THE CHASE TRIBUNE

IT TELLS

KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVING — THEY'RE COMING TO CHASE.

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ISLAND ROADS ARE MARKED

Diamond Indicators Mark Stretch From Victoria to Campbell River, and Nanaimo to West Coast.

Campbell River, Vancouver Island, B. C., June 25—One of the most satisfactory post-planting trips ever undertaken by a good roads association in Western America was completed at nine o'clock Thursday night, when the crew of Victoria automobilists who have been planting signs along the Island Highway, and the Canadian Highway from Nanaimo to Aeberni, reached here and placed the last post in position at the present farthest north point which can be reached by road on Vancouver Island.

A. E. Todd, president of the Automobile Club was in charge of the post-planting crew, and had as lieutenants Messrs. George Melloy, P. Bannerman and H. O. Kirkham. Each of these gentlemen drove his own car, and was accompanied by a party of friends. In all, well over three hundred miles of road will have been travelled by the time the crew returns to Victoria, and one hundred and thirty indicators placed in position.

An important question has been settled by this marking of the Island roads; that is whether the Canadian Highway signs will have precedence over the Island Highway signs. It was finally decided that inasmuch as the Canadian Highway was a national road, and the Island Highway a local stretch, it would be best to have the National sign above the Island board. This rule will be followed throughout Canada, now that a precedent has been set by Vancouver Island.

All the signs placed on the Island are of the same size and shape, indentical with the initial signpost planted on the banks of the Somas River, on May 4, the sign which is once again back in its proper place, after a nocturnal and unauthorized excursion to Port Alberni.

Band at Notch Hill

The band boys shouldn't play such captivating airs when they visit the neighbor towns. When they went to Notch Hill, teams met them at the boat and the journey up to town was a joy-ride. But when the day was done there were no teams waiting as agreed to take them back to the boat. The Notch Hill people know a good thing and like to hold on to it.

The boys finally made good their escape, however, in the dim light of the next mornigg they might have been seen stealing away through the mud in mournful procession, packing their instruments and saying a few things now and then.

Band Master Jimmy Allen says never any more for his. He likes to see people appreciate his music, but the long walk doesn't appeal to him.

Barnes' Topsy.

The Topsy, that's the name of the new Barnes launch. Probably he calls her that because she "jest growed." She is a dandy little boat at that, even if she is a foundling. She glides through the water like croton oil through the alimentary canal. She was formerly the Gipsy and was owned by the A. R. L. Co. She was turned adrift last fall, a derelict, her term of usefuiness served to all intents and purposes.

But Mr. W. F. Barnes, boatbuilder and contractor, is a devout believer in the theory of the transmigration of souls. He rescued the little Gipsy, scraped the rouge from her cheeks and the tinsel from her body. He found beneath a heart of oak. He bought her some new clothes and called her Topsy. And now she laughs her gasoliney laugh as she pokes her pretty little nose through the waters. She will carry a dozen people without Mr. Barnes. With him on board she will carry two only.

Home Cooking Sale.

The Ladies Aid Society will hold another home cooking sale at Miners Store on the afternoon of Saturday, July 6. This will be the biggest sale yet held and those who want table delicacies for Sunday should not fail to take advantage of the opportunity.

SPECIAL EDITION OF THE TRIBUNE IS THE TALK OF ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE

ROAD MEETING MONDAY NIGHT

Citizens of Chase Will Decide Where They Want Government Money Expended On the Streets.

There will be a mass meeting of the residents of Chase at the Chase Opera House Monday evening, July 8th at 7:30 o'clock.

All ratepayers are earnestly requested to be present. The question of building streets within the town limits will be discussed and some agreement reached so that the government engineers may be notified and the work begun as soon as possible.

There is $1450 available for the purpose of improving the streets of this town. That is the amount set aside for Chase this year. It is not very much money when the amount of necessary work is taken into consideration. But it is all there is and that being the case it is up to the people of Chase to make the best possible use of the money.

There seems to be a strong sentiment to the effect that a start should be made on the road leading to the government wharf. Engineer Ford sort of discouraged the proposition a short time ago. He held that it would cost too much money to do the job properly. He advised that a temporary road be built and that Shuswap avenue be not opened at present.

But the residents of that section of the town beneath the hill want a road. Also, the business men having interests along Shuswap avenue are anxious that the street be made a good one from the depot clear to the lake.

The ratepayers of the town will be asked to decide the matter Monday night.

K. P. Install Officers.

At the last regular convention of Chase Lodge No. 47 Knights of Pythias held on Tuesday evening July 2nd, the officers for the ensuing semi-annual term were installed by D. G. C. Bro. R. P. Bradley assisted by P. C. Bro. W. Scatchard acting as G. M. at A. and P. C. Bro. C. L. Barker, acting as G. P. During the evening the outgoing C. C. L. Cumming was presented with a P. C. jewel by the members of the lodge, in token of their appreciation of his services to the lodge.

Mrs. Lammers Gone.

Mrs. Walter Lammers and little son, Bubbles, are visiting at Stillwater, Minnesota and St. Paul. They were accompanied as far as Sicamous by Mr. Lammers. And in connection with the family's departure there is said to be a joke. A section had been reserved on the early morning train last Friday, that train being the only one carrying a through car for St. Paul. Mr. Lammers made all arrangements for getting up early in the morning. He had the alarm clock placed at the head of his bed upon the upturned bottom of a dishpan; he had it arranged for the mill whistle to be blown; he had two men to call him; and he had an automatic collapsible device attached to his bed. But all to no avail. The Lammers family reposed in sweet and silent contentment while the train rattled by. Several hours later they awakened, and Mrs. Lammers made the overland trip on the Limited, which is faster, but does not go to St. Paul.

A party of Chase people will go to Celista tonight on the Old Reliable to attend another one of those Old Timer dances.

Do not fail to attend the Home Cooking Sale at Miners Store on Saturday afternoon. The Ladies Aid Society will have some delicacies for your Sunday table.

Residents and Property Owners Have Not Been Slow to Recognise the Great Abvertising Merits of Same.

What does that Special Edition of The Chase Tribune mean to you? Have you stopped to consider?

Perhaps it means more than you know! It means a great deal to every citizen and property owner of Chase. It means that the people of the outside world will know that there is such a town as Chase, even if it is not on the map yet. It means that the value of every dollar's worth of property in the vicinity of Chase and the Shuswap and Adams Lakes will be enhanced to a most appreciable extent.

The Special Edition will tell all there is to tell about this country if it can. It will be filled with pictures that will make even our own home folks sit up and take notice. Besides actual photographs, there will be cartoons by that master hand, Howard Smith. He has promised to draw a funny picture of almost everybody in town. It would be a shame to be left out in a case of that kind.

There will be a story of the town and the adjancent county. It will be written with a view to giving the outsider a clear impression of the district, what it stands for and what its advantages and possibilities are. The story will be illustrated to a fare-thee-well. Those who are unable to read will at least be able to gleam the story from the pictures.

And right here, gentle reader, we ask you again: What does the Special Edition mean to you? We'll tell you! It means that you are going to have a bright and shining opportunity to do something for your town and at the same time do something for yourself. Perhaps you have wanted do it for lo these many years. But you have never got to it. It is a delicate task to go about, isn't it? And yet you want to let the folks in the old home town know where you are and how you are prospering, don't you?

That is where the Special Edition of The Chase Tribune will come to your aid. You couldn't sit down and write a letter home and say one half the nice things about your town and yourself that will be said in that Special Edition of The Tribune. It wouldn't seem right, coming from you. But it will sound mighty fine to those friends of yours back there who have often wondered just what sort of a fellow you have grown up to be. And when they pick up a copy of that Special Edition and read all about the marvelous growth of the latest live town in B.C.; when they read about the wonderful resources yet to be developed in this section; and when they see the picture of little old Jimmy Brown mixed right in with the men of affairs of this great country—well you know what it will mean to them.

It will mean that your friends in the old home town will instinctively get the estimate of you that you have long wanted them to get, but modesty prevented.

This Special Edition of The Tribune is not a money making proposition. Far from it. If we break even on it we will do mighty well. And yet we will have to raise a little revenue from some source or other. We don't want one side of the ledger to outweigh the other too heavily—unless it is the right side.

W. L. Fernie in Chase.

W. L. Fernie, chief of the provincial police of Kamloops, was a visitor in Chase last Saturday. He was accompanied by his wife and little son. Mr. Fernie was here on official business, principally in connection with the erection of the gaol and court room. Also, he made enquiries concerning the granting of a new license in Chase. Upon his report will depend largely the final action of the commissioners.

Serious Accident.

A serious accident happened on Sunday morning last, to a party of four men and two boys, out on a pleasure trip. They left Vernon by automobile for Kamloops. About four miles south east of Ducks, the wheels skidded and with great force came into contact with some obstacle, causing it to turn turtle, imprisoning its occupants. A boy of 13 years of age was killed and two men injured, one seriouily. It was sometime before the imprisoned men could be released, the car being a heavy one. The body of the deased lad was taken back to Vernon the same night.

After The First.

