

## Kootenay Fruit Lands! Best in the World!

Write me for information. I know all about the land situation here, having been in business in Nelson twelve years.

S. M. BRYDGES, Nelson, B.C.  
Brydges, Blakemore & Cameron, Ltd.

## KOOTENAY FRUIT LANDS

I am developing an excellent tract of Fruit Land. I need some help and make this offer:

I will sell 10 acres at \$100 per acre. I will accept \$250 cash and allow purchaser to pay for balance by working on my land, for which I will allow him \$3.00 for every ten hour day he works, said payments to apply on reduction of payments on land.

Purchaser must give me at least half of his time. He may devote other half improving his own land, or may give whole time on my land and thus get his own more quickly paid for.

This is an excellent chance for the man of little means, who cannot see how he is going to meet his future payments on land purchased on terms.

This offer is limited to a small number—prompt action is necessary to secure this chance.

Correspondence invited.  
P. O. Box 374, Winnipeg, Man.



It dries them up.

### COMMON SENSE EXTERMINATOR

Kills Roaches, Bed-bugs, Rats and Mice

All Dealers and 377 Queen St. W.,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Write for Testimonials.

## SUNNYSIDE

is an orchard land sub-division in the famous South Thompson River Valley, 24 miles from Kamloops, British Columbia, and on the main line of the C. P. R.

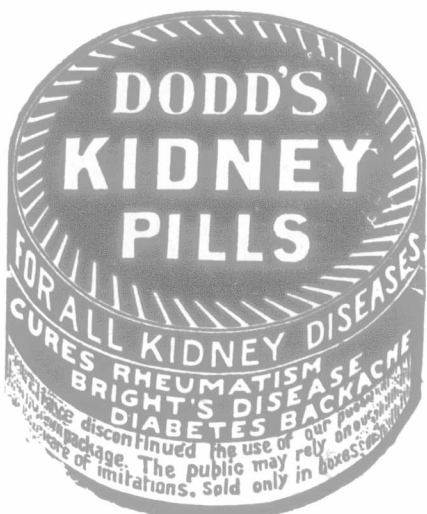
## SUNNYSIDE

has river, rail and road transportation facilities. The best soil in B.C. Plenty of water for irrigation purposes. A southern exposure and beautiful surroundings.

## SUNNYSIDE

Will grow anything grown in the North Temperate Zone, from apples to apricots. No late or early frosts. The finest climate in B.C. Land all cleared, free from stones and ready to plant your trees on now. We run no excursions, but you can come any time after your seeding is done, and we will pay your fare both ways if you purchase. Write for information to

J. T. ROBINSON,  
Manager B.C. Orchard Lands Ltd., Kamloops, B.C.



florist by another name of course will answer. I am afraid that Grannie and everyone else will smile at this hurried and incoherent epistle, but I am trying to come in leaps and bounds to help "Bitten One." When it is well grown it can be cut and tied up in bags. Wherever *Pyrethrum aureum* goes, fleas will not stay. Sleep on it. Stuff cushions and sofas with a piece of it. If it is powdered and dried it can be burnt in rooms and barns, and the fleas will leave. The lice will not trouble poor Biddy if the hen houses are kept full of it. A piece in the kennel will not only help to keep Carlo at peace, but will help in the home, for wherever the dog is there will the fleas gather together and breed.

OCTAVIA.

### BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY.

The other day we read a most inspiring man's story. He was speaking of the good times, and he told of seeing another man driving out of town with a new lumber wagon. To the rear end of the new wagon was attached a new mowing machine, and to the mowing machine two new riding gang plows.

Then the writer goes on to say: "What a prosperous progressive scene! How fortunate are modern farmers with modern implements which will do the work of a number of men and do it better." And this is true, but the writer forgot to tell the rest of the story.

### THE MOTHER'S SHEAVES.

My life is so narrow, so narrow; envired by four square walls; And ever across my threshold the shadow of duty fall. My eyes wander off to the hilltops, but ever my heart stoops down In a passion of love to the babies that helplessly cling to my gown.

