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The Phoenix Pioneer

AND BOUNDARY MINING JOURNAL

THIRTEENTH YEAR. PHOENIX, B. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1911 NUMBER 19

THE BIG STORE

New Goods Arriving Daily

Complete New Assortment of Up-to-Date COSTUME CLOTHS, in the popular New Shades—

BROAD CLOTHS, VICUNAS, DIAGONALS AND TWEEDS.

FURS

Muffs, Stoles and Caperines; all kinds of Winter Goods for Children, such as Bear Skin Coats, Muffs, etc.

SWEATERS

Attractive and up-to-date line of Ladies' and Children's Sweaters. Inspection Invited.

LADIES' COSTUMES

We are now prepared to take orders for Ladies' Costumes, made expressly for you from the finest imported fabrics—cut to your measure and tailored in one of the best mantel houses in Canada, and we can guarantee the most positive satisfaction with every order. Come early and Inspect our Samples.

Morrin, Thompson & Co.

Try on a Pair

of our new early Fall model walking shoes. If you don't declare them the smartest, nattiest, most comfortable shoes you ever wore we are vastly mistaken.

Fashionable Footwear

can always be seen here first. Step in and see all the newest, prettiest, and most up-to-date footwear. Always a pleasure to show our goods.

Don't Pass by

or "pass-up" an opportunity to buy such stylish fall furnishings as we offer you right now. Our fashionable showing of

Men's Furnishings

should interest every man who wishes to dress well. We have New Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves, and medium-weight Underwear, marked at prices that will please.

N. J. Carson & Co.

THE PHOENIX DAIRY

W. A. McKAY & SONS, Props.

Hello! Did you try a pint of our milk? You did! Well, you will readily admit that it cannot be excelled anywhere for richness, quality and purity. What's your 'Phone number? F 32. We deliver milk daily.

B.C. Copper's Rawhide Mine

Sufficient Supply of Coke Promised for Middle of December—Rawhide Mine to Run this Winter—All the British Columbia Copper Company's Properties in First-Class Shape—Overhauling Rawhide Mine.

E. E. Warren, Gen. Manager of the British Columbia Copper Co., interviewed by a Pioneer representative this week, stated that all their properties were in a state of preparedness pending the arrival of coke. They intended to work all their producing properties this winter to the limit, including the Rawhide. The coal companies have given him no actual date when sufficient coke would arrive in Greenwood, but they thought that there would be a sufficient quantity on hand about the second week in December. The company could re-commence sooner, but preferred to wait until a supply sufficient to run its whole battery continuously was assured. A number of men have been engaged at the Rawhide, recently, repairing and constructing new ore chutes, the water lines also receiving considerable attention.

Centre Star Group, Rossland

The recently published sixth annual report of the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company of Canada, Limited, shows that during its last fiscal year the production of the company's Centre Star group of mines, in Rossland, 193,223 tons of ore, which contained 81,348 ounces of gold, 60,200 ounces of silver, and 2,318,456 pounds of copper, together having a gross value of $1,980,112. The general average metal contents of the whole of the ore produced during that year, as above, were as follows: Gold, 0.421 ounces, and silver, 0,312 ounces per ton, and copper 0.6 per cent. The average gross value per ton was a fraction under $10.25.

Public School Entertainment

Preparations and rehearsals are now the order of the day at the Phoenix Public School, and the entertainment on Dec. 21st promises to be the most successful of its kind held in the camp. About sixty of the scholars will contribute to the main programme, while practically the whole school will render the closing chorus. In connection with the event an amusing competitive scheme has been devised by the principal, E. E. Barnes; a number of the higher grade pupils are preparing a series of humorous cartoons, which it is proposed to exhibit in the windows of the local stores. Several of the city's merchants have generously promised to donate prizes to the fortunate winners. The object of the concert is to raise funds for the establishment of a school library.

GRANBY STOCKS SOAR

Fifty Shares Sold at $33.25 and $33.50—Copper Rising.

The activity and notably higher price of Granby were the chief features of Wednesday's session of the Spokane stock exchange. Sales of 50 shares were effected at $33.25 and $33.50, an advance of more than $2.00 over the best recent price of that security. The rise is attributed to the improved condition of the copper market, and the assurance that productive operations will shortly be resumed at the company's mines in Phoenix. Owing to the higher price of copper it is believed that these operations will furnish all the capital necessary to develop and equip the company's new Hidden Creek mine.

The whistle of the Granby mine sounded on Monday for the first time in many months. Only a few men, however, are employed at present. No information as to the exact date of starting is at present available, but the general opinion, both here and at Grand Forks, seem to fix the time about the 10th of next month.

The Fernie Mines

Everything appears to be running smoothly here. Already many of police have left the district for their regular stations. About 700 men are now working.

Andy Johnson left on Thursday for Spokane to attend the wedding of Almer Swanson and Miss A. Johnson.

The Copper Market

New York, November 20.

Once more the copper market is fairly close to the 13-cent level, and so far as I can see has not yet exhausted its new found strength. The market has been holding very firm during the past week or so, on a basis of 12 5-8 to 12 3-4 cents for electrolytic. The great part of the copper recently sold has been for delivery in November and December, a fact which indicates that consumers have not been sufficiently confident as to the maintenance of business and of prices to induce them to make commitments beyond the close of the current year. However, continues the United States Investor, I am told that within the last few days there has been a growing tendency to extend the time for delivery. Such a development would not be out of place at this time, but would be in line with other signs of confidence in an era of more marked business prosperity.

Since receiving the above report, an advance to 13 1-4 for the red metal is recorded.

B. C. School Magazine

The School Magazine, a copy of which has just reached us, is worthy of the attention not only of the young, but of those of maturer years. The magazine, which is to appear monthly, is edited by Clive Phillips Woodley, and is printed by the authority of the British Columbia government. From the preface we learn that the idea originated with the New Zealand government, and owes its introduction to this province through a suggestion thrown out by Earl Grey, late Gov.-Gen. of Canada, a suggestion put into practice by the Hon. Dr. Young, of the Provincial Cabinet. The little magazine is full from cover to cover with matter dear to the hearts of the rising generation, and it is the hope of those responsible for its appearance, that its teachings and lessons will contribute to the building up in British Columbia of a God-fearing, self-reliant and patriotic people.

A Bungle

People are not supposed to die suddenly in Grand Forks when the coroner is away on his vacation. They must either depart before he goes away or wait till he returns. The other day a child met with a fatal accident, being drowned in a pail of water. A funeral was arranged, and a minister made a long trip to officiate, but owing to the coroner being on the coast, permission could not be obtained to bury the child. Where was the deputy coroner?

Mining Notes of British Columbia

F. Keffer, of the B. C. Copper Co. was in the Slocan recently, arranging for prospect developing on the L. H. property situated in the vicinity of Silverton.

It is probable that further important development work will be undertaken at the Hewitt-Lorna Doone mine next spring. The management is considering the advisability of driving a long deep-level adit below the No. 7 tunnel.

The Sun Rise group, two miles south-west from Laidlaw, was located within the last three weeks by Archie Cooper and Harry Sergeant, of Hope, for themselves and associates. A number of samples from the ledge were sent to J. O'Sullivan, of Vancouver, for assay. The return was received yesterday, showing 3.35 ounces in gold, or $67, to the ton, besides small values in silver.

The British Columbia Copper Co. has relinquished its bond on the McKinley mine, in Franklin camp, on the north fork of the Kettle River, and ceased work there. Two neighboring mineral claims were afterwards taken under option of purchase, and these have since been under development. The work on the latter, however, has been suspended for the winter, an arrangement having been reached to resume work thereon in the spring.

One of the most satisfactory evidences of mining progress in the province is found in the continued profitable operation of the Hedley Gold Mining Company's Nickel Plate mine, with its forty stamp mill, in Hedley camp, Similkameen. Last year this company paid its shareholders dividends to a total of 14 per cent on the company's issued capital of $1,200,000. This year three dividends have been paid, together 15 per cent, or a total of $180,000 in 1911.

Andrew Laidlaw, a well known Spokane coal operator, has just completed the purchase of twelve sections of coal lands in the Flathead section of southeast Kootenay and will undertake development work next spring. Mr. Laidlaw is president of the Jasper Park Collieries, Ltd., owning a large area of coal claims along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways. Modern plant will be installed before July of next year, to permit of a daily output of 2500 tons. With present equipment the mine is now shipping 150 tons daily, the coal being supplied to the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Edmonton market.

Round about the headquarters of the Skeena, the Naas, the Stikine and the Klappan rivers is situated a coal field seventy miles long by thirty miles wide, containing wide, deep, rich seams of fine anthracite, non-coking and smokeless coal, the coal most suitable of all for naval purposes, for the mercantile marine, and for domestic use in the cities. The seams of this huge coal field are unbroken by volcanic rock, laid in the most perfect geological formation for cheap mining known to engineers as "synclines," which give frequent out-croppings and make the seams easy of access for working without the need for deep shaft sinking. The analysis of the coal is between 84 and 85 per cent fixed carbon, giving from six to eight per cent of ash.

C. M. Bryant, M. E., recently visited 23-Mile with Frank Fritz and made a thorough examination of the mines on Silver creek. Although little work had been done at depth, he stated that the open cutting on the steep hillside was almost conclusive proof of a continuity of the ore bodies; he had satisfied himself of their values by assays. He considers the 23-Mile mine and district to have a promising future. Speaking of the Jumbo mine. He said: "With its values of gold and arsenic, the amount of ore actually in sight now constitutes a fortune. There is no danger of exaggerating in speaking of that property. Even as it stands, with a lot of work yet to be done and means of transportation with plant for treatment still to be provided, it is worth to any investor far more than the owners appear to realise, certainly far more than any figure they have mentioned."

Platinum In United States

Oregon and California produced all of the crude platinum found in the placer mines of the United States in 1910, according to the report of Waldemar Landgren of the United States geological survey. This is a decrease since the output of 1909. In 1910 the output was 300 troy ounces, valued at $9507. The value of the 1909 output was nearly $12,000.

Boundary Ore Tonnages

Following are the returns of the output of the mines and smelters of the Boundary district for the week ending Nov. 25, and year to date:

Granby	....	585,672
Mother Lode	6,026	275,119
Rawhide	....	178,633
Athelstan	140	6,734
Others	1236	10,893

SMELTER TONNAGES

Granby	....	577,791
B. C. Copper Co...	7,048	539,075

B. C. Copper Treatment

The B. C. Columbia company's smelter treated 7,048 tons of ore this week, as follows: Mother Lode, 5,780; Rawhide, 70; Wellington, 342; Athelstan, 127; others, 725.

Wm. Jackson returned to the burgh this week, having spent the last few months in the vicinity of the Forks and the lake.

Hotel Brooklyn

The Only First-Class and Up-To-Date Hotel in Phoenix. New from cellar to roof. Best Sample Rooms in the Boundary, Opposite Great Northern Depot. Modern Bathrooms.

STEAM HEATED. ELECTRIC LIGHTED

James Marshall, Prop. Phoenix, B.C.

