldfields, Nevada.

Mrs. S. A. Crowell of Midway was a visitor in the city Monday.

Smithie won the gold watch in the raffle at the Pacific Saturday evening.

Lawrence Terhune returned last week from a three months' visit in Nova Scotia.

J. F. Kier, one of the founders of Camp McKinney, was in the city last week.

Nat Darling was in the city Monday smiling and selling cigars at the same time.

The new shop of Kinney & McDonald is one of the largest and best in the province.

Howard R. Stevenson has resigned as C. P. R. agent in New Denver and gone to the coast.

The rumor is current that the smelter at Boundary Falls will resume operations early this month.

K. C. B. Frith, A. Logan and J. P. S. Gillam returned Tuesday from a week's outing at James lake.

Alex. Robinson returned this week from a trip to New Brunswick. Mrs. Robinson returned with him.

During this summer the B. C. smelter in Greenwood has been treating more than 50,000 tons of ore a month.

John H. East was in town on Saturday and reports that the timber limits in which he is interested have been bonded.

Chas. Buxton was discharged from the hospital Monday, just 19 days after he had been operated on for appendicitis.

Must have been something wrong with the live alarm on Tuesday. It jingled once or twice, but there was nothing doing.

George Torhune, Mrs. Terhune and family left Monday to spend the winter at the old home in Hants county, Nova Scotia.

At a meeting of the license commissioners held Tuesday evening it was decided not to transfer the license of the Victoria hotel to the Commercial.

Mrs. Hugh McKee and children will visit Spokane this week. Tommy McFarlane, who will attend school in that city, will accompany the party.

In the north Geo. E. Naden is making quite a reputation as a fisherman. He also caught some fish—of the sucker variety—in the Greenwood electoral district.

Holmes & Kennedy, after a shut down of nine days owing to the rudeness of the fiery element, are again open to the world and selling their usual lines of goods.

The annual meeting of the Curling club will be held in the court house next Monday evening. All members and intending members are requested to be there at 8 sharp.

In the sky towards the east on Tuesday night a strange light appeared. It looked like a mirage from the smoke of the smelter, or the white part of a rainbow standing on end.

Duncan Ross returned yesterday after spending several weeks in the Cariboo and Chilcotin districts. After remaining a day or two in Greenwood he will go to the Similkameen.

John McKenzie returned last week from a trip up the coast, going about 200 miles north of Prince Rupert. When asked what he thought of that country he answered: "Wet!"

A general meeting of Conservatives will be held Friday in the Rendell block at 7:30 p. m. As there is business of importance to be transacted all Conservatives in or out of the city should endeavor to be present.

The lawn of St. Jude's church is being leveled, new walks are being made and the grounds generally improved. The parson and church wardens are doing the work and have the approbation and encouragement of the congregation generally.

There having been sundry and divers rumors about insinuating that the old fellows had crawled in the announced baseball match, hurried vs. single, the married players have requested The Ledge to challenge the single men to a match. Date, Sabbath next; hour, 2:30 p. m. Match for a dinner, for honor, for pleasure, or for any other consideration the young men decide upon.

Pioneers Dine

The old-timers' annual reunion held at the Central hotel last Thursday cannot be described as anything but a rousing success. Considerable disappointment was felt when, on the arrival of the stage coaches, and train, it was learned that, owing to sickness and other unavoidable causes, a great many of the old-timers who have always taken an active interest in the association since its inception were prevented from being present.

However, this was not allowed to interfere seriously with the arrangements. These old pioneers have always been used to accepting things as they find them and making the best of every occasion. The few who were present held their business meeting at five o'clock, elected officers for the ensuing year, admitted new members, made the necessary arrangements for meetings, and passed a resolution of regret at the removal, under such distressing circumstances, of Charles L. Thomet, an old and esteemed member of the association.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: P. Richter, Keremeos, president; A. Megraw, Hedley, secretary, and J. R. Jackson, Midway, treasurer.

It was unanimously decided that the next meeting be held at Fairview, and future meetings at places throughout the district which the organization covers. The banquet given in the evening will always furnish material for happy reflection on the part of those whose pleasure it was to attend. The spacious dining room was artistically decorated for the occasion, and while its very atmosphere seemed to breathe hospitality and welcome, this was supplemented by a motto, in the form of an arch across the end wall, beautifully executed in letters of asparagus fern of "Welcome Pioneers, 1896-1908."

The table was a picture for contemplation, and a tribute alike to the artistic skill of the ladies and to the district, the orchards and gardens of which can produce the wealth of delicious fruits and exquisite flowers thereon displayed. It was a revelation to those from the outside of the wonderful possibilities of this favored valley, and the only regret expressed was that there were not more present to share in the enjoyment of the occasion.

By request of the chair the old-timers' responses to toasts were mostly of a reminiscent nature. P. Richter, the newly-elected president, set the ball rolling by narrating how, in the early days, the Indians had proved troublesome and as one time threatened to drive him off the property which he had selected for his ranch, and how he scowed them off by placing a Jack-o-lantern in their grave yard on a dark night, frightening them so effectively that they afterwards returned and removed even their dead. Responding to the toast of "Horticulture" he told of his experiences 32 years ago in bringing in apple trees over the Hope mountains on pack horses, and of the many foes that beset that young orchard, of its ultimate success and of the great bonch which the fruit proved.

John H. East and Major Megraw reviewed in pleasing style the development of the mining industry in Southern B. C., and emphasized the important part taken by the early pioneers—the prospectors—in the blazing of trails and the opening up of the country. The name of every one at the festive board was connected with one or more toasts and each contributed according to his ability, in the evening's entertainment songs by Messrs Kerby and Campbell being particularly appreciated.—Keremeos Trumpet.

Western Float

Kamloops wants a theatre for the winter.

Chas. M. Newkirk died in Merritt last week.

Keremeos is clamoring for the building of a school.

Coal will be shipped from Hosmer in December.

A box in the postoffice at Prince Rupert costs \$4 a year.

John Love of Hedley has bought a drug store in Phoenix.

The B. C. mills have slightly advanced the price of lumber.

At Mission City the people want a bridge across the Fraser.

Snow in Fernie last week made it unpleasant for the tent dwellers.

The Le Roi mine at Rossland made a profit of \$77,000 in August.

Quite a number of claims near Olalla have recently been bonded.

A find of garnet has been made in the Bullion mine near Olalla. It carries white iron and copper.

Billy McLean has a three-mile contract on the railway near Hedley.

Pat Daly of Ymir has made several mineral locations on Moresby island.

Billy Clever of New Denver is going to a military college in Spokane.

Judge Phil Cane died in Vancouver last Saturday from heart failure.

Fred Stork of Fernie is now a permanent resident of Prince Rupert.

F. J. Deane is managing the campaign for Smith Curtis in Kootenay.

Jack Allen of Kaslo has made several mineral locations near Hazelton.

The fruit lands around Grand Forks are attracting considerable attention.

George Whiteside, formerly of Kaslo, died in New Westminster last week.

Chinamen are said to be making good money placer mining on the Tulameen.

There will be a big meeting of Conservatives in Grand Forks next Friday.

Mrs. King has returned to Rossland and may again manage the Hotel Allan.

A chinaman in Port Essington was fined \$50 for selling liquor in his restaurant.

Wm. Hamilton was badly injured in the Lake Shore mine at Moyie last week.

In Hedley Bob Stevenson is rapidly recovering from the effects of his late accident.

John Dean will work his claims on Dominion mountain, twelve miles north of Rossland, all winter.

The C. P. R. plan to continue their double express service during the winter between Montreal and Vancouver.

The commissioners in Grand Forks have assured Fred Russell a license if he will rebuild the Victoria hotel.

The Nelson Fair was a great success, although the cold weather did not help it any. Kaslo gained a decided victory for its exhibit.

Gony, the Chinese cook for some years at the Bank of Montreal in New Denver, has made his fortune and gone back to China.

The Napoleon mine at Orient produces 3,000 tons of ore a month and not 2,000 tons a day as reported in the Spokesman-Review.

The new depot of the Spokane and British Columbia railway in Grand Forks was destroyed by fire last Saturday. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

The Grand Forks Sun says that some of the Liberals in that district are not enthusiastic over the appointment of Dr. K. C. McDonald as returning officer in Yale-Cariboo.

A report comes from Hazelton that silver-lead has been found nine miles from that town, some of which assays as high as \$57 to the ton. About twenty-five claims have already been staked.

Harry Swan started in last week on his Oroville bridge contract, and Mr. Gamble on his visit to the Similkameen on Friday last, also gave him the rebuilding of the Ingran bridge over the Kettle river between Rock Creek and Midway. This is to be a Howe truss, owing to the fact that the amount of log driving on the Kettle river of late years has proved destructive to bridge with piers placed in mid-stream.—Hedley Gazette.

Fatal Accident

An accident occurred at the Mother Lode mine yesterday afternoon about 2 o'clock, by which Hugh Stevens lost his life. He was a skip-tender and while cleaning off chairs between the 100 and 200 levels the cage came down on him, killing him instantly. The accident was doubtless caused by a mistake in the signal. Coroner Black is holding an inquest today.

Deceased was 24 years of age and came here from Rossland last June, starting to work in the Mother Lode mine about the 15th of the month. His relatives live in Rossland. He was a member of the local Miners' union and of Rossland lodge of Odd Fellows.

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

City Council

The council met on Monday evening and passed the minutes of the previous meeting.

A letter was read from the Phoenix Water Supply company re-repairs to the Providence Creek pipe line. The clerk was instructed to write and say that so far as the pipe line is concerned the work is satisfactory.

It was agreed that S. P. Dixon be paid \$200 on account of Providence creek reservoir contract.

A tender for digging and filling trench for water main on Gold street was read from M. McKenzie at the price of 29 cents per running foot. The tender was accepted.

The fire and light committee recommended that a hook and ladder truck be ordered from Kinney & McDonald at the price of \$800, as per their tender dated August 1st, 1908. It was decided to order truck and 200 feet of half inch rope for the use of the fire department.