Those who had "a time and a half" on the First of July, either at home or abroad are advised that the singing of the following may ease their feelings largely. It is the national anthem of Siam and is executed to the tune of "God Save the King." Try It:

Ova tannas Siam
Geeva tanna Siam
Ova tannas
Sucha tammas Siam
Inocan giffa tam
Osucha nas Siam
Oshcha nas.

Hedley V. Harbing of Louis Creek was a visitor in Chase one day last week.

Thursday being the Fourth of July our Yankee cousins shot off a few firecrackers.

Locals.

Larry Taylor was among those who attended the feativities at Armstrong on the First of July. Larry stuck pins in the elephants and otherwise had a perfectly excrutiating time of it.

Mr. E. Scott, recently of England, was a visitor in Chase the first of the week. He is making his first tour of Canada and has visited at a number of summer resorts. He paid quite a compliment to Chase in stating that the scenery here excelled anything he has yet come across.

Misses Gladys and Lois Underwood have returned from thier school at Kamloops and will spent the summer vacation in Chase with their parents. Mrs. Underwood and Marjorie went to Kamloops Friday and accompanied them home.

B. W. Sawyer took a party of friends up the lake in the Tillicum one day last week. Coming back they encountered some decidedly rough weather and it became necessary for the women and children to take to the lockers for protection from the elements. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Haylock, Miss Barnes and Miss O'Sullivan.

Miss Annie Gifford, principal of Longfellow school, Seattle, and Miss Letta Nason, also a teacher of Seattle, have been spending a few days with their friend Mrs. E. E. Brooks. On their way up they stopped for a couple of days at Vancouver. They left Chase last evening for their old homes in Iowa and Wisconsin, and will take in the attractions of Field, Laggan and Banff in route.

Morris Stafford, Jim Hughes and Gerald Bradley were over to Armstrong and attended the celrbration. They are wearing their heads on one side since their return as a result of looking at the bird man as he soared over their heads.

Mr. C. Matthewson, assistant engineer at the Public Works office, will occupy Captain Roman's house.

MAYOR OF KAMLOOPS

Visits Chase and Upper Lake Country With Party of Capitalists From the West.

Mayor Robinson of Kamloops was a visitor in Chase last Friday. With him were Mr. Neil Murray, manager of the Arrow Lakes Lumber company and Messrs. Jackson and Rockey of Seattle. The party made a trip up the lake in the steamer C. R. Lamb.

Mr. Robinson is deeply interested in the development of the Kamloops district. He is one of those broad minded gentlemen who believe that the prosperity of the whole district depends upon the progress of each integral section. He is not for the aggrandizement of one particular small locality to the detriment of another. Of course he wants to see Kamloops prosper. But he does not want to see Chase remain in a standstill. He feels that as Chase grows so will Kamloops advance.

Mr. Robinson is president of the Conserative Association of Kamloops and is counted among the strong leaders of the party in this section of the province.

All of the gentlemen expressed themselves as agreeably surprised at the manner in which Chase has gone ahead in the past two years. And all of them predicted great things in store for this town and district for the very near future.

School Term Closed.

On Friday, June 28th, the public school closed the second full year of its history. The kids have had their shoes taken off and been turned out to grass for a couple of months. The plant up at the knowledge factory will not be in operation again till the last Monday in August.

It was on March 1st, 1910 that the Chase school was first opened in what is now the City Resturant. Its next resting place was in the Presbyterian church until it finally took permanent root in a building of its own, which it has occupied now for two years.

The year just closed has been the best yet in point of attendance, keeping pace with the growth of the town. It will not be long before another room will need to be added.

Some good records in attendance and punctuality were made. There were a number who were never tardy during the year. These include Hazel Brooks, Minnie Chase, Alice Chase, Jean Haldane, Gerald Bradley and Harold McAlpin. Hazel Brooks has made the unusually creditable record of never having been late for a session since the school was first opened in 1910.

It is the custom of the Education Department each year toaward three honor certificates in each room. This year the award was: In first division; for proficiency, Herbert Land; for punctuality, Ethel Loyst; for deportment, Alice Chase: In second division; for proficiency, Fred Chase; for punctuality, Lloyd White; for deportment, Mary Haldane.

Last year the winners in the first division were: Harry Coy, proficiency; George Grant, punctuality; Jean Haldane deportment. In 1910 the successful ones were: Roberta White proficiency, Hazel Brooks, punctuality; Jeannie Grant, deportment.

Next year the first division will be under new management. Miss McKinnell of the second division will remain for another term.

Best Yet.

Joe Sands wears the smile that won't come off since he captured that big trout in Shuswap lake which tipped the scale at 29 pounds, measuring from head to tail 37 inches.

SHORT SHRIFT FOR I. W. W.

Chase Doesn't Want That Class of Gentry and Makes Fact Known with Emphasis.

There is no room in Chase for the I. W. W.—that band of human cattle who won't work and don't want anyone else to work. The people of Chase are industrious; they are law-abiding; and they are home-loving. They greet the stranger within their gates with the utmost cordiality, so long as he accepts conditions here as he finds them. But the moment he tries to make things over to suit himself, just that moment will he find himself very much in the boullion as it were.

All of which is very much apropos.

One only I. W. W. has lit in Chase thus far. He landed right, too. That means he landed in jail. He is big and fat and lazy and mouthy and dirty, all the essentials for the making of a Weary Willie. He made a bluff at working down in the mill of the Adams River Lumber Company, but it was only a bluff. The sponge in his makeup soon asserted itself and he began soaking up our Canadian booze at a rate that made it look like a possible drouth for some of us regulars. When the booze began to talk it sounded like this:

"I Wont Work, I Want Whisky, I Wont Wash."

And at just about this stage of the game Constable McLaughlin applied the hook. The big tub of trouble was tumbled into the ash can and left to repose in his natural element. Yesterday morning he was hauled forth and taken before Justice of the Peace A. E. Sharpe. He drew a ticket for two months in the Hoos gow, which sounds reasonable.

A Spokane Sport.

George A. Holden of Spokane is the candy kid with the gum drop shoes who has recently become indentified with the Adams River Lumber Company, Mr. Hoiden's work consists chiefly of picking slivers out of his hands and piling up boards.

At school Georgie is some kid. He is quarterback on the champion North Central High school team. He eats 'em alive and can spit out a mouthful of signals any time he wants to. Also, he can jump high, run fast, dive deep and do the turkey trot. He is there with blue bells and buttercups. Better grease you patties before you handle him, girls, for he's all to the butterscotch.

Mr. Holden will remain in Chase about a month, during which time he will give the Adams River Lumber Company the benefit of his services as much as possible. He is also making a study of phrenology, for which purpose his friend Mr. Milton McGoldrick has obligingly had his noodle shorn.

On his return to old Spokane Mr. Holden will go via Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria and Portland. Mr. McGoldrick will accompany him to Portland. After biting each other good-bye at Portland, Mr. Holden will beat it back to Spokane while Mr. McGoldrick will journey into the southland, making incidental stops at Frisco, Los Angeles and other towns almost as good as Spokane.

Visiting Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Delemeter of Moose Jaw are visiting in Chase. Mr. Delemeter is one of the field salesman of the Adams River Lumber Company. Having sold more lumber than the company can deliver right now, Mr. Delemeter and Mr. Huber are taking a lay off. Meantime they are enjoying the summer pleasures of the beautiful Shuswap lakes.

Chase Opera House.

To Night. Good Comedy Program; The Derelict,—A Powerful Drama; On the Shore,—Imp Drama; Arresting Father,—A Tidal Wave of Laughter; The Range Detective,—A Story of Western Justice; Max and the Chicken,—A Great Big Scream; Capturing Puffins,—An Educational Film. Prices: 15c & 25c. Doors Open at 8 o'clock.

Do It Now!

Obey that impulse. Get a bet down on a live one before the books are closed

You can get the Chase Tribune for $1.50 a year if you Hurry!

Send it to one of your friends, if you have any. If you haven't, send it to one of your enemies and make him feel ashamed of himself. Of course you take it yourself.

The Chase Tribune

THE DANGER TRAIL

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRYST.

It still lacked nearly an hour of the appointed time when Howland came to the secluded spot in the trail where he was to meet Meleese. Concealed in the deep shadows of the bushes he seated himself on the end of a fallen spruce and loaded his pipe, taking care to light it with the flare of the match hidden in the hollow of his hands.

His blood was tingling at fever heat in his desire for vengeance for the punishment of the human fiends who had attempted to blow him to atoms, and yet at the same time there was no bitterness in him toward the girl. He was sure that she was an unwilling factor in the plot and that she was doing all in her power to save him. At the same time he began to realize that he should no longer be influenced by her pleading. He had promised—in return for her confidence this night—to leave unpunished those whom she wished to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed anything to him he would warn her that he was determined to discover those who had twice sought to kill him.

It was nearly midnight when he looked at his watch again. Was it possible that Meleese would not come? He could not bring himself to believe that she knew of his imprisonment in the coyote—of this second attempt on his life. And yet if she did—

Suddenly he heard a step, a light running step, and with a recognizing cry he sprang out into the starlight to meet the slim, panting, white faced figure that ran to him from between the thick walls of forest trees.