Winter Wearables

is the problem before the men of PHOENIX these cool evenings. Give me a call and let me help to solve it.

Overcoats and Suits—

I carry in stock the best and most up-to-date line of Clothing made in Canada—the C. N. & R. Brand.

Sweater Coats—

All sizes in a great variety of colors. See the hand-knit line, made from imported yarn, and knit in British Columbia. The best coat on the market.

Sweaters, $1.00 up; Sweater Coats from $1.50

Underwear—

Winter weights, all wool. All the best brands—Penman's, Hewson's, Watson's, Wolsey, etc. All sizes from **$1.00** per garment

Thos. Brown Men's Wear Exclusively

Butter, Eggs, etc.

"EMPRESS" CREAMERY, fresh made, **40c. per pound; 2 pounds for 75c.**
"CASCADE" CREAMERY, Extra Special, **45c. per lb.**
CHOICE FRESH EGGS, **40c. per doz.**
SUGAR-CURED HAMS, **25c. per lb.**
BREAKFAST BACON, **27c. per lb.**
KIPPERED HERRING, **20c. per lb.**
FINNAN HADDIE, **20c. per lb.**

P. BURNS & CO., LTD.

Wholesale and Retail Butchers and Produce Merchants

PHOENIX, B. C.—PHONE 2

QUEEN'S HOTEL

R. V. CHISHOLM, Prop.
DANNY DEANE, Manager.

This is the Largest and Newest Hotel in the city, heated by steam, and well furnished throughout for the accommodation of the public. Everything Neat, Clean and Up-to-Date. Meals served at all hours.

Bar Stocked with Choicest Liquors and Cigars

CENTRALLY LOCATED ON CORNER BRIDGE AND KNOB HILL AVENUE

Steam Heated, Electric Lighting.
Telephone 48 and 26

Carpets, Rugs and Mattings

Every home-maker, every Hotel proprietor, should promptly take advantage of the great savings. You are to keep in mind that our quotations are on all Fall stock—no old goods, no job-lots nor "auction" goods. Dependability is our watchword and in buying floor coverings, perhaps more than any other dry goods line, it is necessary to have confidence in the quality of the goods and in the seller of the goods.

CALL TODAY AND EXAMINE THESE GOODS.

C. F. Edwards, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

Your Milk Supply

Should come from healthy and vigorous Stock, handled in a CLEANLY AND SANITARY manner. Separated Cream insures purity and quality. The Dairy produces both.

THE DAIRY J. W. Hannam, Prop.

Royal Billiard Parlors

FINEST GRADE OF CIGARS IN THE BOUNDARY

AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED HAZELWOOD ICE CREAM AND SOFT DRINKS

Cosgrove & McAstocker, Props.

The Real Townsend

A Complication That Was Born of a Blunder.

By MOLLIE K. WETHERELL.

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"For the Effinghams," I said to the elevator boy as I handed him my card.

I was in a New York apartment house for a call on some old friends of mine. The elevator boy handed my card to the telephone boy, who announced to the Effinghams that Mr. Townsend had called.

"All right," said the latter after receiving a reply. "You're to go up."

I stepped on the elevator and was soon ushered by a maid in a black dress and a white ruffled apron into the drawing room of an apartment on the sixth floor. There was no one in the room, which surprised me, for I was very intimate with the Effinghams and supposed that at the announcement of my name the whole family would be waiting to greet me.

It was fully ten minutes that I sat waiting when I noticed that the light shining through a keyhole in a door opening into an adjoining room suddenly gave place to darkness.

"One of the girls," I said to myself, "is spying on me. That's a game two can play at."

I got up from my seat, strolled about the room, looking at the pictures on the wall as if to kill time while waiting, and when I reached the door in question quickly turned the knob and threw the door open.

There, kneeling so as to bring an eye opposite the keyhole, was a young lady I had never seen. Her face was crimson, and after looking at me for a moment she covered her face with her hands.

I saw at a glance that not only one mistake had been made, but several. There might be fifty families in the building, and there were probably more than one named Effingham. I had doubtless got into the wrong flat. But why was the girl peering at me through the keyhole? Perhaps there had been a double coincidence of names, she knowing some one by the name of Townsend, or she did not know any one by that name and was anxious to reconnoiter the visitor before appearing. My curiosity being aroused, I resolved not to spoil my chance of enlightenment by giving anything away. I proposed to listen, not to talk.

The girl arose and, still blushing to the roots of her hair, came forward.

"I am mortified beyond measure," she said, "at being caught in such a position, but you must admit that before receiving a call from the man I am to marry I would naturally desire to see him unobserved myself."

"The most natural thing in the world," I replied, repressing a start on learning that I was to be the girl's husband.

"I received your note," she continued, "saying you would call yesterday, and later your telegram that you had suddenly been called away. Then when you were announced just now I was taken quite by surprise, having expected that our meeting would not take place for some time yet."

"I decided not to go."

"My act is certainly not calculated to give you a favorable impression of me, I admit. Just think of a man calling for the first time on a girl he is to marry, whom he has never seen, and finding her peeping through a keyhole. It's simply dreadful!"

"But becoming. To my taste, a girl never looks so well as when blushing."

"But there is no necessity for us to stand. Be seated." She sank on a sofa. I on an easy chair. "I have fought against such a marriage, but my guardian, who has certain views for my property, has finally worn me out. Besides, he tells me that you are as much interested from that point of view as I. Nevertheless I have told him that after seeing you if you were repulsive to me the matter should not go any further. And that is the reason why I was endeavoring to get a peep at you before meeting you. I intended if you were disagreeable to me even in appearance that I would after all decline to receive you."

"Knowing this, I'm sorry I didn't leave you free to make a decision."

"I should have decided to meet you," she replied to this, casting down her eyes.

"Thank heaven!"

"You mean that you are pleased that these schemes for the development of our properties are to be carried out," she said archly.

"I assure you," I replied, with an injured look, "that these property schemes have nothing to do with my satisfaction at finding you in every way so much more attractive than I had hoped for."

There was a blush at this, not of mortification, but of pleasure.

"Now, I beg of you," I continued, "not to speak further of this matter of property interest that has brought us together. Let us consider our projected union one of inclination alone. Yet before doing so I would like to get one matter out of the way so that it may not influence us. Please write on a bit of paper what you consider the amount of your possessions, and I will do the same. We will exchange these papers and will both know what we are to expect primarily from each other."

Now, I flatter myself this was very foxy on my part. I was not sure but that I would like to win this girl, and I did not care to do so, rendering myself liable to a charge of deception other than in permitting her to continue in a mistake. We exchanged the slips, and it turned out that my possessions were double hers.

"Why," she exclaimed on looking at the amount on my slip, "Mr. Markney did not tell me that there was such an inequality as that. I don't understand why you who had never seen me should have desired me simply on account of a property consideration, mine being but one-half yours."

"I said to you just now before this interchange of information that after it had been made the sordid part of this transaction should be dropped. Now let us talk of other matters."

By skillful management I learned that the man I had been mistaken for had gone away to be absent several weeks and that no communication was likely to take place between him and Miss Effingham until his return. At first I permitted myself to drift on into the false position carelessly, but now and again twinges of conscience would come to me and, more than all, a distaste for the denouement that was sure to follow. At the end of this our first meeting it was evident that we were mutually pleased with each other, and if we continued to be so the wishes of the lady's guardian would be carried out. What these wishes were or how far they would tend to her enrichment I didn't care. When I arose to go she said:

"But you are not going before seeing my stepmother and my half sisters. They are my only relatives."

"Pardon me," I replied. "I am rather shy of meeting strangers, especially under the present circumstances. How would it do for them to get a sight of me the way you did—through the keyhole?"

"If you ever mention that again you may consider the matter broken off between us forever. After all, I think it as well that you should meet them during a later visit."

"I'm sure of it. How often do you think you can endure a call from me?"

"As often as you like."

I wondered whether Miss Effingham considered that we were engaged and would grant me an engaged man's privilege or, rather, expect me to take it. I didn't wish to presume so far on a mistaken identity and was going away without a kiss. The lady must have considered herself engaged, for she made it plain that no such cold departure would please her. I took the kiss, and, though it was intensely enjoyable, I felt that I had received that to which I was not entitled.

When I stepped out of that apartment house into the open air I was fairly overpowered by the change which had come over me since I had entered it. There were pleasurable sensations confused with horrible anticipations. What would I do during the next few weeks while this other Townsend was away? Was I to try to win the girl? I conned over the question as to whether or no it would be honorable for me to do so. There were several points in my favor. In the first place, I was twice as well fixed in worldly possessions as the other fellow. In the second, I had found favor in Miss Effingham's sight, and she had yet to see him. She might on meeting him take a great dislike to him. I secretly hoped she would. I took pleasure in depicting him in my mind's eye as a red headed, freckled, snub nosed chap with the forehead of an orang outang.

I went straight home, sat down in an easy chair and tried to think of some plan whereby I might come out of the matter with eclat instead of contempt, but failed to find one.

What would have been the outcome had I not been pierced with an arrow shot from the little god I don't know. It would probably have been far different from what it was. I vowed to keep away from Miss Effingham and the consequences of my first visit to her. I kept my resolution by calling the next day, and the next and the next, for two weeks, every day intending a confession and never making one. Meanwhile the matter between us was a case of desperate love.

I went to see my sweetheart one day and learned that the sword suspended over me had fallen. I found her in the room where I had first met her, talking in an excited state to a man who, as I entered, looked at me scrutinizingly. Miss Effingham, as if to shut us both from her mind, sank on a sofa and concealed her face with her handkerchief.

"Who are you, sir?" I asked. "The lady does not seem inclined to introduce us."

"I am Edward Townsend."

"And I am John Townsend."

"I am *the* Townsend, sir."

"Edith," I said, "it's all out. You mistook me for this gentleman, and I permitted you to continue in your mistake. All that remains to be done is for you to decide between us."

"Leave me, both of you," she wailed.

The other Townsend and myself naturally obeyed and at the same time. It was an embarrassing walk through the corridor and a miserable ride down the elevator. I was much put out to discover that the real original Townsend was a far better looking man than myself. When we parted at the outer door we both raised our hats politely, scowling at each other, and went in different directions.

Within a week a little note came to me addressed in a woman's hand. I tore it open. It read:

Dearest, come to me.

Then I knew I was the real Townsend.

Braced For Howls.

Riggs—It must require a heap of courage to face those howling dervishes.

Baggstaff—Oh, I don't know. It all depends on your training.

Riggs—Whatever do you mean?

Baggstaff—If you ever had a new baby in your house you would know what I mean.

Echo of the Tariff.

"Did she marry for protection?"
"No; for revenue only."—Browning's Magazine.

MINISTER AND WRITER

REV. W. T. ALLISON HAS DONE WELL IN BOTH FIELDS.

New Professor In English at Wesley College, Winnipeg, Graduated From University of Toronto In 1899, and Took a Short Session In Journalism—He Has Written a Volume of Verse and a Study of Milton.

