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THE LEDGE

VOL. XV. GREENWOOD, B. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908. No. 9.

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Choice Fruit LANDS

For Sale at $10, $12 and $15 Per Acre.

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NELSON, B. C

Regular monthly meetings of Greenwood lodge No. 28, A. F. & A. M., are held on the first Thursday in each month in Fraternity hall, Wood block, Government street, Greenwood. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

JAS. S. BIRNIE, Secretary.

W. F. M. Greenwood Miners' Union, No. 22, W. F. M., meets every Saturday evening in Union Hall, Copper street, Greenwood, at 7:30. Also in hall at Mother Lode mine Thursday evenings at 7:30.

R. A. MATHEISON, Secretary.

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Nelson, B. C.

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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.

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MERCHANT TAILOR

Men's clothes cleaned, pressed and Repaired.

Fine Work A Specialty

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

Passing Throng

Jas. G. and Mrs. McMynn of Myncaster were visitors in the city Labor Day.

Miss Margery McArthur left Tuesday for Victoria to attend school.

R. T. Lowery has returned to the city and will take hold of the editorial rapier next week.

Phoenix defeated Greenwood in a very good game of baseball Labor day by a score of 13 to 8.

E. H. Mortimer, manager of the Bealey Investment company, is on a business trip to the coast.

The license commissioners for the city of Greenwood met yesterday and renewed all licenses.

Next Tuesday evening there will be a dance at the Mother Lode mine in aid of an injured miner.

Duncan McIntosh returned last week from a trip to Ashcroft and other points on the main line of the C. P. R.

Frank Sherwood, U. S. deputy collector of customs at Ferry, Wash., was a visitor in the city Labor Day.

Jack Munroe came over from the Golden Eagle mine on the North Fork Sunday morning and returned the same evening.

J. T. Beattie, manager of the Bank of Commerce, is spending his holidays in Kamloops. He is being relieved by F. W. De Mille, of Vancouver.

The Grand Forks cricket eleven will again play the local eleven here Sunday next. On this account the baseball match, Married vs. Single, has been postponed.

The Grand Forks cricketers defeated the local here on Labor Day. The game was not very good cricket from a batter's standpoint, which means that the bowling was effective.

Chas. Buxton was operated on at the hospital yesterday morning for appendicitis. Dr. McLean of Phoenix came down to assist Drs. J. E. and W. E. Spankie. The patient is doing well.

Geo. Heatherton, secretary of the Greenwood Miners' union, was called to Ottawa yesterday by a telegram stating that his father was dangerously ill. B. de Wiele is acting as secretary during his absence.

Reevie J. Frank and Violo Provo, both of Molson, Wash., were married Tuesday last by the Rev. M. D. McKee. Chris Kruger and Mrs. McKee assisted the young couple during the ceremony.

The last shipment of 21 tons of ore from the Sally mine near Beaverdell netted the company, after paying freight and treatment, $3,175.00. The freight alone from the mine to Midway amounts to $80 a ton.

A varied program will be given and a social evening passed at the Presbyterian church on Monday evening, September 14. The purpose of the entertainment, to aid the Fernie Presbyterian church, is a commendable one and should be supported. A good time is promised and refreshments will be served free. Admission 25 cents.

At the semi-annual election of officers of Phoenix Miners' union, the following were elected: President, Richard Silverthorn; vice-president, John R. Campbell; secretary, W. A. Pickard; treasurer, Francis Knott; conductor, Hector McNeiven; warden, W. Nogie; trustees, F. Knott, J. R. Campbell, D. W. McKenzie, C. Elmer, J. D. McLean.

At the semi-annual election of held last week the following officers were elected by the members of Greenwood Miners' union: Chas. Birce, president; Chas. Gus Johnson, vice-president; J. Fraser, 2nd vice-president; George Heatherton, financial secretary; John Finlay, Sr., treasurer; George McLaren, recording secretary; Chas. Hewar, conductor; Geo. Inglis, warden. The union is in a better position than it has been, both in numbers and financially.

The Board of Trade met last night with Mayor Bunting in the chair. There was barely a quorum present. It was decided to use all efforts possible to have an all-night telephone service in the district, and it was again decided to write the Railway Commissioners about the Boundary Falls wagon road. In conjunction with the B. C. Copper Co. and the city council the Board of Trade will entertain the mining engineers next Thursday at a smoker.

A large crowd gathered in Phoenix Monday for the Labor Day celebration. The sporting events were well contested. There was a large labor parade in the morning, and a splendid address by Editor O'Neill of the Miners' Magazine. All who climed the hill had a good time. Jim Marshall doesn't want all of the local Typographical and Barbers' unions in his house at one time, but doesn't object to them on the installment plan.

At a sitting of the county court held by Judge Brown Tuesday, the only case tried was Warren vs. Houston, an appeal from a decision of Police Magistrate Hallett. Emma Houston had charged W. E. Warren with shooting her dog. The magistrate imposed a fine with costs. An appeal was taken and appeal allowed by his honor with costs against respondent. There was no direct evidence against Warren, and when the man who shot the dog gave evidence to that effect there was nothing to the case. Mr. Warren was fortunate in being able to carry the case to a higher court, otherwise a very great injustice would have been done him. J. P. McLeod appeared for appellant, and W. A. Macdonald, K. C., for respondent.

Fell Thirty Feet.

Paul McMaster met with what might have proven a very serious accident while working on the new No. 1 tipple at Middlesboro collieries on Saturday. While engaged on the framework McMaster walked out on a bent which had not been securely nailed and gave way under his weight. He fell to the ground below, a distance of nearly 30 feet, breaking one finger and a couple of small bones in his wrist. Luckily for the victim, he struck against none of the timbers in the descent and his arms received the force of the fall on striking terra firma.—Nicola Herald.

Machinists' Strike.

A crisis is approaching is the mechanics' strike on the Canadian Pacific railway. The committee now in session in Montreal, representing all the orders and unions to which employees belong, it is understood, have given the company this week to decide whether they will meet this committee in conference, with the object of settling the strike, or have the entire system tied up. The committee in Montreal represent not only the machinists, boilermakers and carmen on strike, but also the engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen.

It seems to be a fight between the unions and the Canadian Pacific railway, the company having made up its mind to test their strength.

Mining.

The rich strike of free gold in the Beecher mine last week has been the talk of the camp. Nothing approaching this phenomenal find has ever occurred in this district. In fact, mining engineers and experts pronounce it the richest and most psrmanent looking strike they ever have seen anywhere. Rich, free gold bearing quartz with wideuing veins in every drift, and free, gold-bearing porphyry at the bottom of the shaft. The management is elated over the success and have increased the working force at the mine and are hoisting and sorting gold ore for shipment. All other prospects and mines in the camp are infused with the spirit of success and are redoubling their efforts to push their propertias to producers as soon as possible. The prospects of having another shipper in our midst and that shipper a "free gold" proposition, seems to encourage mining men, and all eyes are on the Beecher mine. Our store are busy outfitting and furnishing supplies for the different camps, and numerous new outfits are leaving for the mountains.

Orient has a hustling appearance and begins to show the car marks of a veteran mining camp. This is as it should be, and the splendid mining prospects ahead of us warrant in the near future not one of the best camps, but the best camp in the northwest. To use the phrase, "we have the goods," and all we have to do is to go after them. Of course, this takes money, but not half the amount that is required in other mining districts to develop mines.

Here is where we appeal to capitalists to make us a visit and we can soon convince you beyond a doubt that this is the best spot for mine investments. We know and feel how little our camp is known, hence we are trying in our feeble way to let the truth be known and in backing up our assertions will say "we are willing to be tried." It has been said that Orient produces more gold than the rest of the state of Washington. This is true and can be proven by government statistics. We can further truly say that we have one of the best gold mines in the world and prospects now look bright for several more of the best kind.

This is a gold district, and gold is what the people are looking for at the present time. The price of metals in copper and other mines have sorely disappointed investors within the last year. It has cut off dividends and closed good mines. The price of gold is always the same the world over, hence the price of metal cuts no figure in a gold mine investment. Orient is a gold camp and is destined to be the greatest gold mining district in the world.—Kettle River Journal.

Stand and Deliver.

A masked highwayman relieved Eva Burdett of $5 in cash and a diamond ring on Sunday evening at 9:30 o'clock. At the time mentioned Miss Burdett, who is a resident of the restricted district, was journeying between Rossland and Trail on horseback. She had arrived in front of the Catholic graveyard and was filled with the shivery thoughts, that passing such a place always inspire of ghosts and shades of the other world, when, to her horror, she saw something approaching her from the city of the dead. It was a man wearing a handkerchief over his face, but he moved with a celerity and quickness that soon dissipated the ghost theory. With a firm grasp he caught the bridle rein and brought the horse so a standstill. A large serviceable looking revolver was shoved into the frightened and shrinking woman's face and she was hoarsely ordered to give up what valuables she had with her. Quickly complying with the demand, $5, all the money in her possession, was passed over to the hold-up man. Asking her if that was all the money she had, and receiving a trembling affirmative answer, the robber's eyes, in the uncertain light, caught sight of the glitter of a diamond ring, which the woman wore on her finger, and the ungallant fellow insisted on the ring being given to him. The woman has only an indistinct idea of the appearance of the highwayman, but says she thinks he was either a colored man or had his face and hands blackened in order to create the impression that he was a son of Ham.—Rossland Miner.

Fertile Peace River.

Writing to the Toronto Globe with regard to the Peace River country, "S. R. T." says:

This park country is fully as beautiful as the clean prairie of the south, and of much greater economic value. The trees will afford windbreaks for buildings and crops and shelter for cattle, and at the same time helping to conserve the moisture. Grass flourishes here as nowhere else on the plains, and wild fruits of many kinds. The fertility of the soil and the extreme length of the days in the growing seasons are the reasons assigned for this. The extraordiny growth of grasses, combined with the very moderate winters, make the country ideal for the raising of stock. Its agricultural possibilities have not been extensively exploited. Wherever farming is carried on the crops are usually profitable. This year crops were everywhere a success, including wheat, oats and potatoes. Vegetables of nearly every kind are grown at many points, while in the valley of the Peace settlers can even raise such difficult garden produce as corn, tomatoes and cucumbers. Those who raise crops of almost any kind are sure of a good market and top prices.

Wheat is bought by the Hudson's Bay company at $1.25 a bushel, while oats are in great demand for winter freighting at $1.50 tg $2 a bushel. The high prices are due to the fact that only within the last few years has grain been raised, and even today there are very few engaged in growing crops. Mr. Brick, M. P. P., is about the only one on the Upper Peace who grows grain in any quantity. The missions raise a little, and a few of the half-breeds, but Mr. Brick told us that there was room for twenty more grain farmers at Peace River Crossing.