"Meleese!" he exclaimed softly.

He held out his arms and the girl ran straight into them, thrusting her hands against his breast, throwing back her head so that she looked up into his face with great, staring horror filled eyes.

"Now—now," she sobbed, "now will you go?"

Her hands left his breast and crept to his shoulders. Slowly they slipped over them, and as Howland pressed her closer, his lips silent, she gave an agonized cry and dropped her head against his shoulder, her whole body torn in a convulsion of grief and terror that startled him.

"You will go?" she sobbed again and again. "You will go—you will go"—

He ran his fingers through her soft hair, crushing his face close to hers.

"No; I am not going, dear," he replied in a low, firm voice, "not after what happened tonight."

She drew away from him as quickly as if he had struck her, freeing herself even from the touch of his hands.

"I heard what happened an hour ago," she said, her voice choking her. "I overheard them talking." She struggled hard to control herself. "You must leave the camp tonight."

In the gloom she saw Howland's teeth gleaming. There was no fear in his smile. He laughed gently down into her eyes as he took her face between his hands again.

"I want to take back the promise that I gave you last night, Meleese. I want to give you a chance to warn any whom you may wish to warn. I shall not return into the south. From this hour begins the hunt for the cowardly devils who have tried to murder me. Before dawn every man on the Wekusko will be in the search, and if we find them there shall be no mercy. Will you help me, or"—

She struck his hands from her face, springing back before he had finished. He saw a sudden change of expression. Her lips grew tense and firm. From the death whiteness of her face there faded slowly away the look of soft pleading, the quivering lines of fear. There was a strangeness in her voice when she spoke—something of the hard determination which Howland had put in his own, and yet the tone of it lacked his gentleness and love.

"Will you please tell me the time?"

The question was almost startling. Howland held the dial of his watch to the light of the stars.

"It is a quarter past midnight."

The faintest shadow of a smile passed over the girl's lips.

"Are you certain that your watch is not fast?" she asked.

In speechless bewilderment Howland stared at her.

"Because it will mean a great deal to you and to me if it is not a quarter past midnight," continued Meleese, a growing glow in her eyes. Suddenly she approached him and put both of her warm hands to his face, holding down his arms with her own. "Listen," she whispered. "Is there nothing—nothing that will make you change your purpose, that will take you back into the south—tonight?"

The nearness of the sweet face, the gentle touch of the girl's hands, the soft breath of her lips, sent a maddening impulse through Howland to surrender everything to her. For an instant he wavered.

"There might be one, just one, thing that would take me away tonight," he replied, his voice trembling with the great love that thrilled him. "For you, Meleese, I would give up everything—ambition, fortune, the building of this road. If I go tonight will you go with me? Will you promise to be my wife when we reach Le Pas?"

A look of ineffable tenderness came into the beautiful eyes so near to his own.

"That is impossible. You will not love me when you know what I am what I have done"—

He stopped her.

"Have you done wrong, a great wrong?"

For a moment her eyes faltered, then hesitatingly there fell from her lips: "I—don't—know. I believe I have. But it's not that—it's not that."

"Do you mean that—that I have no right to tell you I love you?" he asked. "Do you mean that it is wrong for you to listen to me? I—I—took it for granted that you were a girl—that"—

"No, no; it is not that!" she cried quickly, catching his meaning. "It is not wrong for you to love me." Suddenly she asked again, "Will you please tell me what time it is—now?"

He looked again.

"Twenty-five minutes after midnight."

"Let us go farther up the trail," she whispered. "I am afraid here."

She led the way, passing swiftly beyond the path that branched out to his cabin. Two hundred yards beyond this a tree had fallen on the edge of the trail, and, seating herself on it, Meleese motioned for him to sit down beside her. Howland's back was to the thick bushes behind them. He looked at the girl, but she had turned away her face. Suddenly she sprang from the log and stood in front of him.

"Now," she cried; "now!" And at that signal Howland's arms were seized from behind, and in another instant he was struggling feebly in the grip of powerful arms which had fastened themselves about him like wire cable, and the cry that rose to his lips was throttled by a hand over his mouth. For an instant he caught a glimpse of the girl's white face as she stood in the trail; then strong hands pulled him back, while others bound his wrists and still others held his legs. Everything had passed in a few seconds. Helplessly bound and gagged, he lay on his back in the snow, listening to the low voices that came faintly to him from beyond the bushes. He could understand nothing that they said, and yet he was sure that he recognized among them the voice of Meleese.

The voices became fainter. He heard retreating footsteps, and at last they died away entirely.

In these moments that he lay on his back in the freezing snow a million demons were born in his blood. The girl had betrayed him again. This time he could find no excuse—no pardon for her. She had accepted his love, had allowed him to kiss her, to hold her in

"GOODBY," HE HEARD HER BREATHE. "GOODBY, GOODBY."

his arms, while beneath that hypocrisy she had plotted his downfall a second time. Deliberately she had given the signal for attack, and now—

He heard again the quick, running step that he had recognized on the trail. The bushes behind him parted, and in the white starlight Meleese fell on her knees at his side, her glorious face bending over him in a grief that he had never seen in it before, her eyes shining on him with a great love. Without speaking she lifted his head in the hollow of her arm and crushed her own down against it, kissing him and softly sobbing his name.

"Goodby," he heard her breathe. "Goodby, goodby"—

He struggled to cry out as she lowered his head back on the snow, to free his hands, to hold her with him, but he saw her face only once more bending over him, felt the warm pressure of her lips to his forehead, and then again he could hear her footsteps hurrying away through the forest.

That Meleese loved him, that she had taken his head in her arms and had kissed him, was the one consuming thought in Howland's brain for many minutes after she had left him bound and gagged on the snow. That she had made no effort to free him did not at first strike him as significant. He still felt the sweet, warm touch of her lips, the pressure of her arms, the smothering softness of her hair. It was not until he again heard approaching sounds that he returned once more to a full consciousness of the mysterious thing that had happened. He heard first of all the creaking of a toboggan on the hard crust, then the pattering of dogs' feet and after that the voices of men. The sounds stopped on the trail a dozen feet away from him.

With a strange thrill he recognized Croisset's voice.

"You must be sure that you make no mistake," he heard the half breed say. "Go to the waterfall at the head of the lake and heave down a big rock where the ice is open and the water boiling. Track up the snow with a pair of M'seur Howland's high heeled boots and leave his hat tangled in the bushes. Then tell the superintendent that he stepped on the stone and that it rolled down and toppled him into the chasm. They could never find his body, and they will send down for a new engineer in place of the lost monsieur."

Stupefied with horror, Howland strained his ears to catch the rest of the cold blooded scheme which he was overhearing, but the voices grew lower, and he understood no more that was said until Croisset, coming nearer, called out:

"Help me with the monsieur before you go, Jackpine. He is a dead weight with all those rawhides about him."

As coolly as though he were not more than a chunk of stovewood Croisset and the Indian came through the bushes, seized him by the head and feet, carried him out into the trail and laid him lengthwise on the sledge.

"I hope you have not caught cold lying in the snow, m'seur," said Croisset, bolstering up the engineer's head and shoulders and covering him with heavy furs. "We should have been back sooner, but it was impossible. Hoo-la, Woonga!" he called softly to his lead dog. "Get up there, you wolf-hound!"

As the sledge started, with Croisset running close to the leader, Howland heard the low snapping of a whip behind him and another voice urging on other dogs. With an effort that almost dislocated his neck he twisted himself so he could look back to him. A hundred yards away he discerned a second team following in his trail; he saw a shadowy figure running at the head of the dogs, but what there was on the sledge, or what it meant, he could not see or surmise. Mile after mile the two sledges continued without a stop. Croisset did not turn his head; no word fell from his lips, except an occasional signal to the dogs. The trail had turned now straight into the north, and soon Howland could make out no sign of it, but knew only that they were twisting through the most open places in the forests, and that the play of the polar lights was never over his left shoulder or his right, but always in his face.

They had traveled for several hours when Croisset gave a sudden shrill shout to the rearmost sledge and halted his own. The dogs fell in a panting group on the snow, and while they were resting the half breed relieved his prisoner of the soft buckskin that had been used as a gag.

"It will be perfectly safe for you to talk now, m'seur, and to shout as loudly as you please," he said. "After I have looked into your pockets I will free your hands so that you can smoke. Are you comfortable?"

"Comfortable—be cursed!" were the first words that fell from Howland's lips, and his blood boiled at the sociable way in which Croisset grinned down into his face. "So you're in it, too, eh? And that lying girl"—

The smile left Croisset's face.

"Do you mean Meleese, M'seur Howland?"

"Yes."

Croisset leaned down with his black eyes gleaming like coals.

"Do you know what I would do if I was her, m'seur?" he said in a low voice and yet one filled with a threat which stilled the words of passion which the engineer was on the point of uttering. "Do you know what I would do? I would kill you—kill you inch by inch—torture you. That is what I would do."

"For God's sake, Croisset, tell me why—why"—

Croisset had found Howland's pistol and freed his hands, and the engineer stretched them out entreatingly.