In the light of the new day dawning I see an Evangel stand, And to the fields that are ripe for the harvest I am lured by a beckoning hanh. But I have no place with the reapers, no part in the soul-stirring strife, I must hover my babies on the hearthstone and teach them the lessons of life.

I must answer their eager questions with God-given words of truth. I must guide them in ways of wisdom through childhood and early youth. I must nourish their souls and their bodies with infinite, watchful care. Take thought of the loaves and fishes and the raiment that they must wear.

But at night when the lessons are over, and I cuddle each sleepy head; When the questions are asked and answered, and the last little prayer is said; When the fruitless unrest has vanished that fretted my soul through the day,

### THE DIFFERENCE.

"O Johnny, O Johnny, why late for school?"

Was the walk too long, or the hill too steep An early start from home is the rule That boys should keep."

"O, the hill was steep and the walk was far;

I hurried along with my books and slate, If I'd a wheel or a motor car I'd never be late."

"Johnny, O Johnny, how quickly home The dinner bell scarcely has ceased to ring.

Was it the wind that helped you to come With magical wing?"

"I've rather a fancy, you know," said Jack.

Fanning his features to make them cool

"It isn't so far on the roadway back As it is to school!"

"Going to send your boy on an ocean trip, are you?" said a friend to a father.

"Yes," replied the father. "You see if there is anything in him I think a long sea voyage will bring it out."



AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOME. TIME AND EFFORT WILL GIVE AS GOOD RESULTS ON THIS SIDE OF THE SEA.

Beside the man in the new lumber wagon, with the mowing machine and gang plow attachment, sat a woman. She was his wife. She had been to town and traded her eggs and butter for groceries for family use. Her own pocketbook was empty, for she had frittered away the 25 cents he had given her the last time she went to town. She had asked her husband to buy her a new washing machine, such as her neighbors use, but he said he was a poor man and could not afford such foolishness. Then she asked very timidly for a little money, and he had opened his purse and passed over to her a coin of the realm, and she had gone into a hardware store and invested every penny of it in an article which she now held carefully concealed under her shawl.

And what had this extravagant woman bought? She had invested ten cents of her husband's hard earnings in an egg-beater.

—The Farmer's Voice.

Young Widow (at the animal seller's)

—I want a dog.

Animal Seller—Yes, madame; white, grey, brindled?

Young Widow—No, black—all black; I am in deep mourning.—Los Loisirs.

Then I kneel in the midst of my children and humbly and thankfully pray.

"Dear Lord, when I stand with the reapers before Thee at set of the sun, When the sheaves of the harvest are garnered, and the life and its labor is done,

I shall lay at Thy feet these my children to my heart and my garments they cling;

I may not go forth with the reapers, and these are the sheaves that I bring."

Robert Lee Bettner, the Riverside polo player, was swapping yarns with Walter Scott Hobart, the Burlingame player.

"Ever hear about the fellow that drove a horse car? Had a baby. Didn't know what to name it.

"Boy or girl" asked the minister.

"Boy."

"Call it Oscar," He did.

"Met preacher again a year later.

"Nother baby at our house. Suggest 'nother name.

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl."

"Call her Car'line," He did.

San Francisco Chronicle.

### SIMPLE LIFE MADE SIMPLE.

"I'm weary of the whirl," quoth she, "Henceforth the simple life for me. Methinks it would be very wise To take my breakfast ere I rise— Of coffee just a single cup."

(N. B. Her mother brought it up)

"And when I'm dressed," thus spoke the maid.

"I'll hie me to the elm tree's shade, And with a book there I will find Sweet rest and comfort for the mind."

And so in sylvan shade she read. (N. B. Her mother made her bed.)

"A dainty lunch will suit me best— Salad with oil of Lucca dressed; No steaming soup, nor heavy roast, But broiled spring chicken served on toast."

She ate it all and found it good.

(N. B. Her mother cooked her food.)

Then when the day at last was spent Her mind was filled with sweet content: She donned a dainty gown of white With rosy ribbons all bedight, And looked as fair as any rose.

(N. B. Her mother ironed her clothes.)

"I love the simple life," quoth she; Escaping care and toil and strife, Evading paths where duties lurk.

Mark ye Someone must do your work.