What are the country's drawbacks? The mosquitoes, the lack of good water and at present the country's isolation. These can only be duly appreciated by those who have been there. The mosquitoes are a torment to man and beast in summer. The last is at once the most serious drawback, and the one most sure to be overcome. Backward as the great Peace country is, there is no doubt we shall see a development never surpassed in the West.

A 17-per cent investment—If you think this is good enough, buy my 6-roomed cottage and 2 lots at price offered, and, after paying taxes, and insurance, you will get this for your money. F. M. Elkins.

Activity at Mines.

An average of aver 100 tons of coal a day have been shipped from the Middlesboro collieries for some time past, and very shortly this will come up to 200 or more tons per day. It is understood that the company have received contracts that will demand at least this output.

Work on the new tipple is going rapidly ahead and it is expected that unscreened coal will be shipped from No. 1 mine one week from today. The new screening plant will be installed as soon as possible.

Several new men have been taken on at the mines during the past ten days and when the new tipple is finished there will be an opening for between 40 and 50 competent miners and inside loaders. There are now 65 men at the boarding house, and in all about 150 on the company's payroll.—Nicola Herald.

Racing at the Fair.

A long line of Racers, including horses of national reputation, will be on hand at the sounding of the gong for the fifteenth annual race meet of the Spokane Interstate Fair association.

Manager Robert H. Cosgrove of the Spokane Fair, has completed arrangements for a special train for horsemen to leave Helena about 10 o'clock Saturday night, October 3, to reach Spokane about 6 o'clock October 4. There will be 25 cars, and Manager Cosgrove has the assurance that upwards of 250 horses will come from Helena. These are horses going around the Montana circuit from Butte, and will contain a superior lot of animals to anything that has ever before raced in Spokane.

With fair prospects of a good lot from North Yakima, where a large contingent of Seattle horsemen, now racing their speed marvels at Seattle, will make their way after the Meadows meeting, it is certain that all former records for number and quality of running race horses will this fall be surpassed. With the certainty of the greatest harness meeting ever held, the prospect for lovers of horse racing are bright.

Manager Cosgrove is arranging with prominent race officials of Seattle and Denver for experts to act as officials for the fall program.

Every effort is being made to make the horse show which will be given at the Spokane Fair under the auspices of the Spokane Riding and Driving club, one of the social events of the Northwest.

An attractive list of prizes and trophies are interesting the horsewomen and horsemen of Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, and as many out-of-town horses are expected as will be entered from Spokane and vicinity. Among the Spokane horses to be entered is "Searchlight" and "Flashlight," owned by Andrew Laidlaw. "Seachlight," a favorite of last year's show, was purchased about six months ago from J. E. Mason, and Mr. Laidlaw last week added "Colonial Bell" and "Allen Bell," a fancy driving team, to his stable. All of these horses will be entered.

A large number of sterling silver trophy cups, handsomely engraved, has been put up as premiums. The following cups have been offered to date:

Ladies' saddle class—Victoria Hotel trophy.

Gentlemen's five-gait saddle class—Greenough trophy.

Pair of roadsters—Eiler trophy.

Single roadster—Handsome set of harness from Shaw-Wells Co.

Tandem class—Sherman, Clay & Co. trophy.

"Westward Ho!"

The September number of "Westward Ho!" is not only up to the expectations which the sanguine publishers have created, but far exceeds them. Its short, crisp and pointed romances are all that could be desired. Not one of them but gives us a new insight into human life and conduct. "The Remittance Man," a tale of Medicine Hat; "The Mission of Roses" and "An Old Fashioned Colonel," are, with several others, fascinating, and best of all, elevating and calculated to draw out and inspire all that is best in the reader. This is the kind of fiction needed in the home.

The September articles are lucid and concern present problems, industrial developments and the future potentialities of Western Canada, to which the publishers seem intensely devoted. Those on "Prince Rupert in the Making"; "The West as a Field of Immigration"; "An Appreciation of Sir Thomas Shaugnessy," and many others, are all most interesting and instructive, while art is gracefully touched by John Kyle in "Sketching from Nature," the romantic-historical in "Ruined Cities of Ceylon," and the domestic in "Country and Suburban Homes."

Mushrooms are plentiful in the meadows around Greenwood.

John Webster, the proprietor of the Winnipeg hotel in Grand Forks, has returned to that city from a visit to Regina. While on the prairie he shot 19 ducks in one day.

It has been noticed that the average man would dispose of a lot of experience for thirty cents on the dollar.

The Ownership of Ptolemy Caesar.

By LEONARD FRANK ADAMS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Jessie Morgan.

Ravenor stood in the library in all the luxury of early morning negligee. A gorgeous bathrobe swathed his big frame from his chin to his heels. His feet were thrust into a pair of comfortable looking Turkish slippers. Between his lips was a cigarette, deep drafts of which he inhaled thoughtfully as he eyed the man in the chair by the window. The latter was responsible for Ravenor's appearance downstairs at this unseemly hour.

Ravenor's early caller was not prepossessing. Indeed, he was distinctly otherwise. His eyes were small, watery blue and shifty. His underjaw was weak, and his seedy clothes and frayed linen were none too clean. Beside him, its own smart appearance in striking contrast to the man's general out at the elbows air, crouched a Boston terrier.

"Want to sell me the pup, I suppose," Ravenor said pleasantly. "That's why you're here, isn't it? That's why you got me out of bed at this un-Christian hour?"

The man nodded hopefully.

"Sure," he admitted. "I thought you'd like a chance at 'im so long's I got to raise the dough."

"Where'd you get him?" Ravenor asked sharply.

"Raised 'im from a pup, s'elp me," the man responded glibly. "An' I wouldn't be sellin' 'im if I didn't need the coin the worst way. I 'eard as 'ow you was open for a good trade in 'is line, so I brought 'im round. 'E's all right, now, ain't 'e? Stand up, Ptolemy, an' give the gent a good look at you."

The dog obediently stood up, and Ravenor's eyes lighted with interest. There could be no denying that Ptolemy was a fine specimen of his breed. His clean cut head, his well shaped shoulders, even his crooked little tail, all bespoke that.

"I got 'is pedigree 'ere on this paper," the man observed, drawing a dirty envelope from his pocket.

"Oh, never mind that," Ravenor replied, with a meaning grin. "What do you want for him?"

"I'd oughter get fifty, an' 'e's dirt cheap at that."

"Tell you what I'll do—I'll give you thirty."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I can't be too fussy, boss," he said. "I need the money, an' I need it bad. So long as I know 'e's goin' into good 'ands I guess there ain't nothin' for me to do but to take you up, though it's most like givin' 'im to you at that price."

Ravenor counted out the bills and handed them to the man, who ran them over with grimy fingers and departed, with a sigh and a sorrowful glance in the dog's direction, both of which were rather overdone.

Once the front door had closed behind him, Ravenor tossed his cigarette into the fireplace and pressed the button on the wall.

"Annie," he said to the second girl, who answered his summons, "I've just bought this pup. He answers to the name of Ptolemy. Take him downstairs and give him a feed; then let him out in the back yark. I'm going upstairs. You may call me at 10."

Ravenor went upstairs to resume his interrupted slumbers, and Ptolemy, having fared sumptuously at the hands of the cook, was turned loose in the back yard, where he galloped about gleefully, enjoying a rare half hour's sport with a bit of trailing clothesline and making desperate endeavors to catch the sparrows which now and again fluttered into the yard.

It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour after the sale that a cautious whistle sounded from the alley side of the high fence which inclosed the back yard. Ptolemy, with a yelp of joy, answered it. The back gate swung noiselessly open, just far enough for the dog to squeeze through. He was gathered up by the seedy man who had interviewed Ravenor in the library, thrust uncerimoniously beneath his coat and borne down the alley at a shuffling run.

Therefore when Ravenor made his appearance at 11 o'clock no Ptolemy answered his repeated whistlings. Annie and the cook protested weepingly their complete mystification in the dog's disappearance. Sure, they had thought him right in the yard all the time, they declared. He'd been chasing the sparrows and yelping there not ten minutes since. Ravenor searched the back yard thoroughly, the tool house, the little shed that held the ash barrels, even the coil of hose that lay in one corner, but no trace of his recent purchase could he find.

After lunch he went downtown to put an advertisement of his loss in the paper. The afternoon being particularly fine, he decided to walk home. He had reached the little square where Norwood street crosses the avenue and was striding briskly past the statue in the center of the diminutive park when a dog in full cry after a flock of elusive sparrows dashed past him.

There could be no mistaking that head, those clean cut shoulders, the distinctive markings of the neck and flank. Ravenor started in pursuit of the dog.

"Here, you, Ptolemy, Ptolemy! Come here! Come here, I say!" he cried.

The dog stopped, seemed to debate for a moment, then came toward Ravenor, wriggling his twisted stump of a tail in ridiculous apology.

"Nice way you deserted me this morning, wasn't it?" said Ravenor severely. "Come on with me now. No more back yard orgies for you unless some one has an eye on you."

He started homeward, the dog following meekly at his heels, but before he reached the other side of the park he caught the quick tread of light footfalls. An agitated voice close behind him was saying, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

He swung about to find himself face to face with Katherine Gray. Ravenor unconsciously stiffened. It was a trifle disconcerting to come thus abruptly upon a girl with whom he had quarreled but a short week before—a girl who before that quarrel had been the subject or his everyday dream.

The girl was equally surprised and embarrassed. She caught her breath in a little gasp, and the quick color mounted her cheeks. Almost instantly, however, she had recovered her poise.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," she said coldly. "I merely came for my dog. I saw he was following you."

"Your dog!" said Ravenor.

"My dog," she repeated.

Ravenor looked uncomfortable, but he faced her resolutely.

"There must be a mistake about this," said he. "I'm very sure he's mine."

"Yours?"

"Let me prove it to you. He knows his name. Here, Ptolemy."

The dog came obediently to Ravenor's side. He sat down and looked up expectantly.

The girl gasped. "I don't understand it," she said. "Now let me try the same proof. Here, Caesar."

The dog trotted over to her and repeated his maneuvers.

"Good heavens!" said Ravenor, utterly bewildered for the moment. Then suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Did you buy him recently?" he asked.

"This afternoon," she confessed.

"Of a seedy, shifty eyed man?"

She nodded.

Ravenor drew a long breath; then he laughed. "That explains it," he declared. "I bought him of the same man at 7 this morning."