"I would give my life for that girl, Croisset. I told her so back there, and she came to me when I was in the snow and"— He caught himself, adding to what he had left incomplete "There is a mistake, Croisset. I am not the man they want to kill."

Croisset was smiling at him again.

"Smoke—and think, m'seur. It is impossible for me to tell you why you should be dead, but you ought to know unless your memory is shorter than a child's."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scotland Yard Chamber of Horrors.

Into one room in Scotland Yard, which is only unlocked on certain afternoons, no stranger may go without special permission. It is the Chamber of Horrors, otherwise the Museum. Here one may see Deveraux's trunk and Crippen's spade, the false arm of Charles Peace, and the burgling tools and collapsible ladder.

Here also is the lantern that was so important a clue in the Muswell Hill murder, and the rope that hanged Fowler. There are knives and fire arms, ancient and modern, and each with its own grim story. There are bogus bank-notes, cases full of false coins and coining plant, and the latest things in scientific safe-boring appliances.

Louise Masset's boa and Brinkley's stout bottle recall callous murders that once thrilled the public.

Two glass cases are full of bombs—one diabolically disguised as a cigar. This was handed to an engine-driver. With it was a real cigar much lighter.

Fortunately the man discerned the difference in weight, and that providential piece of observation saved his life and the train.

MABEL'S CHITCHAT

How to Make Over Last Summer's Kimono Gowns.

CRASH TOWELING FOR FROCKS

Scalloped Edges on Costumes High in Fashion's Favor—Fichu Draperies Give Rejuvenating Air to Old Dresses. Leap Year Party With Amusing Stunts.

Dear Elsa—Ever since Lent began I have had the time of my life dressmaking—that is, making up little frocks for the summer that are so expensive to have made out of the house by a really good woman. Now that the width of skirts has been definitely settled it is perfectly safe to begin on one's summer wardrobe, although we are shivering with cold here in our New York apartment. And the sleeve question—that, too, is definitely fixed as far as the passing of the kimono effect is concerned, which is decidedly de mode. And, by the way, I am altering all my last year's kimono sleeves by cutting them off about three or four inches from what would be a legitimate shoulder seam and at this point attaching a puffed lower sleeve a trifle below the elbow or a long straight sleeve on morning frocks.

To bring about the now fashionable tunic effect on a last year's pink linen one piece frock was a simple affair. Fortunately I had some of the linen left, and with it I made a band about four inches deep to fit about the skirt. The lower edge of this strip I scalloped and bound with white wash soutache braid. The band was then placed on the skirt about five inches above the knees and a little longer in the back. The upper edge was simply turned in and stitched in place. The shirt waist front was scalloped; also the edges of the long tight sleeves. A black patent leather belt and a wide sailor collar of eyelet embroidery completed a mighty smart looking frock. The neck is slightly low. So I am going to wear a black velvet bow at the throat opening.

Turkish toweling, that has been so much exploited in fashion talks, is now being taken up as a dress material for entire gowns, and I am sure you will be interested in hearing about the toweling gown that I have just finished making.

It is of pale lilac mixed with white, an exact duplicate of the regular crash one sees in the bathroom. The skirt has three narrow plaits inserted in the middle of the front running up nearly to the waist line. The top of them is held down flat by an applied piece of violet embroidery on heavy white linen.

This embroidery is also used on sleeves at the elbow, where it is finished with a turnover cuff. The frock fastens up the front with white crochet buttons, and there are a V shaped yoke and a stock of white wash net.

A Leap Year Party.

Since the new year began there have been lots of leap year parties among hostesses of my acquaintance. Perhaps the most amusing feature of a recent jolly affair was the proposal contest. In this the men were seated around the room at intervals, and the girls progressed about the circle, each girl making a mock proposal of marriage to each man. Each girl employed her own methods of persuasion by kneeling to her adored one or by taking his hand or walking off with him to a corner or by sitting by his side or writing him a note. There was only three minutes' time for the girl to put the question before going on to the next victim. The man was allowed to accept or refuse. When the circle was completed each man wrote on a slip of paper the name of the girl whose proposal seemed to him the best, either the most amusing, the most natural, the most original or the most convincing, and the girl who got the most votes received a prize. The girls also voted for the man who received the proposal in the best manner, the coyest or the most ingenious.

A variation of this idea would be to have each girl propose out loud to just one man, with all the others listening, and have the crowd vote on the best proposal made under these highly embarrassing circumstances.

When a buffet supper is served at a leap year party the girls must take the refreshments to their partners and keep them well supplied with everything. The ice cream should be in the form of hearts, and the favors may include hearts and arrows and the rest of the trifles usually associated with valentine affairs. To give a real leap year atmosphere Cupid may be replaced among the favors with girl dolls armed with bows and arrows, and there may be miniature suffragettes. For a very frivolous leap year party the prizes might be suffrage cartoons, Gibson pictures of women, dolls, posters or other appropriate and inexpensive gifts.

Before saying goodby to you, dear, I must tell you about the charming new footwear. Many colors are being made up into suede shoes—purple, sage green, sea blue, raspberry red. The colored shoes are worn with dresses to match and with white and black gowns, and colored stockings of these bright shades are worn with black shoes. Now black stockings have the walls of Troy in straight lines from the knee, which looks like black satin ribbon. Those who are economically inclined have lisle thread heels and toes to their silk stockings, for silk does not last long, especially if you are a tramper, like your friend.

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THE BOER IS SLOW.

He Is Too Dull to Get the Best of the Traders.

Captain Spelterini, the famous aeronaut, recently made the first balloon ascent ever witnessed in the Transvaal, rising to a height of 7,000 feet above Johannesburg. As he was descending near the Free State border two Boers farmers noticed the strange apparition in the sky. They were much perturbed. They seized their Mausers and deliberated whether it would not be advisable to shoot the mysterious aerial intruder, which seemed to them to be some unknown monster of the air. Happily they hesitated long enough to see that there were human beings in the curious globe.

But the incident should serve to remind those who expect exceedingly rapid development in rural South Africa that many of the quaint ideas of the simple Voortrekkers still cling to the Veld. The old type of Boer farmers is disappearing before the advance of education. But he is going slowly. If you read the Dutch papers you will still find very earnest and very indignant correspondents protesting that the distruction of locusts is a blasphemous attempt to oppose the will of the Almighty, Who has sent the scourge as a punishment for the sinfulness of the people. You will still find farmers declaring that the natural disease of stock should not be interferred with, and suggesting that all the Government veterinary surgeons should be turned out of the country.

These old farmers were horrified to hear the godless people in Johannesburg had insulted the Almighty by firing bombs at the sky in time of drought to endeavor to bring rain. The Rand Railway was only built through the subterfuge of calling it a "tram." Fierce discussions arose on a proposal to destroy locusts, and some members were so offended at the ties affected by their more up-to-date colleagues that they proposed that the size and shape of the neckties worn by legislators should be fined by law.

At one time in Johannesburg oranges were at famine prices, and an Oriental trader went out with a cart to a farm on which there were many trees. He offered five shillings a hundred for the fruit, and in order to keep count, arranged that every hundred oranges placed on the cart he should put a "tickey" (a three penny piece) in the farmer's hat. When the hat had become about half full of "tickeys" the trader purposely looked away for a few moment. The Boer did just what the trader expected. He hurriedly plunged his hand into the hat and thrust a handful of "tickeys" into his pocket. And when the trader paid for the oranges according to the number of "tickeys" in the hat the Boer did not realize that he had robbed himself of 4s. 9d. for every "tickey" he had put into his pocket.

But the Boer was never a match for the east-end dealers. A farmer who had some transactions with a trader took the precaution of arming himself with a ready-reckoner. The trader worked out the account by a form of mental arithmetic peculiarly his own.

"But," objected the Boer, puzzled at the result, "that is wrong. I have done the sum with a ready-reckoner and it is different.

The trader paused a moment "Let me see it," he said, taking the book.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I thought so. This ready-reckoner is last year's. It is out of date!"

And the Boer accepted the explanation without a suspicion of doubt.

The Boer is given to pilfering stores when making purchases. But the traders said nothing. They just kept a sharp eye on the things taken and put them down in the bill. A storekeeper told me once that an old Boer came in one day and ordered a bag of coffee among other things. While looking round the store he noticed several heavy lead pipes, and when he thought the trader was not looking he slipped them into the bag of coffee. The storekeeper made no remark. When the trading was over he simply placed the bag on the scales and weighed it, and charged the Boer for it at the full price of coffee per pound. And the coffee in those days was many times dearer than lead.

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LIME FOR POULTRY.

A hen's bill of fare is naturally composed of animal, vegetable and mineral matter, the latter being summed up in the word ash.

Some of this mineral matter she extracts from food and water, and it goes to aid digestion, is found in blood and tissue, but most of it, in the form of lime, builds bone and makes eggshell.

Through the depletion of the soil of certain mineral elements and increased egg production, fowls, especially in winter, do not get sufficient lime, and it must be supplied or the hen will lay soft shelled eggs or eat one eggshell to make the next.

The eggshell contains 98 per cent calcareous material, arranged in minute crystals, between which are pores, through which air and moisture pass.