The finance committee ordered the account of The Ledge for \$12.50 to be paid, and recommended that the account for cement be paid on receipt of corrected invoice.

Bylaws 133 and 134 were reconsidered, adopted and finally passed. Council adjourned until Oct. 12.

C. J. McARTHUR GREENWOOD

Dealer in **Coal and Wood**

Contractor for Ties, Poles and Fence Posts.

Heavy Teaming and Draying

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GALT COAL

"Unequaled for Domestic Use."

Drink

Kings Liquer Scotch Whiskey
12 Years Old

J. W. Burmester's White Port.

Jas. Hennessy & Co's 3-Star Brandy.

GREENWOOD LIQUOR CO.

IMPORTERS, GREENWOOD, B. C.

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Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish and Poultry

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

STYLISH MILLINERY

All the latest novelties of the Millinery Art on display

Dry Goods. **RENDELL & CO.** Boots and Shoes

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

Beer, Porter, Soda Water

Are our three Specialties. Our new Brew House is the largest in the Boundary.

Phoenix - Brewing - Co.

(Limited.)

The Pride of Western Canada. Phone 138, Greenwood

Suspects Here

The two men, J. L. Rice and Harold Green, who were arrested last week at Merritt on suspicion of being the murderers of C. L. Thomet at Midway on the 25th August, were brought to the city by Constable Aston Monday. They are not desperate looking characters, but average, commonplace workmen such as one may meet every day without being startled. A representative of The Ledge had an interview with the two men Tuesday. They were dressed in their digging clothes, as they were when arrested at the mine of the Nicola Coal company at Merritt. Since their arrest they have been treated with the utmost courtesy by the provincial officers, and are especially thankful to the magistrate at Nicola for his encouraging words after hearing their statement. The charge is the most serious one that could be preferred and the men were naturally nervous on being accused on so grave a charge. The magistrate gave them confidence by stating they had nothing to fear if the story told by them was true.

They claim to have left Greenwood on the 6th August, riding part of the way between here and Midway with a man in a two-wheeled cart. At Midway they crossed the river going over the bridge and taking the V. V. & E. track west. That night they slept in a water tank, a common custom of men on the "hyke" along a railway track; common, because it is the easiest way to get a cheap ride on a freight, or the blind or the rods. The only place they left the railway was at the tunnel, and not knowing the length of the tunnel, and not wishing to be caught by a train in it they walked around. At Alyncaster they got a "hand out" in the hotel run by Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, formerly of Greenwood. Left Myncester the same day, Saturday, the 9th. Got a ride with a farmer to Chesaw. Nothing doing there in the way of work. Struck Bolster Sunday. Were invited to stop that night with another former resident of Greenwood, Alfred Hansen or Anderson, they were not certain of the surname. Monday they rode with the farmer parson to Molsen, where they worked four days haying with a man named Nolan. This would account for them until the evening of Friday, the 14th. From Molsen they went to Oroville, stopping two days in that town. From Oroville through Nighthawk and Keremeos until they struck work at a construction camp on the V. V. & E. four miles this side of Hedley on the 21st. They worked at the camp nine days, leaving on the 31st. From there on west through Hedley and Princeton until they got work in the mine of the Nicola Coal company at Merritt, where they were arrested.

Knights and Day

Billy Knight and Charley Day arrived in town last week from a summer's prospecting trip. They were in Highland valley and the country lying between the north branch of the Bonaparte and the North Thompson and Cariboo road. Mr. Knight is a partner in the celebrated Transvaal mining property.

Specimens of very high-grade borate were brought from Sevenmile creek, where Messrs. Knight and Day located the Twenty-Four Hours mineral claim. The borate is intermixed with carbonates also containing values. It is believed that at a depth a strong lead will be developed, work on which will be commenced as soon as possible.

Adjoining the Twenty-Four Hours is the Top Notch group, owned by George Chattaway and partners. It has been bonded to Reynolds & McDowell of Butte, Mont., for the sum of \$25,000. Other claims along the creek show up good ore indications, and the whole country may be said to be of remarkable mineralization.

Knight & Day left for the Hope summit intending to prospect the backbone of that range, after which they will begin development of the Twenty-Four Hours-Similkameen Star.

After a man has tackled a lot of enterprises and failed to succeed in any of them he usually sets himself up as a pessimist.

At the Turkish Bath house in Nelson you can get Turkish, Russian, salt water, medicated, and tub baths. The Turkish bath is one of the greatest health-producers in the world.

By praising men and flattering women one can acquire many good friends.

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

Even the hottest political campaign cannot be prolonged far enough into the winter to save on the coal bill.

Most of a college education is more ornamental than useful.

Big Jim Macdonnell

Big Jim Macdonnell, the railway contractor, had a tough fight in Field the other day. A pet bear at the C. P. R. hotel grabbed a little boy and carried him into his den. Jim took a hand right away and rescued the boy, although in the fight he was badly marked on the arms and face. His many friends are proud of Jim.

DOINGS OF A TRAMP.

There Are Times When He May Have to Go Hungry For a Day.

BUT DON'T HAPPEN OFTEN.

Go the Dilapidated Gentleman Says, and He Ought to Know From Experience—The Best Kind of Introductions to Farm Houses.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.] There are times when even the tramp who knows his profession from A to Z may have to go hungry for a day, said the dilapidated gentleman, "but that is a circumstance that won't happen three times a year. If in a village, you can always strike a house where the woman wants some wood cut or coal brought in or ashes taken out and is willing to set you out a meal in exchange. About one farmer in ten will drive you away with threats. Some of the others will send you along with a hand-me-down, and others will give you a square meal for an hour's work.

"The first thing on coming to a farm is to properly introduce yourself. That is where so many of the profession fail. The sight of a great big hungry



SEEING A CASE OF ASSAULT AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

tramp, sometimes as ragged as a scarecrow, is not assuring to the woman folks. If the farmer is around the house he becomes suspicious at once. If you just walk up to the kitchen and ask for victuals you will be turned down five times out of six. I prefer to see a man about. I walk up to him, with a smile and laugh, and say: "The sheriff has given me such a chase that I find myself hungry. If you like to give me a bite to eat I will use the ax or hoe for an hour or two. I guess they have given up the chase after me."

"So the sheriff was after you, eh? he inquires, with sudden interest. "Yes; had me in the county jail, and I broke out. "And what had you been doing? "Nothing at all. The blunderhead thought he recognized in me a murderer wanted in Michigan and insisted on locking me up. It beats all how stupid some officers are. That Michigan murderer is short, red headed and lame, and you can see for yourself that I don't answer the description. "That farmer doesn't want any work out of me. He wants talk. The wife sets out a good dinner, and then they keep me talking about murders and jail breaking for the next two hours. Of course I lie to them, but that's part of my business, the same as selling dry goods and clothing.

Approaching a Victim. "If I don't work the jail racket I approach the man with a story about a farmhouse nine or ten miles away being robbed the night before and warn him to be on the lookout. To further awaken his interest I relate that I was sleeping in the barn that night and that it was my being awakened and rushing out that sent the robbers off. He wants to hear all the particulars, and he knows that I will talk better after a feed. Nine times out of ten I am asked to sleep in the barn that night and stay to breakfast.

"Now and then my thrilling tale recalls on me. Two years ago, while making a farewell tour of Pennsylvania, I told a farmer of lying secreted in the bushes and seeing a case of assault and highway robbery. I laid it fourteen miles away, and while I was sleeping in his barn that night he sneaked away and gave the story to a constable. The next morning I was arrested and taken to the county jail, and the sheriff began an investigation. I had to own up that I was a liar, but the officer was a man with no humor in his makeup, and he held me in jail for a week and then booted me out of town.

"I have always made it a rule to get hold of newspapers having accounts of great robberies or murders. They are the best kind of introductions to farm houses. I have the paper in my hand and ask them to read the marked article. They read and are then ready to ask a hundred questions.

"One summer I traveled 400 miles in Connecticut on the strength of a clipping from a New York newspaper. It was about a gang of thifflings abducting a boy and a big reward being offered for him. In submitting the clipping I affected a mystery and asked the parties not to mention that I had been in the neighborhood. When they had read the article I asked a number of cautious questions, and the thing was done. I was taken for an old scoundrel in disguise and given meals and lodgings free. The booming came at the end of my trip. A constable who had been himself on what he thought was the trail and was afraid I had got in my work ahead of him gave me the collar, and of course I was soon known that I was following my nose in the affair. I had been careful not to say that I was an officer, but up in Connecticut they can do most anything with a tramp, and so I got sixty days in jail.

"It didn't turn out so badly, however. Under the laws of that state the rations of a prisoner are named, and they must be welched and well cooked. Af-

ter day or two, saw some one who was making money off us, but I waited until my time was out before moving in the matter. Then I found a lawyer to take the case, and Mr. Sheriff had to come down with \$75.

Another Little Game. "There's another little game I have played and always with a certain degree of success. It's a mean trick, but I feel no more shame over it than a lawyer does when he clears a horse thief he knows to be guilty. If I can get a chance to sit down with a farmer or his wife for an hour I can learn the names and all about the people for several miles around. It would astonish you to know how many families have a missing son. The boy has run away years ago and not been heard from since. Well, what's the matter with my being the long lost, at least while I can get a square meal?

"Half a dozen times I have been taken for the long lost without a word on my part. I have had a woman come running down to the gate and a man come running from the fields, and they didn't make up their minds about me until they had set out the best in the house. In two cases in my career I filled the bill so well that I had to run away. The trouble in playing the game is that the long lost has returned or that you are years older than he would be. The only two lickings I ever had from farmers I got when playing the prodigal. In both cases the son had returned about a week before and was there to help in the thumping I got.

Little Arts and Tricks. "Those who stand at the head of this profession, as I do, have to study little arts and tricks to get there in the first place and in the second to keep there. One little art, as we will call it, that does no harm to any one is to stop at a farmer's and ask if they know a Mr. Switzer. They don't. Your face betrays disappointment. You were told that Mr. Switzer lived in that neighborhood and in finding him your long quest would be over.