"Oh!" said the girl; then she, too, fell to laughing.

"Come," said Ravenor at length, "let me walk home with you, and there we'll decide who has the better claim to Caesar or Ptolemy, or whatever his name is."

It was a long talk they had before a roaring fire in the cozy hall. It settled many points besides the ownership of the dog. When it was finished it was twilight, and two very contented young people were enjoying their rightful heritage of happiness again.

"And about the dog?" Ravenor suggested when he finally arose to leave.

"You take him," she said. "He's really yours by right of priority. You bought him first."

"I'll tell you," Ravenor said, with conviction. "Let's call him Ptolemy Caesar and own him jointly, and—and—let's—er—well, fix it so we can have him with us both, you know. Will you, Katherine?"

The girl fell to laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, what a way of putting it!" she cried, but there was a light in her eyes that brought Ravenor to her side.

And the newly christened Ptolemy Caesar leaped about them with yelps of joy.

Canning's Wedding.

I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, near what was then Swallow street, a fellow drew up against the wall to avoid being run over and, peering into the coach, recognized Pitt and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite him.

The fellow exclaimed, "What, Billy Pitt, and with a parson too?"

I said, "He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately," which was rather impudent of me, but Pitt was too much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage to be angry.

After the ceremony he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position necessary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son I do not think he could have been more interested in all that related to his marriage.—"Letters of John Hookham Frere."

Killing a King.

In all monarchies the killing of the king or emperor, the Law Journal of London points out, "is perhaps the gravest form of high treason." The Journal adds: "In one country, Italy, sentence of death cannot be imposed, and in Portugal we believe that capital punishment is not used, if not abolished. Under the law of treason of the United Kingdom, which has been applied to most of the king's dominions abroad, with or without statutory modifications, the killing of the king is a capital offence by the statute of treasons. It is there described as 'compassing or imagining the death of our lord the king.' By later legislation (of 1800) the elaborate provisions special to trials for treason do not apply to assassination of the sovereign or a direct attempt on his life, and such offenses are tried in the same manner as willful murder. The result is that in substance, though not in form, the killing of the sovereign is triable and punishable in the same manner as the willful murder of a subject, but the sentence may direct the execution to be by decapitation instead of hanging."

The Love of the Dog.

Ouida, the novelist, wrote: "The sympathy of your dog is unfailing, unobtrusive. If you are sad, so is he, and if your are merry, none is so willing to leap and laugh with you as he. For your dog you are never poor. The attachment of the dog to man outweighs and almost obliterates attachment in him to his own race. There is something shocking to our high opinion of him in the callousness with which he will sniff at the stiff body of a brother dog. He will follow his master to the grave and sometimes die on it."

An Exception.

"I think," said the merchant, "I'll have to fire your friend Polk. I never saw any one quite so lazy."

"Slow in everything, is he?"

"No, not everything. He gets tired quick enough."—Exchange.

Easy Enough.

"I cannot live but a week longer wizout you!"

"Really, duke! Now, how can you fix on a specific length of time?"

"Ze landlord fix on it, miss, not I."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A TALE OF PORTO RICO

Curious Story of the Haunted Sentry Box.

LIGHT ON THE OLD LEGEND.

One of the Many Mysterious Disappearances From Fort San Cristobal Accounted For by the Revelation of the Lost One Himself.

Writing in the Journal of the Military Service Institution, Captain Arthur P. S. Hyde of the coast artillery tells this curious story of "the haunted sentry box" of Fort San Cristobal, the ancient Spanish built fortress which guards the entrance to San Juan, Porto Rico:

"A number of picturesque sentry boxes built of masonry and appearing like minarets are placed at points of vantage in and around the fort. One of these on the sea front, and reached only through a long and dark tunnel from the interior of the fort, is popularly known as La Garita del Diablo, or the devil's sentry box, usually, although incorrectly, translated the haunted sentry box. This name was given to it by the Spanish soldiers for the reason that a number of sentries stationed there disappeared in a most mysterious manner and were never again heard from.

"An American officer was once on duty that took him into the remote interior of the island, and while spending one night in a small settlement he engaged in conversation with a number of the inhabitants of the place. One old man, on learning that the officer was stationed at Fort San Cristobal, became especially interested and in the course of the conversation told the following story:

"'I used to be a soldier in the Spanish army and was stationed at Fort San Cristobal. A number of soldiers while on sentry duty had mysteriously disappeared from the sentry box down by the sea, and we had all become convinced that it was haunted by the devil, who, we thought, used to come and steal the soldiers away.

"'One stormy night it fell to my lot to go on duty in the devil's sentry box, as we called it, at midnight, and it was with some doubts and misgivings that I went with the corporal of the guard and relieved the former sentry. When they left me I listened to the sound of their footfalls reverberating from the walls and ceiling of the dark and narrow passage, ever growing fainter and fainter as they receded, until finally the noise of the storm and the sea completely drowned it, and I was left alone with the mad elements.

"'It was a mad night and one well calculated to add to the feeling of awe that the devil's sentry box always instilled into the man on duty there at night.

"'Presently my attention was attracted by some lights in a small tavern on the shore below the fort, where many of us were wont to go when off duty for a glass of rum. Then I began to think that I might be able to climb down over the rocks to the shore, get a glass of rum at the tavern and return to my post.

"'The more I thought of it the more determined I was to go, so finally, leaving my rifle and belt in the sentry box, I climbed over the wall and down on to the rocks and so made my way with great labor and difficulty and no little danger to the little house, where the occupants were making merry with dancing and drinking. I soon fell to and enjoyed myself with them.

"'When one is dancing with a fair senorita he sometimes forgets the passage of time, as I did on that fatal night, and not until long after 1 o'clock did I begin to think of returning to my post. Then, realizing that the corporal had made his inspection and had found me gone from my post and with my rifle and belt left behind, I saw only a court martial and the garrote staring me in the face, for in those days for a sentinel in the Spanish army to quit his post meant sure death, even in peace.

"'To go back was out of the question. There was only one thing left for me to do, and that was to desert. My heart sank within me. If I should be captured, the same fate would be meted out to me; but, I reasoned, if I were to go back the fate would be a certainty, whereas if I deserted at least I had a chance of keeping out of sight of the authorities. I deserted and before morning was out of the city and on the way to the mountains.

"'I have lived in this little hamlet for years and have never been back to the capital since that day, nor have I ever told my story to a single soul until tonight, but now that the Spaniards are gone I no longer fear for my life.'

"Thus we have the story of the devil's sentry box from one of the very men who so mysteriously disappeared from it, and it would seem to be probable that the other disappearances could be accounted for in a similar manner were the truth known. Quien sabe?"

Captain Hyde mentions an interesting fact that, although for centuries Porto Rico was considered the legitimate prey of freebooters and was attacked at various times by regularly organized expeditions of the English and the Dutch during times of war, with more or less success, Fort El Morro has never been captured by an enemy, and its only surrender was to the Americans, together with the surrender of the whole island.

The Japanese Smile.

Lafcadio Hearn says a people who smile naturally cannot wear the expression of the Japanese. A Japanese can smile whenever he wants, even in the jaws of death. It is a law of etiquette elaborated and cultivated for many centuries until it has become a silent language. They smile in the face of sorrow and suffering, paradoxical as this seems. This smile says: "I do not wish you to suffer with me. I bear my sorrow, suffering and trials alone."

A Composition.

A poet could not sleep one night,
His Pegasus demanded flight.
As he composed he found he might
Compose himself to sleep.

The Last Straw.

There was once a playwright who sat in front at the first night of a new piece of his own. This piece failed—it failed dreadfully.

As the playwright sat, pale and sad, amid the hisses, a woman behind him leaned forward and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but, knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty at the beginning of the performance of nipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me now to return it to you."—Stray Stories.

An Oil Without Alcohol.—Some oils and many medicines have alcohol as a prominent ingredient. A judicious mingling of six essential oils compose the famous Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and there is no alcohol in it, so that its effects are lasting. There is no medicinal oil compounded that can equal this oil in its preventive and healing power.

"I don't believe in that doctor."

"Why?"

"He didn't tell me everything I wanted to eat was bad for me."—London Opinion.

Somehow a compliment is pleasing to a woman even when she knows it isn't sincere.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

"Gumbolt and I have made a bet and agreed to leave it you. He says a drowning man gets his lungs full of water, and I say he doesn't. Which of us is right?"

"What are the terms of the wager?"

"The loser is to pay for a dinner for the three of us."

"H'm—I never knew Gumbolt to pay a bet. You lose."—Chicago Tribune.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER

Every mother knows how fatal the summer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent at this time and too often a precious little life is lost after a few hours' illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of Baby's Own Tablets prevent stomach and bowel troubles, or if the trouble comes suddenly—as it generally does—the Tablets will bring the little one through safely. Mrs. George Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says:—"My baby was suffering with colic, vomiting and diarrhoea, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared. I would advise all mothers to keep a box of Tablets always at hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PASTIMES OF MADMEN.

Cunning and Ingenuity Displayed by the Insane.

Some of the inventions of the insane are of scientific value. A patient at Villejuif invented a "panification machine" by combining a bottle, a plank and small metallic tubes, to which he had fitted faucets. Having set up his machine, he produced loaves of bread the size of a man's head. The bread was good—so good that it was decided to make the machine known. One day when it was in action the doctor suggested taking a photograph of it. The inventor watched him as if petrified for a moment; then he fell upon the machine, wrenched it apart and trampled it underfoot. The invention, an exceedingly useful one, was lost, because no one had seen him make it, and no one dares speak of it to him. To allude to it is to bring on a furious attack.

Most lunatics, no matter how contented they may be, generally cherish a furtive longing to escape. They collect wax from the polished floors, take the impressions of locks and make keys from empty sardine boxes, spoon handles or anything to be found. Dr. Marie's museum includes a collection of knives of strange and unheard of shapes. Some of them have blades made from pieces of glass or slate and set in handles of corset steels. Objects harmless in themselves become dangerous weapons through the ingenuity of madmen.

Insane sculptors are as common as insane painters. The insane sculptor hews out coarse statuettes, fantastic animals, ferocious little horned and grimacing devils. An ex-mechanic carves all his soup bones. That his old trade is still in his memory is shown by the little screws that he makes out of the smaller pieces of bone. He works all day at his senseless and ridiculous task. Another lunatic, who believes he is the incarnation of the soul of Beelzebub, passes his time carving toy men out of wood. Each pair of his creations are joined together, now at the necks, now at the shoulders.—Helen E. Meyer in Harper's Weekly.

"What is your idea of an ideal wife?"