Rev. W. T. Allison, the new professor in English at Wesley College, Winnipeg, was brought up in Toronto, and in that city received that training which has fitted him for the position which he now occupies. As a boy, Mr. Allison attended Ryerson School, passing from there into the Harbord Collegiate Institute. It was here that he first got his taste for journalism, having edited the college paper, From Harbord Mr. Allison graduated, and attended Victoria College, where he took his B. A. in 1899, and his degree of M.A. in 1900. For the study of theology he entered Knox College, Toronto. While there he won a Yale scholarship, and in that university earned his degree of B.D. in 1901. During his college career he made several short excursions into the field of journalism, his longest connection with the press being on The Toronto News. He left journalism for the pulpit in 1902, having received a

REV. PROF. W. T. ALLISON.

call to the Stayner Presbyterian Church, where he remained for five years. While he held this pastorate he received the appointment of lecturer in English at Victoria University, where he served for two college terms. In 1907 Mr. Allison removed to Middlefield, Conn., and engaged in post-graduate studies at Yale University from 1907 to 1910. In June last he received his degree of Ph.D. from that university.

Mr. Allison is well known among the Canadian poets. He issued last year a volume of verse under the title, "The Amber Army," which was received with great favor by the reviewers. He has another important work in the press at the moment. His theme is the prose works of Milton, which is to be published in the famous series of Yale studies in English by Henry Holt & Co. Mr. Allison has the distinction of being the first author to deal with Milton as a writer of prose. The fact that it has been accepted for the Yale studies is evidence of its value as well as of its originality.

Mr. Allison's personal qualities will make him a valuable addition to the staff of Wesley College. He is a man of proved public spirit, enthusiastic in temperament, and keenly appreciates opportunities for useful service. Modest and unassuming in manner, he is thorough in all his work.

Author and Politician.

There are still people in Blackburn, England, who can recall Lord Morley, the new Lord President of the Council, who, as the son of Jonathan Morley, a surgeon of that town, spent his boyhood much in the same way as other boys do, preferring the open air to the study. John Morley in those days evinced no signs of forthcoming greatness. "I shall put him into the Church," old Dr. Morley used to say. "He will be able to earn a living at that." But John Morley had no desire to enter the Church, and, if he did not flatly decline to go, he soon showed that he would prefer to rough it in a vocation he cared for than escape the worry of having to hunt for to-morrow's meal by adopting a calling which could not awake any sympathy in him. At twenty-one he was called to the Bar. Then he began to write, and ultimately turned to politics. Curiously enough he made his first attempt to enter the House by contesting Blackburn, and was rejected. Eleven years later he put up for Westminster, and here again met defeat. His opportunity came with a bye-election at Newcastle in 1883, when he headed the poll.

Who Is He?

The famous Australian Bushman, Mr. Fred Lindsay, who is appearing at the London Hippodrome, is one of those romantic types we read of in Mayne Reid or Fenimore Cooper, but in real life very seldom see. He is on the stage purely from a hobby, and incidentally is reaping a rich harvest, having just completed a tour of America at $1,000 weekly. There has always been considerable mystery surrounding his identity, Lindsay being merely a nom de theatre. He is, in private life, well known in society, a member of several leading clubs, and owner of a large ranch in the Northwest of Canada.

Gospel Oak.

The annual service was held under the Polstead "Gospel" Oak on a recent Sunday. This is believed to be the oldest oak in Suffolk, and the tree under which the Christian missionaries preached to the heathen Saxons, A.D. 646–700.

Discouraging.

'Tis very hard to get a card
Inside a prison pile.
But if his time's cut short by rhymes
It's surely not worth while.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Preference.

"My husband reads me like an open book."

"I'll bet he would prefer the power to shut you up."—Baltimore American.

An Aimless Thing.

Oh, shooting star—oh, shooting star,
I really don't know what you are,
But I'll bet a big round dollar that
You don't know what you're shooting at!

AN IRISHMAN'S WIT.

Why Maloney Disobeyed the Order of the Boss.

Several years ago, while managing the gas and electric property at Madison, Wis., I came in daily contact with an Irishman by the name of Maloney who was then superintendent. He had a keen appreciation of humor and wit and was never so happy as when he could make you wonder whether he was extremely foolish or extremely witty. His bulls were often and perhaps always premeditated. I liked to joke with him, although I generally got the worst of it.

He had a persistent habit of working on Sunday, and it seemed to me that he always picked out a job of trenching in front of some church or equally conspicuous place. While in spirit he was one of the most loyal and obedient employees I ever had, in reality he did not know how to mind.

Whenever I spoke to him about his Sunday work he would always say, "When the ox falls into the pit he shall be taken out."

The whole difference was between his opinion and mine as to what really constituted an ox in a pit. Finally I had to give him orders that he was never to work on Sunday without my consent.

For several weeks there was no cause for complaint.

I was absent from the city for two or three weeks and returned unexpectedly on a Sunday. While out for a drive I saw a ditch open in a side street and guessed in a moment that Maloney was at work there with some of his men. I drove down to the ditch and found him on his knees trying to blow up a fire in a lead kettle. He would not have seen me at all if I had not spoken to him; but, coming up immediately behind him, I said, "Mr. Maloney, have I not told you repeatedly that you must not work on Sunday?"

He almost collided with my last words by his ready response, which was, "Ye did, ye did; but I forgot to ask you whether you were a Jew or a gentile."—Henry L. Doherty in Sunday Magazine.

Details of the Horror.

Just after the wild-eyed man with the fierce mustache had left the smoking car of the elevated railway train at one of the stations on the loop he suddenly turned and hurried back.

But he was too late. The guard had closed the gate, and the train was moving.

The man ran along the platform.

"Say," he exclaimed in an excited tone to a passenger sitting by an open window, "I've forgotten my valise. That's it on the seat right behind you. Hand it to me, please. Hurry! Handle it carefully!"

The passenger grabbed it and handed it out of the window, but he was a fraction of a second too slow. The car was just passing the end of the platform. The man outside made a frantic attempt to catch the valise, but in vain, and it fell to the street below.

Then followed a loud, terrific detonation. An automobile tire had exploded.—Chicago Tribune.

One Side of the Phone.

The theatrical manager was at the telephone:

"Yes; we have some good seats for tonight. How many?"

"Yes; I can give you two in the third row."

"Now, what is the name?"

"Sheanton?"

"Spell it."

"Sunkjom?"

"I didn't get it."

"Johnson?"

"Well, try again."

"Scrongton?"

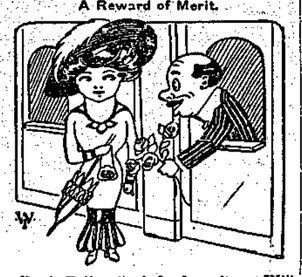
"Say, I am going to mark these seats for Brown—Charley Brown—and you ask for his seats tonight."

Joe Mueller then hung up the receiver.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Matches.

In the field of matrimony, as in parlor match boxes, the flame and the match usually go together. After the match has been fully made, beware of the brimstone. A little rubbing the wrong way will start smoke and fire that will often destroy the whole match and leave nothing but old charred sticks which refuse to blaze again.—Judge.

A Reward of Merit.



Bank Teller (to lady depositor)—Will you take it as presumptuous, madam, if I offer you these roses?

"But I don't know you, sir."

"I am aware of that, but you are the only one of your sex that ever indorsed a check on the right end."

Had Learned.

"Why don't you get a motor?"

"I don't know whether I could manage one or not."

"That's not much of an argument. You took the same chance, didn't you, when you acquired a wife."

"Yes. That's what makes me so fully careful."—London Opinion.

He Knew.

"Take it from me, old chap," urged the seller, "if you once live in the suburbs you'll never live anywhere else."

"I believe you, old top," replied the almost buyer. "I'd never be able to sell the house."—Cleveland Leader.

A Study In Pride.

What though the waiter man doth scorn
My humble tip? I'll merry be.
Forsooth, we cannot all be born
To grow as rich and proud as he!
—Washington Star.

IS A TOTAL ABSTAINER

SIR VEZEY STRONG BECAME TEETOTALER AT FOURTEEN.

Lord Mayor-Elect of London Gives His Reasons For His Work In the Temperance Movement—Argument That Alcohol Is Necessary as Stimulant Is Long Out of Date—London Hospital Does Without It.

It is not quite correct to say, as has been said recently, that I have been a total abstainer all my life; but as I became officially connected with the temperance movement at the age of fourteen, I suppose I may, for all practical purposes, be counted as a life-long abstainer, says Sir Vezey Strong, Lord Mayor-Elect of London in Pearson's Weekly. Certainly I do not think it will be charged against me that I could have been very seriously addicted to intoxicants at that early age.

I have been asked why I became a total abstainer. Well, a boy's reasoning faculties are not very well developed at the age of fourteen, so it would be better to ask why I have remained an abstainer for so many years since that time.

The reason is simply that I have become convinced that wine or beer or spirits or any other form of alcohol in common use is unnecessary, useless and in many cases actually harmful.

I do not think I need emphasize its harmfulness; that is only too pitiably well-known in every corner of the earth.

One has often heard it said that alcohol is of great benefit as a stimulant; it is certainly a stimulation, but its lack of benefit is now, I think, be-

SIR VEZEY STRONG.

yond doubt. For many years this was the last stronghold of the defenders of alcoholic treatment: that stimulants were necessary to those in ill health, and that alcohol was, therefore, of great medical value.

This view was so widely accepted that I can remember the time when, in the older hospitals—St. Bartholomew's, for example—an incoming patient was asked whether he took stout or ale. Alcoholic stimulant was, in fact, regarded as part of the patient's diet.

Now it seemed to one or two audacious laymen, myself included, that this theory of the curative value of alcohol was open to grave doubt, and it was decided to institute a careful and strictly scientific test as to the possibilities of a general hospital where all sorts of diseases, except, of course, contagious diseases, being run on temperance lines.

With this object in view, a hospital was started in quite a small way. That was nearly forty years ago and to-day the London Temperance Hospital is a well-known and recognized institution.

In all those years, so far as my knowledge goes, not one ounce of brandy or beer or wine of any description has entered the hospital, either for the use of the patients or of the staff.

The doctors were not, and are not, stimulants to the patients. In some emergency the doctor might say: "well this man has no chance of living as things are; if we administer a little alcohol he may pull through." Alcohol would then be given, and even then it would be administered in the form of rectified spirits of wine, a form not known to or easily recognized by the patient.

This precaution was taken because of the curious determination of people who have been given alcohol in a recognizable form during illness to continue taking it after they have recovered. This, in fact, is a very grave reason why doctors should not recommend patients to take alcoholic stimulants.

"Whisky saved my life," they will say. Or "Brandy saved my life." And when they have quite recovered they will continue to save their lives day after day, when their lives are not in the slightest danger.

One of the rules of the Temperance Hospital is that a careful record shall be made in the "Exceptional Case Book" of every case where alcoholic stimulants have been administered, and during the whole period since the foundation of the hospital there have only been eighty entries in the book which gives an average of about one in a thousand patients.