"You are asked what you want of him, and your reply is that while you were sailing on the coast or the lakes you became friends with Switzer. In a gale, while you were aloft with him roofing topsails, he fell into the raging waters and was seen no more. As his clumy you have traveled many weary miles to break the sad news to his people. It will grieve them to know that he will return to his home never again, but you think they had better grieve for a time than to go on hoping and expecting.

"You choke up while talking, my boy. Tears spring to your eyes, and you are about to turn away and limp along in further search for Mr. Switzer when you are asked to stay all night and are treated in a decent, respectful manner. It's deception, but it is also deception when a salesman says a pair of black footed socks won't crock. Take your meals and lodgings and let the next day take care of itself." M. QUAD.

As to Rare Beef. "It is a mistake," said Otto E. Schaar, the president of the New York Writers' club, "to think that an Englishman always wants his beef excessively rare. As a matter of fact, the English like their beef better done than we do. I once saw a waiter," he continued, "serve an English duke with a cut of very, very rare sirloin. The duke looked closely at the slice of bright red meat. Then he said, 'Waiter, just send for the butcher, will you?' 'The butcher, sir?' the waiter stammered. 'Yes,' said the duke. 'This beef doesn't seem to be quite dead yet.'"

Natural History Studies.



Shad Roe.

The Morning Fly. Little fly, wherefore my feelings will you nettle? As I close on my nose First of all you settle. Then you steer to my ear For investigation. While my eye by and by Is your destination. Hands and toes—goodness knows What you don't alight on. On the wing, anything Does for you to bite on. Let me be or you'll see Your headlong persistence Cannot but make me cut Off your short existence! Yes, that's right. 'Take your flight Ere I'm quite demitted. Where! You're back? Well, then— Now are you contented? —La Touche Hancock in New York Press.

A Legal Thrust. "The learned counsel for the defense," said the plaintiff's attorney, "appears to be afraid of losing his case. Otherwise why isn't he ready to go on?" "I've got a good excuse," replied counsel for the defense. "Nonsense! Ignorance of the law excuses no one."

Our National Attitude. "That's the Goddess of Liberty," explained the New Yorker. "Fine attitude, eh?" "Yes, and typically American," responded the western visitor. "Hanging to a strap."

The Tangible Part. The Village Idiot (discovered trespassing)—Ye'd better not hit me. Dye know folks say I'm not a hero! The Farmer—Well, come awa' out here, then. I'm a-goin' to ye a good hidin' to what her is o' ye—London Opinion. A close friend is one who turns you down when you want a small loan.—St. Joseph News-Press.

NEEDED AFTER ALL.

A Chance For the Book Agent After He Got In Trim. "Madam," said the book canvasser as the door was opened by a very comely maid, "I am selling a new book on etiquette and deportment." "Oh, you are," she responded. "Go down there on the grass and clean the mud off your feet." "Yes'm," and he went. "As I was saying, ma'am," he continued as he again came to the door, "I am sell—" "Take off your hat! Never address a stranger lady at her door without removing your hat." "Yes'm," and off went the hat. "Now, then, as I was saying—" "Take your hands out of your pockets. No gentleman ever carries his hands there." "Yes'm," and his hands clutched his coat lapels. "Now, ma'am, this work on et—" "Throw away your cigarette. If a gentleman uses tobacco he is careful not to disgust others by the habit." "Yes'm," and the tobacco disappeared. "Now, ma'am, as he wiped his brow, 'in calling your attention to this valuable—" "Wait. Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight. I don't want your book. I am only the hired girl. You can come in, however, and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a liar this morning, and I think she needs something of the kind."

LITERARY HERESY?

Are Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Byron and Shakespeare Bored? "We had the notion of doing something of the kind," the Easy Chair confessed when requested to furnish a list of the hundred best authors, "but we could not think of more than a dozen really first rate authors, and if we had begun to compile a list of the best authors we should have had to leave out most of their works. Nearly all the classics would have gone by the board. What have we should have made with the British poets! The Elizabethan dramatists would mostly have fallen under the ban of our negation to a play fit to a man. Chaucer, but for a few poems, is impossible; Spenser's poetry is generally duller than presidential messages; Milton is a trial of the spirit in three-fourths of his verse; Wordsworth is only not so bad as Byron, who thought him so much worse; Shakespeare himself when he is reverently supposed not to be Shakespeare is reading the martyrs; Dante's science and politics outweigh his poetry a thousandfold, and so on through the whole catalogue."—William Dean Howells in Harper's Magazine.

A Picture of Your Voice. To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the wide end of a tin trumpet. Hold it with the sheet of paper upward, take a thin pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper, hold the trumpet vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end. Do not blow, but sing the note. Lower the trumpet carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like panicles, roses and other flowers; some look like snakes and others like flying birds. In fact, there is no limit to the variation.

The Gila Monster. The Gila monster is a large, clumsy lizard from one to two feet long. He is generally too lazy to be pugnacious, but if his anger is once aroused he will grip you with a clutch of a bulldog, turning over as he bites so that the venom—which is secreted in a gland in the lower jaw instead of the upper, like the rattlesnake—is pretty sure to mix well with his saliva and so make his attack fatally effective. His five-toed hands and feet render him adept at bush climbing. In his wild estate he lives on young rabbits and birds' eggs. When captured, he eats only eggs or a little chopped meat mixed with them.

The Armenian Alphabet. An Armenian girl goes to school at four or five years old, but before that she has probably learned her "letters," which is almost an education in itself, as the Armenian alphabet contains thirty-nine. She learns these letters from a small slab of wood on which they are printed. This slab is fastened to a handle, making it something like a hairbrush in shape. The Armenians boast that their formidable alphabet is so perfect as to give every sound known to any other nation.

Criminals at Large. Gibbs (visiting)—What sort of neighbors have you here? Gibbs—a bad lot. There's a blacksmith who's engaged in forging a carpenter who's done some counter fitting and a couple of fellows next door who sell iron and steel for a living.

Flattering. Very Stout Farmer's Wife (to little rustic, her protégé)—Well, Sam, your master and I are going to the cattle show. Cowboy—Oh, I'm sure I hope you'll take the first prize, m—(that I do.—London Tit-Bits. Not Quite the Thing. Matrimonial Agent—I have found for you, my friend, a veritable pearl—a wealthy widow of seventy-five. The Groom—I like the pearl, but I'm afraid I shan't care for the shell.—Philadelphia Inquirer. Built For It. "What's Maury doin' since she gave up the 'Horn' skeleton job?" "She's doin' fine. There's a big dressmaker that's engaged her just to walk the streets in one o' those new directory gowns." To Avoid Trouble. Edyth—Mr. Wiswell seems to be a cautious young man. Myrnie—You bet he is! They say he never kisses a girl without first abtaining her written consent.

BROKEN IN HEALTH.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Strength After Medical Treatment Had Failed.

"I can truthfully say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me what one of the best doctors in Halifax failed to do—restored my health." This strong statement is made by Mr. Wm. J. Weaver, 172 Argyle St., Halifax. Mr. Weaver adds—"A few years ago I took employment in a large factory as fireman. I knew the work would be hard, and friends told me I would never stand it, but as I was a strong man, weighing 180 pounds, I laughed at the idea of not being able to do the work. Anyhow I started and found the job a hard one indeed. There were a number of firemen employed and we were taking and quitting the job every few days. I kept at the work for two years and during that time lost 50 pounds weight, and was a broken down man. I could not take any meals and often look my dinner back home with me without touching it. When I was ready to drop, the doctor came to see me every day, and changed the medicine time and again, but it did me no good. Finally he wanted me to go to the hospital, and at this stage a friend came to stay with me overnight. While he was reading the evening paper he came across the testimonial of a cure wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said, 'Why don't you try them, nothing else is helping you and they may do you good.' He went out and got me a box at once. When this was done I got a half-dozen boxes, and before they were all gone I began to feel like a new man. I continued using the pills a couple of months when I was again as well and as strong as ever I had been in my life, and I have not seen a sick day since. I feel confident there is no remedy in the world equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for building up a broken down and nervous system, and for such trouble, I would strongly recommend them." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as Mr. Weaver's because they make the rich, red blood that feeds the starved nerves and tones the strengthened every part of the body. That is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous and other troubles due to bad blood and shattered nerves. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

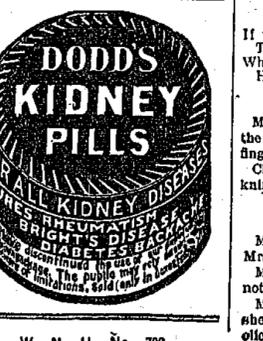
He was a collector for an installment house, new at the business and sensitive about performing an unpleasant duty. He was particularly embarrassed because the lady upon whom he had called to perform this unpleasant duty was so exceedingly polite. Still, the van was at the door, the lady was in arrears in her payments and he remembered his duty. "Good morning," said the lady. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" "Beautiful," he agreed. "Won't you take a chair?" "No, no, thank you, not this morning," he stammered. "I've come to take the piano!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ready-made Medicine.—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable, for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains, it is unsurpassed, while for cuts, sores, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial, other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

Foresight is a very valuable trait to possess, but when winter comes it is not to be compared with anthracite. Take no substitutes for Wilson's Fly Pads. No other fly killer compares with them. Cabbie (with exaggerated politeness)—Would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse? Stout Lady (who has paid the minimum fare)—Why? Cabbie—Because if a sees wet 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit.—Pick-Me-Up.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper. Purse For Archbishop. The presentation of a testimonial and the sum of \$1,200 to former Archbishop O'Connor was an event of no little interest in connection with the annual "retreat," which has been in progress several days at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and which has just been brought to a conclusion.

Sixty priests have been in attendance at the ceremonies and Rev. Father Bric, C.S.S.R., St. Patrick's Church, delivered four sermons daily. Archbishop McEvoy also addressed the gathering. The ceremony was impressive in its evidence of the regard in which the former archbishop is held by the priests and laity of the diocese. It was regretted that his grace was unable through ill-health to be present to receive, so splendid a tribute from his former clergy. The memorial reviewed the progress made during his occupancy of the high office and bore eloquent testimony to the esteem and affection of the clergy and their regret that he has been unable to continue his responsible duties.



