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Chilliwack Free Press

PUBLISHED IN THE GARDEN CITY OF B. C. YOU WILL LIKE CHILLIWACK.

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Business Deals Aggregating $90,000 Closed

Many Local Deals Consumated This Week at Big Figures. Outside Investors Largely Interested. The Royal Hotel Sold. Other Purchases.

There has been a big movement in business and real estate properties during this week, several large and important business deals being put through, the purchasers being for the most part outside men who are not slow to recognize the opportunities present here and the values to be had. The movement has started early and indications are such as to lead most people to believe that a continuance of investments by new men will be the order. The deals closed represent an investment of between $900,000 and $100,000

The Royal Hotel Sold

The Royal Hotel has changed hands and the new proprietor, J. McDade of Vancouver, will take possession on March 15. The price paid for this property is between forty and fifty thousand dollars. D. S. Dundas the recent proprietor has not decided what he will do, though it is not likely that he will again engage in the hotel business. Mr. Dundas came to Chilliwack eight years ago and conducted the Commercial hotel now owned by C. J Hatch. Four years ago Mr. Dundas erected the Royal and has conducted the hotel continuously since that time, and is the oldest hotel man in the city. Mr. McDade comes from Vancouver where he conducts the Bodega hotel. Mr. McDade has also purchased eighty acres of farm land in the valley paying the sum of $250 an acre, which he will use for farming and gardening purposes.

Will Build Two Residences

Samuel M. Ruttan, of Regina, and formerly of Chilliwack, has purchased two half acre lots in the Grandview Sub-division, from W. C. Barber. Mr. Ruttan will erect two residences on the property, one of which he and his family will occupy. The Chilliwack Land & Development Co., negotiated the transfer of the property.

Buys Twelve Acres

Samuel Sutor, the new proprietor of the Empress, has purchased twelve acres of land close to the C. N. R station and adjoining the townsite. Seven acres were purchased from Banford Bros. and five acres from F. W. Beldam. Mr Sutor intends using the land for farm purposes. Mr. Sutor is one of the new men in the Valley who see a big future for Chilliwack, and property at present prices looks like a paying investment. His example is being followed by his friends and other outside investors, and a number of property changes at good prices have resulted.

Bowling Alley Purchased

R. Shirley, who has been employed at F. Gillanders for some time, has purchased the business and equipment of the bowling alley conducted for some time by C. D. Warring. Mr. Warring intends going to Vancouver, where he will construct houses on residential property which he owns in the Terminal City.

Tobacco Store and Building Purchased

Messrs. R. O. Atkins and C. J. Ott took possession of Fred Gillanders tobacco store and pool room on Thursday, having purchased the store, fixtures and business. The property has a frontage of twenty-five feet on Wellington street. The price paid was between eighteen and twenty thousand dollars, cash. Mr. Atkins has been a resident of the valley for some few months and Mr. Ott comes from Vancouver. We have not learned what Mr. Gillander's intentions for the future are.

Alf. White Sells Out

A local deal was consumated this week whereby Alf. White disposes of his music store business and agencies, together with his interest in the Lyric Moving Picture Theatre. to his partner in the latter, F. E. J. McManus. Mr. McManus will conduct the music business in conjunction with his jewelry and optical business, the partition between the stores being removed. Mr McManus intends to keep the picture entertainments at the Lyric strictly up to-date, and proposes making some alterations which will futher enhance the quality and pleasure of the splendid productions at this popular resort. Mr. White, we understand, intends to return to England in the course of a few weeks, where a lucrative moving picture proposition awaits him. Mr. White has been prominent in musical and social circles, giving freely of his ability, and will be greatly missed among the young people of the city.

Board Meeting To-night

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trade will be held to-night in the Odd Fellow's hall at eight o'clock. Matters of much importance make a large attendance desirable. E. Stuart Wade, Publicity Commissioner of New Westminster, will address the meeting.

In Need Of Attention

The boarding cars of the track laying gang were moved seven miles east of the city on Friday. The sanitary condition of the cars is said to be extremely poor, as many as forty-eight men being confined in one car. The Provincial Health Department has been notified through the local Police Department of the wretched state in which the men are forced to live

Going To Kelowna

M. A. Alsgard formerly of Chilliwack, spent a few days this week in the city. Mr. Alsgard has spent the past couple of months visiting different interior towns, and has decided to open an up-to-date restaraunt at Kelowna. Kelowna people will find Mr. Alsgard a good citizen and a first class business man in his line. We are sorry to see him from Chilliwack.