The Judge Refrained.

Dr. Andolph, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Guildford, England, was fined recently in London for driving a motor-car at excessive speed and also for not having a license. He expressed regret for his error, and added naively: "It was a very lonely part of the country, and I didn't know that a policeman was behind the hedge."

With admirable reticence, the court refrained from saying: "God saw you, too, my Lord."

Enticing.

"How is it that your hens are so prolific?" "I feed them on layer cake."

Strange.

Strange is our speech
Beyond shadow of doubt.
We say man's all in
When his money gives out.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Lady From Missouri.

The Caller—Time passes quickly in company, doesn't it?

The Victim—Does it?—Puck.

The Gamut.

Ardent, cool, distant, warm,
So wax hub and wife.
Turmoil, joy, sunshine, storm—
Such is married life.

SHOW LOW.

Story of a Game of Seven-up That Named a Town.

Dillon Wallace on his horseback tour through the Rockies tells his experiences in the Outing Magazine. Mr. Wallace started in Arizona and one night, stopping at the town of Show Low, heard from the founder the origin of the name. Here is the story as it was told to Mr. Wallace:

Some twenty years ago Show Low formed part of the extensive cattle ranch and range of Cooley & Huning, and twenty years ago it received its name through a game of seven-up between the partners for ownership. I heard the story from Mr. Cooley himself, still a large rancher and one of the best known cattlemen in Arizona. This is the story as he told it to me:

"Huning and I were playing a game of seven-up to see who should make bread for supper and wash the dishes. We stood 5 to 6 in Huning's favor. Seven, you know, is the game. Diamonds were trumps. On the last hand I drew the ace and the trey. I banked on the deuce being still in the deck. The ace counted one, and if Huning didn't hold the deuce the trey was low and the game was mine.

"'Make the game worth while,' says I. 'Let it be $10,000 or the ranch.'

"'It's a go,' said Huning.

"I covered the center spot on my trey.

"'Now,' said I, 'show low and it's yours.'

"And, hang him, he showed the deuce and won."

Huning later disposed of the ranch in small parcels to settlers, and the little village came into being and took its name, as did the creek, of Show Low from that game of cards.

PRIZE FOR BOOK LOVERS.

A Copy of "Titus Andronicus" That Is Almost Priceless.

Three hundred and fifteen years ago it is probable that some stranger from Sweden, traveling in England, bought at the door of a London theater—the Rose or the Curtain, perhaps—a small, thin quarto volume. He paid sixpence for it as a memento of his visit to a London playhouse. It was not worth more than that, at least to any one critical of printing or literary art or of morals.

Yet this same little book was not long ago discovered in the house of a countrywoman in Sweden, and today it is almost priceless. Dealers in such treasures have vied with one another to obtain possession of the work.

This sixpenny quarto, hidden in Sweden for 300 years, is the only copy known to exist of the first edition of the play of "Titus Andronicus," printed in 1594. Students were long aware that the play was then printed, but it was believed that the entire edition had been lost. Then the chance discovery added one more to the small number of unique books in the world and again illustrated the importance attaching to any smallest bit of Shakespeareana.

"Titus Andronicus" was possibly not by Shakespeare, but it was doubtless revised by him, it was acted by his company, and a few lines in it were written by him. Because of this slender connection with one of the greatest geniuses the world has known this single play has a value that makes it a coveted prize for book lovers the world over.—New York Tribune.

Hawaiian Mahogany For Ties.

E. O. Faulkner, head of the forestry department of the Santa Fe, recently returned from Honolulu, where he went to sign a contract for the entire output of ohia ties of the Hawaiian Islands. Ohia is the heaviest wood known and is also one of the hardest. It is a species of mahogany, very knotty and unsplitable. Experiments have demonstrated that it is affected but little by the continuous pounding of heavy rolling stock and for that reason it is being used in curves, where strength and durability are of the greatest importance and cost is a matter of secondary consideration.—Los Angeles Express.

In the Same Boat.

Representative Harry Maynard of Virginia was riding in one of the capitol elevators when he noticed that the elevator man was tipsy.

"You ought not to drink when you are on duty," remonstrated Maynard. "You might have some terrible accident running a car when you're not in full command of your faculties. You might kill a lot of statesmen."

"Humph!" replied the elevator man. "Ain't I taking as long chances as they are?"—Washington Star.

Memorial to Good Women.

There is to be a lady chapel in the new Liverpool cathedral, for which is planned a scheme of stained glass windows commemorating the deeds of good women. On one the inscription reads "Queen Victoria and All Noble Queens," and others are inscribed "Grace Darling and All Courageous Women." "Catherine Gladstone and All Loyal Hearted Wives." "Elizabeth Barrett Browning and All Women Who Have Seen the Infinite in Things."

Celluloid Brushes.

Brushes made with celluloid backs are fairly common, but a Parisian firm is now selling brushes which have the hairs or bristles made of that material, so that the brush is entirely of celluloid. It is claimed that these brushes, while answering every purpose for which the ordinary article is used, are easier to clean and that the celluloid bristles do not retain dirt and impurities.

Plain Speaking.

"I believe in calling a spade a spade," said the emphatic person.

"That's right, friend," replied Broncho Bob. "There was a man who nearly lost his life here by gettin' into a game an' tryin' to call a spade a club."—Washington Star.

Undid His Work.

Flagg—If your doctor cured you of insomnia, why do you refuse to pay him?

Fogg—He sent me such a thundering bill that he brought it on again.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Good Form

Women who are polite in practically all other places sometimes are positively rude at card tables. It would perhaps help them to be self controlled and civil when the game is going against them to remember that, after all, it is only a game and, though they lose, their defeat is only temporary.

However different one may be in fact when one is losing, and few persons are as interested when the cards are against them, it is a matter of good breeding to pretend as much enjoyment as when success is on her side. It is not polite to be snappy and dull just because one is losing. Such conduct makes the winning couple extremely uncomfortable.

Courtesy, at all times desirable, at cards should be regarded as imperative. To comment unfavorably upon the playing of a hand is the height of ill manners and need not be excused on the ground of instructing the ignorant. A woman who might sincerely wish to play a better game does not care to be criticised and drilled in public, and the one giving information is a self appointed teacher who is not desired.

At a bridge luncheon recently the players at one table were amused to hear at the completion of every hand a lecture by one of the guests. The woman who talked played well—all admitted that—but the afternoon was not a class in card playing. It was a social meeting where each woman was supposed to stand upon the merits of her game. The woman who did the talking was not disagreeable, nor did she select one person for her victim. Impartially she instructed the whole table, with the result that when she had gone at the end of the afternoon those remaining later declared that she had almost spoiled their game.

The correct thing for her to have done was to remain quiet, no matter how poor the playing of others might be. If she were asked any questions as to what to do she might have answered briefly and courteously, but she should have remembered that the afternoon was one of relaxation and amusement, not of instruction.

The woman who loses her temper with her partner commits an unpardonable breach of good manners. No is it enough to control the tongue alone at such times. Manner as well must be courteous, and one who cannot regard these dictates of good breeding should never play cards.

Automobile Etiquette.

It looks unconventional for a young girl to go automobiling with several young men unless they are relatives, for somehow it is suggestive of a "sporty" tendency on her part, and so the one girl in a group of men is never quite as delicately treated by the world as is the maid who has somebody of her own sex in her company. Therefore, all things considered, the chaperon is a useful personage, and if she is a good deal older than the rest of the party everybody is likely to behave in the best possible manner.

Proper dress for motoring depends upon the excursion itself, whether taken in town or in the country or if the trip is to be long or short. For wear in town the coquettish little bonnets with wide strings and side rosettes or flowers sometimes accompany the daintiest dinner frocks, for the spin may come after dinner in a restaurant, but over the gown must go a rajah or pongee coat cut with kimono sleeves and fastened smartly at the waist with two huge buttons of gilt or white embroidery. The long chiffon veil is a necessity for a smart look, and of course there are all sorts of gimcracks designed especially for motor wear—bracelets, watches, brooches, hatpins, etc. The country getup, especially if there is to be a long spin, is less elegant, coats, hoods, gloves and veils all looking to a great extent as if designed purely for usefulness.

Invitations to Children's Parties.

Good form requires that all invitations of both girls and boys shall be issued in the names of their parents or of one of the guardians with whom they live. The very obvious reason for this is that did one of the minors give invitations it might be done without the knowledge of elders.

Rarely do birthday parties need invitations other than formal notes to be written by the mother. It is not to parents of the others that the communications are addressed, but to the young people themselves, in notes something after this fashion:

My Dear Mary—Will you not give Anna and me the pleasure of your presence at a birthday party we are giving for her on Thursday, the 25th? We are asking some of her young friends to be here about 8 o'clock and hope you will be among them.

A Social Duty.

To send a box of candy, a book or a box of flowers after having made a short visit is a tactful act which costs little either in time or money. Only a visiting card bearing no writing may be inclosed.

The Law.

Knicker—Dark clothes protect you from the sun's rays.

Bocker—They won't if they aren't in fashion.—New York Sun.

Pay Those Taxes!

And now the man who owns his house
Is putting up a roar.
The cost of living is greater for him
Than ever it was before.
—Chicago Tribune.

It Would.

Ella—They say that sugar alone will sustain life for some time.

Stella—Life would be sweet, wouldn't it?—New York Press.

DRIVEN TO WEDLOCK

And Handicapped by an Inheritance

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON

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Alf Bennett was sitting at his desk making up copy for the Chicago Times when the postman entered and carelessly tossed him a letter. Alf was somewhat new to the business, and his shabby suit and rusty shoes gave evidence that his checks, "like angels' visits," were few and far between. Yet in spite of this there was an open, honest expression on the man's face that inspired confidence.

He picked up the letter, tore it open and began reading:

Los Angeles, Cal., June 20, '01.

Dear Nephew—When you read this I shall be in my grave. My Arizona mines have brought me considerable wealth, and my lawyer will inform you that I have made you my heir, but on one condition—that you marry May Grayson, daughter of the man who gave his life to save mine when the Indians attacked the camp twelve years ago.

May is heart free as yet, and I have reason to believe you are the same.

My lawyer, F. B. Goodfriend, will arrange for you to meet her. Inclosed is a check for $100. Come to California immediately. Your uncle,

DANIEL T. ROCKWELL.

"Hang it!" he ejaculated as he surveyed the situation. "I'd like to know how it would seem to be a rich man. Of course anybody would. But why didn't he marry some nice woman himself and have a family of his own to leave his money to? That would have left me out entirely. But—oh, plague take that condition!"

Thinking there might be, after all, some modifying clause in the will whereby this annoying feature could be avoided, he arrayed himself in a new suit, bought his ticket and left Chicago by an early train.

Arrived in Los Angeles, he immediately sought the office of F. B. Goodfriend and introduced himself as Alfred D. Bennett of Chicago, nephew of the late Daniel T. Rockwell.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Bennett! Take a seat, and we will talk matters over."