Seashells contain about the same per cent of phosphate of lime and carbonate of lime as an eggshell, the only difference being that the eggshell has 1.5 per cent more animal matter, which is furnished by the skin lining of the eggshell.

Clean oyster shell, cracked the necessary size, is best fitted to supply hens. This essential mineral element should be kept before them at all times, but it must not be substituted for grit, as it has no cutting edge and soon grinds fine.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

The 1,203 county fairs of the United States last year showed total receipts amounting to $2,525,750. The poultry entries at some of them reached 8,000.

The cut of a capon generally heals in about ten days and no stitching is necessary. At times wind puff will appear, and this air should be drawn off by pricking the distended skin.

The Ornithologists' union declares pheasants will soon be extinct. The guinea has already taken its place in the restaurants, and it might be wise for this bird society to keep mum for the sake of the guinea industry.

A few dirty eggs in a crate or basket spoil the appearance of the whole bunch and lower their value, even if they are all fresh. Cider vinegar is a good egg cleanser, but soiled eggs should really be used for home cooking as soon as found.

Many have the hallucination that the poultry business, like perpetual motion, runs itself. Without serious planning, or a practical system, or a working knowledge of poultry culture, they tumble into it and then come bumps and a bust up.

According to the census, there are 5,301 ostriches in the United States, divided among Arizona, California, Arkansas, Texas and Florida. But the census does not include the flourishing Bloomsburg (Pa.) plant, the only ostrich farm in the east.

The New York Produce Review makes great capital over the arrest of an Indiana farmer for selling bad eggs to a grocer. Let's see—how many New York and Philadelphia egg (yegg) men have been fined or sent to the penitentiary for selling vile rots and spots, anyhow? Can't remember them all? Here too.

When some persons note the high price of winter eggs they conclude that all a poultryman does to get these eggs is to wave a magic wand and they come and are sold at a great profit. Winter eggs cost most in money, planning and work, but some fellows think different until they try the easy game and bust up.

At the late Crystal palace show the first in numbers was the Orpington, 918 being exhibited. Second in popularity was the Wyandotte, 812 being entered. This is speaking volumes for the Wyandotte, an American breed, for the Orpington originated in England and is England's popular white meated market fowl.

The farm journals are taking more interest than formerly in poultry. These papers have a great opportunity to spread reliable poultry information, to improve the farm flock and thus increase the billion dollar poultry product. The day is coming when every paper of consequence will have an up to date poultry department.

The department of agriculture, Washington, predicts that 1920 will see the end of the turkey tribe if the present rate of decrease continues. There is one thing sure, the government will not weep much over "love's labor lost" on the turkey, for mighty little attention has been paid to the fowl by the bureau of animal husbandry.

L. M. Barnitz.

When Jack Deserts.

Desertions from the navy are much less frequent than in the days of the press-gangs and pigtails.

When Jack has exceeded his leave of absence, and has contritely returned to his duties, the master-at-arms takes charge of him, and parades him with the ordinary defaulters, before the ship's commander. Sentence of what is known as "10a" often follows. This means extra drills, duties and the stopping of leave.

When, however, Jack is classed as a deserter, a court-martial follows his recapture by the civil or naval police. Ninety days is the average punishment for desertion, but in flagrant cases the sentence is sometimes doubled or trebled.

The sentence may be worked out aboard the ship if away from a home station, but on an English coast the culprit is sent to an ordinary prison. Here he has to perform hard labor. Sometimes dismissal from the navy follows the sentence. And a deserter who has a rating, such as petty officer or leading seaman, is almost sure to lose it.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT CHASE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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The Tribune does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed in any contributed article.

Advertisers will please remember that to ensure a change, copy must be in by Tuesday noon.

"THEY'RE COMING TO CHASE"

THE RECKONING.

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE.

It's fine to have a blow-out in a fancy restaurant,
With terrapin and canvas-back and all the wine you want;
To enjoy the flowers and music, watch the pretty women pass,
Smoke a choise cigar, and sip the wealthy water in your glass;
It's bully in a high-toned joint to eat and drink your fill,
But it's quite another matter when you
Pay the bill.

It's great to go out every night on fun or pleasure bent.
To wear your glad rags always, and to never save a cent;
To drift around regardless, have a good time every trip;
To hit the high spots sometimes, and to let your chances slip;
To know your acting foolish, yet to go on fooling still.
Till Nature calls a show-down, and you
Pay the bill.

Time has got a little bill—get wise while yet you may,
For the debit side's increasing in a most alarming way;
The things you had no right to do the things you should have done,
They're all put down: it's up to you to pay for every one.
So eat, drink and be merry, have a good time if you will,
But, God help you when the time comes, and you
Foot the bill.

FOR PRESIDENT---TAFT, WILSON, ROOSEVELT?

Who will be the next president of the United States? That is the question that is causing almost as much speculation on Canada and the mother country as it is in the United States itself.

Taft has been nominated on the straight Republican ticket. He stayed home and minded his business while the convention went ahead and indicated its choice. Perhaps he was aided by the magnificent Republican steam roller. But if he was he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that the steam roller did not run over him. He was on top and the man who fell victim to the unrelenting advance of the big machine was none other than the inventor and onetime manipulator thereof, one T. Roosevelt. Back in the good old days Roosevelt was the boss of the street paving gang. Mostly he drove the steam roller himself. But sometimes he let Joe Cannon or Billy Taft or Elihu Root ride on top while he herded the victims into range with that dreadful big stick of his. Sometimes he used the big stick on the boys themselves. But they were growing up and learning all the time. And now Willie Taft may pat himself on the back with the satisfaction of having licked his teacher.

Roosevelt has nominated himself on what he calls an Independent ticket. Roosevelt is the only independent man in the bunch' though the rest of them are absolutely dependent upon him.

Woodrow Wilson is the nominee on the regular Democratic ticket. Champ Clark made a good fight, but, withdrew in time to allow the nomination to be made unanimous. Thus the Democrats are presenting a solid front. And thus they have the one greatest chance for success that they have had in the past twenty years.

Meanwhile the financial standing of the United States is in the usual shaky condition prior to election. Business will be more or less stagnated. And Canada will profit to a greater or lesser extent, both by the influx of settlers from the States and by the coming hither of foreign Capital, which otherwise might have gone into the States.

That Vernon Chapman, editor of the Golden Star, is the kind of sport we like. Here is the way he extends the glad hand to a new paper about to be started in his own town:

> "Rumors to the effect that two new papers are to be started in this district in the near future were rife during the week. It is understood that one of the new journals will be published in the upper country and another at Golden. It is said that the new publication in Golden will be known as the Golden Era and will make its inital appearance during the first week of July with F. P. Armstrong as editor. The Golden Star will welcome the issuance of these contemporaries which should do much to aid in the advancement of the district. Especially will this paper rejoice at the publication of another newspaper in Golden as it will necessiate the installation of a costly plant and the employment of several highly paid journalists and printers and make for the establishment of another local industry."

KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVING

Some Facts About Chase

It is located on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad at the foot of the Shuswap Lake at its outlet into the South Thompson River.

It is the outfitting point for the Adams Lake and Tum Tum Lake country where Caribou and Bear are to be found in abundance.

It is situated in the heart of one of the best agricultural districts in British Columbia, yet undeveloped.

It affords greater opportunities for the fisherman and hunter than any point along the line of the C.P.R.

The bathing beaches here are admittedly the best to be found in the interior. The water is warm and clear; the bottom is sandy with a gentle slope to deep water.

Two of the most beautiful waterfalls in the west may be reached in ten minutes walk from the Chase station. There are many more waterfalls along the streams flowing into the Adams and Shuswap Lakes.

The Adams River Lumber Company, located at Chase, employs upwards of 500 men in the mill and in the woods. A second large mill is soon to be erected which will likely more than double the present pay roll.

For further information, write to the Secretary of the Chase Central Board of Trade, Chase, B. C.

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H. M. LAW, K. of R. & S.

Visiting Knights are Welcome.

TRY a tin of Ruby Rose Talcum Powder It is fine.

Chase Drug Store

C. R. MCDONALD, Proprietor

THE Only Dead Ones in Chase are the Mosquitos—They took too much Crude Oil

N. B. Make good on this, now, Mac.

The Gossip Corner

D. W. Hutchinson of Calgary was a visitor in Chase for a couple of days last week.

Mr. C. Gootch of Sicamous was here on Friday. He says that they are catching lots of fish at Sicamous this season.

Superintendent Fred Bownes of the C. P. R. rock crusher at Squilax was a visitor in Chase a few days ago.

Mr. G. B. Sayers of Vancouver was registered at the Underwood on Friday.

Frank Sturgill was down from the Dam camp one day last week. He reports fishing there better than it has been for weeks past.

Everybody who had a good time at Notch Hill hold up their hands. The next celebration will be at Chase on Labor Day. Are you on?

Miss Sadie McKinnell and her sister who had been visiting her for a few days, left on Saturday for their home in Vancouver.

Miss Roberta White is in Salmon Arm this week writing the preliminary high school examination.

Mr. H. Ballard is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son and heir. The youngster arrived on Saturday. Frank White is looking for a new job.