"One who will cook the meals, do the washing, look after the furnace, make her own clothes and—and"—

"And what?"

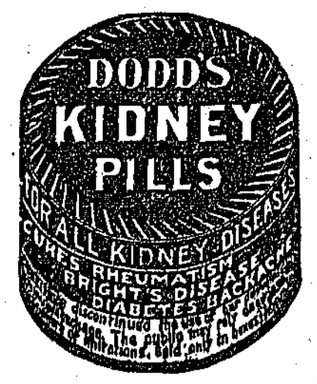
"Keep herself looking as young and as beautiful as an actress who pulls down $400 a week in vaudeville."

A Panther.

"Now, Elsie," said the schoolteacher, "can you tell me what a panther is?"

"Yeth, ma'am," lisped the little miss. "He ith a man that makths panths."

Simplicity forms a main ingredient in a noble nature.—Thucydides.



W. N. U. No. 699.

THEY FELL TWO MILES.

Thrilling Adventure of Two Lady Balloonists.

The terrible fall of two women parachutists from a height of more than two miles was recently described by one of them.

The women—Miss Daisy Shepard and Miss Louie May—who made an ascent from Longton (Staffordshire), came down at Field Farm, four miles from Uttoxeter, and Miss Shepard was seriously injured. Miss May escaped practically unhurt, and was able to go home at once. Miss Shepard is confined to bed at Field Farm suffering from an injury to her spine, but she is in high spirits and confident of a speedy recovery.

"I love ballooning," she said, "and I am as much at home in the air as I am anywhere. You see I was all right. It was my companion, Miss May, who was in trouble.

"Her parachute refused to work, and we were not able to descend when we intended to at a height of a few hundred feet. We went up and up until we had reached a height of 11,000 feet. We passed through two clouds, and that made matters worse, as the clouds made the material of the parachute wet.

"I hardly know what happened. I remember Miss May jumping on my knees. She must have leaped five feet through the air. It was a very risky thing to do, but she did it splendidly, and then we began to descend.

"My parachute was built to carry only one passenger, and the extra weight made it descend with terrible rapidity. Miss May was on my knees all the way, and she was not injured much.

"We were using a new apparatus for freeing the parachute, which worked all right in the tests, but failed in actual practice."

The injury to Miss Shepard's spine is said to be serious, but not incurable.

RED-HAIRED CALEDONIANS.

Scientist Has Been Studying Pigmentation In Scotland.

Red hair is found in distinct excess north of the Grampians, and especially in the northeast of Scotland. Mr. Tocher, Peterhead, who has made the question of pigmentation a special study, and has just been helped to conclude a color survey of the school children—over 500,000—of Scotland, announced this as one of his results in a lecture to the Educational Institute at Dumfries.

In most European countries, he said, there is a distinct predominance of one type over the others. In North Germany and Sweden, it is the blonde type; in Italy the brunette. No such predominance is found in Scotland. Dark hair and fair are present in equal proportions. The dominant color among Scottish children is brown, and it has to be shown how far brown is really a blend of fair and dark. If it is so there is evidence of the formation of a new type in Scotland.

The proportion of red hair throughout the country is a little over 5 per cent.—high compared with the continent. One cannot overlook the reference of Tacitus to the red-haired Caledonians. Some curious facts brought to light suggest that red hair is not entirely or strictly a racial trait. It may have some peculiar physiological if not pathological connection.

Mr. Tocher has found a distinct difference between the color distribution of children in densely populated parts and in rural and less populated districts. Emigration has also produced an apparent tendency to excess in certain forms of mental and physical defects. In the main the difference between the distribution of color in Glasgow and the general population is due to children of both Irish and foreign nationality.

Consumption Is Common.

A skilled surgeon and physician who executes the post-mortems at a well-known infirmary in the north of England says that recoveries from tuberculosis consumption are far more common than most persons believe. He writes:

"From post-mortems upon cases dying in the hospital from a variety of conditions, and which have shown during life no evidence of tubercular infection, I would compute the number of cases of cured tubercle at 60 per cent. of the total post-mortems. In forming this computation I altogether disregard cicatrices found in lungs and include only gaseous calcareous nodules which are evidently of considerable age. This, together with the chemical fact that the patients have during life shown no sign of phythisis and have died from some entirely independent disease, leads one to assume, and I think justly, that these are cases of cured tubercle, and, further, that tuberculin infection in a human subject is far more common than has been previously estimated."

Showing a Bad Example.

A grocer who was noted for his carefulness had an advertisement inserted in a local newspaper for a message boy, and a young fellow who understood the kind of a gentleman who was advertising came to apply for the situation, and while the grocer was telling him how careful he must be a fly settled on a bag of sugar and the grocer caught it and threw it away. The boy then said: "If you want me to be careful you are showing me a bad example."

"Why?" replied the former.

"Because," said the boy, "you have thrown that fly away without brushing the sugar off its feet."—Tit-Bits.

Lions Fight.

Excited by a thunderstorm, two massive African male lions—Nero and Brutus—at Earl's Court, London, got into the cage of a young lioness. A terrific fight ensued between the two lions, and it was only after great exertions on the part of the staff that the beasts were eventually separated, after having badly mauled each other. It is feared that Nero will lose the sight of his right eye. Both the animals show signs of their struggle.

Marriages In Siam.

Marriages are sometimes made in heaven, but in Siam they are often made elsewhere. In that enlightened country girls who reach a certain age without marrying are placed in a privileged class under the special care of the King, who binds himself to find a husband for them all. His method is simplicity itself. A prisoner in any one of the Siamese jails may gain his pardon and release by marrying one of the ineligible class. Whether he is already married or not is of no great consequence, for in Siam a man is not restricted to one wife. But still many prisoners prefer jail.

MEN'S COSTUMES.

The Change That Came When Powder and Snuff Went Out.

The French revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800 as well as upon matters of more weighty import, the tendency being greatly to simplify costumes. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat and pantaloons inaugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to despise the old court fashion.

The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out, and short hair became universal.

Trousers and Wellington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar, which had gone out of favor under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief or stock.

The snuffbox vanished, and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seals hanging from the watch chain. Various modifications took place from time to time during Queen Victoria's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remained unaltered.

The knickerbockers and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wide awake, the soft felt hat.—English Illustrated Magazine.

"Pa, why do you speak of a woman as a man's better half?"

"I don't know, unless it's because she carries the pocketbook."—Detroit Free Press.

Wise mothers who know the virtues of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator always have it at hand, because it proves its value.

Hard Lines For Bachelors.

"Korea's the wrong place for bachelors," said a traveler. "Bachelors in Korea are considered as children and have only children's privileges. You, a Korean bachelor, get thirsty. You enter a rest house and call for palm wine. The pretty little amber colored waitress says:

"'Married?'

"'No,' says you.

"'Hence then,' says she, and out you go, unshaked.

"You want to vote, but they won't let you if you are not married.

"You apply for a job somewhere. 'How many children have you?' is the first question you're asked. And as soon as you say you're unmarried they laugh in your face to think that you should presume to apply for work anywhere."

The Ita Palm.

In the moonlit garden overlooking the sea no sound was to be heard save the petulant plaint of the mosquitoes, angry at being disturbed at their food.

"Come," said the host, "let us go and sit under the ita palm. They won't bother us there."

In comfort under the ita, he went on: "This tree is from the Orinoco delta, the home of the Warau tribe. The Orinoco delta is infested with mosquitoes to an incredible degree. The Waraus, to escape them, live in a palm whose odor the mosquito can't put up with.

"This is the palm—the ita—which makes the naked Warau's mosquito proof bed. A handy thing it is among these salt marshes to have in a garden too."

Basely Deceived.

The Husband—You want to know where I was so late last night? I was at the office balancing my books.

The Wife—It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare.

The H.—H'm! If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortune teller?

The W.—Not much. I consulted one once, and she told me a pack of lies.

The H.—Indeed! What did she tell you?

The W.—She told me I would get a rich, handsome, kind, attentive and truthful husband.

Costly Eyeteeth.

"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.

"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.

"'Cause I heard him tell a man today that it cost him nearly $300 to get his eyeteeth cut," replied Johnny.

Inconsistent.

"Dear me," said the poetess, "I don't see why those horrid editors insist on having manuscripts written on only one side of the sheet when they go and print their paper on both sides."—Pathfinder.

To Digest the Food

Bile in the intestines is as important to digestion as are the gastric juices in the stomach and bile is only supplied when the liver is in active condition.

The serious and chronic forms of indigestion are cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills because of their influence on the liver, causing a good flow of bile to aid digestion and keep the bowels regular, thereby preventing fermentation of the food, the formation of gas and all the disagreeable symptoms of indigestion.

Long standing cases of chronic indigestion yield to Dr. A.W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills after all else has failed.

Here's the proof.

"I was for many years troubled with indigestion and headache, and derived no benefit from the many remedies I used. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and after taking four boxes the result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessings of good health."—Mr. Duncan McPherson, Content, Alta.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills

Presence of Mind.

Owner of the Coop—Who's in there?

Quick-witted Rastus (softly)—'Taint nobody in heah 'ceppin' us chickens.—Life.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without any injury to the flesh.

The doctor of an asylum was showing an interested visitor round the place. In the first cell was a young man gazing blankly about him. "This man was in love with a woman who married another man," said the doctor, "and she drove him to this." The next cell was padded and in it sat a man stark, staring mad and padlocked down. "Who is this poor fellow?" inquired the visitor. "This," said the doctor, "is the other man."

A glass of iced "Salada" Tea will be found most refreshing this warm weather. As cooling as a summer breeze. 56

"Father seems impressed with your talk about coupons," said the maiden. "Have you really any?"

"Sure," answered the guileful youth "got 500 saved up toward a piano for our little flat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

THE HYPNOTIC EYE.

And the Man Who Likes to Test It on the Circus Animals.

The man who wants to test the power of the human eye on savage beasts is legion, and he affords no end of amusement for the attendants at the circus, who are always on the lookout for him. Often he may be detected standing before the cage of a lion, gazing intently straight into the eyes of the dignified old beast, who gazes back with indifference and finally shifts his eyes, not because he feels any mystic influence, but because something else has attracted his attention.

A story is told of a man who tried the hypnotic trick on an ostrich. At first the bird crouched down and fluttered his wings nervously, but made no other manifestation for some time. A few hours later the body of the man was found, with the huge bird alternately stamping and sitting on it. Another is told of a man who tried to outgaze a leopard, with the result that the animal made a fierce charge against the bars of his cage and at the man, and the two created a disturbance that brought the attendants hurrying to investigate the trouble.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

Stones and Glass Houses.