"There is one feature of my uncle's will that gives me a good deal of annoyance," remarked the young man, seating himself near the lawyer.

"Which one is that?"

"The one obliging me to marry a girl I have never seen. It is perfectly ridiculous!"

The lawyer laughed till his fat sides shook. "Why, that's the best part of the whole will!"

"The worst part, you mean," said Alf desperately. "But isn't there any modifying clause? There surely must be."

"No, there is none until you have tried and failed to woo and win the lady of your uncle's choice."

"I don't suppose the young lady likes the situation any better than I do."

"I don't know that she does, but Miss Grayson had a daughter's love for your late uncle and humored all his vagaries," returned the lawyer, trying to hide his amusement at the young man's irritation.

"Look here, Bennett. Come and sit down and we'll talk business. I admit, if you please, the singularity of the condition, though it seems more unaccountable to you than to me. But you would like the money your uncle has left? Now, frankly, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would."

"That's honest, and I respect you for the admission. Now, listen. You have never met the girl. Who knows but an acquaintance may prove satisfactory to both? At any rate, you two must meet. The will specifies that. Miss Grayson is spending the summer with her aunt, who owns a large olive orchard about sixty miles from the city. I am an old friend of the family. Leave it all to me and I'll arrange a meeting. You can then tell whether the condition is entirely obnoxious or not. What do you say, young man?"

"I'll do as you advise," replied Alf, who, having cooled off, was making an effort to view the affair in a business light. "It won't do any harm to see the girl."

Three weeks later Bennett took the morning express out of the city, bound for the little station sixty miles distant. Arriving there, he was disappointed to find no conveyance awaiting him and was just starting for the little hotel, the only one that the place could boast, when a buggy came rapidly up to the station platform and stopped.

The agent hurried out to meet the driver, who was a slender young girl, beautiful as a wild rose, with full dark eyes and a wealth of hair that seemed to reflect the warm sunshine.

"Did Mr. Bennett come on the train, do you know?" she inquired in a sweet, clear voice. "Mrs Grayson sent me to meet her guest."

"I am Mr Bennett," said the traveler, stepping forward and lifting his hat to the fair driver.

"I have come to drive you to Mrs. Grayson's," returned the girl.

"Thank you." And he sprang in lightly and seated himself by her side. "Do you wish me to take the reins?" he asked.

"Oh, no, thank you! Billy objects to strangers," she replied.

"Too bad I have put you to the trouble of coming so far, though," said the young man, stealing a sidewise glance at the lovely face so close to his own.

"I don't mind the drive at all. Besides, I was almost obliged to come," she admitted with charming frankness. "I hope you are going to enjoy your visit, Mr. Bennett. I know mamma and May will do all they can to make your stay pleasant."

"So you are Miss Grayson also? I didn't know there were two Miss Graysons."

"Yes, two May Graysons. But I am commonly called Mazie to distinguish me from my more dignified Cousin May."

Two May Graysons! It was strange that Lawyer Goodfriend had not mentioned that fact to him before he came. "Mazie! She is a perfect little bundle of sweet mystery," thought Alf. "If the May Grayson referred to in the will is but half as bright and winsome as this girl by my side I won't find it such a hard matter to live up to that condition after all. And yet I don't know that I really want to live up to it now that I have seen Mazie."

Mr. Alfred Bennett found a very cordial welcome awaiting him at the pleasant home of Mrs. Grayson. May Grayson—the May—was a nice looking stately girl of twenty-one, with a beautiful crown of nut brown hair and clear, expressive gray eyes. She was bright and intelligent, and he was forced to admit after an hour spent in her company that there was nothing of the mining camp style in her manners. He liked her very well, too, and might have fallen in love with her if he had not met Mazie first. Bright, merry Mazie! She charmed him more and more as days and weeks went by. And yet she studied to avoid him in every possible way, and she succeeded almost always in forcing him into the company of her cousin, thus escaping any marked attention he might wish to pay to herself.

But this scheming on her part did not lead young Bennett to bestow any warmer affection on Miss May. Ere long he made the discovery that his life would be an intolerable failure if he was obliged to live it without Mazie. The struggle between this love and the desire to gain possession of his deceased uncle's wealth was over, and as he arose one morning he announced to himself:

"May Grayson may have half the money and the orphan asylum the other half for all I care! I'll be true to the love that has crept into my heart. I'll marry Mazie if I can win her. With her by my side I shall be brave and strong enough to earn my own wealth."

Having thus decided in his own mind, the young man set out for a stroll through the pretty little meadow.

Suddenly he came upon a tiny figure in white. "Out for a morning constitutional, Mr. Bennett?" she inquired. "It is an ideal morning, as Cousin May would say."

"You are always thrusting 'Cousin May' at me," Alf returned, with some slight irritation. "But it is you I wish to speak with this 'ideal morning.' I am going to leave tonight, and I must say something to you before I go."

"We'd be sorry to have you leave us with anything burdening your mind, Mr. Bennett."

"You know, I suppose, why I came here?"

"I believe so," she said.

"Well, I want to inform you that the condition in my uncle's will can never be complied with now."

"Is that so?" came from her lips in feigned surprise. "It will be such a pity for you to lose the fortune."

"Yes, but I have learned that there is something better than riches. It is love, Marie. I cannot begin to tell you how tenderly I love you. I want you to be my wife."

"What! After all the attentions you have been showing Cousin May?"

"You are responsible for those 'attentions.' How else could it be when you persisted in throwing us together so often?"

"I think you are very fickle."

"No; I am very constant. I haven't ceased loving you a single minute since I first saw you. Can't you love me just a little, Mazie?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Won't you try to love me, dearest?"

"I don't need to try, Alf," she replied, looking up into his face with a shy smile.

"You sweet deceiver!" he cried, catching her in his arms and pressing her to his heart. "You were fooling me all the time."

"Yes, for, much as I was growing to love you, I resolved not to let you know," she said, freeing herself from his arms, "because, you see— Oh, there is Mr. Goodfriend!" she cried, rushing forward to greet the lawyer, who had come unannounced.

"Oh, I saw it all, children," he said, shaking hands first with Mazie, then with Alf. "I didn't cover my eyes. I came unexpectedly on the night express and got here in time for breakfast. Mrs. Grayson told me I'd find you both down by the meadow. I arrived in time to see that you two have come to an understanding."

"Yes, sir," said Alf decidedly. "I've concluded to enjoy love in a cottage with Mazie rather than take Miss Grayson with all my uncle's money."

"Love in a cottage! Oh, the refreshing youth!" And Goodfriend broke into a hearty laugh, in which Mazie could not help joining. "Pardon me, Bennett," said the lawyer, wiping the mirth shed tears from his eyes, "but you are the victim of your own blunder."

"Blunder? I don't understand you, sir," said Alf.

"Of course not!" And the lawyer went off into another convulsion of laughter. "This sprite, whom you took to be the daughter of Mrs. Grayson because of a pet way she has of calling her 'mamma,' is the true May Grayson referred to in your uncle's will."

One month later the "annoying condition" in the will was complied with.

A St. Louis Highwayman.

A general police order has been issued for the arrest of a "highwayman" who held up Frances Mueller, fifteen years old, and robbed her of a kiss the other night.

Miss Mueller alighted from a car, approached the "highwayman" and asked him to direct her to a Russell avenue address.

"I'm a stranger in the neighborhood, and I'm afraid," she said.

"Well, miss, don't worry. I'll take you there," the man replied.

When in front of the house the stranger stepped in front of Miss Mueller and commanded her to hold up her hands. As the girl obeyed he stooped over and kissed her on the right cheek.—St. Louis Times.

No Telling How Soon.

"So you don't guide hunting parties any more?"

"Nope," was the slow rejoinder from the man whittling in front of the village store; "got tired of bein' mistook fer a deer."

"How do you earn your living now?"

"Guide fishin' parties. So fer nobody ain't mistook me for a fish."—North Beach Cynosure.

HAS KNOWN EVERYBODY

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL HAS HAD A WONDERFUL CAREER.

In Her New Book English Noblewoman Gives the Fruits of Sixty Years or More of Contact With All the Social and Intellectual Celebrities of Great Britain—Is a Daughter of Third Earl of Oxford.

Lady Dorothy Nevill is the author of a new volume of reminiscences entitled "Under Five Reigns." Lady Dorothy is one of the most interesting personalities living. The daughter of the third Earl of Oxford, Lady Dorothy married on Dec. 2, 1847, Mr.

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

Reginald Nevill, a cousin of that grand sportsman, the Marquis of Abergavenny, K.C. Her family consists of three sons and one daughter, the latter, Miss Meresia Nevill, being a most active member of the Primrose League. Her charming home in Charles street, Berkeley Square, London, is full of beautiful objects of art and interesting relics. Her circle of friends is a large one, and for the greater part of her long life she has known everyone of social and intellectual importance in the country.

Australian Pearl Fisheries.

The treasure seeker in Australian tropic waters need not confine his operations to pearling, for beche-de-mer gathering and shark and turtle fishing are also lucrative occupations, though as yet, owing to the greater attractiveness of pearling still in their infancy.

While the price of pearlshell keeps over $750 the pearler's income is assured. He can regard his enterprise as an investment on the shell basis, and the chance of pearls adds the gaming element so dear to the average Australian. The nor'-west shell has the best place on the world's market; the northern shell, though perhaps more abundant, is of an inferior quality, and "stones" are not so often met with.

Thursday Island with its palms, cactus, and rich and varied vegetation, its long lines of beautiful beaches, is becoming well-known to the winter tourist, who, however, finds little to admire in the primitive galvanized iron buildings of the town sites. The Government buildings have some pretensions to architectural style, but the business houses, mostly in the hands of Chinese or Jap, are squalid—a blot on the natural beauty of their surroundings. Away from his native bamboo building material, both races seem to lose any artistic instinct in the way of architecture, and are satisfied with the shelters. Some of these meanlooking buildings, however, are magazines for goods worth many thousands, for both races are keen and enterprising traders, and have ousted the European shopkeepers almost entirely from these latitudes.

Putting on Gloves.

To put on a pair of rubber gloves of the kind often used in hospitals by surgeons during operations is a difficult and tedious task, even with the aid of an assistant, but a London surgeon has just invented an ingenious contrivance that accomplishes the task by machinery in a few seconds.

The apparatus consists of two cylinders from which the air can be partially drawn by a piston worked by a pedal. At the top of each cylinder is a flanged rim, over which the the opening of the glove is stretched and fixed with the fingers hanging vertically into the cylinders. The glove when in this position completely closes the cylinder. When the operator treads on the pedal the piston is pulled downward, producing a partial vacuum in the cylinders. The difference in atmospheric pressure thus produced stretches the gloves to a size that will allow the hands to be easily pushed into them. Air is then admitted into the cylinders and the gloves contract upon the hands with a sudden snap.

England's Youngest Archbishop.