The band will not hold their concert at the government wharf on Sunday evening. They are too tired after that long walk from Notch Hill to Sorrento.

Grant & Ballard are adding to the bright and attractive appearance of their store by painting and otherwise improving the front.

Mrs. Wm. Bradley, Miss Mertina Bradley, and Mrs. George Kyle are visiting at Armstrong and Enderby. They attended the Frst of July celebration at the former town.

Master Laughlin Farris arrived yesterday from Kenora. He expects to stay permanently with his brother A. S. Farris.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown and Miss Chase of Celista, left for home last evening after spending three days at Chase ranch.

Two parties of men are surveying on behalf of the C. P. R. in the neighborhood of Grande Prairie. The one body of men is camped at the westend of the Prairie, the other camp is fixed about seven miles south of Ducks.

William Hudson, Frank Munger and James Blair were visitors in Chase Wednesday. They went back to Seymour Arm on the new Hudson launch which is a dandy. It would be well to address these gentlemen as Mister from now on. They are threatened with a million-dollar mining deal on their copper property up in the Seymour Arm country.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McDonald arrived in Chase last night and are spending a couple of days here as the guests of Salsesman Huber of the Adams River Lumber Company. Mr. McDonold is buyer for the D. R. Fraser Lumber Company of Edmonton, one of the largest wholesale and retail dealers in the prairie country. They are enjoying the summer pleasures of Shuswap and Adams lakes.

They're
Coming to Chase

Photographs

HAVE you any good ones of scenes in or around Chase?
Bring them to the secretary of the Chase Board of Trade at the Imperial Bank

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Chase, B. C.

Do It Now!

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Send it to one of your friends, if you have any. If you haven't, send it to one of your enemies and make him feel ashamed of himself. Of course you take it yourself.

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enables us to supply you with Phonographs, Records, Supplies of all kinds. Repair work done Here.

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Now is the time to list your property as I am making an exclusive listing of Chase. I buy and sell for you. Satisfaction guaranteed always or money refunded Yes even our Hot Ice Creams and Cold Tea' Coffee etc. are garanteed to enjoy.

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LAUNDRY
All Our Work Guaranteed First Class
H. O. POY, Proprietor

MOTOR BOAT EXCURSIONS
JOHN : HALDANE
is prepared to take parties to any point on Shuswap Lake. A Competent Boatman Who Knows the Lake . . . .

FOR SALE—Young pigs pure bred Berkshires $4 each. GRANT & BALLARD

EASTER FASHIONS.

The Bow Blouse Is a Charming Spring Novelty.

A dainty blouse for Easter is called the bow blouse. Made of charmeuse to match the costume with which it is to be worn, the blouse has a veiling of ninon in some contrasting color, and between ninon and foundation there is a huge bow in satin of some bright color which extends across the entire front of the figure. Black blouses in this style have bows of bright gold, royal blue or cerise satin, and very smart they look.

Illustrated is a morning gown of white printed batiste, which is very charming and dainty for summer wear. It is easy to make, and now

DAINTY MORNING DRESS.

that the shops are showing such delightful cotton materials a selection for the costume is a real pleasure.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

These May Manton patterns are cut in sizes for the skirt from 22 to 30 inches waist measure and for the jacket in three sizes—small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40 and large 42 or 44. Send 10 cents each for the patterns to this office, giving numbers—skirt 6919, jacket 7006—and they will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery. When ordering use coupon.

No..... Size.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

Spring Tailored Coats Are Very Short in Paris.

Paris coats in tailored suits are short, very short. Some of them barely come below the waist, or if they do hang below in the back they are rounded up sharply in the front in directoire style, meeting only at the bust line. Over here the coats are a trifle longer as a general rule, but still hover between the waist and the widest part of the hips. A good average length is twenty-four inches.

Girls are wearing combination undergarments as much as their moth-

COMBINATION SUIT FOR GIRLS.

ers, and the cut shows a most desirable new corset cover and closed drawers.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut for misses of fourteen, sixteen and eighteen and for small women. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 7359, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery. When ordering use coupon.

No..... Size.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

NORSEMEN NEEDED.

New Ontario Requires the Scandinavian Peoples.

"Ontario is now obtaining a larger proportion of the right sort of men and women from the United Kingdom whom we require; this result is largely due, I think, to the good accounts that are sent 'home' by those who have settled in the most British province of the Dominion since we established headquarters in London and organized a campaign throughout Greater Britain." Mr. C. C. James, C.M.G., former Deputy Minister of Agriculture in the Ontario Government, made these remarks to a representative of the press not long ago. "Now that the superior opportunities Ontario can offer various classes of intending emigrants are becoming better appreciated, we hope to use the machinery of our agencies on this side more effectually in sending the right people to the right localities. For instance, my visit to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark has confirmed an impression I formed on my first short visit to these areas two years ago that there is a large Scandinavian population who will find in the prolific virgin soil of the newly-opened areas of Northern Ontario, climatic and other conditions similar to those in which their present persevering, intelligent hard work leaves them only a bare subsistence. While I should be very careful as to what British agriculturists I advised to settle in Northern Ontario, I think it would be difficult to make a mistake in encouraging Scandinavian emigrants to these areas, and the more of this class of foreign settlers we can get into Northern Ontario the better it will be for the province, and, indeed, for the Dominion as a whole.

"Ontario has become a great manufacturing province, by far the largest in Canada, and her growth in this regard is increasing more and more. The one thing in which Ontario has been deficient, and for which she has had to depend upon the adjoining states, is coal, but the great water powers, and the distribution of electric power will soon make the province well-nigh independent of the coal fields of Pennsylvania. That Northern Ontario also has its part to play has been shown by the recent mining developments in the Cobalt area and the Porcupine district; its local markets will in time be unexcelled. For the present we advise the British newcomer to spend a year or two in Southern Ontario before taking up land in the area more remote from conditions as to schools, neighborly intercourse, and general routine, than those he has been accustomed to in Britain. Toronto, our capital, it should always be remembered, is within seven days' reach of London, and in the centre of the most thickly populated area of all Canada. Our manufacturing industries are growing so rapidly in the area that the agriculturist is sure of his market. But speaking as Deputy Minister of Agriculture, responsible for advice to the emigrant, it is to the agriculturist, the domestic servant, and the prudent investor, that we hold out the most inducements."

As illustrating the extent of the organization of Ontario's Department of Agriculture, for the benefit alike of the new-comer and the native-born, it may be mentioned that it has fifteen district representatives in various parts of the province, and there are eleven separate branches, managed by experts in dairying, live stock, fruit growing, or co-operating with farmers' institutes, agricultural societies, and women's institutes.

"The latest addition to the Agricultural Department," concluded Mr. James, "is a veterinary college, which will shortly have a new building in Toronto, and add to the opportunities afforded at Guelph, at Kingston, and Toronto, for the most practical education to be given upon reasonable terms, to the sons and daughters of those who decide to cast in their lot with the prospering Province of Ontario."

Mr. James was recently appointed a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, upon the recommendation of the Governor-General, Earl Grey, as a recognition of his general services in promoting the scientific promotion of agriculture in the Dominion.

What Is New In Hand Bags.

This bag may be carried in the hand if desired, but it is especially designed for use in the limousine, where it hangs for milady's convenience. The

A CONVENIENT NOVELTY.

large center pocket is intended to hold various belongings, such as veils and the like, and the side pockets are for vanity trinkets and handkerchiefs.

Old Papers
For covering shelves and underlaying carpets.
Chase Tribune

THE BRILLIANT CELT.

Irishmen Excel In Every Walk of Public Life In Britain.

It is remarkable to what extent Irishmen hold high place and power in British public life to-day.

To begin with the army. There could hardly be found in the last 25 years a more brilliant trio than was formed by the late Sir William Butler (the man who could have saved the nation from the Boer war had his voice of warning been listened to), Lord Roberts of Khandahar, and Kitchener of Khartoum—a man of steel and the English Bismarck. Yet each of them inherited Irish blood in his veins, says a writer in The Springfield Republican. Sir William was the very embodiment of the Irish soldier. He was born and bred in Ireland, educated like Redmond by the Irish Jesuits of Kildare, and all his writings throughout his life breathed the national sentiment. Lord Roberts—"Who is little, but who's wise and who's a terror for his size"—as Kipling puts it—is also of Irish extraction, though to the man in the streets "Bobs" is synonymous with the British army, and many remember well how, during the black week of the South African war, the press kept the heart of the nation alive proclaiming, almost like a battle cry of reassurance, "Wait till 'Bobs' goes out." Yet he was Irish; while as to Kitchener it would be useless to argue in favor of a genius recognized by all Europe.

Then take the navy. Who so typical of the breezy popular English tar as Lord Charles Beresford? Yet what family has taken a greater part in Irish history than that from which, as second son of the fourth Marquis of Waterford, he takes his name? Entering as a cadet in 1859 and only retiring in 1909 when rear-admiral of the fleet, he has seen active service at the bombardment of Alexandria and in Egypt, while as an author ("The Break-up of China") and as a member of Parliament, he has always been the foremost advocate of a strong and effective navy.

