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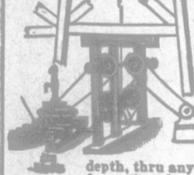
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below the surface of the ground in deposits of coal, oil, gas, ores or metals. The surest and most economical way to determine what the ground contains is by means of the "American" Coring Machine which will remove a core of any size, any depth, thru 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 fraction 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 cudged 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 groaning. Van Stymie hastened to the silversmith's and bought a nice little cup. Carefully verifying the text, he asked to have the following inscription engraved 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 ingenuous 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 brighten 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 destroys annually more lives than consumption, cancer and cholera combined. If you cannot digest your food—as a steam engine burns coal—your heat, power, energy, must run down. Continue this condition and your engines will stop!

Food that lies in your stomach undigested distils poisons that are carried by your blood all through your system. This poison clogs the brain, inflames the nerves, muscles and joints, and stagnates all the natural functions. Constipation, 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. Previous 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 indigestion.

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 results. It restored my health and brought back my nerves to their natural 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 LANGUID. COMFORT TO THE DYSPEPTIC.

GOOD DIGESTION TO ALL

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