The origin of the saying, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," is as follows: At the time of the union of England and Scotland London was inundated with Scotchmen, and the London roughs used to go about at night breaking their windows. Buckingham being considered the chief instigator of the mischief, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, known as the Glass House. The court favorite appealed to the king, who replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones!"

KING OF THE ROAD
"THE BETTER KIND"
OVERALLS AND SHIRTS
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL
SOLD TO THE TRADE BY
R. J. WHITLA & CO., LTD.
Winnipeg.

SHREDDED WHEAT
Now for Strawberries and Shredded Wheat.
Nature's purest and best food, insuring a clear head and healthy body.
Is Invigorating Without Being Heating.
Try it. Sold by all grocers. 951

AN HONEST DOCTOR ADVISED PE-RU-NA.

MR. SYLVESTER E. SMITH, Room 218, Granite Block, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Peruna is the best friend a sick man can have.

"A few months ago I came here in a wretched condition. Exposure and dampness had ruined my once robust health. I had catarrhal affections of the bronchial tubes, and for a time there was a doubt as to my recovery.

"My good honest old doctor advised me to take Peruna, which I did and in a short time my health began to improve very rapidly, the bronchial trouble gradually disappeared, and in three months my health was fully restored.

"Accept a grateful man's thanks for his restoration to perfect health."

Pe-ru-na for Ills Patients.

A. W. Perrin, M. D. S., 980 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., says:

"I am using your Peruna myself, and am recommending it to my patients in all cases of catarrh, and find it to be more than you represent. Peruna can be had now of all druggists in this section. At the time I began using it, it was unknown."

Manufactured by The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.

"Don't marry the first girl you fall in love with; wait till you have seen the others," advises The Montgomery Advertiser. This recalls the story of the maid who went through the thicket in search of a perfect stick, leaving many good ones behind, in the hope of finding something better, until near the end of her journey she had to take a crooked one at last. The trouble with some old maids and old bachelors is that they are too particular.—San Antonio Express.

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

Alderman Tracy of Chicago, has a son who was one day boasting of his father's official position.

"My father," he said to a companion, "is an Alderman."

"Huh!" snorted the other boy, "that's nothing. My father blows the whistle at the mill!"

That settled it.—Home Herald.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County, }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON. (Seal.) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling," was Henry's fervent answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"—Detroit News Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

It was beginning to rain, and the man who was on the point of starting for church discovered that there was not an umbrella in the house fit for use. "You can borrow one from the T——s next door," suggested the better half, "they never go to church." "No, Laura," he answered with firmness: "it is wrong to borrow umbrellas on Sunday. I shall punish myself for my carelessness by not going to church this morning."

Wire Wounds.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed and best of all the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

Here is an extract from the prospectus of a hotel in Switzerland.

"Weissbach is the favorite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of solitude are, in fact, constantly flocking here from the four quarters of the globe."—Home Herald.

A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.—When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gases causing pains and oppression in the stomachic region. The belching or eructation of these gases is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.

A certain John Simmons had been a twenty-three years total abstainer, but fell from grace and worshipped the vinous god with all the fervor of a pervert.

Feeling the need of recuperation, he sent his boy to an adjacent hostelry for a bottle of whiskey.

"But," cried the hotel proprietor, "who's it for?"

"For my father," said the boy.

"Nonsense. Your father is a total abstainer, and has been, to my knowledge, for longer years than you've lived."

"Well, at all events, he sent me for it."

"What does he want it for?"

"To let you into a secret," the boy said, ashamed to tell the truth, "he's going fishing, and he wants the cork to use for a float."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A DRAGON HUNT.

It Took Place in Turkey and Was a Great Success.

"Yes, I wunst hunted dragons, and the hunt was successful, too," said a sailor.

"It was in Eyoub, the native quarter of old Constantinople. I lived there with my wife, a Circassian gal, Fatmah by name, and, comin' home from the calf one night"—

"Calf?"

"Sure! Calf. Don't you know what a calf is? Kind of restaurant where you eat and drink and smoke. But where was I?"

"You were coming home."

"Well, as we come home from the calf Fatmah grabbed my arm, pointed to the moon and give a loud yell. The full moon behind the domes and minarets was goin' into an eclipse. I laughed, but Fatmah says:

"'A dragon, O my beloved,' she says, 'is tryin' to devour the moon!' she says. 'If the faithful slay it not, there will be no more moonlight,' says she—never!'

"Then, by tar, begun the biggest racket I ever hear. All Eyoub was on a dragon hunt. From every housetop the faithful fired blunderbusses at the moon in the hope of killin' the dragon.

"When we got home I tried to explain to Fatmah what an eclipse was, but she thought I was laughin' at her. So I gave up my explanations, and, with a pistol, each of us joined in the hunt, laughin' away at the dragon from the winder turn and turn about.

"By crinus, we got him! The hunt was a success! The dead dragon dropped off the moon, and she floated, round and silvery wunst more, above the palms and minarets standin' black agin the pale sky.

"Fatmah claimed it was her shot what landed him, but I was always convinced it was my own."

THE TREATY TREE.

Where Penn and the Delaware Chiefs Exchanged Tokens.

The "treaty tree," the original American Hague, where our first peace congress was held, with William Penn on the one side and the Delaware chiefs on the other, was a mighty elm that stood at Shackamaxon, on the banks of the Delaware river. Kensington, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, now surrounds the spot.

As was customary on such occasions, the parties to the treaty exchanged belts of wampum, and the belt said to have been given Penn on this occasion is now in the collection of the Pennsylvania Historical society. It consists of eighteen strings of black and white beads, and in the center are two figures, representing a European and an Indian, with hands joined in friendship. In exchanging tokens with the chiefs Penn said:

"The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. We are all one flesh and blood." When the Indians handed Penn the wampum belt of peace they said:

"We will live in love and peace with William Penn as long as the sun and the moon shall endure."

The treaty tree was blown down in a windstorm March 10, 1810. Its age, estimated by rings, is 283 years. The William Penn society erected a marble column upon the site as a permanent monument.

The Overtired Conductor.

When the horse cars were in existence there was a greenhorn known as John who conducted on the Thirteenth and Fifteenth street lines. He boarded with his two aunts, who lived on Catharine street, between Thirteenth and Broad. One day his aunts thought they would take a ride with John and see how he was getting along, so they waited for his car. Soon the car began to get crowded and passengers got off and on at every square. John began to get angry. At last he became so exasperated at having to stop so often that when an old lady asked him to stop at Chestnut he bawled out: "I'm darned sick and tired pulling the bell. It's nothing but stop here and stop there, stop here and stop there. Away with youse all down to Catharine street with me aunts, and you get out in a bunch."

Two of a Kind.

"Come, come," cried the brusque and hustling real estate man, "why do you pay rent when you might own a home?"

"I—I don't pay rent," replied the startled stranger.

"Then you own a home?"

"N-no."

"That's strange. May I ask your business?"

"I'm a real estate dealer."

Two of a Kind.

"Oh, George," sighed the lovesick maiden, "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."

"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about evenly matched."

To the Strict Letter.

"Mary," said the lady of the house, "you didn't put any salt in this bread."

"But," replied the new girl, "didn't the master say yesterday he wouldn't have nothing but fresh bread on his table, mum?"

The colors on the artist's palette make no show, but when they are spread on the canvas we see their beauty.—Gelkie.

Ancient Posters.

It is probably the general impression that posters and handbills are modern inventions, but it has been discovered that the ancient Romans practiced this method of advertising. In digging at Herculaneum there was brought to light a pillar covered with bills, one on top of another. The paste used to stick them was made of gum arabic. The bills, when separated and examined, were found to be programmes and announcements of public meetings and even election proclamations.

FREAKS OF DREAMS.

Melancholy People Often Have Very Happy Nights.

Dr. T. S. Clouston, superintendent physician to the Royal Asylum, Edinburgh, Scotland, and a well-known authority on mental diseases, has given some interesting news on the subject of dreams.

"The modern opinion about dreaming," said Dr. Clouston, "is that a long series of events do not take place instantaneously, as used to be thought. Dreams may go on all night. It may be assumed that dream sleep is not a sound sleep.

"A very curious thing is that many melancholy people, whose whole conscious life is one of misery, dream beautiful and happy dreams. They will tell you in the morning that that was their only pleasant time of the 24 hours, and they wish they could sleep always, for then they would be happy.

"The doctors now, as a rule, think it is a good sign when melancholy people have cheerful dreams. The physiological view of dreaming now may be said to be the opening out of a partial consciousness of the things that have been heard and thought about, and seen by the brain previously. No new thought was ever created in a dream, and it is very doubtful whether the solution of any new problem was ever effected in a dream."

It is well known the dream events can occur with startling rapidity. The difficulty is to fix the duration of time. Lord Holland is stated to have fallen asleep while listening to the reading of a book, and to have had a long dream between the beginning and end of a sentence.

In Mr. Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," reference is made to a dream in which, during the striking of the hour on a clock, the dreamer saw the whole of the grand army pass in review before Napoleon. Horse, foot and artillery passed slowly, in an apparently interminable line, each unit saluting as it passed. Yet all passed in a moment of time.

The rapidity of dream action has suggested to some psychologists the theory that dreams are always experienced during the moment of passing from sleep to wakefulness.

STARVING GENTLEWOMEN.

Daughter of Baronet Who Sold Shoestrings on London Streets.

Extraordinary cases of starving gentlewomen have come to light, such as superannuated governesses, widows of improvident husbands, and those who, in the days of their youth were able to make quite a comfortable income as clerks or otherwise.

By gradual stages representatives of all these types have sunk lower and lower, and sometimes, having sought forgetfulness in drink, have come to the lowest grade before drifting into the shelter of the institute.

Here was, for instance, a wretched looking creature, but with unmistakable signs of having once been "a lady," whose only source of income lay in her handful of bootlaces which she sold to mechanics in their midday rest. She proved to be the daughter of a baronet, whose marriage had displeased her family.

Estranged from her relatives by the quarrel of early life, she had too much pride to reveal to them the poverty by which she had of late been overtaken; but, absolutely miserable, she crept about the mean streets of the vast city of London as successfully hidden as if living in another hemisphere, far from the gorgeous mansion, the carriages and the servants which once were hers by right of birth.

Lived to Be More Than 100.

For the deaths of three British centenarians to be chronicled on the same day must surely be an almost unique occurrence. The names and ages of these veterans are: Mrs. Margaret Fagan, 104; Samuel Goldstein, 106, and Mrs. Honor Coleman, who died from the effects of a fall at the reputed age of 107 years, thus recalling the similar fate of the famous Catherine, Countess of Desmond, whose life of 140 years was brought to a tragic close by a fall from a cherry tree.