In the sphere of law it would be hard to single out among the hosts of brilliant Irishmen, one who can represent his race more efficiently than the rest, but men like Sir Edward Carson and Gill, two of the leading English (?) K.C.'s may be mentioned, while on the bench one may point to Lord Ashbourne, an Irishman again, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, later member of the University, then Attorney-General for Ireland, and then Lord Chancellor from 1895 to 1906. In the whole past century there have been few, if any, more prominent at the bar than the late Lord Russell of Killowen; whose famous cross-examination of Piggot, the forger, is one of the most dramatic of English causes celebres, exculpating as it did, the Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, from one of the gravest charges ever brought up against a politician—and Russell was an Irishman.

In science, if anything a test of capability, there is no name which is more known and respected in foreign universities than that of Sir William Thompson, the late Lord Kelvin. Yet he was an Irishman from Belfast, and during the whole of his life devoted a great part of his interests to the furthering of Irish education. Going on to the application of science to invention, Castlebar, in Ireland, can boast of her Louis Brennan, the originator of the celebrated torpedo, superintendent of a Government factory called after him, and the producer of the gyroscopic-monorail system of transit. Then there is Marconi, son of an Irish mother and married to an Irish wife.

The impractical Irishman is almost a much of a popular superstition as the incapable Irishman; yet here again we are met by the flat contradiction of fact. When that universal umpire, the "Man in the Street," wants to speak of a great prince of commerce, he speaks of "a Lipton."

In the departments of literature, the names occur in their thousands; take them at random. Frankfort Moore the novelist; Justin McCarthy, the veteran "Historian of our own times," and playwright and novelist as well; De Vere Stacpoole, Bram Stoker, L. T. Meade, George Moore,

POOR, BUT ORIGINAL.

Points For Girls Whose Social Obligations Weigh Heavily.

A charming hostess gives the secret of her unusual entertaining: "I am too poor not to be original. I cannot attempt to compete with my wealthy friends, so I must make up in ideas what I lack in money."

She does it! One is sure at her home of being entertained, not elaborately, but so delightfully that an invitation is coveted by those who can afford to spend five times as much on their pleasure giving.

Here is a point for the girl who feels her social obligations weigh heavily. It is natural—or should be—to dislike receiving constant hospitality for which no return is made, yet that is what the girl of small means must face.

One such girl refused four invitations to parties she was anxious to attend. When questioned by a friend she replied, "I can't go out, for I can't afford to entertain, and I'm not going to be a sponge."

That is a most foolish attitude. Society is not a charitable institution. There is no law compelling a hostess to dispense her favors, so the girl who receives an invitation from one to whom she is not indebted may be sure she is wanted.

There is another alternative than cutting society, which is to have the courage to entertain simply. It does take courage in this day of elaboration and expense, but the girl who makes the attempt will find her efforts appreciated by those who can afford the most ultra entertaining.

It does not cost much to have a dozen or more friends in for a cup of tea. Any woman can manage this. A well appointed tea table with one girl to pour while the hostess makes herself agreeable to her guests, can be made very pleasant.

Seasonable Goods
At BRADLEY'S
Fishing Season Opens May 1.
See Our Rods, Lines and Baits. We Carry a complete Assortment :: ::
For... Flytime Mosquito Netting, Screens and Doors
Complete Lines of
HARDWARE
Always in Stock
FURNITURE
At Coast Prices

We will do the complete job; write the advertising, do the designing, make the plates, do the printing and binding and deliver the work in a neat and tasty manner. We have the best equiped shop in the district.

The Chase Tribune
Designers and Printers of Attractive Advertising Specialties.

At Service

Hackney Stallion

Barrow Moss Wonder, 10003

FOALED 1905. Registered, Hackney Horse Society, London Eng., Certificate No. 15378. Imported 1907. COLOR—Chestnut, white on face and legs. BREEDER—William Murray, Barrow Moss, Wiglown, Wiglownshire.

Sire - Lord Loudoun 8934
Dam - 3308 Sweet Grass

W. P. Pritchard, Prop.
Pritchard P. O. B. C.

Terms $15 for the season, payable at close of season. Accidents at owners risk.

WATER NOTICE.

FOR A LICENCE TO TAKE AND USE WATER.

Notice is hereby given that Timothy T. Harrington of Shuswap B. C. will apply for a licence to take and use 3 cubic feet per minute of water out of unnamed creek, which flows in a North Easterly direction through N. W. ¼ Sec. 27 and sinks 1500 feet from east line. The water will be diverted at about 1800 feet from S. W. corner and will be used for irrigation and domestic purposes on the land described as N. W. ¼, Sec. 27, Township 20, Range 13, Merridean 29.

Objections may be filed with the said Water Recorder or with the Comptroller of Water Rights. Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C,

This notice was posted on the ground on the 3rd day of June, 1912. The application will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder at Kamloops B. C.

Timothy T. Harrington,
Applicant.

Men Wanted, for sawmill, yard and camp. Apply either in person or by letter to Adams River Lumber Company, Ltd., Chase, B. C.

For Sale, good saddle horse four years old, gentle to drive. Also three mares with foal at foot broken to work. Grant & Ballard, Chase B. C.

Church of England

Services are held in All Saints Church Room, Chase, as follows:

1st SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH
Evensong and Address at 7.30 p.m.

3rd SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH
Holy Communion at 11 a.m.
Evensong and Address at 7.30 p.m.

Presbyterian Church Notices

MORNING WORSHIP - 10.30 A.M.
EVENING WORSHIP - 7.30 P.M.
BIBLE CLASS, TUESDAY 7.30 P.M.

YOU ARE WELCOME
PASTOR: J. HYDE

H. Percy Weaver
Carpenter and Builder

Electric Wiring
Photo Developing and Finishing
Pictures Taken to Order

Work Guaranteed

Your Chance Seize It.

The Tribune SPECIAL EDITION

FISH WANTED

FRESH LAKE TROUT

Dick Underwood at the Big Hotel will buy all the fresh Lake Trout you can bring in within the next ten days.

Everybody take a day off and go Fishing. He will pay a Special Prize for all Trout weighing over 20 pounds.

Our Country Cousins

Items Gathered by Our Special Correspondents

Celista

The farewell dance in honor of Miss W. J. Middleton, the school teacher, came off here on Friday night the 28th inst. Commodore Haldane with the Old Reliable came up with a number of pleasure seekers from Chase. Among the number were Messrs Bohannan and Kinley, editors of the Chase Tribune, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chase, Misses Minnie and Alice Chase and Velma Orser, Jamie Allen, Louis Cummings, Dave McDonald, Ed. Jones and W. Brown. Murray Balmer brought up a party in his launch consisting of D. McDonald and the two Miss Ulvila's of the Underwood hotel. Dan Smith with his launch the Reliance brought over from Notch Hill Misses Ethel and Maggie Smith, Hasel and Flossie McLean, Mrs. Stewart, Messrs. Glen and Fern McLean, A. Reedman and Wellbanks. There was one of the biggest crowds ever seen at a dance in Celista, and everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. Music was furnished by the three famous B's, Brown, Buckingham and Bragg, assisted at times by F. Jinkson the banjo and J. Thomson on the violin. Dancing was kept up until 6 o'clock in the morning and finished up with an old timers' quadrille in which Messrs. Chase, Haldane, Fowler and Bohannan took a leading part. After the dance was over, all came down to Fowler's landing and marched up and down to the skirl of the pipes played by piper W. Wicks and a little drum in the hands of John Brown. All went away very well pleased indeed.

Road making started here on June 17th. The road is building west from Celista to connect sometime in the near future with Chase. Already the rightofway is cut two and a half miles, and a mile and a half of that is graded.

Mr. Frank Kappel of Celista was [wed] in Kamloops on June 25th, [to] Jeannie Thomson, daughter of Thomson, J. P. of this place. [A] wedding dance is to be given in the school house on Friday night, July 5th.

Shuswap.

Mr. P. Mooney of Vancouver, spent several days here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray and daughter Winnifred, were visitors in Chase last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Coburn spent a day in Kamloops the first of the week.

Miss P. L. Baxendal and Miss McLean, who spent a few days with friends here, left last Saturday morning for their homes in Rossland.

Miss Ida M. Matthews of Kamloops is spending some of her vacations here, with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Geo Coburn.

Mrs Stromberg of Chase, was the guest of Mrs. Nelson on Tuesday last

Miss Cora Shaw and Master Eddie Shaw of New Westminster, arrived last week, and will spend their summer vacation here with their father.

A farewell party was given here last Friday evening, by the people of Shuswap, in honor of Miss Gertrude O'Sullivan, teacher of the Shuswap school, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Miss O'Sullivan left last Saturday morning for Vancouver with her sister Miss Kate O'Sullivan, who spent several weeks here.

You can get
The Chase Tribune
for $1.50 per year
now if you hurry.
The Regular Price
is $2.00.
GET IT NOW.

Notch Hill.

The first of July was a record day in Notch Hill. There were never so many people there before or since. They were there from as far west as Shuswap and as far east as Seymour Arm.

The chief attractions were the Chase band, the pretty girls, the Royal Hotel, and George Hammond.