W. N. U. No. 702.

QUEEN'S GRACIOUS ACT.

VISITS DYING GIRL IN LONDON HOME FOR INCURABLES.

Was Deeply Moved by Patient's Pathetic Appeal—Martha Massey Had Long Wished to See Her Majesty—Royal Solicitude For Poor Sufferers—Beautiful Gifts of Flowers Expressed Queen's Sympathy. The officials of St. Luke's House, Bayswater, and one of the inmates, recently had a pleasant surprise, in a totally unexpected visit from the Queen (who is the patroness of the institution) and Princess Victoria. The visit was the outcome of a letter which the Queen a few days ago received from Martha Massey, one of the inmates of the house (which is the last stages of consumption). In this letter the poor girl said how much she should like to see Her Majesty before she took her proposed long trip abroad. The writer, in her own simple, phrasing, explained that she had been unable to see the Queen when driving through London or visiting the district, owing to her illness. Her only satisfaction was what the nurses told her, and what she was able to glean from the newspapers. Would Her Majesty graciously bestir herself by coming to see her, before going abroad, because she was afraid she would not be living when Her Majesty returned?

Touched by the sincerity of the misanthropic, the Queen, with characteristic thoughtfulness, decided to visit Miss Massey, and on Tuesday afternoon, without any previous intimation, motored to the house from Buckingham Palace.

Arriving at the principal entrance, the Queen inquired, "Is Miss Massey in?" The door was opened by a servant girl, who recognized the Queen and stood astounded for a few moments. The girl replied to the question in the affirmative, and then invited the Queen to step into the marion's (Miss B. Brooke-Alder) room.

Her Majesty, who was carrying a beautiful bouquet of orchids, lilies-of-the-valley, carnations, and asparagus fern, explained her mission to Miss Brooke-Alder, and was at once escorted to the ward in which Miss Martha Massey was lying. It was pathetic to see the mingled surprise and joy on the face of the dying girl when she realized that her cherished desire was granted, and that it was really the Queen who stood by her bedside.

Whatever nervousness she felt was soon assuaged by the Queen's kind words of sympathy. Her Majesty thanked the girl for her letter, and expressed the pleasure it afforded her to respond to the invitation. Miss Massey could not find words to express her thanks, but the tears in the poor girl's eyes testified to the success of her mission. When the bouquet was handed to her, and the Queen said it was specially for her, and that the flowers were sent from the palace gardens, the girl, with eyes bedimmed, briefly replied, "Thank you, your Majesty."

The Queen then passed to other patients, who had been enquiring the good fortune of Miss Massey, distributed some lovely roses to each, and spoke words of sympathy and encouragement. Before leaving the Queen passed through two wards, all the beds in which were occupied. When bidding farewell to the inmates, she was called upon at the tender age of eleven to nurse her mother, a victim of consumption, and to look after the younger children of the family. After the mother's death, Martha, when only fourteen, had to go to work in a factory, earning a few shillings per week. The girl was always an earnest student, and she took the term of consumption when nursing her mother. Finally, her father was stricken with consumption, and Martha secured his admission to the very institution where she is now lying. There her parent died, and some time ago Martha was admitted.

Largest Owner of British Territory. Sydney Kidman, the Australian cattle king, recently arrived in London on his first visit to England. He probably owns more British territory than any other man. When fourteen he was earning \$2,500 a week; to-day he owns or is interested in 49,216 square miles of country. Beginning life as a teamster, he has worked his way up until he is the largest horse and cattle owner in Australia. He possesses 100,000 head of cattle and 10,000 horses. He has thirty-two cattle ranches, and at his home in Kapunda, about fifty miles from Adelaide, take place the largest horse sales in the world.

Mr. Kidman, despite his prosperity, has not yet attained perfect happiness. He is not entirely satisfied that his methods of cattle raising cannot be improved upon. He therefore proposes to pay a visit to America, where he will be eager to learn any lessons the cattle farmers can teach him. In his own words he is "quite willing to study the American system by taking a job there at 15 shillings a week."

Why Not? If women must wear loadstoop hats To keep up the mod'ns, Why don't they go the limit and Have their 'rimmed with loads? Put to a Different Use. Maude—I wonder why that man cuts the pages of his magazine with his finger? Clara—Perhaps he is saving his knife to eat his pie with. The Main Thing. Mrs. Nurtch—I don't like that there Mrs. Swellman at all. Mr. Nurtch—Well, you ain't got to notice her. Mrs. Nurtch—No, but the trouble is she don't take no notice of me.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Advertisement for CURZON'S LONDON AND NEW YORK STYLES. Includes an illustration of a man in a suit and text describing tailoring services, prices, and contact information for Curzon Bros. in London and Winnipeg.

Who is the old file over there with the comic coat, the stovepipe hat and the baggy-kneed trousers? "That's the professor who is lecturing on the absurdities of woman's dress."—Kansas City Post. Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms. -Science is the key that unlocks the storehouse of truth. Ten cents' worth of Wilson Fly Pads will kill more house flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper. It has been suggested that country houses should be painted bright colors instead of a gray tint that gives the impression of cakes of ice. What more can a person ask who seeks comfort in the summer months? Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. Gobeo Golde and his family were doing Westminster Abbey. Suddenly the old man gave a convulsive laugh. "The poets' corner!" he sneered, snapping to his guide book. "What good's a corner in poets? Gimme wheat or cotton, eh, mother? Tourist—My physician advises me to locate where I may have the benefit of the south wind. Does it blow here? Landlord—My! but you're fortunate in coming to just the right place! Why, the south wind always blows here. Tourist—Always? Why, it seems to be blowing from the north now. Landlord—O, it may be coming from that direction, but it's the south wind. It's just coming back, you know.—Judge. Soft corals are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly. They are quite ordinary people, aren't they? "Yes—keep their engagements, eat plain food, pay their bills, and all that sort of thing."—Life. Wilson's Fly Pads kill them all. A man addicted to walking in his sleep went to bed all right one night, but when he awoke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on," he cried, "you mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist." To which the policeman replied, "I don't care what your religion is—yer can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."—Everybody's Magazine.

Advertisement for TRISCUIT, featuring the brand name in large letters and text describing it as a dainty shredded wheat wafer, nutritious and appetizing.

Advertisement for EDDY'S MATCHES, featuring the brand name in large letters and text stating they are available everywhere in Canada and are of high quality.

Twitching of the Nerves

Became almost unbearable until Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food brought about a cure.

Tapping of the fingers, restlessness, sleeplessness, inability to control the nerves.

What a story of exhausted nerves is told by these symptoms. Nervous prostration and paralysis are not far away unless restorative treatment is used.

The writer of this letter was fortunate enough to learn about Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and tells his experience for the benefit of other sufferers from diseases of the nerves.

Mr. Wm. Branton, Strathroy, Ont., writes: "My nervous system was all unstrung. I could not sleep, had no appetite, my digestion was poor and my nerves twitched. Twenty-four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food completely restored my health."

Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on each box, 50 cents at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

"Why," asked the good man's wife, "are you looking so thoughtful? You look as if something disagreeable had happened."

"Perhaps," he replied, "I am foolish to feel as I do about it. My con-rogation was raised a purse for the purpose of sending me to Europe."

"And are you sorry it isn't large enough to enable you to take me with you? Don't let that cause you to feel depressed. It will be very lonely here without you, but I know you will need the rest and I shall be very sensible. I can spend the summer at some quiet, inexpensive place, cheered by the thought that you will return refreshed in mind and body."

"It is very good of you to look at it in that way dear. I appreciate your feeling. But the gentleman who made the presentation speech said he was sorry the amount that had been raised was not larger so that I might be able to remain away longer, and somehow, it seemed to me that the applause was more hearty at that point than anywhere else in the course of his remarks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dr. J. D. Kelloog's Dysentery Cordial is compounded especially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set off in the stomach or intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as undue laxness of the bowels may seize a man at any time. Such a sufferer will find speedy relief in this Cordial.

Willard—Papa, may I go swimming? Papa—Why, Willard, only an hour ago you complained of a pain in your stomach.

Willard—That's all right, papa, I can swim on my back.—Chicago News.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials from

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Tramp—Can you assist me along the road, mum? Lady of the House—Personally, I cannot, but I will undrain my dog, and I know he will be most pleased to do so.—Exchange.

Your druggist, grocer, or general storekeeper will supply you with Wilson's Fly Pads, and you cannot afford to be without them. Avoid unsatisfactory substitutes.

Teacher—Tommy, can you tell me what effect the moon has on the river? Tommy—Yes'm; makes it moonlight.—Yonkers Statesman.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

Cost of Elephant's Bath.

The elephant's bath takes a week to carry out in every detail, it requires the services of three men, and it costs \$300. This treatment is necessary for a circus elephant, and if the animal is a valuable one, the proprietor of the circus does not consider the money wasted.

The first process consists in going over the great body with the best soap procurable; 150 pounds of soap are used, and the elephant's ears are especially carefully attended to. When the soaping and drying are completed the elephant is well sandpapered, and after that rubbed all over with the purest Indian oil until the mouse gray skin is supple and glistening. This last finishing touch is the most expensive part of the whole bath, as \$150 has to be spent on the oil alone in the process of each bath.

Insist on having Windsor Salt

It is the famous Canadian Salt, known all over Canada for its absolute purity. There's no comparison between Windsor Salt, and the cheap, inferior salts that are being sold throughout the west.

Windsor Salt costs no more than these imported salts at the present prices.

Insist on having Windsor Salt.

FLUNG INTO THE SEA

Experience of a Man Struggling in Midocean.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

A Tangle of Wild Thoughts Combined With Vague Notions of Time and Space—The Dreamy Doze, the Rescue and the Knife in His Back.

Standing on a chair near the dock rail of an ocean liner, a sudden lurch of the vessel flung me into the Atlantic.

