

## SLOCAN PARK

The Choicest Fruit Land in the

### KOOTENAYS

Land the very Best.  
Level as a Prairie Farm.  
No Rocks or Stones.  
Water for Irrigation at every

lot.

No Frosts.  
Uncleared or Partly Cleared, or  
Wholly Cleared, as you like.

Partly Planted or Wholly  
Planted, as you like.

Land Cared for and Improved  
until you come at actual cost.

Prices and terms most advan-  
tageous to you.

You can go onto this Partly  
Cleared and Planted Land and

### Make a Living From the Start

C. P. R. Station, Post Office,  
Express Office, Village, Large  
Mill, etc., within ten minutes  
walk.

Spur on the property. Thirty  
hours from the Prairie Markets  
without reshipment. Only 20  
miles from Nelson by rail. On  
the beautiful Slocan River. Good  
Fishing and shooting. Title ab-  
solute.

The balance of these fine plots  
will be gone before fall. For  
full particulars write,

**THE KOOTENAY-SLOCAN  
FRUIT CO., Ltd.**

NELSON B. C.

## Unlimited Wealth May Be Yours

below the surface of  
the ground in deposits  
of coal, oil, gas, ores  
or metals. The surest  
and most economical  
way to determine what  
the ground contains  
is by means of the  
"American"  
Coring Machine  
which will remove a  
core of any size, any  
depth, thru any kind of shale or rock  
formation cheaper than by any other  
method. Our new catalog describes every method  
of well sinking and mineral prospecting—FREE.  
The American Well Works, Ores & Works, Aurora, Ill.  
First Nat. Bank Bldg., Chicago.  
R. E. Buchanan & Co. 234 W. Craig St., Montreal.

Johnny Cake.—Beat well one large  
egg and one-half cupful of brown sugar.  
Add one-half cupful of sour cream into  
which has been stirred a teaspoonful of  
soda. Thicken with a cupful of yellow  
meal and flour enough to make a thick  
batter. Pour into a pan and bake in a  
hot oven. Serve hot, with butter,  
honey or maple syrup.

**FOR economy  
in the table  
expenses increase  
the amount of  
Quaker Oats; eat it  
at least twice a day.  
It does more than  
other foods and  
costs only a frac-  
tion as much.**

## Miscellaneous

### EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell,  
A jellyfish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cavemen dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face turned from the clod—  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite, tender sky  
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high—  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the goldenrod—  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in—  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod—  
Some of us call it Longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—  
A mother starved for her brood—  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
And millions who, humble and nameless  
The straight, hard pathway trod—  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God.

—WILLIAM H. CARRUTH.

Young Van Stymie was so elated at  
the honor of being matched to play the  
best ball of the three ablest women  
players at the Far-and-Sure Golf Club  
that he resolved to give a cup to the  
lady who should make the best score.  
What should be inscribed upon it?  
He cudgled the concordance until he  
found this text: "Even today is my  
complaint bitter; my stroke is heavier  
than my groaning."

Every golfer will recognize the aptness  
of the quotation and join in the groan-  
ing. Van Stymie hastened to the silver-  
smith's and bought a nice little cup.  
Carefully verifying the text, he asked  
to have the following inscription en-  
graved in one line on the cup:

Job: xxiii., 2.  
But when the nice little cup was sent  
home he was horrified to find that the  
engraver had seen fit to improve the  
inscription. And this is what was on  
the cup:

J. O. B.  
XXIII., 2.

When, fuming, he took the cup back  
to have the inscription corrected, he  
was recompensed for his disappointment  
and suffering by the engraver's in-  
genious explanation:

"It's all right," said that artist.  
"I'll letter it on any way you say.  
Y' see, the reason why I done it that way  
was I thought it was some kind of a  
horse on Jack O'Brien with 'XXIII., 2,'  
in it meaning that he'd have to skiddoo  
twice."

"Horace," remarked Mrs. Figtree,  
"we are going to have company at  
dinner, and I do wish you would bright-  
en up and look less like an honorary  
pallbearer. Say something humorous."

The company came, and, with a few  
preliminary coughs and winks, which  
were intended to announce to his  
wife that the witticism was about to be  
perpetrated, Mr. Figtree said timidly,  
"Mary!"

"Yes, dear; what is it?" asked Mrs.  
Figtree, graciously.

"Have you got all of your hair on this  
evening?"

### A CERTAIN BOY

He doesn't like to go to bed,  
And getting up is worse;  
To washing, too, I've heard it said,  
He's just as much averse.