The youngest Archbishop E g'and has ever seen, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, has just entered upon his 47th year. His has been a wonderfully strenuous life, and as a worker among the poor he has had few equals. Tall and muscular-looking, with black hair carefully brushed, and strongly marked features, the Archbishop of York has a voice big and resonant, though it is not loud, and there is no sign of harshness. His language is simple and direct, his utterance measured and slow. The late Queen Victoria was a great admirer of his preaching, and King Edward also had a high opinion of him.

A Pleasant Atmosphere.

Every year a million tons of oil of vitriol are poured into the atmosphere of London, chiefly from chimney and gas burners.

An Aerial Cripple.

"The aeroplane awaits without, sir."
"Without what, my faithful James?"
"Without its wings and steering strings,
Without its bamboo frames.
Without its keel and motor wheel,
A sight, indeed, to see.
Without a doubt it's all without
And hanging up a tree!"
—Chicago News.

To Be Expected.

"So Starcraze was to have had a prominent part in that performance on an ocean steamer."

"Yes, but he got seasick at the first rehearsal and threw up his part."—Baltimore American.

OUR CLIMATE.

It Is Recommended by Cooks For Tired Britons Who Want Sunshine.

Canada, our contemporary publishes in England, remarks very poignantly on the advantages of Canada as a winter resort for Englishmen needing a rest cure:

"Winter Sunshine" is the appropriate title of a pamphlet issued by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, the world-famous tourist agents. It contains particulars of the facilities for fleeing from the rigors of a British winter offered by the firm in the shape of visits to "countries which provide sunshine in varying degrees." One section is devoted to winter sport in Switzerland, with its "dazzling splendor of sunshine and snow." But why is not Canada also given a place among the countries where "winter sunshine" is to be found? There is sunshine in Canada in winter, and winter sports can be indulged in in an inspiring and bracing atmosphere not to be rivaled even among the Alps themselves. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who regards the Canadian winter as "the glory of Canada," may be again cited for the benefit of Britons in search of "winter sunshine," and those catering for their wants—

"I do not know anything so beautiful as a beautiful winter day such as we have in Ottawa, in Montreal, in Quebec, where the rays of the sun glisten upon the white carpet which extends as far as the eye can go towards the horizon. There is nothing quite so beautiful, unless it be a winter night, when the bluest of all skies is studded with millions of gems never seen to such advantage in any other country."

In another column a Port Arthur correspondent once more takes up the cudgels in defence of Canada's climate and enters a protest against the persistent appellation of "Our Lady of the Snows." It was not without good ground that the title preferred for the collected impressions of Canada of the representatives of the International Council of Women, edited by the Countess of Aberdeen was "Our Lady of the Sunshine."

The Wily Politician.

It is to be feared that politicians are insincere and artful persons. Not long since, a newspaperman was talking with a political worker who had spent some years campaigning in pretty close relations with several public men in Canada, and remarked upon the singular gift possessed by Sir John Macdonald for remembering the names and faces of even humble persons whom he had not met for years. The politician smiled.

"And you will notice," the reporter continued, "that Sir Wilfrid Laurier possesses the same gift. I have heard several striking instances of it."

"Yes," said the politician. "And Sir Charles Tupper had it, and so has Mr. Borden."

"It would seem, then," said the reporter, "that the possession of this gift raises a man to leadership."

"No. The gift comes to the leader. In other words, it is largely a matter of good management. A successful man does not have to do his own remembering. He can get it done for him. A sharp secretary or campaign manager can find out a good many things and speak a few useful words to his chief at the right moment. For instance, the prompter who knows will tell his chief that some time during the afternoon he is likely to be introduced to Mr. Horatio Smith, who often tells the story of how he once drove the great man out to a meeting at a certain place. Sure enough Horatio meets the leader. The leader looks at him intently. 'It seems to me we have met before. Let me see. Yes—it was in the election of '90. You drove me out from the railway to a meeting at Bileville.' Does Horatio remember it? Well, rather. He is tickled to death—and the story will be told by his grandchildren."

Loves His Alma Mater.

Besides several professors of note, Queen's University has a negro janitor in Allie. Allie's position in the calendar is mentioned as assistant janitor, or caretaker, or something of that nature, but his real business is to root for Queen's athletic teams. Win or lose, Allie is always on the side lines, shouting "Come on Queen's" in his peculiar hourse and husky whisper so well known to all students of that university and to the players on all opposing teams.

It was rumored last fall that Allie was to leave, and the student body was full of sorrow.

At the end of a Rugby match with McGill one of the players thought he would know the worst, and said: "I hear you are going away, Allie."

"No," replied that individual in his usual harsh notes. "I wouldn't leave my Alma Mater."

Not a Royalty.

Mr. Melton Prior, the war correspondent and artist, who saw about twenty-four campaigns and revolutions, died in London, England, on Nov. 2. He accompanied King George V., then the Duke of York, on his tour of Canada in 1901. During the royal progress through the West, Mr Prior was very much interested in the scenes in that vast country. At one of the Western towns a prolonged stop was made during the night, and a large crowd came to the station to catch a glimpse of the duke! It was dark and wet, and as Mr. Prior leaned from the window the crowd made a rush to see who the distinguished Britisher might be.

"No," said the artist, waving them genially away. "I'm not the duke, and I'm not the duchess, and I can't even make a speech."

Bright Outlook.

The brig't lights of the postoffice and Layman's grocery on the south of the track are being rivalled by the Boys' Club and Laughton's grocery on the north of the track. If Niagara power were only as "free as air," as Billy Maclean once told the farmers at the Guelph Winter Fair that it should be, we could have quite a bright little town.—Parkhill Gazette.

Didn't Blow the Flute.

The flutist had the flu quite bad.
The unfortunate galoot,
So as he could not toot himself
He sent a suo-to-toot.
—Boston Transcript.

A Warning.

Don't think that every fool idea you get into your head is an inspiration.—Atchison Globe.

That Old Clay Pipe.

Little Dick,
Father's "clay,"
Awful sick,
Neighbors say.
—Judge.

RELIC OF THE VIKINGS

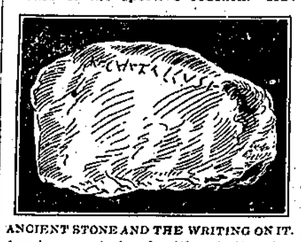
VISIT OF NORSEMEN TO CANADA IS PROVEN BY STONE.

Runic Carvings on Rocks Found Near Yarmouth, N.S., Go to Show That the Stories of the Scandinavian Trip to America in the Tenth Century Are Authentic—Learned Archaeologist Is Satisfied.

Several years ago a discovery was made on the Bay of Fundy shore, near Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, that goes far to prove that Norsemen visited this continent many years before Columbus. On this stone, which was discovered by Dr. Fletcher, were runic inscriptions. Photographs were taken and sent to several noted savants, with requests for their opinion as to the meaning of the inscription.

Prof. Henry Phillips, that learned archaeologist, gave a complete description and translation of the letters cut on the stone as follows:

"In 1875 a rubbing produced from the stone was placed in my hands for investigation. Since that time I have carefully considered the circumstances of the case and have become ultimately satisfied of its bona fide nature, that the inscription is neither a modern fraud, nor the work of the wayward playfulness of the leisure hours of the sportive redskin. Having become imbued with a belief that no deception was intended or practiced, I entered upon a study of the markings with a mind totally and entirely free from prejudice. So far from believing that the inscription was a relic of the pre-Columbian discovery of America, I had never given any credence to that theory. I therefore approached the subject entirely unbiased in my opinion; in fact, somewhat prejudiced against the authenticity of any inscription on this continent purporting to emanate from the hardy and intrepid Norsemen.



ANCIENT STONE AND THE WRITING ON IT.

"The difficulty of interpreting these markings was greatly increased on account of the nature of the material on which the rubbing had been taken, and the fact that in the runic alphabets the letters frequently have many varying values and forms. But, like a kaleidoscope, word after word appeared in disjointed forms, and each in turned rejected, until at last an intelligible word came forth, followed by another and another, until a real sentence with a meaning stood forth to my astonished gaze: 'Harkussen men varu'—'Harko's son addressed the men.' Now, in the expedition of Thorfinn Karlfsefne in 1007 the name of Haki appears among the number of those who accompanied him."

This opinion, coming as it does from such a distinguished source, leaves little doubt that nearly five hundred years before Columbus set foot on this continent the Norse voyagers from Europe visited the shores of Nova Scotia and left behind them an evidence of their landing.

World's Largest Clock.

Liverpool is to have the largest clock in the kingdom. Big Ben's dials are 22 feet 6 inches in diameter; those on the Royal Liver building will be 24 feet. Big Ben requires the services of two men for five hours every other day in order that its great weights, weighing 2 1-2 tons, may be drawn up 160 feet to keep the clock going. Those weights occupy the whole of the centre of the Westminster tower, and they represent a grandfather clock on a tremendous scale. With Liverpool's new clock, however, affairs will be different. There will be no weights at all, and no enormous pendulum comparable to that of Big Ben. Instead, it will be an electric clock. It will not need winding at all, the only requisite being a steady supply of motive-power.

Spoke Too Soon.

The bar of the Red Lion had its full complement of habitues when an old man with a wooden leg came in and ordered a stout-and-bitter.

"'Ow did yer lose yer leg, guv'nor?" asked an inquisitive bystander.

"Well, you see, it was this way," replied the old man. "As a guard I was in the van at Waterloo——"

"Chuck it!" interrupted an irreverent listener. "If you 'ave lorst your leg you needn't 'pull' ours. Thinks we don't know Waterloo was fought a hundred years ago? Why, you ain't seventy yet."

The old man looked at him sternly. "As I was sayin', bein' a guard, I was in the van at Waterloo when I fell out. A passing train went over one leg and I 'ad to 'ave it amputated."

Cat In Strawstack.

When threshing operations were in progress at a farm in Sherwood Forest, a few days ago, two workmen heard a faint mewing proceeding from the inside of the stack—built seventeen days previously—and presently discovered the farmhouse cat that had been missing during that interval. It was emaciated, but soon recovered.

Surgical Outfits.

The medical and surgical outfit carried by Paulhan on his London to Manchester flight—compressed into a packet the size of a cigarette case—and the medical case that Sir Ernest Shackleton took with him to the Antarctic are among the exhibits of the London Medical Exhibition.

The Costly Interim.

"One reason," said the milk toast philosopher, "why a good many young men aren't married isn't because they're too poor to get married, but it's because they're not quite ready yet, and they're too poor to be engaged."—Browning's Magazine.

Too Bad.

Playwright—I'd like you to read my new drama, "The Hero of the Sea."

Actor—Couldn't produce it.

Playwright—Why not?

Actor—I can't swim.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WORKING MEN MAYORS.

Aristocratic Britain Has Had Several of Them.

Nowadays it is always possible for the humblest boy in the town to become its head if he has the brains and "push." Recent years have abundantly proved this by showing us several noted working men who have risen to the mayoral chairs of their native or adopted towns.