Instinctively as I went over I held my arms out for the dive, and while I was still falling, I heard the cry ring out, "Man overboard!"

Down, down I sank, for the fall was from a considerable height. Being able to swim a little, I was spared the first mental agony experienced by the non-swimmer who unexpectedly finds himself in deep water. The surprise caused by the suddenness of the fall filled my brain, but as I struggled to regain the surface, my lungs almost bursting, the horrible thought of the propeller churning out its 100 revolutions a minute flashed upon me.

Should I be mangled beyond recognition in a second? Oh, for another year's sweet life! Would my leg be cut clean off?

I could see the sky again, and I took a great breath of fresh air, though sick with fear. Then I saw the steamer had passed. I was spared mutilation to die slowly by drowning.

How rapidly the steamer was vanishing! I could catch a glimpse of it when a green wave lifted me high in the water. I would only be able to swim for ten minutes—ten little minutes—though I was still in the prime of life. Surely that cry as I fell would have roused somebody to action! And yet I was alone in the Atlantic, with possibly two miles of water between me and the bottom.

I looked round anxiously to see whether a lifeboat had been thrown. There was nothing in sight but a wide waste of water and the fast disappearing steamer.

My arms were growing heavy. All I tried to do was to keep my head above water, but I seemed to have been doing that for an hour. My legs, too, were refusing to bend. The end could not be far away.

My arms must both be broken, for they would hardly move, and they dangled uselessly. What a long time a man could keep afloat! I was vaguely glad I could not swim very well, because it would have meant waiting for the end such a long time. It made one drowsy.

Another wave lifted me up, and I saw the steamer had changed its position. It must be going back to England to tell them at home what had happened to me. How soothing the sea was! If only I could stop trying to work my arms that aching pain in them would cease and I might go to sleep.

Sometimes when I saw the ship, which never seemed to get any farther away now, I remembered I was fighting for another minute's life. It had been harder at first, but now the sea lulled me into happiness.

What on earth were they playing at on the steamer? I had nearly caught it up again, only somehow I had got in front of it. It grew bigger quickly, and it was coming straight on. If those ridiculous people were not careful they might run over me yet.

Perhaps it would be better to go to sleep, after all. My arms were easier, and I did not want to breathe so much now. It was getting dark and ever so much colder than it was last night. The steward must give me an extra blanket.

Why was everything so hazy and the room stuffy? I could hardly breathe. And yet it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, but I wished dreamily that some one would stop digging a knife into my back, for I was just dropping off to sleep peacefully.

Next day I found the "knife" had been the point of a boat hook with which they poked me up as I came to the surface. The steamer had turned in a circle and arrived just in time.—London Answers.

Exaggerated.

The knack of looking at the bright side of things was never developed to such perfection as in the case of a man who, after a railway accident, telegraphed to his friend's wife:

"Your husband killed in railway accident; head, both arms and both legs cut off."

But later this correction was received:

"First report exaggerated. Your husband killed; head and legs cut off, but only one arm."

Mixed.

The following appeared in an Irish newspaper:

"Whereas, John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same his name shall be made public."—London Tatler.

An Imposition.

Magistrate—So you acknowledge having stolen the overcoat. Anything more to say? Prisoner—Yes, your honor. I had to have the sleeves rolled.—Punch.

Anxious For More.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered a five dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the grateful golfer. "Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a kindling glance at the money, "an' when will you be playin' again, sir?"—Argonaut.

The Snake Bite.

"So Wild Bill died of a snake bite? What did he get bit?"

"Oh, the snake didn't bite Bill. The snake bit Tompkins, an' Tompkins drank two quarts of th' remedy an' then shot Bill."

ENGLAND'S OLDEST DOCTOR.

Sir Henry A. Pitman Celebrates His Centenary.

Sir Henry Alfred Pitman, the oldest physician in the United Kingdom, has just celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birthday.

Sir Henry was born on July 1, 1808, in the E.A. of Cambridge in 1831, six years before Queen Victoria came to the throne, was M.D. in 1841, before King Edward was born, and was physician to St. George's Hospital from 1867—the year of the Indian Mutiny—to 1906, and is still senior consulting physician to the hospital, although for good many years he has been unable to render active service.

From 1858 to 1889 Sir Henry was Registrar of the Royal College of Physicians, in Pall Mall East, and when he retired in that year the college honored him with the title of Emeritus Registrar, and a pension of the same amount as his salary.

Since then the aged physician has lived quietly at his home, in Ryecull Park, Enfield, happy in the companionship of his wife, whom he married fifty-six years ago.

Until five years ago, Sir Henry was a well-known figure about the country roads of Enfield, for all his life he was a great walker, and he kept up the practice of walking as much as possible, until a few years ago he was knocked down by a vehicle.

Sir Henry Pitman is a tall, dignified man, with fine features, somewhat resembling those of Mr. Gladstone in his last years, with white hair, wide side-whiskers, and a clean-shaven upper lip and chin.

His sight is now failing, and he is rather deaf, but otherwise he has good health, and is able to get about a little, walking with a slight stoop. He is cheerful, and talks with the robust vigor of a man only half his age. The birthday was celebrated with complete privacy, but there were two circumstances which were of special interest.

Among the first of various messages of congratulation which the centenary received was a long and kindly telegram from King Edward, wishing Sir Henry and his wife every happiness in the days still to come.

The other circumstance which also gave great gratification to the venerable physician, was a visit from a deputation of members of the Royal College of Physicians.

Do Exhibitions Pay?

The Franco-British is by far the biggest exhibition seen in London for many years past. Buildings alone have cost \$2,250,000. The colonies have spent over \$1,500,000 on exhibits, an immense sum of money, has been laid out in digging the great lagoon, in making four miles of railway, fifteen miles of roads and walks, laying out thirty miles of drains, and installing over half a million electric lights.

It is safe to say that fully ten million dollars have been spent in transforming these 140 acres of wilderness into a pleasant paradise before the gates were opened. London has only had one loss. The exhibition of 1862, of which the balance-sheet showed a deficit. The loss, however, was only about \$50,000. The first great international exhibition was the Paris Exhibition of 1855. This was a profit of \$1,405,000 on her tremendous international show of 1853. The heaviest loss of any great exhibition occurred at Vienna in 1873.

The promoters found themselves ten million dollars out of pocket, even one million people, and London, which the Franco-British Exhibition is safe to say that London, as a whole, will be at least fifteen million dollars the richer.

A Gallant Commander.

Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, Commander-in-Chief at the North, who received the King and Queen at Port Victoria, on Their Majesties' return from Russia, has had some stirring times, but his most notable feat of skill always land him on top. One of his worst experiences was at the time of the collision between the Victoria and the Camperdown. On the ill-fated day Admiral Noel, in the Nile, was following the Victoria, while the Edinburgh, commanded by Admiral Campbell, was following the Camperdown. The fatal order was given, both grasped the situation, and by combination of skill, and what amounted virtually to disobedience of their impossible instructions, contrived to avert a double disaster. When the British troop joining the vessel at Candia slow a hundred British soldiers and a thousand Christian residents, and pilaged from houses, Sir Gerard, the son of a country clergyman, bombarded the town and then presented an ultimatum. Within forty-eight hours he had the ringleaders of the massacre handed over, and the ramparts and forts commanding the town surrendered.

A British Coup.

The London Daily Express, in a recent issue, publishes a curious story to the effect that six Englishmen led by James Ashmead Bartlet, representing a British syndicate, have penetrated Morocco and obtained from Mulai Hafid the surprising Sultan the promise of valuable mining, railroad and trading concessions in return for assistance in establishing Hafid on the Moroccan throne.

Decline of English Shipbuilding.

According to a return compiled by Lloyd's Register of Shipping, there were 356 vessels, excluding warships, of 799,178 tons gross, under construction in the United Kingdom at the close of the quarter ending June 30, this tonnage being 48,000 tons less than the figure at the close of the preceding quarter, and 451,000 tons less than that of twelve months ago, while it is also the lowest record since 1896.

An Ancient Game.

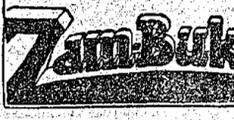
The Byzantine princes played a game which differed very little from our modern polo.

Natural Fought.

Miss Goodley—Mrs. Fortney doesn't really show her age at all, does she? Miss Knox—No. It's not surprising considering all her trouble. Miss Goodley—You mean it is surprising considering all her trouble. Miss Knox—No. I mean considering all the trouble she's taken to conceal it.—Philadelphia Press.

PILES

"I thought I must go on suffering from piles until I died. But Zam-Buk cured me."—Mrs. E. Reed, of Strathroy, Ont., and adds: "I was so weakened that I could hardly move about, and a little work caused me great agony. Then I heard of this grand balm, and I am thankful to say that it has cured me."



Value of the Local Paper.

Do not let it be said of your community that you have let your editor's work go unappreciated. Use his paper. Make him prosperous and yourself rich doing it. If you have foolish ideas about the non-productiveness of newspaper advertising, throw them off and try it out. One try will prove nothing. If it is successful, so much the better, but the constant use of the paper in an intelligent manner will produce the results. If your advertisements do not pay, it is because you do not provide the right kind of copy. In almost every case the newspaperman knows how to set your ad in an attractive manner, but he is not to blame if you furnish him poor copy.

The best friend any business man in the world has, next to his wife, is the local newspaper, and if he doesn't get full value for this friendship it is his fault, not the editor's. The editor of the average so-called country paper has done more to uphold his town and the relations in it than all other influences combined, and it also follows that as an almost unbroken rule he is the least appreciated person in his community.

Cut loose from this narrow, selfish way of doing things. Look to your own interests; by helping the local newspaper, it is a variable gold mine, all you have to do is to reach out for the nuggets. Remember that the editor has to eat and wear clothes the same as you do and what he sells is just as necessary to life and prosperity as your merchandise.—Ex.

Costiveness and its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected rises to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first indication of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.

