candidly state that had it not Peruna I would have given up or eighteen years life was -Mr. William Flood.

solicitation of a friend I used na, and can cheerfully recom-

once to Dr. Hartman, giving a ment of your case and he will

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instructions, by W. J. Write for particulars.

Eyes

e that we can save you both cash

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CASH GROCERS



CROFTON, B.C. e avored with instructions from rot, who is leaving for England, by auction the whole of his able Furniture, rm implements, rse, Bicycles, ckboard Wagon,

le will include the appointments of the will include the appointments of the point of the pointments of the pointments of the pointment of the

Cash. Every account must be paid ne hour from the close of the sale vard leaves the same night. all steamboat arrangement has been the Victoria & Sidney Railway the boat until 5:30 p. m., giving time to complete their purchases, same night. Trains leave corner distrect on this day. HERBERT CUTHBERT.

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A STOLEN SNAP-SHOT

JAMES HARLAND the well-known contributor of short stories to the important Magazine, and no greater plant of the story of the present of the story and helped had been shown that the contents 1520 and the was been highly gradient of the story of the present of the story and helped had not present of the st

Mr. Nicholson. Why did you photograph me in such a position?"
"I could not help myself. You must blame my artistic eye. You used to say I had one. Do you not remember?"

is in bissful unconsciousness on the flower-decked bank.

Seing her mother she handed the open magazine to her.

The you know that girl?" she asked, pointing to the photograph, and the impression of the properties of the hander of the sunshade with both hands. "I was not remarkable resemblement and the transportation of the hard." said Hetty, and the hard piece of millinery.

"It's the hat you wore last summer." "She rive of millinery."

"It's the hat you wore last summer." "She rive of millinery."

"The plouse?"

The plouse?"

"Merely to help the artists to realize in hand, wrote to the editor:

"Miss Langdale presents her compliants to the editor of the imperial Magnetin and requests him to oblige her with the address of Mr. James Harland, the author of the story in this months."

Scotch Estate Romance

"You were asleep, Miss Langdale, fast asleep." he observed with imperturbable good humor.

"To ward the observed with imperturbable good humor."

"I must beg of you to accept my explanation. Miss Langdale, Imagine the stuation." I happen to be on a photographic expedition. I find a pretty girl asleep on a bank. Do not frown, Miss Langdale; I assure you you made a lovely picture in your frame of violets and bluebells. I stand for a moment lost in admiration. Then, acting on the irresistible impulse, I bring on the material for sprightly take a final glance, and proceed upon my walk, leaving you in undisturbed possession of your dreams."

Surely there is nothing dastardly in this? If you had been an ordinary girlone of the Miss Johnsons, for instance—but seldom has a legal case but seldom has a legal case but seldom has a legal case in a finishing bout, in which the son, with the help of a servant, rollate George Johnson, laird of Lathrisk, the son, with the help of a servant, rollate George Johnson, laird of Lathrisk, in Fifeshire, which has been in the Scottish courts for some time. The

Verses Grave and Gay.

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

O Love is dead, the Love we knew of

The voice of Memory, that stills to stone
The soul that hears; the mind that, utterly lost,
Before its beautiful presence stands
agnast.
—Madison Cawein in Harper's Magazine.

BAL POUDRE.

But though I catch the light refrain
Of mocking laugh, or witty sallies,
Of twinkling feet that tread again,
In masquerade, Arcadian valleys,
Fair Conjurer, 't's not enough
For me to see the Past's procession:
I own I want, wishout rebuff,
The Future, too, in my possession!
—Margaret Ridgely Schott, in the Cent
Magazine.

OUTLINES.

O frame me in thy love, as I
The landscape in the branches lo
That none beneath the bending sky
Our sylvan secret know;
For 'tis of life the mystery,
That wheresee'er its fibres run,
In time or in eternity,
The many shape the one

THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL. wound through strange scarred hills; down canyons lone , where wild things screamed, with winds for company;
Its mile-stones were the bones of pioneers.
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst a-moan,
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward

the sea;
An epic quest it was of elder years,
For fabled gardens or for good, red gold,
The trail men strove in Iron days of old. For, at the magic touch of water, blooms The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke Tortured the toilers into dateless tombs, Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk. —Richard Burton, in the Century Magazine.

THE PORT AND FATE.

Fate—Singers who charmed the earth are dead: Why singest thou today?
The Poet—
Because the laughing rose is red
And white the scented may,
And newborn golden light is shed
On silver stream and bay.

Fate— Shelly is dead, and Keats is gone.

MODERN FABLES

By George Ade. Copyright 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.

NEW COURTE AGE. CONTRICT 1994, by Robert Howard Rescall.

NEW ACTION A COMMITTOR OF TOWNS AND A CONTRICT AND A

The Fobulous Cow.

ROM Bucharest comes the startling news that the trade of letters that an old woman went some distance to hear him preach.

NE of the oldest horsemen at the club was in a reminiscent mood, and talked pleasantly of early adventures between the idle whifts a good cigar. Said he:

"Blior was a filled of the Bishop of Liverpool, who is a very plain preacher, that an old woman went some distance to hear him preach.

After service she was found in a state of great tribulation. "Never was I so disappointed!" she declared, "I'd never heard at a good cigar. Said he:

"Blior was a filled be: "Blior was a fil

Current Wit and Fun.

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pared with the present conditions in the New York literary mart. One of our playwrights, a man still in his thirties has already amassed a fortune which is said to reach six figures. The librettist of some of our popular operas has grown so well-to-do from his royalties that he is not only enabled to live in ease and elegance, but he has accumulated, at great expense, perhaps the finest collection of literary memorabilia in this country.—Harper Weekly.

'An old hen belonging to Mrs. M. A. Stormont began laying late in the fall, and was so persistent that she laid

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