There are some who look with more than suspicion on any age which claims to exceed a century, and probably the titles of many reputed centenarians, especially in the humbler walks of life, would not bear close examination.

But the records prove conclusively that Sir Moses Montefiore and Admiral Provo Wallis lived into their second century; that M. Conerbe, a French farmer, survived his 112th birthday; that M. Soule, another Frenchman, died at 115; that a Roumanian, one Pascal Vicarn, lived 120 years, and that an Armenian nun entered a convent at Jerusalem at 17, and never passed its threshold to the day of her death, ninety-eight years later.—Westminster Gazette.

Not Curious.

A certain employer of labor had received many complaints from his foreman as to one of the hands, who, though an excellent workman and one whom it were undesirable to dismiss altogether, could never be induced to arrive at the proper time in the morning.

So the employer, determining to expostulate with the offender personally, arrived early one morning and laid in wait for him.

In due time the dilatory one strolled in and was accosted wrathfully:

"Do you know what time we begin work here in the morning?"

"No, sir," was the calm reply. "I know they're always at it when I get here."—London Telegraph.

Prudence.

The multimillionaire was being interviewed.

"Which paper do you like best to have your family read?" hopefully asked the young reporter.

"The one that advertises the fewest bargains," said Old Moneybags stingily.

Halt the battle is won if you start the day with a laugh.

The Changed View.

Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun.—Emerson.

A Little Ball.

Cassidy—Ah, well, no wan kin prevint w'at's past an' gone. Casey—Ye could if ye only acted quick enough. Cassidy—Go 'long, man! How could yer? Casey—Stop it before it happens.

THE CURATE'S AID

By MARY B. EAKET.

"Jeannie! Jeannie! Come and see the new curate. I am sure he is coming in here."

Jean McLeod, a tall, fair girl of twenty-two summers, hastened to her mother's side.

They lived on the outskirts of the lonely village of Bothmore and any stranger who entered the village streets was sure to receive marked attention from all.

Health had failed the old clergyman who had for the last eighteen years been in charge of the one little wooden church and as his doctors had insisted upon a change of air it was rumored that a young and handsome Oxford man was to fill the vacant place.

No wonder then that Jean came quickly at her mother's call.

How glad she was to feel that here was one who would appreciate her talents and understand her moods.

Jean McLeod, an only daughter and her father's pet had indeed been spoilt in childhood and as she grew older had been sent to a city college that she might have every advantage and accomplishment which tend to make the so-called finished lady.

Thus she had gradually grown into the fixed idea, that the ignorant youth of Bothmore were just a little below her level and that, well, they were not learned enough to be able to understand and appreciate or sympathize with her talents, her advantages and her ideas.

"Why, yes, mother; he has turned into the lane already and you have your old apron on. Why don't you go and take it off and make yourself look a bit tidy; remember he will not be like Mr. Dean—he has been reared in the city and from Oxford too! What a bore he will find the people here. We must make it as pleasant for him as we can."

"Well I always made old Mr. Dean at home whether I had a clean apron or not. But I suppose you know best. It seems to me if we folk have to go and dress every time we see the clergyman coming, whether we be a cooking or a washing or a churning, that it is the curate himself who will soon be a bore." So saying Mrs. McLeod went slowly up the stairs to give the required touches to her dress.

Meanwhile the curate had reached the door, which in answer to his light rap, was opened by Jean.

"Pardon me, madam, but is Mrs. McLeod at home?"

This was hardly the greeting Jean expected, but she liked the voice, and she would make him her friend at all costs. So smiling sweetly she said "Yes, sir; my mother, Mrs. McLeod, is at home and will be down in a minute. But will you please step into the parlor and wait; you are our new curate are you not? We recognized you as you came up the lane,—"

"Yes, madam, I have that honor and am indeed pleased that my parishioners recognize me so readily."

"When you have been here as long as I have you will be glad to have an opportunity of recognizing some stranger from the outer world. You will find it very dull here, and the people are such a bore you cannot help but feel it."

"I hope not, madam. My duty here is not to recognize the outer world, but the people of this dear little parish, and I shall do my utmost to fulfill that duty; as for my feeling the people a bore, I hope not, for to my mind one has to be a bore one's self before one can feel bored by others."

This was rather more than Jean expected, and from a city-bred gentleman too; really it was too terrible to be true. Why, he had as much as told her that she was a bore. She felt like leaving him alone and going to tell her mother how horrid he was; but no, she would stay but would not answer his rude remark.

Although her silence was meant to be stinging, it seemed to her he thought it golden, for he did not attempt to continue the conversation, but sat looking out on the lawn as if solitude were indeed the sweetest thing in God's good earth.

Mrs. McLeod was now coming down the stairs. She would bring him to his place before her mother entered. "Pardon, sir; my mother"—the words were hard and cold, but the curate seemed not to even hear her as he rose quickly and crossed the room to the door just as her mother was about to enter.

"Mrs. McLeod, I presume. I am Mr. Waltham, your new curate, and it is indeed a pleasure for me to make your acquaintance. I trust we may become firm friends in the near future. I have made the acquaintance of your daughter, but I believe I have already bored her with my views." So saying, he led Mrs. McLeod to a large easy chair, the very one Jean had chosen for him.

"Now, Mrs. McLeod, I want your advice, counsel and help. I am a stranger here at present, and from you I want some advice as to the quickest way to win the hearts and minds of my people, and also to know who needs most the staff to guide them to the light. All cannot receive care at one and the same time, and, moreover, some do not need it; but I am so afraid lest through lack of knowledge I may neglect those who are so much in need of help that they cannot walk to the light alone. You can always lead the bulk of your flock, but there are some who are trying so hard to follow, and yet need help in places, or they will at once fall back and lose their way. It is for those my heart bleeds and for those I want your aid and sympathy."

"It is indeed very good of you to come to me, Mr. Waltham, and I am sure I will help you all I can. But why have you not sought this advice from Jeannie? She knows them one and all as well as I, and has been counting on being an aid to you in your work. I assure you, Mr. Waltham no one has been more overjoyed at your coming than she. Her college days were spent abroad, and it is such a tie to her now to have to live in this dull place, as she calls it. For myself, I find it a very interesting little place indeed."

"I agree with you, Mrs. McLeod, and now I want you to help make it interesting for me, too. Jean may know all the people as well as you, but since she finds it so very dull I am sure she does not feel for them as you do. If it be her desire to aid me in my work here, we will endeavor to find a way for her to do so; but now it is your help I want."

The very idea! A man she had only met ten minutes before, calling her Jean. And how rude he was to speak of her in such tones. Why, he had not even told her his name, or that he was pleased to meet her, or anything; and had refused her advice with regard to the people, even before it was proffered.

And this was the man she had planned and dreamt about—the man whom she had looked to, to brighten life at Bothmore. Truly life is false, indeed. She had been bitterly deceived.

Sitting like one in a dream, she heard all he said to her mother, and yet she did not, but when he rose to go she knew she was not sorry.

He was at least more courteous now than on his arrival. Crossing the room, he held out his hand. "Miss McLeod, your mother and I have become such staunch friends. Will you not congratulate me? And, by the way, I understand that you are desirous of aiding me also. I shall count on you, and am sure will find plenty of little errands of mercy for willing hands to do."

"Thank you, sir. I will try to be of service to you if you so desire."

"Desire! Why, my dear Miss McLeod, I insist. You see, I have that right now. I am not only your rector, but also your mother's friend. But now I must bid you farewell. Where duty calls, one must always go."

Jean watched him go quickly down the lane; she was so angry with him and yet could not help admiring him as he swung briskly along.

"Well, mother, what do you think now of your city curate?"

"Think? Why, Jean, he is just the man for the place. So brave and yet so kind and thoughtful. Why, I am sure he will aid my poor people even more than dear old Mr. Dean; and it will be so pleasant for you, too. He says he intends interesting you in some cases where he is sure you will be useful, and where you will soon lose your present opinion of your neighbors."

"Oh, indeed! He seems very confident of my services. I suppose just because he comes from Oxford, he thinks we will all wait on our knees to do his bidding. I never had to stoop to such deeds of humility when Mr. Dean was here, and I do not see why he should need such a lot of aid. As for being kind and thoughtful, I failed to see it, if he was. Why, he was positively rude to me. But I do not intend to worry over it. I am going out for a walk now, but will be back in time to get tea, so you need not bother about that."

Mrs. McLeod sighed deeply as her daughter left the room. She loved Jean very much, but she could see she was fast becoming so restless and discontented that the true sunny nature seldom had a chance of showing itself.

A week later, as Jean was gathering some beautiful lilacs for her Japanese tablo bowls, she was surprised to hear a voice close by: "Good-morning, Miss McLeod, will you do me a favor? Miss Lenard, the seamstress, is very ill, and I am sure would be very gratified for a glimpse of your lovely flowers. No, I will not stop to be thanked for the suggestion. I am sure she would have had them long ago, had you known."

Without another word the curate moved quickly on, leaving Jean standing like one struck dumb.

"Well, of all things! You would really think I was a child. Still I like his nerve, and I suppose I will go. I will let him see that he is not the only one who can care for the sick."

In little less than an hour Jean had kept her word, and with a beautiful bouquet of flowers in one hand, and such a big basket of good things in the other, she went laughingly down the street. It seemed funny to her to be doing anything useful beyond the home garden wall.

Nevertheless she enjoyed her errand, and as she returned home after reading most of the afternoon to the poor, sick girl, she felt very glad indeed that she had not followed her first impulse and ignored the request.

As the days and weeks went quickly on, the curate seemed always to find fresh work for Jean, and each request came in that peculiar half pleading and half commanding tone. Each request was also always met, but in the same haughty, condescending manner, and, pleasing to say, always carried out in Jean's own sunny way.

Thus the days and the summer sped quickly away. It was the last garden party of the year. Rich and poor from all over the village seemed to enjoy the simple program provided for them by the curate who had so silently won his way into the hearts of all.

Jean had been the busiest of all that day. She slipped in and out among young and old alike; a word of comfort here, a laugh and a smile there, or perhaps just a handshake; but always managing to avoid the curate.

Sitting down on a low garden bench she watched the tired but happy people as they seemed to linger around the glories of the day, dreading as it were to bid farewell to the dear old garden with its sunny nooks.

So intent was Jean upon the scene that she did not notice the approach of the curate till he laid his hands upon her shoulder. Then she started up, only to find herself gently but firmly held down.