It is calculated that 4,000 persons make a living in London by begging, and that their average income amounts to about 36s. a week or over £200,000 a year. Last year 1,991 persons were arrested for begging in the streets, of whom more than 1,500 were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one week to three months. Many of these objects of charity were found in possession of sums of money and even of bank books, showing very handsome deposits.

Had Silver Plate Inserted.

Mr. C. Taylor, of River Ave., Winnipeg, who lost part of the bone in his leg from a fracture, had a silver plate inserted by Dr. F. W. E. Burnham, the Broadway surgeon.

"I am not afraid. Each day I do something that makes me worry."

"That's bad."

"Well, each new worry makes me forget the worry of yesterday. It might be worse."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dr. Jackson, former Health Officer of New York City, says in his report to Governor Hughes, that house flies are the cause of five thousand deaths annually in that city from typhoid fever and other intestinal diseases. Wilson's Fly Pads kill all the flies and the disease germs too.

A Tune Cuba Doesn't Like.

Judge Alton of one of Havana's correctional courts fined the management of the Albus theater \$30 a few days ago for violating the ordinance against the playing of the "Marche de Cadix" ("Cadix March"). There is a peculiar and reasonable prejudice in Cuba against this Spanish march. It was to that tune, in the days when Spain ruled the island, that the Cuban patriots marched to their execution. So when the independent government was established six years ago a ban was placed on the march, and it has been seldom heard since then. Senor Valdes, manager of the Albus theater, explained that the large Spanish element in the house demanded the playing of the "Cadix March" and he complied to avoid trouble.

George Washington's Pension.

George Washington is drawing a pension through the local pension office. This George Washington is a negro and is also known as George Stewart. His home is in Elmira.

His name has been received from Washington by Pension Agent Orr for enrollment as a pensioner. Washington served during the civil war in a negro regiment.

"I remember when we had General Jackson on our roll," said Mr. Orr. "Jackson was a negro. General was his first name."—Buffalo Commercial.

America's Peril.

Every foreign observer believes that the grand struggle between the "haves" and "have nots" which is to mark this century will be fought out first of all upon American soil.—London Spectator.

Poor Investment.

Ostend—Pa, what is a "bond of sympathy?"

Pa—A very poor investment, my son. It never draws any interest from the public.—St. Louis Republic.

Impolltenses.

"A enormous dog came in one day, and he and I commenced to play, and we had fun, and nice fun, too. Long as he had the dog should do, but when he got so awful fat, I hollered that I had enough. But 'stead of stopping as he should, as anybody'd think he would, he knocked me down and tried to see if he could sit on all of me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Gargel in Cows.

Autheors (of the budding variety)—I got level with the editor last night. He always rejects my manuscripts. But I have had my revenge.

Friend—How did you do it? Autheors—I declined his son with thanks.—Pick-Me-Up.

Black Watch Black Pig The Chewing Tobacco of Quality.

DRY MILK.

How the Lactal-Fluid Is Reduced to a Powder.

It is a well recognized fact that the curd of milk is water. This is not said facetiously, for we now allude only to the water which it contains as it comes from the cow. This water, however, is 87 per cent of the bulk, so that it can be seen at once that curd milk must be considered a highly diluted and therefore correspondingly unwholesome food.

The fundamental idea of dry milk is simply to remove this 87 per cent of water. The process by which this is accomplished is very simple. The milk as soon as possible after it comes from the cow—in most cases an hour or two—is passed without preliminary treatment, physical or chemical, except straining, over polished steel rollers in a thin sheet. The rollers are heated to a temperature of 240 degrees F., and the milk remains on them only about two and one-half seconds. It comes off the rollers a dry powder, containing less moisture than flour, only 5 or 6 per cent. It is then packed in boxes or barrels and can be shipped far or near, as required. Its chemical composition has been unchanged, and it will now keep for an indefinite period, or until the addition of water. I myself have drunk milk more than two years old.

In the first place, all germs are killed by the temperature of 240 degrees at which the milk is subjected. The milk itself does not suffer any chemical change, as in the case of sterilization, on account of the short space of time it is subjected to this heat, only two and one-half seconds instead of twenty or thirty minutes. Secondly, bacteria develop only in the presence of moisture. It has been ascertained that there must be 15 per cent moisture for the propagation of germs. Now, as dry milk contains only 6 per cent moisture, any germs which may subsequently get into the powder cannot develop; hence the milk keeps indefinitely, or until water is again added. We have therefore in dry milk a food eight times as nutritious as ordinary milk in proportion to its weight and which is absolutely free from bacteria and will remain so.—A. C. Robinson in Outing Magazine.

An Explorer's Pet.

Sir Harry Johnston, the celebrated traveler and explorer, has quite a number of curiosities collected in savage lands. He also delights in keeping unusual pets and tells a funny story of a monkey which he possessed when he lived at Zanzibar. Atlas, Jacko as he is called, was brought about by his mischievousness. It appears that a wedding was taking place at the house of a resident whom Jacko disliked and whose gardens he had raided time after time. A splendid wedding breakfast had been prepared, but just as the party returned to partake of it the monkey jumped in through the window, clutched the corners of the tablecloth and shook up the whole set-off everything, from champagne to pepper, was inextricably mixed. Then he impudently sat on the ruins till the gun of the infuriated bridegroom cut short his career.—Pearson's Weekly.

When Riley and Carman Met.

James Whitcomb Riley and Bliss Carman, though comrades of long standing in art, did not meet till comparatively recently. It was in Washington, and the Canadian poet, whose head is fully six feet four inches above ground, was walking down Pennsylvania avenue with a friend.

Observing Riley approach and knowing that the two poets had never met, the Washingtonian took occasion to introduce them.

Struggling with suppressed emotion, the laureate of childhood dropped his eyes to the pavement, gradually permitted his glance to travel upward, as though analyzing a new species of sky-scraper, and, with an expression of involuntary droop, ejaculated: "Well, by jiminy! Your parents must be trained yep on a trellis."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FIRST STREET LIGHTS

City Illumination Began in the Time of the Revolution.

These Were the Precursors of the Brilliant Thoroughfares of Today—The Tax on Chimneys That Gave New Orleans Its First Public Lamps.

LINKBOYS AND LANTERNS.

To one walking abroad at night in New York or any other American city, traversing highways made as light as day by artificial illumination, it seems beyond the realms of the possible to believe that only within the last hundred years street lighting has come into general use and that not until the introduction of gas has it been enjoyed on an extensive scale and sufficient light been obtained to make outdoor walking after dark anything but a disagreeable experience. Yet such are the facts. The age of light in city illumination began practically at the same time that the age of light in popular government dawned—with the American Revolution.

At first glance there is apparently no connection between popular government and street lighting, but close reading of history shows the relation to have been intimate. The American Revolution gave freedom to the common people and made all men equal before the law. Before that era privileged classes held sway, and the common people were deprived of many rights. Among them was the right to walk the streets at night. When curfew rang all except the privileged classes were obliged to stay indoors, and as the privileged always had plenty of slaves or other servants to carry torches or lanterns for them when they were called abroad at night the need for street lighting was not felt, at least by the ruling classes. The demand for street lighting was met first by lanterns burning tallow candles, then by lamps fed with fish or vegetable oils. These gave place to kerosene oil lamps on the discovery of petroleum, and they in turn to gas.

The history of the United States shows that in only a few of the large cities was any attempt made to light the streets prior to the Revolution. In New York, Boston and Philadelphia a few open flame oil lamps were maintained at the public expense in the principal thoroughfares, but in the majority of towns and in the cities outside of the principal streets night wayfarers either carried lanterns or had their way lighted by linkboys bearing torches. New Orleans, one of the oldest cities in America, depended upon lanterns and linkboys entirely until 1792, when the Spanish governor, Baron Carondelet, inaugurated a crude system of street lighting. Louisiana, it will be remembered, was still a Spanish province when the United States gained its independence and did not come into the Union till some years later. A writer in the New Orleans Picayune recalls the interesting fact of Carondelet's innovation in that city.

One of the new governor's first suggestions to the cabildo, or council, was to provide street lamps and watchmen—the police of those days—to protect the lives of citizens venturing out after nightfall. The suggestion was approved, but the question of raising money to pay for the lamps and oil and the wages of the watchmen proved a serious problem. The yearly revenue of the city of New Orleans in those days did not exceed \$7,000, and none of it could be spared for such a luxury as street lighting. Baron Carondelet, however, proved himself a financier as well as a progressive governor. He decided that every householder who could afford a chimney on his house could afford to pay something toward lighting the streets. At his suggestion the cabildo levied a tax of \$1.12 1/2 on every chimney in the city, and this supplied the funds which gave the Louisiana metropolis its first street lamps.

This system of street lighting prevailed in New Orleans and other American cities far into the nineteenth century. Many men now living can recall the lamplighters of the old oil lamp days, and in some villages up to this day oil or gasoline lamps are as yet the only means of street lighting. It has been remarked often that if our Revolutionary sires could revisit this country to day they would be frightened at our big cities, tall buildings, the steam engine, telegraph, telephone and other modern inventions. It is doubtful whether the turning of night into day by modern methods of street lighting would not impress them more. No sharper contrast could be provided than the dark, rogue infested lane known as the Broad Way in Washington's time and the gorgeous glitter of the same thoroughfare today in that part known as the Great White Way.

Instead of lark darkness, a glare brighter than noonday; instead of narrow footpaths and muddy highway, broad stone promenades and smooth asphalt pavements; instead of the sedan chair and its linkboys, the automobile and its searchlight; instead of the lonely watchman with his solemn "ally's well" thoughts of payly dressed, merry men and women seeking the theaters and restaurants. It would indeed appear like another world to the men used to lanterns, wax candles and the curfew.

Smallest Mammals.

The smallest of all mammals are the shrews—nocturnal, mouse-like creatures that hunt for worms and insects in woods and meadows. An eggshell would make a commodious barn for a mother shrew and her little ones.

A Good Reason.

"Why can't you come and give that address you promised the club on good advice to henpecked husbands?"

"Because my wife won't let me go out of nights."—Baltimore American.

Couldn't Understand.

