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Love's Young Dream Stronger than the "Skeeters"—Wanted, a Correspondent.

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Unfortunate Mistake of the Agricultural Editor-Narrow Escape from Murder.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.] SHE GOT THERE.

It was the hour of sunset in the United ates of America. In front of a pictur esque log cabin situated in the state of Tennessee two people sat on a log, according to the following diagram:



They were male and female, both young and tender. Neither had ever loved before. He owned a coon dog and a mule and she could read, write and cipher.
"Jen," he said, breaking a long silence

"Yes, Tom." "Any 'skeeters hit yo' yit ?"

The sun disappeared behind the Rac-coon hills, and twilight fell. Insensibly the gal critter heaved a long, quivering, tremulous, trembling sigh. Insensibly the man critter hitched toward her on

the man critter hitched toward her on the log.

"Jen, s'posin?" he queried as he look-ed straight into the gathering darkness.

"S'posin what, Tom?" she answered as she thumped the life out of a mosquito which was trying to carry her off bodily.

But he stuck there, while the darkness grew deeper and the old man Shepard trotted by on his mule and an owl in the swamp gave utterance to his lonely cry. swamp gave utterance to his lonely cry.
Her heart was beating wildly, but a gal
critter must wait for a man critter to ask
her. Insensibly, however, they hitched
in unison toward the centre of the log. "Jen, s'posin yo'r pop was to be eat up by a ba'r ?"
"Yes."

"And yer mam was to git the break-bone fever and die?"

whooped it up for the next five minutes for all there was in it. She could hear his heart flip flopping, and he knew that she was red clear back to her shoulder blades. Insensibly they drew together,



"And s'posin yo'r bruther Jim sho it snake bit and expire?" he contin he dropped his voice to a whisper. "Yes, Tom." "Yes, Tom."
"And the cabin should burn down?"

"Yes."
"W-what would yo' do then?"

"Reckon I'd go over to yo'r house."
"What fur?"

"To ax yo'r mam if—if"—
The owl stopped his consarned hooting to listen and Tom worked his toes under a root and queried:

"To ax my mam if what?"
"Yo' won't be mad, Tom?"
"Reckon not."
"And yo' won't git up'n run away?"

"No."
"Then I'd go over to yo'r house to ax yo'r mam if—if she reckoned I was old nuff to git married!"
His arm stole around that gal critter, and her head fell upon his shoulder. The owl hooted, and the 'skeeters bit, but they heard nothing but the whispers of love—felt nothing but that overpowering sense of happiness which comes to calves who bite each other's ears for the first time.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Wanter.—The Kicker desires to secure the services of some ambitious young man in the west to go to Washington and act as its regular weekly correspondent. We prefer a young man because he is more likely to pant for fame and glory, and we prefer one from the west because he will put that breeziness into his correspondence which our readers are bound to have or stop their paper. His correspondence can be run in connection with a windmill agency, an irrigating scheme, a ship canal across Arizona or most anything else. He will be permitted to alosh around Washington as pleases him best, but we want him to be chuck-a-luck with every government official from president down. We are willing to start the rightman at \$7 per week, and as his breeziness increases we will softly and gradually lift him to \$8, \$9 and \$10. We don't care for the regular proceedings of congress, nor do we want much about eastern down. We are willing to start the rightman at \$7 per week, and as his breeziness increases we will softly and gradually lift him to \$8, \$9 and \$10. We don't care for the regular proceedings of congress, nor do we want much about eastern congressmen, but we want a correspondent to keep his eye on all western critters and give them due praise or Hail Columbia. We see a great and glerious future here for a young man who can shoot both handed, has a nose for news and isn't afraid to speak his mind. Apply at this office in person. All candidates must be able to put five bullets out of a possible six into the bullseye at 15 paces and to rope a steer by the hind leg while going at full gallop.

An Embarrassing Mistare — Last of the sleeper turned out of sight before the sleeper turned over, and the snore was heard no more. Next morning the anorer incidentally mentioned that he had been married five different times and had 4 wives and 37 children and stepchildren slill living, and the pallor which overspread the murdering a 3-story orphan asylum.

A FAIR UNDERSTANDING.

I was talking with the colonel at his gate when a negro man came along and saluted and said:

"Kurnel Bingham, I'ze cum down yere to give the sleeper turned over, and the snore was heard no more.

Next morning the anorer incidentally mentioned that he had been married five different times and had 4 wives and 37 children and stepchildren slill living, and the pallor which overspread the murdering a 3-story orphan asylum.

daily fear of his life, took Mr. Tompkins for an assassin from Lone Jack and covered him with a gun. Upon our arrival explanations were made, and Mr. Tompkins was received with due hospitality, but he could not be entirely mollified. We drove him out to our private grave-





" SERVED 'EM RIGHT !"

A FAIR UNDERSTANDING.

I was talking with the colonel at his gate when a negro man came along and saluted and said:

"Kurnel Bingham, I'ze cum down yere to git a fa'r understandin wid yo'."

"Who are you?"

"I'ze Moses Roberts, an I'ze rented dat cabin an piece o' land down in de bend of de ribber."

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Yo' owns de wood lot across from me. Yo's got a right smart o' pigs in dat blace."



May April 1997 and 19

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