Moving Old Post Office

Contractor Hunt, of Victoria, has commenced operations in preparation for the erection of the new post office. The present building is being moved to the rear of the lot by Calbick, and work on the new building will be proceeded with, at an early date. J. C. Robertson of Chilliwack, has secured the position building inspector.

The way to fortune is paved with the ads in the local paper.

Choral Society

The Choral Society meets as usual tonight in Cook's Church School room at eight o'clock. Splendid progress has been made and is being made by the Choral Society under the leadership of Mr. Ward and the members are very enthusiastic over it. All who are interested in the study of good music in choir form will be delighted with these practices and should join at once. A concert will be given some time about Easter, it is expected. A short business meeting will be held in conjunction with the regular practice this week.

The Chilliwack Cricketers.

The Chilliwack Cricket Club will hold its annual meeting on Monday March 4, at eight p.m. in the office of Chas. Hutcheson & Co. Plans in general will be discussed for the coming season which shows every promise of being a good one for the devotes of Cricket in the valley. All the old members are just as keen as ever and several new men, who will make good cricketers, will be added to the list. The Club last year was unfortunate in not being able to play any outside matches, but this year outside games will probably be a feature. In this connection, S A. Parsons, the clothing man, has very generously donated a handsome Cup for competition among the Clubs of the Valley and any other Clubs which are considered eligible at the meeting. Chilliwack represented this year in the annual tournament at the Coast, by a first class team is highly desirable and quite possible. All interested are cordially invited to attend the meeting on the foregoing date.

Big Refrigerating Plant

The Chilliwack Creamery Association Places Order for Installation of Plant. To Be Ready for this Season's Business.

The Chilliwack Creamery Association Limited have just placed an order with Mr. G. E. Mitchell, Vancouver representive of the Frick Ice Machine Co. for twenty-four ton capacity refrigerating plant which they expect to have installed in ample time to supply the need of Chilliwack and vicinity for ice during the coming summer. The Frick style of ice making machine has been adopted after a careful investigation of the working out of various makes of refrigerating plants.

In addition to having plenty of ice for cooling purposes at their own plant, the Creamery plans to go extensively into the manufacture of ice cream and the supplying of ice both wholesale and retail. It is their intention to sell ice at a price that will bring it within reach of every home and a regular delivery service will be maintained throughout the Summer.

A feature of this move on the part of the Chilliwack Association, that should appeal to the producer of farm products, will be the cold storage facilities offered. Cold rooms will be provided for the storing of eggs, meats and fruits and the farmer will be enabled to hold his produce instead of rushing it onto the market when the price is low because of over production.

The proposition is meeting with deserved support from the shareholders of the Association, the stock required to defray the cost of the plant being rapidly taken up. The farmers are determined to cut down by every legitimate means, the great difference that at present exists between what the producer receives and what the consumer pays and it is a well know fact that what benefits the farmer, benefits the community in which he lives.

$100,000 INVESTED LAST MONTH

That Eastern clients have their eye on Chilliwack valley and city property is plainly shown by F. J. Hart & Co's. monthly statment of their local branch here which reports the sale of $100,000 worth of property for the month of February, mostly to eastern men.

A Distressing Accident

A sad and unfortunate accident occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Evans whereby their thirteen year old son Gordon will lose his left eye. Last Friday the boy received a kick from a horse which injuried his ankle so badly that he was confined to the house. Tuesday afternoon he was experimenting with a cartridge when it exploded, the shell striking his left eye with such force as to break the eyeball. Medical aid was quickly summoned and preparations made for taking the unfortunate boy to Vancouver on the evening tram for treatment, his father accompanying him. The accident is a serious one and much smypathy is expressed for the boy and his parents. Mrs. Evans is at present in California.

The Bankers Win.

A good game of football was played last Saturday between the Coqualeetzas and the Bankers. The day was an ideal one, and more spectators turned out to see the match than have been present at any other game this season. The Bankers opened strongly and scored a goal about fifteen minutes from the start, through Dunford. A few minutes later Carter added a second goal for the Bankers and the first half ended with the Bankers two goals ahead. In the second half the play was very even but the Bankers added another goal and finished with the score three goals to nothing in their favor. The scorers were Dunford, two goals and Carter one. On Saturday the Militia team will play the City eleven in a league game at the agricultural grounds.