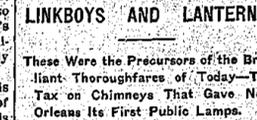
Farmer Hurdapple—Ma, Molly is back from college.

Ma Hurdapple—Well, tell her to go call the cows home.

Farmer Hurdapple—What would be the use? Cows don't understand college slang.—Chicago News.

CELLULOSE STARCH

Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking.



What Trees Do for the Prairie.

The farmers of the Canadian prairies can not grow big trees, but they can grow pretty ones. It seems strange that a soil which can do so much for wheat can not make as good a job of a tree. But wheat, you must remember, is a brief summer plant, and trees have to live through the winter. The experimental farm at Brandon shows what can be done with prairie trees. The small hardy varieties, Straborn firs and such, do remarkably well, and the soft maple thrives famously. The west is waking up to the necessity of planting trees, and the interior department at Ottawa, which handled only fifty-four applications for nursery stock in 1901, this year handled 3,206. Two million trees were distributed. In seven years 11,000,000 have been set out. Eleven million trees will do much to gladden the barrenness of the prairies. A tree, big or little, is a thing of beauty, and considering the great age some of them reach, almost a joy forever. Its shade is kind to all. With its feet firm set on earth and its hand thrown up to the sky, it is a standing lesson to the man who sits under it. The winds choose it for their whispers and soft secrets, and it is the clearing-house for the gossip of birds. To plant a tree is a small trouble. It grows while you sleep. Eleven million trees will do much to gladden the barrenness of the prairies. A tree, big or little, is a thing of beauty, and considering the great age some of them reach, almost a joy forever. Its shade is kind to all. With its feet firm set on earth and its hand thrown up to the sky, it is a standing lesson to the man who sits under it. The winds choose it for their whispers and soft secrets, and it is the clearing-house for the gossip of birds. To plant a tree is a small trouble. It grows while you sleep. Eleven million trees will do much to gladden the barrenness of the prairies. 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SALE OF LANDS FOR UNPAID DELINQUENT TAXES

In the Rossland Assessment District, Province of British Columbia

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that on Friday, the 9th day of October, A. D. 1908, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in the City of Rossland, I shall sell at public auction the lands hereinafter set out, for the delinquent taxes unpaid by said persons on the 31st day of December, 1907, and for interest, costs and expenses, including the cost of advertising said sale, if the total amount due is not sooner paid.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED

Name of Person Assessed.	Short Description of Property.	Delinquent Property.			Statutory costs and expenses	Total.
		Taxes.	School Tax.	Interest to Date of Sale.		
Lands in Similkameen Division of Yale District.						
Hall, M. D., and Jacobs, R. L.	Part of Lot 252 (O) Group 1.	\$ 24 00	\$. 65	\$ 1 10	\$ 2 00	\$ 27 10
Wolverton, W. M.	Part of Lot 317 (O) Group 1.	114 00	3 00	5 30	2 00	124 30
Dominion Copper Co.	Part of Lots 229, 931, 981 and 1072, (O) Group 1.	610 95	29 75	2 00	2 00	672 70
Corvill & Murray.	Part of Lot 453 (O) Group 1.	8 70	0 40	0 40	2 00	11 50
Hartley, J. A.	Part of Lot 536 (O) Group 1.	35 40	5 92	1 90	2 00	45 22
Johnson, S. M.	Part of Lots 542, 929, and 2394 (O) Group 1.	9 60	0 45	0 45	2 00	12 50
Watson, Chas. W.	Lot 603 (O) Group 1.	3 00	0 68	0 17	2 00	4 85
Scott, William.	Part of Lot 689 (O) Group 1.	15 00	1 36	0 94	2 00	19 30
Thompson, Mrs. Ida.	Part of Lot 689 (O) Group 1.	15 00	0 70	0 70	2 00	17 70
Kirkpatrick, J. A.	Lot 696 (O) Group 1.	32 00	0 56	1 50	2 00	36 06
Dundee, Chas.	Part of Lot 750 (O) Group 1.	0 70	0 03	0 03	2 00	2 73
Johnson, Ole.	Part of Lot 970 (O) Group 1.	6 00	0 28	0 28	2 00	8 28
Clark, Mrs. Ella.	Part of Lot 1227 (O) Group 1.	7 20	0 35	0 35	2 00	9 55
Sears, J. D. and C. F.	Lot 1286 (O) Group 1.	12 00	0 55	0 55	2 00	14 55
Parker, W. D. and E., and Lorell, L. J.	Lot 1295 (O) Group 1.	7 20	0 35	0 35	2 00	9 55
Fyver, E. C.	Part of Lot 1377 (O) Group 1.	15 00	0 70	0 70	2 00	17 70
McQuarrie, Murdoch.	Lot 1759 (O) Group 1.	2 04	0 10	0 10	2 00	4 14
Ericson, Ole, and Horner, Thorwald.	Lot 2171 (O) Group 1.	7 20	0 35	0 35	2 00	9 55
Corvill, Frank.	Lot 2251 (O) Group 1.	9 00	4 50	0 65	2 00	16 15
Jardine, Frank.	Lot 2653 (O) Group 1.	3 60	0 15	0 15	2 00	5 75
Hannier, John.	Part of Lot 2681 (O) Group 1.	6 00	0 25	0 25	2 00	8 55
Townsend, Tim.	Lot 3399 (O) Group 1.					

Rossland, B. C., September 9th, 1908.

J. KIRKUP, Collector.

H. BUNTING
CONTRACTOR
ESTIMATES GIVEN.
Dealer in all kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Windows, Doors, Shingles, Brick, Cement, etc.
Shop Phone, 65.
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\$60.00
From Greenwood to Winnipeg, Duluth, Fort William, St. Paul, Chicago, New York, Montreal, St. John, N. B., St. Louis, Toronto, Ottawa, Halifax, Sydney, C. B.
Tickets on sale May 4 and 18, June 5, 6, 19 and 20, July 6, 7, 22 and 28, August 6, 7, 21 and 22, 1908. First class, round trip, 90-Day Limit.
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Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by
J. C. Chelin & Co., Nelson

The Kootenay Saloon
Sangley, B. C., has a line of nerve braces unsurpassed in any mountain town or the Great West. A glass of aqua pura given free with spirits ment.
The Greenwood Branch Nelson Iron Works
Is now prepared to make all kinds of Iron, Brass or Copper Castings. First-class work guaranteed.
Geo. M. Holt, Manager.

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R. T. LOWERY, PUBLISHER.
GREENWOOD B. C., OCT. 1, 1908.

UNION LABEL
A blue mark here indicates that your Subscription has become deceased, and that the editor would once more like to commune with your collateral.
All hold-up men do not carry a gun.
The greatest loss is a friend who is not dead.
Our cemetery for dead ads is nearly full.
Work and money will win almost any election.
It is not likely that Bob Kelly will be elected in Vancouver.
The wiser a man is in some ways the bigger fool he is in others.
In Oregon upon election day a candidate must not treat a voter.
The Summerland Review is a literary and typographical triumph.
LEMEUX now promises rural free delivery in Canada. The election is not far away.
The church and the railroads rule Canada, and not Laurier, as so many people suppose.
We regret that Earl Grey did not have time to stop at Greenwood and get a glimpse of a live mining town.
It may not be Curtison to say so, but after the election in Kootenay it will be Goodeve to the Liberal candidate.
You can have big game with a little gun in the Okanagan. Near Peachland the other day a preacher killed a bear with a 22 rifle.
MANY a man will cheerfully dig up a dollar to see an opera and begrudge to drop a plugged nickel into the collection box at church.
WHENEVER possible the government at Ottawa shunts papers out of the mails that speak the truth too plainly in exposing the evils of the day.
ALREADY in the Okanagan the farmers are wondering what they will do with their peaches. Keep out of sight and let the small boy have a chance.
The Hon. W. J. Bowser is having a hearty reception in Toronto, where he is showing the people how the Liberals opened the door to the Japs in B. C.
The Empire wants to know if Prince Rupert can be made a great city without the bar room. In such a moist climate there should be no difficulty, as the inhabitants have so little chance to get dry.
With a crop of a hundred and twenty million bushels of wheat between the Rockies and blue Su-

IGORROTES Will Be There.
The attraction par excellence of all the various and novel show features of the Spokane Interstate Fair of October 5th to 10th has been engaged by the board of managers in the persons of a colony of Bontoe Igorrotes, the famous "head hunters" of Luzon, Philippine Islands. These "brouce Apollos" have only been in this country since the spring of 1907, are here with the consent of the United States government, and will live in their native village, built largely out of native materials brought all the way from the upper lands of Luzon.
In the village the men, women and children from the United States' most distant possessions will weave their native cloths in which they clothe themselves after the fashion of their kind, will make spears, bolos and head hunting knives in crude native fashion, indulge in the head hunting and spear throwing and generally illustrate the weird customs of these strange peoples native to the Philippines.
There will be the various native huts devoted to the married couples, the single men, the girls and unmarried women, the chief and the poor men, and from an ethnological standpoint this exhibition, which is accompanied by the best informed and most accommodating of lecturers, promises to be among the most interesting on the Interstate Fair grounds.
Dolls at bargain prices. Bargains that are bargains. All sizes, all kinds, at one-third the regular prices. Don't overlook this opportunity. See and be convinced. McKee Bros.
There must be something wrong with that old axiom about ignorance being bliss, otherwise more people would be happy.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNERS
To J. P. Myers Gray and to the Estate of the late Judge Leamy, or to whomsoever they may have transferred their interests in the Jenny Erskine Mineral Claim, situated in Deadwood camp, Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District, B. C.
You are hereby notified that I have extended six months from the date of this notice, you full or refuse to contribute your proportion of the above mentioned claim, together with the cost of advertising your interests in the said claim, will become the property of the undersigned under Section 4 of the Mineral Act Amendment Act, 1905.
JOHN LUCY.