The performance of the band was so good that some wanted that and nothing else. They played some twenty odd different selections and there were those who would have liked a hundred and twenty.

The girls—well, they are modest and don't care to be advertised, but the line up for the ladies' foot race was worth taking a day off to look at.

For some who set more store by what touches that dry spot in the throat than on what appeals to either ear or eye, the Royal Hotel was the centre around which they revolved.

As for George Hammond, he was the man who pulled off most of the big athletic stunts, and left the impression that he could have beaten all his own records if he had thought it worth while.

These four outstanding features of a well arranged day spent appeared in relief against a pale background of ice cream, strawberries, and baseball. The base ball match between Tappen and Notch Hill showed too things, that both teams could play good ball if they would practise, and that neither of team had had any practice. The redeeming feature of the game was that the teams were evenly matched. The line-up was as follows:

Notch Hill	Tappen
Hammond	Carlin
G. McLean	A. Farrell
Vernon	Nash
Bischoff	McDonald
McDonald	B. Farrell
O,Farrell	J. Farrell
Norman	F. Farrell
F. McLean	Croddock
Sandahl	Sanderson.

The game resulted in a score of 18—14 in favor of Notch Hill.

In other events George Hammond won the running high jump at 4 ft, 11 in; the standing board jump at 9 ft. 4½ in; the running board jump at 18 ft; the running hop-step-and-jump at 38 ft 7 in and the hundred yard dash.

He didn't win the mile run because he didn't enter. The prize for this event went to John Rily of Celista.

Another event that Hammond might not have been able to win even if he had been allowed to enter, was the fifty yard dash for ladies. The fair ones were sure some sprinters. The honors fell to Miss Hazel McLean of Blind Bay, Miss Jean Brown of Celista being second.

A football match between Notch Hill and Celista ended abruptly in a draw. Some one got tired of the strenuous life and kicked a hole in the ball.

Excellent music, a good floor, and a light-hearted, light footed crowd made the dance in the evening one of the best ever held in the little burg at the top of the grade. Some who had spent the day in Kamloops and other places that celebrated, felt the attraction and came to the Hill for the dance.

The musicians were the noted Celista orchestra, and Harry Fowler did the job as floor manager in the way he knows how. It was after daylight when the home waltz was called.

The whole celebration was creditable to the committees that had it in charge and the dollars they gathered in were for value received. Come again, Notch Hill, but next time have a place for us to sleep when the dance is over. The scenery doesn't look good to us in the grey light of the morning after.

Mr. W.W. Greer and C. Christopher son both lost a fine milking cow last week. The cause of their death is not certain.

The farmers of Notch Hill will be put back somewhat in their haying on account of the rain.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. B. Clifford, a son.

Mr. M. Kerrigan is a visitor to his sister, Mrs. W. Loftus here.

The first C. P. R. oil burner 2474 to run from Revelstoke to Kamloops left this place at 8 p. m. Sunday. On Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. the second one

Mr. Miller, bridge and building foreman for the C. P. R. had a collision with Mr. A. Foreshaw C. P. R. line man here when his motor car collided with Foreshaw's speeder resulting with slight injuries to Mr. Miller.

Last week Mr. Morris, going at a fairly high rate of speed on his motorcycle collided with Mr. Porter's team and wagon at the Shuswap and Lillooet Fruitlands camp near here, resulting with severe injuries to Mr. Morris. The handle bar was drove in his arm. The team ran away and nearly had another collision with Mr. L Goth and his team

M. J. Reedman is in the hospital where his illness will be attended to.

Mr. Chas. Beemer has received a carload of lumber for his lumberyard.

Pritchard.

We regret that the smiling countenance of Red the poet is seen no more. The sea called and he must go. That phonographic voice is heard no more at Pritchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson of Shuswap lake were visitors to Pritchard Dominion day. Accompanied by Miss Gladys Spence of Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hudson of Notch Hill paid a visit to Duck Range on Monday. They came down on their motor launch and spent two or three days with Mr. and Mrs. Munger.

Mr. W. P. Pritchard is building a fine house. The wise ones say that it is not being built for bachelor quarters and some say it is to be a place where the weary and thirsty may get relief from their sorrows.

We hear a great deal of the fine catchers of trout at different places. But I suppose people must know that some fine trout are being caught every day here. Last week six extra large Rainbow trout were pulled out in less than an hour, with the silver minnow.

C. P. R. has lately made vast improvement at Pritchard. Brand new coat of paint on station. We would remember them when on our marrow bones if they would kindly stretch the platform out a little so that a person might get on and off the train without the assistance of a step ladder.

We are suprised to learn that Pritchard has a body of enquiry agents still more suprised to find they are ladies. But they must learn to have a little more secrecy in their enquiries. The young gent, whose marriage they are anxiously looking for this week has got wise and has indefinately postponed the much talked of event.

Mr. M. A. Peel the well known boat builder has been busy at Pritchard this last two or three weeks. He has turned out some half dozen fine row boats, and is now going to start on a 30 ft motor launch. It is very gratifying to know that we have good comodation on the river here as well as on the railway. No wonder so many settlers are seeking homes here.

On Monday evening, two ladies were standing on Pritchard station awaiting the train no 4 East bound. But despite their waiting and screaming. The train flew by ignoring them. They walked to Chase but had lots of time to cool their anger. It being a very met and dark night. One lady we hear was just returning from her wedding. having been married the day before. "Really very provoking"

The people of Pritchard and the Martin Prairie suburb held their annual Dominion day picnic in McDermids park, which was concluded by all to have been a most successful affair. Not a minute but what was taken up with sports and finished off with a grand ball at the Brett house. Professors Fisk and Martin provided the music, ably assisted by Messrs Mathewson and Barker. Great credit is due the committee who had charge of the celebration.

On Sunday evening, a steer, the property of Mr. W. Pritchard was cut to pieces by the train East bound. The animal had got through the fence between the track and the pasture. By signs on the track, the steer was struck somewhere near Shuswap, where the last piece was seen nothing bigger than a hoof was left The track was literally strewed with blood and bits of flesh and bones. That makes the third loss in the same way for Mr. Pritchard.

On July 1st, Pritchard was not behind with their celebrations. A picnic which was largely attended, took place on Martin Prairie. People from Kamloops, Chase and most of the surrounding country being present After an excellent luncheon, which was prepered by Miss Hutchenson, Mrs Sinclair, Mrs. Brett and others. An excellent programe of sports was gone through. Their being some fine prizes contested for. Dancing commenced 7 p. m. and lasted till the early hours. Everyone going home rejoicing and declaring it to have been the most enjoyable time they ever had.

IT'S UP TO YOU
To Get the Best Value for Your Money
Visit Our Store and Get Our Prices

JUST ARRIVED THIS WEEK
Car Load of Gold Seal and Snow Drift Flour
Also a Heavy Consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables

EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE IN OUR MEAT MARKET
Choicest Cuts of Beef, Pork, Veal and Mutton at Keenest Prices
Try our Home-made Pork, Beef and Balogna Sausages——————There's Nothing Better

We Specialize STEWART'S Ajax BRAND HAMS AND BACON

GRANT & BALLARD
Grocers and Butchers Chase, B. C.

In Deciding the Question
Where to Buy
Remember that This Store Cannot Afford to Have Dissatisfied Customers

HATS
Men! Drop in and look over our Range of Hats.
Our Stock of Felts is the Largest in Town.

A HAT FOR EVERY FACE

Borsalino is an Italian made hat, comes in brown and fawn—excellent quality felt. Price $5.00

Stetson is an American hat and requires no further introduction. Comes in brown and black, very neat shape, low crown and medium brim. Price $5.00

The King Hat is one of the best medium priced hats in Canada and will give entire satisfaction, Our Fedora shape in both black and olive colors are very dressy. Price $3.00

The King Stiff Hat is without doubt the most COMFORTABLE of stiff hats and the QUALITY OF FELT is excellent. The inside band is made like a cushion and causes the hat to fit the head perfectly —several blocks in black only Price $3.50

A HAT FOR EVERY FACE

In the cheaper lines we wish to call your attention to "Stella Grade," comes in brown, dark green and black, low crown and 2¼-inch brim. Honest value at Price $2.50

Special.
We have one dozen Hats in greens, browns, and greys—assorted styles—worth from $2.50 to $3.50 each. For next week we offer them to you at each $1.85

SILKS
Natural Pongee Silk, 34 inches wide, splendid quality. Price per yard $1.00
Natural Pongee Silk, 34 inches wide Price per yard 60c
China Silks—in red, sky, navy, brown, white and black—28 inches wide. Price per yard 50c

PIQUE
White Pique, very strong quality, 28 inches wide. Price per yard 25c

MUSLINS
Fancy Muslins and Cotton Foulards at per yard
15c, 17c, 20c, & 25c

LAWN
White Victoria and Persian Lawns, 40 inches wide. Price per yard 18c, 20c, 25c & 30c

We prepay the transportation charges on all goods ordered by mail.
If for any reason the goods are unsatisfactory return them to us at our expense.

Chase, B. C. A. S. FARRIS Chase, B. C.