"Jean, why have you avoided me all day? I wanted you to aid me and instead you insist upon neglecting me and aiding my people. Will you not redeem your pledge now? I need you, Jean. They all love you, but I even more than they. Surely you will not refuse me now?"

As Jean lay down to rest that night she could not remember what her answer had been, but she knew that she was very, very happy, and that Mr. Waltham was the best curate she had ever known or, for that matter, ever wished to know.

A Seaside Engagement.— "Before giving you my reply," she said, "let me have a distinct understanding. If I am to consider this seriously I will have to say 'No,' but if it is only a summer resort engagement I shall be pleased to accept you for the time being."

Black Watch

"Biggest and Best" Plug Chewing Tobacco

THE SUN A PUZZLE.

We See Only the Outer Shells of the Great Blazing Orb.

The great ball of fire which we call the sun is not really the sun. No one has ever seen the sun. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass.

That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shells is about 5,000 miles thick and is called the chromosphere. It is a gaseous fluid, tinted with the scarlet glare of hydrogen, and so furiously active that it spurts up great tongues of glowing gas (prominences) to the height of thousands of miles.

Time was when this agitated sea of crimson fire could be seen to advantage only during an eclipse. Now special instruments are used which enable astronomers to study it in the full glare of the sun.

Beyond the chromosphere, far beyond the prominences even, lies the nebulous pallid corona visible only during the vanishing moments of a total eclipse, aggregating not more than seven days in a century.

No one has ever satisfactorily explained how the highly attenuated matter composing both the prominences and the corona is supported without falling back into the sun under the pull of solar gravitation. Now that Arrhenius has cosmically applied the effects of light pressure a solution is presented.

How difficult it is to account for such delicate streamers as the prominences on the sun is better comprehended when we fully understand how relentlessly powerful is the grip of solar gravitation.

If the sun were a habitable globe and you could transport yourself to its surface, you would find yourself pulled down so forcibly by gravitation that you would weigh two tons, assuming that you are an ordinary human being.

Your clothing alone would weigh more than a hundred pounds. Baseball could be played in a solar drawing room, for there would be some difficulty in throwing a ball more than thirty feet.

Tennis would be degraded to a form of outdoor pingpong.

From these considerations it is plain that gravitation on the sun would tend to prevent the formation of any lambent streamers and to pull down to its surface masses of any size.

BARNUM'S OLD LION.

How the Great Showman Turned His Death to Account.

Among the features of the parades of the Barnum circus there was formerly one that never failed to attract attention. On the top of one of the wild beast cages lay an enormous lion. He was not confined in any way, and nervous people watching the parade would shudder at the sight and contemplate the terrible possibility of the lion springing into the midst of the crowd.

But the venerable old king of beasts had reached the leonine dotage, and stiffened muscles and blunted claws rendered him harmless. He was as mild as a kitten and in the winter quarters, where he was allowed to roam at will, sometimes had to be protected from the onslaughts of irreverent and mischievous puppies.

One night he wandered from the quarters. In the course of his travels he chanced on a barn where a meek eyed cow was placidly chewing her cud. A faint flicker of the slumbering jungle spirit stirred his pulse, and, with a crashing blow of the huge fore paw, the cow was slain; then, lying down beside his victim, he went to sleep and dreamed of the time when he was a shaggy little whelp playing with his brothers under the bright sun of his faroff African home.

In the morning the owner of the cow, a stalwart female with the blood of Irish kings in her veins, entered the barn with milk pail in hand. She was filled with wrath at the sight that met her gaze. With a keen edged ax in her hand and grim determination in her eye she fearlessly approached the sleeping lion, and when the men sent out to search for him arrived he lay cold in death. Barnum promptly paid for the dead cow and engaged to appear on exhibition "the woman who in mortal combat had slain a lion."

The Oldest Treaty.

The oldest text of a real treaty now in existence is that of the convention between Rameses II., king of Egypt, and the Prince of Kheta, which embraces the articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance, with clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, criminals and skilled workmen. This treaty was drawn up in the fourteenth century B. C. and is the earliest record that we have of any international transaction.

Her Uncooked Gown.

Miss Fluffigirl—Miss Newthought has gone the limit with her vegetarianism! Miss Furbelow—Why, what is her latest? Miss Fluffigirl—She actually refuses to wear anything but raw silk gowns now.

Time to Be Diplomatic.

When a woman shows you the picture of her baby remember that you will get into trouble, nine times out of ten, if you say exactly what you think.

Do You Believe This?

An individual went into a place where things to wear are sold and was shown an article of wear.

"Here is the latest thing," said the sales person, producing the article of wear.

"I wouldn't be seen on the street in that," said the patron.

"Try it on," suggested the sales person, and the customer did so and declared:

"It is positively ridiculous. I would not have it as a gift."

"But it is quite the latest style," urged the sales person, "and everybody is wearing it."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to take it," said the customer.

Would you believe that the customer was a man?—Chicago Post.

THE Celluloid Starch package is large, but the amount of work it will do makes it seem enormous. That's one of the advantages this starch has over all others, it requires a smaller quantity to do more and better work.

Celluloid Starch gives a limber, lasting stiffness that will not crack. Ask your grocer for it—if he hasn't got it he can get it.

Large Sample mailed FREE on request. 214

Celluloid Starch

Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking

The Brantford Starch Works, Limited, Brantford, Canada

A minister of a church in Edinburgh, Scotland, recently surprised the congregation at a Sunday evening service by handing in his resignation. He was only 60 years old and was in good health and vigor. The following Sunday a committee of the members waited upon him and expressed their regret at the step he was about to take. They said to him, "You have plenty of work in you yet. Why resign?" "Yes," he replied, "I know; but you had better accept my resignation now. When I am 70 you will not be able to get rid of me."—New York Tribune.

The Foe of Indigestion.— Indigestion is a common ailment and few are free from it. It is a most distressing complaint and often the suffering attending it is most severe. The very best remedy is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthy action. For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

"Now, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me one of the most remarkable things Moses did?"

"Yes, ma'am," responded the bright youth. "He broke all the commandments at the same time."—London Opinion.

PROMINENT OAK LAKE FARMER.

Oak Lake, Man.—Mr. Jas. Milne, of Oak Lake, was in Winnipeg on Wednesday of last week and received successful surgical treatment from Dr. F. W. E. Burnham.

"W'at's de matter, Chimmie? Yer look sore."

Chimmie—Sure I'm sore. I got up early yisted'y mornin' an' anchored meself alongside o' dat big knothole in de fence at de baseball grounds; den w'en de game begins de overflow crowd lined up in front o' me knot hole.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Bessie Bute brags so much about her conquests," began Goldie Hoamley. "Of course, she's more attractive to the men than I, but—"

"Not at all," interrupted Vera Cutting.

"So sweet of you to say that, but I know she is——"

"Nonsense! Why, she hasn't nearly so much money as you have."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Poor man! Have you always been blind?"

"No, mum," answered Tired Tiffins, unthinkingly. "Last week I wuz lame, but dere wasn't enuff in it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits but couldn't.

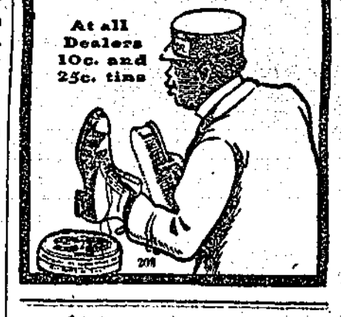
"I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."—Globe.

The bee can outfly the pigeon.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISH

"I tell you, Bess, people are so particular about the Shoe Polish they use that they ask me each night to be sure and use "2 in 1."

It's easier for me, too, and you should see the smile I get in the morning."



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Mountaineer and Kootenay Standard Cigars. Made by

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Routes—These tickets are good via any recognized routes in one or both directions. To destinations east of Chicago are good via the Great Lakes.

For particulars call on local agents or address

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C. B. McPHERSON, G. T. A., Winnipeg, Man.

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 Fraction Mineral Claim, situated in Deadwood camp, Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District, B. C.

You are hereby notified that I have expended $ upon the above mineral claim, and that if, within 90 days from the date of this notice, you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of the above mentioned sum, together with the costs of advertising your interests in the said claim will become the property of the undersigned under Section 4 of the Mineral Act Amendment Act, 1900.

June 25, 1908. JOHN LUCY.

LAND ACT—FORM OF NOTICE.

Osoyoos Land District—District of Yale.

TAKE NOTICE that we, A. J. Hughes and Sam McOrmond, of Eholt, B. C., occupations, carpenter and storekeeper, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted about 10 feet south of the C. P. R. post on wagon road, marked L. 2700 W, thence west 40 chains, thence south 10 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 10 chains to place of commencement, and containing 320 acres, more or less, and about 40 chains north from C. P. R. post marked 2701.

Dated June 23rd, 1908.

A. J. HUGHES.
SAM MCORMOND

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.

ASSAYING.

Gold, Silver and Copper..........$0.50

G. G. WEST
PROVINCIAL ASSAYER.
530 Richards Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Liquor License Act.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Ernest J. Cartier, intend applying to the License Commissioners for the City of Greenwood, at the expiration of thirty days from the date hereof, for a transfer to McClung & Goodeve of the license now held by me in respect of the premises known as the Windsor Hotel, situate on Lots 31 and 32, Block 7, Subdivision of the Dark Horse Mineral Claim, Copper street, in the City of Greenwood, B. C.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1908.
ERNEST J. CARTIER.

Commercial Hotel Greenwood

Rooms 25 and 50 cents a night.

MRS. M. GILLIS.

THE LEDGE

Prints all the News and Prints it Straight

THE LEDGE

Does Job Printing of Every Description

The Ledge

Thinks Out Loud On All Questions and Usually Thinks Right

Read It

Subscribe

MINERAL ACT.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Columbia Mineral Claim, situate in Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: In Deadwood Camp, adjoining the Emerald Mineral Claim.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Sydney M. Johnson, acting as agent for Elmore Collier, Free Miner's Certificate No. B9382, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant to the above claim.

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

Dated this 24th day of June, A. D. 1908.
SYDNEY M. JOHNSON.

MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

Boomerang, Balzac, Chaperone, Iconoclast and Tuck Mineral Claims, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: In Boomerang Camp, West Fork of Kettle River.

TAKE NOTICE that George H. Inkster, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 10630; Thomas Beaulieu, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 10138, and Henry J. Jolly, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 6737, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

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

Dated this 5th day of March, A. D. 1908.