And as for school and studying,  
When he would rather roam,  
He hates it more than anything  
But doing jobs at home.

I do suppose that if he chose  
What he should do all day,  
He'd play and eat awhile, and then  
He'd eat awhile and play.

## The Horror of It

Vigorous, healthy folks simply cannot  
imagine what a horror, what a death-in-  
life, Indigestion really is. They speak  
lightly of it and say, poor Mrs. So-and-  
So has some trouble with her stomach."  
"Some trouble," forsooth! Of all the  
ills that afflict humanity none causes  
more misery than Indigestion. It de-  
stroys annually more lives than con-  
sumption, cancer and cholera combined.  
If you cannot digest your food—as a  
steam engine burns coal—your heat,  
power, energy, must run down. Con-  
tinue this condition and *your engines  
will stop!*

Food that lies in your stomach undi-  
gested distils poisons that are carried by  
your blood all through your system.  
This poison clogs the brain, inflames the  
nerves, muscles and joints, and stag-  
nates all the natural functions. Consti-  
pation, headaches, sleeplessness, pains  
and wind in the stomach; dizziness and  
other wretched feelings, follow. Mother  
Seigel's Syrup cures Indigestion by  
toning up, strengthening, aiding the  
digestive organs to do their natural  
work.

Mr. Burton Shortliffe, of Central  
Grove, Digby County, N. B., writes:—  
"I was troubled with Indigestion a  
long time and found no medicine  
to give such immediate relief as your  
preparation, Mother Seigel's Syrup.  
For Indigestion, or Stomach Trouble,  
it must be a boon to those who use  
it."

Madame Elvira Nowe, of Cherry  
Hill, Lunenburg Co., N. S., says:—"I  
have been troubled with Dyspepsia two  
years and my food would rise as soon  
as I had eaten it. Nothing relieved  
me until, at last, I began to use Mother  
Seigel's Syrup, and by taking one bottle  
and a half I was cured."

Allan Macfarlane, of Rockland Farm,  
Vale Perkins, P. Q., writes:—"I used  
your well-known remedy, Mother  
Seigel's Syrup, while suffering from  
Indigestion, with excellent results. Pre-  
vious to taking it I always suffered  
sharp pains after eating—so violent  
that I dreaded my meals. I was  
completely cured by taking the contents  
of two bottles."

Mother Seigel's Syrup is made of  
roots, barks and leaves, which exert  
a remarkable curative and tonic effect  
on the stomach, liver and bowels.  
That is why it so surely cures indiges-  
tion.

This little letter from M'me John B.  
Landry, Blair Athol, P. O., Restigouche  
County, New Brunswick, is dated  
January 12, 1909. It tells an important  
story in a few words—that she was a  
great sufferer from Indigestion and  
that Mother Seigel's Syrup cured her.

"For a long time I suffered with  
Dyspepsia which afflicted me terribly  
and made me exceptionally nervous.  
I decided to try some of Mother Seigel's  
Syrup, and it worked wonderful re-  
sults. It restored my health and  
brought back my nerves to their nat-  
ural healthy condition."

## INDIGESTION

MEANS:—

TORTURING PAIN. WRETCHED DAYS.  
CHRONIC WEARINESS. WAKEFUL NIGHTS.

It means being "done up," "played out," "bowled over,"  
"good for nothing," all the day and every day. It means  
starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved  
brain; in short, it means ruined health and a broken-down  
system unless you root it out without delay.

## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard remedy for indigestion in  
sixteen countries. Its unrivalled reputation is backed by nearly forty  
years' unbroken success in curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation,  
and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the stomach, liver  
and bowels. Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the extracts of  
certain roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and  
tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels, and has no equal as a  
digestive tonic and stomachic remedy. This is the testimony of tens of  
thousands of persons whom it has cured after all other medicines had  
miserably failed. Here is a case in point:—"Five years ago I began  
to feel out of sorts; felt weakness and lack of energy I had never felt  
before. I lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I always had  
pains in my back and chest. I had headaches, giddiness, unpleasant  
breath and coated tongue. I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and  
in one month was completely cured."—George Morris, 18, Cathedral  
Street, Montreal. 28.6.09.

### GIVES

STRENGTH TO THE WEAK. ENERGY TO THE LAQUID. COMFORT TO THE DYSPEPTIC.

**GOOD DIGESTION TO ALL**

Sold everywhere.

A. J. WHITE & Co., LTD., MONTREAL.