Patronize Home Industry and Smoke "BOUNDARY" CIGAR.
Union Made Havana Filled.
THE Vendome - Hotel
In Anaconda provides accommodation for the local and traveling public. An easy walk from the center of Greenwood.
J. W. O'Brien, Proprietor.
The Hotel Slocan
Three Forks, B. C., is the leading hotel of the city. Mountain trout and game dinners a specialty. Rooms reserved by telegraph.
HUGH NIVEN, PROP.

Roycroft Philosophy.
Be gentle and keep your voice low.
Verily in the midst of life we are in debt.
Anyone can sympathize with people in trouble, but to take joy to their success requires some one bigger than I.
Often a good way to conquer is to wisely submit.
Think less about your rights, and more about your duties.
Speak well of every one if you speak of them at all—none of us are so very good.
Men are great only as they are kind.
They say—what say they? Let them say.
We are all children in the kindergarten of God.
Aim high and consider yourself capable of great things.
Do your work as well as you can and be kind.
The gossip habit is a disease. If you have gossip germs on your person, please disinfect them before entering here. This place stands for head hand and heart—for happiness, health and helpfulness.
A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future with more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.
Listen closely and you will detect the minor note in the voice of every man of decided worth.
The men who do things and not the men who merely talk about things are those who bless the world.—Fra Elbertus.
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.
Winking at an auctioneer or at the fellow running a soda fountain is often an expensive pair of winks.
Wedding rings made. Diamonds mounted. Work that will stand comparison. E. A. Black, Phoenix.
After a self-made man has finished the job he should make a few friends to use in case of emergency.
Largest stock of jewelry in the Boundary to select from. E. A. Black, Phoenix.
It's all right for a man to make friends with a mule provided he keeps away from the business end.
When you want a monument or headstone, write to the Kootenay Marble Works, Nelson, B. C.
The devil doesn't keep out of a home simply because there is a handsome bible on the parlor table.
For Sale—Twelve Pekin Ducks. Apply to W. S. Torney, Ehol, B. C.
You mustn't sing unless nature has given you a voice that will not give the others a pain.
School books and school supplies at right right prices. Coles' book store.
A woman in the U. S. has applied for two pensions, representing that she is the widow of one soldier and the grass widow of another.
Experience comes high but people will keep on investing in moving picture shows.
You hardly ever see a free show that doesn't have some kind of collection attached to it.
The country would rise up and call blessed any set of men who would devise some plan to kill off the politician.
Charity may cover a multitude of sins but the stovepipe hat covers more fools.
The difference between making money and earning it often is the penitentiary.

The people in Greenwood do not take sulphur and molasses as a blood purifier. They merely snuff the smelter smoke. It has an odor like rotten eggs fried and mixed with assafoetida, but is said to be an excellent tonic for the blood.
In Enderby Harry Walker has started an excellent monthly called "Under the Pines." We are afraid Harry is trying to work too hard, and we hope that his zeal for literary labor will not injure the editorial page of his excellent weekly.
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Tolstoy says that this life is only a dream and after death occurs then comes the real awakening. We are glad to know that what we thought so often was a reality is only a dream. The beefsteak we had the other day we thought was real, but it must have been a dream.
COPPER will advance in price after November 4, and now is the time to buy claims. The future of the red metal is very bright, and right now the supply is not equal to the demand. Unless an enormous number of new mines are brought in the price must hit the 20 cent mark.

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In a recent speech Joe Martin said the Conservative members went out of office poor men, but that it would be different with the Liberals if they were defeated. Laurier owed a duty to the country to make Sifton and others explain how they became suddenly rich. He knew Sifton before he became a cabinet minister, and when he was so poor he had to compromise a four thousand dollar judgment held against him in Winnipeg. However, we never expect to hear of Sifton telling how he got his millions. Possession is still nine points ahead of the law.
Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

IGORROTES Will Be There.
The attraction par excellence of all the various and novel show features of the Spokane Interstate Fair of October 5th to 10th has been engaged by the board of managers in the persons of a colony of Bontoe Igorrotes, the famous "head hunters" of Luzon, Philippine Islands. These "brouce Apollos" have only been in this country since the spring of 1907, are here with the consent of the United States government, and will live in their native village, built largely out of native materials brought all the way from the upper lands of Luzon.
In the village the men, women and children from the United States' most distant possessions will weave their native cloths in which they clothe themselves after the fashion of their kind, will make spears, bolos and head hunting knives in crude native fashion, indulge in the head hunting and spear throwing and generally illustrate the weird customs of these strange peoples native to the Philippines.
There will be the various native huts devoted to the married couples, the single men, the girls and unmarried women, the chief and the poor men, and from an ethnological standpoint this exhibition, which is accompanied by the best informed and most accommodating of lecturers, promises to be among the most interesting on the Interstate Fair grounds.
Dolls at bargain prices. Bargains that are bargains. All sizes, all kinds, at one-third the regular prices. Don't overlook this opportunity. See and be convinced. McKee Bros.
There must be something wrong with that old axiom about ignorance being bliss, otherwise more people would be happy.

Patronize Home Industry and Smoke "BOUNDARY" CIGAR.
Union Made Havana Filled.
THE Vendome - Hotel
In Anaconda provides accommodation for the local and traveling public. An easy walk from the center of Greenwood.
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The Hotel Slocan
Three Forks, B. C., is the leading hotel of the city. Mountain trout and game dinners a specialty. Rooms reserved by telegraph.
HUGH NIVEN, PROP.

Roycroft Philosophy.
Be gentle and keep your voice low.
Verily in the midst of life we are in debt.
Anyone can sympathize with people in trouble, but to take joy to their success requires some one bigger than I.
Often a good way to conquer is to wisely submit.
Think less about your rights, and more about your duties.
Speak well of every one if you speak of them at all—none of us are so very good.
Men are great only as they are kind.
They say—what say they? Let them say.
We are all children in the kindergarten of God.
Aim high and consider yourself capable of great things.
Do your work as well as you can and be kind.
The gossip habit is a disease. If you have gossip germs on your person, please disinfect them before entering here. This place stands for head hand and heart—for happiness, health and helpfulness.
A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future with more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.
Listen closely and you will detect the minor note in the voice of every man of decided worth.
The men who do things and not the men who merely talk about things are those who bless the world.—Fra Elbertus.
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.
Winking at an auctioneer or at the fellow running a soda fountain is often an expensive pair of winks.
Wedding rings made. Diamonds mounted. Work that will stand comparison. E. A. Black, Phoenix.
After a self-made man has finished the job he should make a few friends to use in case of emergency.
Largest stock of jewelry in the Boundary to select from. E. A. Black, Phoenix.
It's all right for a man to make friends with a mule provided he keeps away from the business end.
When you want a monument or headstone, write to the Kootenay Marble Works, Nelson, B. C.
The devil doesn't keep out of a home simply because there is a handsome bible on the parlor table.
For Sale—Twelve Pekin Ducks. Apply to W. S. Torney, Ehol, B. C.
You mustn't sing unless nature has given you a voice that will not give the others a pain.
School books and school supplies at right right prices. Coles' book store.
A woman in the U. S. has applied for two pensions, representing that she is the widow of one soldier and the grass widow of another.
Experience comes high but people will keep on investing in moving picture shows.
You hardly ever see a free show that doesn't have some kind of collection attached to it.
The country would rise up and call blessed any set of men who would devise some plan to kill off the politician.
Charity may cover a multitude of sins but the stovepipe hat covers more fools.
The difference between making money and earning it often is the penitentiary.

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Moore's Cafe
IN THE WINDSOR HOTEL.
Everything is of the best at this cafe, as we Lead while others Follow. It makes no difference what you order—steaks, chops, eggs, bacon, ham, outlets, chicken, etc., we have the high grade goods. No shut-down, and no key to the door. Just the place to eat at any hour of the day or night. Drop in and introduce the inner man to our gastronomical delicacies.
Howard Moore, Proprietor.

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

R. A. BROWN
FERRY, WASH.
General Merchant
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Stationery, Hardware, Tobacco, Cigars, Etc.
Fresh Eggs a Specialty

STARKEY & CO.
NELSON, B. C. WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS
Frank Fletcher
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Nelson, B. C.

Newmarket Hotel
Is the home for all tourists and millionaires visiting New Denver. British Columbia.
HENRY STEGE, PROP.
C. J. CAMPBELL
NEW DENVER
Provincial Assayer and Analytical Chemist. Correspondence solicited from any part of the country.

Hotel Alexander
PHOENIX, B. C.
Is a comfortable home for the miner and traveler. Good meals and pleasant rooms. Pure liquors and fragrant cigars in the bar.
H. MCGILLIS - PROPRIETOR
CIGARS
Tobaccos, Pipes, and all other Smokers' supplies. Next door to Pacific hotel.
J. P. FLOOD

T. THOMAS
MERCHANT TAILOR
Men's clothes cleaned, pressed and Repaired.
Fine Work A Specialty
TREMONT HOUSE
Nelson, B. C., is run on the the American and European plan. Nothing yellow about the house except the gold in the safe.
Malone & Tregillus
KASLO HOTEL
KASLO B. C.
Is a comfortable home for all who travel to that city.
COCKLE & PAPWORTH.
Job Printing at The Ledge.

HARDY & CO.
General Merchants, Midway, B. C.
Hay and Grain always on hand. Sleighs and Wagons and Implements of all kinds carried in stock. The very best goods at right prices.

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

Sirathcona Hotel
NELSON, B. C.
Now Under Old and Original Management.
E. E. PHAIR - MANAGER

The Hume...
NELSON, B. C.
GEO. F. WELLS, Proprietor.
First-class in everything. Steam heat, electric light, private baths. Telephone in every room. Finest lavatories in B. C. First-class bar and barber shop.
Bus meets all trains.

The Pacific Hotel...
In under the management of Greig & Morrison. The Rooms are Comfortably furnished, and the bar contains the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.
The Pacific Cafe...
Is the best-appointed restaurant in the interior of British Columbia. The best cooks and most attentive waiters only employed. Open all the time.
Mrs. Greig, Proprietress.
Commercial Hotel
Greenwood
Rooms 25 and 50 cents a night.
MRS. M. GILLIS.