MINERAL ACT.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

'Coin Fractional' and 'Anchor' Mineral Claims, Situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: In Horseshoe Mining Camp on Main Kettle river.

TAKE NOTICE that I, James Ernest Spankie, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 14237, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

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

Dated this 1st day of June, A. D. 1908.
JAMES E. SPANKIE.

THE LEDGE

Is published every Thursday at Greenwood, B. C., and the price is $2 a year, postage free to all parts of Canada, and Great Britain. To the United States and other countries it is sent postpaid for $2.50 a year. Address all letters to The Ledge, Greenwood, B. C.

R. T. LOWERY,
PUBLISHER.

GREENWOOD B. C., SEPT. 10, 1908

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL GREENWOOD B.C.

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

The wrong man killed the right dog. There are a hundred other dogs in the city that would be benefitted by a similar visitation.

The Ledge will either have to buy a safe or induce another bank to locate in the city. Since the banks withdrew their patronage, subscriptions are coming in faster than the C. P. R. is getting scabs.

There are still some undesirable citizens in this district. One of them found $88 on Copper street Monday evening. He was a couple of hours in finding the owner, but he found his man and turned over the roll, refusing to take any reward. He was just a miner, and a Cousin Jack. How many of the "desirables" would have remembered for two hours that they had found $88?

Once when Rudyard Kipling was a boy he ran out on the yard arm of ship. "Mr. Kipling," yelled a scared sailor, "your boy is on the yard arm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Ah," responded Mr. Kipling, with a yawn, "but he won't let go." This incident also happened to Jim Fiske, Horace Walpole, Napoleon Bonaparte, Dick Turpin, Julius Cæsar and the poet Byron, says the Washington Herald. And it might just as well have been an incident in the life of Smith Curtis had the Cranbrook Herald thought of it in time.

A few Sundays ago Clifford Sifton was attending the Methodist church in Ottawa. During the sermon the minister leant over the pulpit, and, looking in the direction of Mr. Sifton, said something in an unusually impressive manner. Clifford, who is rather deaf, turned to his neighbor and asked what it was that the minister was saying. "The vilest sinner may return," was the reply. "Return nothing?" said Sifton, as he picked up his hat and walked out of the church. "What does he take me for—a chump?"

Careful Reporting.

Said the editor to the new reporter: You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved as a fact. You are apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say the cashier stole the funds, but say the cashier is alleged to have stolen the funds. That's all. Oh, get something about the First Ward social tonight. And this is the report turned in by the young man who heeded the editor's warning: "It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the First Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 11:30 in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'high-priced' grocer."

The Ananias Story.

Go to church and hear the pastor, in his pulpit large and wide, tell about the dread disaster that o'erwhelmed the man who lied. It was Colonel Ananias, who in days long dead and gone, shocked his neighbors (who were pious), when he put the truth in pawn; ah, he took the truth and hauled it through the cinders and the slack, and he slugged it, and he mauled it, and he split it up the back; so some bears came up ate him, at the prophet's stern command; and the generations hate him as they march adown the land. He was cast into a furnace that was full of coal and wood, and he muttered "This will learn us," (for his grammar wasn't good.) In the Red sea's depths he wallowed, with his chariots and men, till a whale came up and swallowed him and he felt seedy then. Let us, therefore, shun the fable, and the foolish, futile lie; do the best that we are able, camp in heaven by and by.—Emporia Gazette.

How It Got There.

During the boom days in real estate in the thriving city of Chattanooga, Tenn., a few years ago, a very enterprising firm of dealers in suburban property had in their employ a bright mulatto boy. Sam had so often accompanied his employers when showing choice bargains that he became quite proficient in describing the particular value of different locations. Upon one occasion, in the absence of the firm, when a number of prospective buyers were in haste to view the landscape, it devolved upon Sam to show them around. Sam descanted with much convincing eloquence upon the wonderful future of the lots that the speculators were much impressed with the importance of a speedy purchase. One member of the party, however, desirous of being thoroughly informed of anything adverse, concentrated himself upon enquiries concerning the flat ground. Recalling accounts of overflows, he asked his guide if the land was ever under water.

This was a poser for Sam; the whites of his eyes grew large and luminous. But, reluctant to admit anything directly derogatory to to the property, yet at the same time avoiding extreme prevarication, with much stammering, replied:

"Well, massa, did—did yer see dem corn stalks up in de top of dat tree over yonder?"

"Oh, yes, I see them."

"Well, massa, did—did you think they growed dar?"

On Wrong Track.

Casting aside his cigarette, the stage villain gnashed his teeth with a grating sound that reminded one of the breaking up of an ice gorge.

Ha, me proud beauty! I will yet bring yet bring you to the dust!

Nothing doing, twitted the fair heroine, with a wan little smile. The man to win my heart and hand must bring the dust to me.

Marked Down.

Tom—I'm surprised to hear that Miss Gotrox is engaged to the duke

Jack—Oh, she always was a bargain hunter.

Tom—But what has that got to do with it?

Jack—Why, the duke wanted a million, but he finally offered to take $999,998.

He—Are you a vegetarian?
She—Oh, no; I love good beef.
He—Ah! I wish I were a beef.
She—Well, I like veal, also.

Every sin would like to syndicate itself.

Money can be lost in more ways than won.

All women are fit subjects for dressmakers.

For the Canadian National Exhibition, to be held at Toronto August 29th to September 14th, the Canadian Pacific railway will have in effect special round trip rates. For full information as to rates, dates of sale, limits, etc., apply to the nearest ticket agent.

Love is mostly romance, but marriage is all matter of fact.

Wedding rings made. Diamonds mounted. Work that will stand comparison. E. A. Black, Phoenix.

With umbrellas generally it is the poorest that get left.

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.

Delinquent subscribers will you liquidate? asked a Southern editor, and quite a number called and thanked him for his kindly feeling toward them and said they would not mind taking a drop with him.

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.

Too many parents think that to teach their boys to be good they should be given a dime to be put in the collection box on Sunday in church, but not allowed a cent to spend on themselves.

At a church in Maine free bouquets of flowers are handed the congregation to increase the attendance. A free lunch of pig's feet and beer would prove a drawing card in our neighborhood.

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

The judge may charge the jury but it is usually the defendant who is compelled to pay the freight.

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

When a new wife was asked how her husband turned out, she replied that he turns out late in the morning and turns in late at night.

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

Maybe the one-armed man who swam the rapids of Niagara couldn't help it after he got started. It takes a strong man with two good arms and a rope to reconsider after he has made that plunge.

Lines, leaders, hooks, rods, reels and other fishing tackle can be bought from J. L. Coles.

All criticize the man who spends his money freely, but everyone is willing to help him spend it.

The Ledge, $2 a year.

School books and school supplies at right right prices. Coles' book store.

A spinster hasn't much love for a widow who has had two husbands.

Music.—Mrs. Moore gives lessons on the Organ and Piano. Apply at residence, Boundary Falls, B. C.

An optimist is a man who declines to judge the future by the past.

The brand of faith that some men expect to move mountains with wouldn't even move a mole hill.

The higher the price of meat the more food we have for reflection.

Properly baited, the fishing tackle sold by J. L. Coles will catch almost any fish in the mountains.

No one is interested in another man's troubles unless he is a lawyer.

Largest stock of jewelry in the Boundary to select from. E. A. Black, Phoenix.

You never hear of a doctor telling a rich man that there is no hope for him.

Widdowson, Assayer, Nelson, B. C.

An ounce of confidence in yourself is better than a pound of confidence in others.

If you wish to catch big fish and plenty of them, get your tackle at McRae Bros.

An egotist is a man who is unable to disguise the fact that he is pleased with himself.

Varnished Tile Wall Paper—especially suitable for bath room and kitchen, at McRae Bros.

The boy with an unloaded gun is just as detrimental to public safety as a mule with one leg in a sling.

A surprise party seldom is an unexpected occurrence.

Women seldom mean it when they kiss each other—the average woman would rather bite a piece out of the other's complexion.

Nobody has yet discovered a girl with a small waist who did not think she could have it still smaller without feeling uncomfortable.

Recently a young man was seen with two heads on his shoulders, but it wasn't much of a curiosity, as one belonged to his sweetheart.

A man is said to have gone asleep in a dentist's chair while the dentist was at work on his teeth—but, really, we don't expect you to believe it.

When some women clean house they sweep the dust from the carpet onto the furniture and then brush it from the furniture onto the carpet again.

If you give the ordinary man a chance he'll tell you more about himself in half an hour than you could find out in a month by questioning him.

Job Printing at The Ledge.

NEW YORK CLIPPER

IS THE GREATEST THEATRICAL & SHOW PAPER IN THE WORLD.

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ISSUED WEEKLY.

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FRANK QUEEN PUB. CO. (Ltd), PUBLISHERS,
ALBERT J. BORIE, MANAGER. 47 W. 28TH ST., NEW YORK.

MINERAL ACT

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

O K and Ivanhoe Mineral Claims, situate in the Greenwood Mining Division of Yale District. Where located: On the North Fork of Canyon creek. Similkameen Division of Yale District.

TAKE NOTICE that Samuel T. Larsen, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 6314, and Harry B. Thoen, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 6315, intend, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 11th day of January, A. D. 1908.

OKANAGAN DISTRICT.

A FERRY, SUMMERLAND-EAST SUMMERLAND, OKANAGAN LAKE.

IN accordance with Chapter 78, R. S. B. C. 1897, "Ferries Act," the Government of British Columbia invites applications for a charter for a ferry to ply between Summerland and a point on the opposite side of Okanagan Lake, known as East Summerland, a distance of about 24 miles.

Applications will be received up to and including Saturday, the 26th day of September, 1908.

The charter will cover a period expiring on the 30th June, 1910.

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.

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, cutlets, 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.

P. BURNS & CO.

Dealers in
Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish and Poultry

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

The Pacific Cafe...

Serves meals at all hours. The lover of good things always comes here when he wants his chops, steaks, fish or fowl, or any of the tasty dishes that we make a specialty of cooking, to please the fastidious. We Make a Specialty of Home-Made Bread.

Rondeau & Dupont.

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

The Pacific Hotel...

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

The Pacific Cafe...

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

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.

NewmarketHotel

Is the home for all tourists and millionaires visiting New Denver. British Columbia.

HENRY STEGE. PROPR.

C. J. CAMPBELL
NEW DENVER

Provincial Assayer and Analytical Chemist. Correspondence solicited from any part of the country.

STARKEY & CO.

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

CIGARS

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

J. P. FLOOD

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.

McGillis & McLaughlin
PROPRIETORS.

Frank Fletcher

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Nelson, B. C.