Indeed, two very well-known mayors of a year or two past were men who had both actually risen from the workhouse of the place which they served later as chief magistrates. These were Mr. Will Crooks, late M.P., who was elected mayor of Poplar, and Ald. Hornbrook, one of Devonport's most respected citizens whom that large town placed in its mayoral chair a year or two before Poplar did itself a similar honor with Will Crooks.

Many people will still remember how Cardiff raised a working man to the highest honor the Welsh city could confer on him, and not only so, but it chose him for Lord Mayor during the year when the late King Edward had promised to visit the city, and His Majesty was so pleased with the way the mayor received him and carried out his duties on behalf of Cardiff that he knighted "Sir" William Crossman on the spot.

Then, year or two back, Kingston-on-Thames did justice to one of its hardest workers on the local council by electing Councillor Clarke to the mayoral seat. Mr. Clarke had been a policeman in the royal ancient borough, and in consequence many of the elite of the place were averse to his being made chief magistrate. Twice before, when he had been proposed by those who recognized his merit and services, he had been defeated by such narrow majorities as one or two, but at length even his one-time rivals had to admit that there was no other man so fitted for the mayoralty as the former policeman, and thus Mr. Clarke reaped at last the well-deserved reward of faithful service.

Breezy Blackpool did equal honor to itself and Ald. Brodie when it made the latter gentleman its mayor in 1904, for the well-known alderman had formerly been a policeman in Manchester.

Mr. Timothy Owen was still a signalman on the line when his fellow townsmen at Aberavon, Glamorganshire, raised him to the mayoral chair. No man in the place was more highly respected than the popular signalman, and in proof of this no fewer than 300 railwaymen, headed by Mr Richard Bell, accompanied Mr. Owen to church on his first visit there.

One of the best-known men in the southwest country, and certainly one of the most popular in Plymouth, is Ald. Bond, who has several times been elected mayor. Mr. Bond began his striking career as a boy in a solicitor's office at Plymouth, and worked his way up through the various ranks until he finally found himself sitting in the chair of the mayor.

Host of Portugal's ex-King.

There are few keener sportsmen or more intrepid explorers than the Duke of Orleans, at whose beautiful home wood Norten, in Worcestershire King Manuel is staying. He has visited nearly all parts of the world, and tried to reach the North Pole. One he succeeded in reaching a point two degrees farther north on the coast of Greenland than had hitherto been explored, and the naming of the territory is now recorded as the Duke of Orleans Land in most geographies. A magnificent horseman, he has taken part in a bull fight; while his prowess with the gun was once the cause of a clever retort. Commenting upon the unusually poor season, he remarked to a guest that he had shot very few "braces," whereupon the guest wittily remarked, "And no doubt the want of 'braces' accounted for the falling off of your bags."

King's Strange Hobby.

The late King of Siam had an extraordinary hobby—that of collecting empty match-boxes of all nations. About this royal fad an interesting story is related. During one of his visits to Britain the King, whilst passing down Bond Street, London, one afternoon, accompanied by two members of his suite, espied an empty match-box, which had been discarded by its owner and thrown away into the middle of the thoroughfare. Without a moment's thought the monarch dashed into the middle of the crowded traffic, grasped the much-coveted treasure, and was nearly run over by a passing cab. The fact, however, that he was able to add a new specimen to his collection compensated him for the risk which he had run.

How the Gargle Was Taken.

Rev. J. A Sharrock, in "South Indian Missions," relates the following incident illustrating the difficulties of medical missionaries: An old woman came with a relaxed throat to Mrs. Caldwell (wife of Bishop Caldwell) who gave her a gargle in a bottle and told her to go home, throw her head well back, put it in her mouth and keep it there as long as possible. After a day or two she returned, complaining that she was no better and that her neck ached terribly. When asked if she had strictly carried out the instructions, she said: "Yes; I threw my head well back and put the bottle into my mouth and held it there till my neck was almost ready to break!"—London Globe.

A Treat For the Surgeon.

Mme. Clara Butt's sudden illness may serve to recall the eminent singer's misfortune in the way of ill health. "Among my three sisters and myself, all of us being singers, my throat is the worst of the lot, and not in the least like a singer's throat," she once confessed. She has undergone several operations. "On every single occasion," she says herself, "I have sung in full voice while under the influence of the anaesthetic." It must have been a novel experience for the operating surgeon!

Circus Horses Valuable

After training a good circus horse is worth from $3,000 to $5,000.

Pride.

The hen now chants her supercilious glee.
The porker stands on proudly ponderous legs.
It makes them grin with pleasure when they see
What's happened to the price of ham and eggs.
—Washington Star.

His Offense.

Mrs. Newly—I shall never let that operator send another telegram for me. I just gave him a message for my husband, and the first thing the officious thing did was to read it.—Lippincott's.

THE LAST FANCY.

Ceramic Collectors Are Now Searching For Old Jugs.

OLD ENGLISH JUGS.

If you have a fancy for collecting ceramics you will now be eagerly searching in every likely and unlikely place for old English jugs. The Staffordshire makers turned out many of these jugs and drinking cups in old effects modeled after trophies of the hunting field and of objects in daily use. The toby jug illustrated is the "find" most often secured.

Big Hats May Produce Baldness.

London, never as exaggerated as America's metropolis in the matter of feminine fashions, nevertheless finally has fallen victim to the enormous hats of straw or lace affected by summer gowned womankind. Not only do the English newspapers and periodicals denounce the huge specimens of millinery worn by women of the smart set, but they even invent hygienic reasons to prove the evil of this type of headwear. One west end hairdresser, for instance, has taken it on himself to denounce publicly and in no measured tone the effect such hats have on their wearer's tresses. "As grass turns yellow under a mushroom so women's hair will lose its color and deteriorate under the gigantic hats which are now the mode," says this specialist. "There is every possibility of the fair sex going bald unless a revolution in hats is effected. First of all, these enormous mountains of millinery shut out the health giving sun and air; secondly, they present such vast surfaces to the wind that they tug against the detaining hatpins like a kite on a string."

It's Velvet From Head to Feet.

It surely is a velvet season. Women are wearing this lovely material in hats, as dress trimmings and as a fabric for whole suits. In two toned effects the new velvets are stunning, but

THE VELVET SHOE.

the real novelty of the season is the velvet shoe which is worn with dressy afternoon costumes. You can see for yourself how fetching is this new footwear.

Another Danger.

Poor humanity is constantly running into new dangers. Now it is the juxtaposition of imitation tortoise shell combs with hair tonic against which we are warned. The alcohol in the tonic has an affinity for something in the combs, it appears, and so great is the warmth of the meeting that singed hair is likely to be the result.

Curious.

Life is a curious story,
No matter how orators talk—
Ridin' a race hoss to glory
When you can win in a walk!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Enough.

"And when was your new piece played for the last time?"

"The first time."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Prickly Business That.

[After the adage.]

Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When marriage is ended alimony begins!

You Can Buy "DOMINION PRIDE" RANGE At Factory Price

Direct From The Largest Malleable Range Works in Canada

If you want to save from $25 to $30, and at the same time get the most satisfactory kitchen range made, write for our Catalogue and look into the merits of the "DOMINION PRIDE," at from $41 to $49.

If we sold you identically the same range in the usual way, through a dealer, you would have to pay from $60 to $78 for it. You would be paying two extra profits—to wholesaler and retailer—which would add $25 to $30 to the cost of your range, but absolutely nothing to its value.

"The Evolution of the Cook Stove"

TELLS about cooking from the time the Cave Dwellers dropped hot stones into the pot to boil it. It also tells all about "Dominion Pride" Ranges. Whether you need a Range just now or not you will enjoy reading this book.

Write for Free Copy.

Besides costing much less than other ranges in its class, the "DOMINION PRIDE" is much more satisfactory. It is made of tough, strong, malleable iron and the best blue polished steel—materials which will not warp, crack or break.

The polished steel does not need blacking—simply rub it over with a cloth. With its cold rolled steel plate oven—sectional iron fire-box lining, with air chambers—and double-walled flues lined with asbestos—the "DOMINION PRIDE" is the most economical range you can buy. Actual tests have proved that it saves over 30% of fuel, burning either wood or coal.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

A "DOMINION PRIDE" Range, with high closet shelf and elevated tank or flush reservoir, with zinc sheet to go under range, 8 sections blue polished steel pipe and two elbows, will be delivered to any station in Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces for $41, or to any station in the four Western Provinces for $49—$5 to be sent with order and balance to be paid when the Range is delivered at your station. If not convenient to pay cash we will arrange to accept your note.

Canada Malleable & Steel Range Mfg. Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

When writing it will be a distinct favor to us if you will mention this paper. 7

Are Your Hands Chapped

Zam-Buk Will Cure Them.

The particular danger of chapped hands and cold cracks (apart altogether from the pain) is that the cold is likely to penetrate and set up inflammation, festering, or blood-poison. Directly the skin is broken by a cut, graze, or scratch, or chafed and cracked by the action of the cold winds and water, the one necessary precaution is to apply Zam-Buk freely.

The pure herbal juices from which Zam-Buk is prepared are so perfectly combined and refined that the immediate effect of these Zam-Buk dressings is soothing, antiseptic, and healing. Pain and inflammation are allayed, disease germs expelled from the wound or sore, and the latter is quickly healed.

Zam-Buk is not only a powerful healer and skin purifier; it is strongly antiseptic and germicidal, and so forms the ideal protection for the skin against disease germs.

It quickly heals cold cracks, chaps, chilblains, cold sores, etc.

Mrs. O. M. Phoen, Neuchatel, Alta., writes:—"I must tell you how pleased I am with Zam-Buk. My husband had an old frostbite on his foot for many years, and had tried almost every known remedy without any effect, but the first application of Zam-Buk seemed to help him so much that he persevered, and the sore is now cured. We would not be without Zam-Buk in the house."

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for piles, eczema, ulcers, abscesses, scalp sores, blood-poison, bad leg, eruptions, etc. Its purely herbal composition makes it the ideal balm for babies and young children. All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Try also Zam-Buk Soap, 25c. tablet.

NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court of British Columbia.

In the matter of the Estate of Martin Lundquist, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 28th day of September, 1911, it was ordered by Judge Brown that A. C. Sutton be administrator of all and singular the estate of Martin Lundquist, late of Phoenix, B. C., deceased, intestate.

Every person indebted to the said estate is required to make payment forthwith to the undersigned, and every person having in possession effects belonging to deceased is required to notify the undersigned forthwith. Every creditor or other person having any claim upon or interest in the destribution of said estate is required before the 12th December, 1911, to send by registered letter addressed to the undersigned, his name and address, and full particulars of his claim or interest, and a statement of his account verified by statutory declaration, and the nature of the security (if any), held by him.

After the said 12th day of December, 1911, the administrator will proceed with the destribution of the estate, having regard to those claims only of which he shall then have notice.

Dated at Grand Forks, B.C., 11th Nov. 1911.

A. C. SUTTON,
Official Administrator, Grand Forks, B.C.

LAND REGISTRY ACT.

In the matter of an application for duplicate Certificate of Title No. 2378A to Lots 7, 8, 9 and 10, Block 16, Map 50, Town of Christina.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is my intention at the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication hereof to issue duplicate certificate of Title to said lands to Joseph Letcher Martin, unless in the meantime valid objections be made to me in writing.

W. H. EDMONDS,
District Registrar.

Land Registry Office,
Kamloops, B. C.,
Nov. 9th, 1911.

Local and General

Ab. McQueen returned to town this week from Rossland.

Dry wood in car lots for sale. Apply J. Trombley, Phoenix.

Barney Cosgrove arrived in town on Saturday from Coalmont.

For Sale—Four pairs of skis. Apply A. O. Johnson, Central Hotel.

Persons who are everlastingly talking of getting ahead generally have none.

C. M. Campbell, assistant supt. of the Granby Co. visited the smelter city on Saturday.

Gordon Ross, M.E., left town on Monday, for Butte, Mont., where he intends to reside.

A. S. Geddes, manager of the Phoenix Curling rink, commenced the making of ice this week.

Mrs. Thos. McElroy, who has been visiting her parents here, returned to her home in Spokane this week.

A residence of six months in the province is required before a person can engage in the trapping of beaver.

Mrs. Chas. Lackie, who has been visiting her parents in Nanaimo for some weeks, returned to town a few days ago.

The city authorities are installing a pump in the Idaho shaft for the purpose of furnishing an additional supply of water for fire purposes.

We are requested to announce that the skating rink will be opened for the season on the 1st of December. Tickets for the season can be obtained at the rink.

We trust the Grand Forks Sun had no difficulty last week in finding the office bible. The Ledge people found their fifty-year-old copy to be in an excellent state of preservation.

On next Sunday evening, in the Methodist Church, the Rev. J. J. Nixon will speak from the subject, "The Missing Link." A welcome is extended to all. Good music.

H. Hartley and Barney Cosgrove will skate on the second night of the opening of the rink. Both of the competitors are considered to be something on skates, and an interesting time is expected. The money was deposited last Labor Day.

Rev. Henry Steele, Rural Dean of Grand Forks, visited the Rev. L. Lee, on Monday, afterwards visiting the Greenwood diocese on Tuesday. Tomorrow (Sunday) the Ven. Archdeacon Beer will preach the evening sermon and institute the resident minister, L. Lee.

The Phoenix Ski Club are losing no time in getting into shape this year; already the course has been prepared, a number of stumps which made the track rather dangerous last season have been removed. Engen, the champion of B. C. will again be connected with the club, and it is likely that a number of ladies may be induced to join the organisation.

Jos. M'Neil returned to his old home this week.

For sale, cheap, a first-class Singer sewing machine. Apply Mrs. Moore, Cottage hotel.

Jack Millar returned this week from Nelson, where he was employed by the Nelson Iron Works.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pope left on Wednesday to visit the National Apple Show in Spokane.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Biner were passengers on the Great Northern, on Thursday, for Spokane.

Dolls—Al Almstsom has a large assortment at bargain prices this week. Our supply of dainty Christmas Cards has arrived.

The Rev. G. A. Wilson, of Vancouver, supt. of missions, will conduct the Presbyterian services in the K. P. Hall, at 11 a.m., tomorrow (Sunday).

Dan and Vic Biner, with their party, returned on Saturday from their hunting trip up the main river. The hunting was unusually good, no less than twelve deer being secured.

The stated services in the Catholic Church are as follows: First and third Sundays of every month. Mass at 10 a.m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p.m., Evening Service at 7.30 p.m.

Engineer King and fireman Johnson of the Great Northern, assisted by Pittsburg coal, have been doing things this week; the train coming in on time the whole of the week. The coal formerly in use came from Sand Coulee.

Archie Aberdeen, who has forsaken the stope and drift for the more patriarchal pursuit of agriculture, returned to Phoenix on Tuesday from his ranch near Camp McKinney. He says he has a couple of million feet of standing timber on his place, with an ideal site for a saw mill; water power is both abundant and convenient.

The Moelwyn Male Voice Choir have recently arrived in Montreal, from North Wales. The choir, which is considered one of the most perfect in the British Isles, intend to favor this province with a visit. We understand that a date has been fixed for Nelson, and the music lovers of Phoenix will do well to take the steps necessary to induce the choir to include Phoenix in its itinerary.

Another satisfactory report has been made on Phoenix's dairies, M'Kay and Sons' establishment having been pronounced free from the tuberculosis bacteria. Very few towns can boast such a clean bill of health as this, and the result of the recent examination is a fine vindication of the scrupulous care taken in our principal local dairies to ensure a clean and healthy supply of milk for the town.

P. McCallum, immigration inspector at the international line, has been most active of late, fines to the amount of $250 having been already collected this month. The authorities now in power are determined to stringently enforce the law governing immigration into the Dominion. Any person, not being a British subject or an American, must be possessed of $50 in cash, besides being medically fit, before being allowed to enter Canada.

A strong movement is afoot to organise regiments of Hindoos in British Columbia, and the Galicians of Winnipeg. This is all right; but why stop at Hindoos and Bohunks. The Chinese have proved themselves not a whit behind any of these in fighting ability. The 408th Canadian Mounted Manchus ought to be able to give a good account of themselves. Then what about the Doukhobors? They should be organised at once. Frank Oliver, of Edmonton, who introduced them to Canada, ought to make a first-class colonel. The 110th Royal Doukhobor Fusiliers. (Sir Wilfred's Own), not only sounds nice, but looks well in print. The only drawback to the Dooks is their broom-like whiskers, together with the fear that they might be mistaken for a regiment of Cossacks, while that little Adam and Eve failing of theirs might prove embarassing if the fit took them at a review at Ottawa.

King Edward Lodge
No. 36, A.F. and A.M.

Regular communication at 8 p.m. Second Thursday of each month.

Emergent meetings as called; Masonic Hall, McHale Block.

J. J. STRUTZEL, Secy. J. S. BOYCE, W.M.

I. O. O. F.
Snowshoe Lodge No. 46

Meets every Monday Evening at Miners' Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

Wm. Van Wyngaren, Noble Grand
A. L. McKinnon, Fin. Secy.
W. J. Rutherford, Rec. Secy.

Daughters of Rebekah
Phoenix Lodge No. 17

Meets in the Miners' Union Lodge Hall First and Third Wednesdays.

Miss M. Mackenzie, Noble Grand.
Mrs. Effie Marshall, Secretary.

FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES

Phoenix Aerie No. 158

Meets in Union Hall, Friday Evenings. Visiting brothers are always welcome.

JOHN LOVE, W. P.
T. B. COSGROVE, W. Secy.

K. of P. Lodge, No. 28 Phoenix, B. C.

Meets TUESDAY EVENING at 7.30. Sojourning brothers cordially welcomed.

J. E. CARTER, K. of R. S.
G. KAY, C. C.

PYTHIAN SISTERS
Mountain Temple Lodge No. 17

Meets in Pythian Hall, Lower Town, First and Third Thursdays.

Mrs. H. Reed, M.E.C. Mrs. A. D. McKenzie, M.R.C.

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G. KAY, Publisher.

SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1911

A Gentle Reminder

The disastrous coal strike, which has practically paralysed the mining industry of the interior of British Columbia, since the first of last April, has terminated. It goes without saying that the finish has arrived not a moment too soon. Its baneful influence has been far reaching, the fuel supply of the prairie provinces having already fallen to vanishing point, and what coal that could be obtained had reached an almost prohibitive figure. The situation there had become perilous in the extreme, the mercury only recently having dropped to 32 below zero. As far as a domestic supply of fuel was concerned, the people here in the mountains can be considered fortunate, an abundant supply of wood being near at hand, while wonderful to relate, the sympathetic rise in the price of that commodity did not take place. To the people of the Boundary, and especially Phoenix, the crisis had about been reached, the present feeling of relief resembling nothing so much as the awakening from some horrible nightmare. The past has gone, but unfortunately the effects will be in evidence for many months to come. By the mining corporations of the Boundary, and especially the storekeepers of Phoenix, the results of the shut down have been keenly felt, and in the case of the business fraternity, the courage and hopefulness they have displayed, together with their faith in the future of the mines and the camp has been more than remarkable. In the face of such a display of confidence we would remind the people of Phoenix, especially those small-souled, short-sighted beings, who "habitually" send away for supplies, that the best interests of themselves and the town can only be served by a liberal patronage of our local merchants.

Borden's Reasons

Some reasons for the defeat of reciprocity were given recently at the Canadian Club dinner, in Boston, by G. E. Foster, minister of trade and commerce in the new cabinet of Premier Borden, one of the most striking being his remark that "We are British now, and intend to remain British. No animus was borne the United States," he said, "but the Dominion felt that it had the beginning of a nation, and in order to bring about such a state, Canada must have population, internal commerce and transportation.

"Canada did not reject reciprocity because of animosity, nor because we did not want to trade with the United States. But we in Canada did not like the peculiar form of agreement submitted to us. If we proposed to build a nation it could not be done along the lines of reciprocity. The greatest trade of a country is not its foreign trade, but its inter-sectional trade. Along these lines Canada might grow."

He pointed out that while the foreign trade of the United States was equal to $40 per capita, that of Canada was $100. Canada gives the U.S. a market for $279,000,000, being our third best customer, while the U.S. gives to Canada a market for only $104,000,000. Canada gives the States a free market for $122,000,000, while the States gives Canada only $40,000,000 free.

"We meet you at the border with an average duty of 25 per cent," Mr. Foster said, "while you meet us with 42 per cent. Our highest duty is 32 per cent, while yours are: 33 per cent for breadstuffs, 39 per cent for earthenware, 40 per cent for vegetables, 38 per cent for iron and steel, 54 per cent for cottons and 91 per cent for wools and woolen goods."

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Ralph E. Pope

'PHONE A10.

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First-class Fir and Tamarac Wood, $5.00 per cord
Pine Wood, $4.50 per cord.
Pine Wood, double cut, per cord, $6.00.

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To be on the safe side when buying baking powder, examine the label and take only a brand shown to be made from Cream of Tartar.

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Quebec, $102.85 Halifax, $116.40

Tickets on sale Dec. 1st to 31st inclusive; final return limit three months from date of sale. Tickets, first-class, assuring you best of service and train connections.

Also reduced rates to Atlantic Seaports in connection with Old Country steamship tickets on sale, Nov. 10th, to Dec. 31st, with five months limit.

National Apple Show, Spokane

NOVEMBER 23rd to 30th. The Great Northern will sell tickets at **$7.20 for Round Trip. Dates of sale, Nov. 22 to 28.**

FINAL RETURN LIMIT, DECEMBER 2nd.

For further particulars, call or write

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PHOENIX, B. C.

Eastern Townships Bank

ANNUAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Bank will be held at their Banking House in the City of Sherbrooke on Wednesday, SIXTH DECEMBER next.

The chair will be taken at two o'clock.

By order of the Board,

J. MACKINNON, General Manager.

Sherbrooke, Que., Nov. 1st, 1911.

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