Four more of the C. N. R. rail gang have joined the city chain brigade, their initiation being via the liquid route. They each drew ten days. Two of the previous quartette are now free having served their time.

Police Report For February

The Chilliwack Police report for the month of February shows that twenty-three arrests were made, resulting in a like number of convictions, as follows: Drunk 17, assault 1, theft 2, under Indian Liquor Act 3. In default of payment of fine twelve men were sentenced to hard labor in the city lock-up. For theft two were sentenced to six months each hard labor in the common goal, Westminster. One man drew three months hard labor for supplying an intoxicant to an Indian, and an Indian for having liquor in his possession received two months hard labor. The total amount of fines paid into the city clerk's office was $58.

Gave Very Fine Address

A capacity house and a real intellectual treat were the features of the military day program last Sunday afternoon by the P. S. A. in the opera house. The Boy Scouts, and the 104 th Regiment headed by St. Thomas' Band marched in a body from the Parish hall to the opera house, where seats were reserved. When the service began with the singing of the national anthem the house was packed. A couple of hymns and an illustrated recitation, the Union Jack, by Hamish Ewan, preceeded the address, the speaker for the afternoon being Principal Hetherington of Columbian College, Westminster. The speaker has a pleasing, entertaining and convincing platform style, and easily succeeded in attracting the undivided attention of the large audience to "Hitching Posts" the subject of his address. These were three in number, Service Sacrifice and Love. The speaker in emphasising the worth and importance of these presented a world view of the subject and in speaking to the Boy Scouts and Militia showed the true relation of these organizations to the country. Nothing is greater than character, and character the result of a life of service, sacrifice and love, which places us in touch with the best, the grandest and truest in life. "Kipling's Recessional" by Miss Kathleen Henderson was well received. A couple of xylophone solos by Harry Gardner and a hymn brought the meeting to a close.

Orange Grand Lodge.

Chas. Parker has returned from Kamloops where he attended the annual Provincial gathering of Orangemen. There was a good attendance and the annual reports as presented were gratifying. Strong resolutions were passed dealing with Home Rule and the Ne Temere decree. Nanaimo, Chilliwack and Vancouver made strong bids for the next convention, Vancouver securing the plum. A number of minor changes to the constitution and by-laws governing the grand lodge and also primary lodges were made. Owing to the large number of members suspended by primary lodges during the past year for being only a few months in arrears, the grand lodge adopted a resolution that in future no primary lodge should suspend any of its members until they had been twelve months in arrears, and then only after being twice notified. Considerable discussion ensued regarding the advisability of Orangemen of the Mainland uniting in a monster celebration on the 12th of July. It was finally decided to leave this matter in the hands of Vancouver and New Westminster County Orange Lodges to settle between themselves. Following is a list of new officers: Grand master, E. J. Clarke, Vancouver; deputy grand master, Edwin Bush, Mission; junior deputy grand master, J. H. Armstrong, Revelstroke; grand chaplain, Rev. W. C. Corey, Kamloops; deputy grand chaplains, Rev. J. C. Madill (Vancouver), Rev. Wm. Govier (Hammond), Rev. F. J. Rutherford (Ladysmith), Rev. Merton Smith (Vancouver), Capt. A. L. Stride (Cranbrook); grand secretary, W. H. Brett, Vancouver; deputy grand secretary, F. C. Morgan, Vancouver; grand treasurer, Wm. T. Jago, Vancouver; grand lecturer, L. D. McCall, Peachland; grand director of ceremonies, W. G. Gamble, Abbotsford; grand auditors, Geo. Shofield (Vancover) and F. E. Pakenham (Mission); deputy grand lecturer of British Columbia, S. C. Court, Victoria.

The robins returned last week.

The Chilliwack Hospital Opened to the Public

The Opening Ceremony Took Place Wednesday, A Very Large Crowd Participating. The Equipment of a Very High Order. Hospital Free From Debt.

The Chilliwack Hospital, completed, furnished and equipped, was formally opened on Wednesday afternoon, and those who have been so energetic and presistent in their efforts toward the securing of such an institution for Chilliwack, must have felt gratified with the tangible results and by the interest taken in the opening ceremonies. The hospital complete has exceeded the expectations of almost every one who has visited the building since its completion. Erected on a commanding site, from each window mountain scenery unexcelled for beauty, may be viewed. The wards are light and airy, and the furnishings and bedding are of first quality, while the appointments and equipment are also of a high order. The whole institution is a standing monument to the zeal, enthusiastic and optimistic endeavors of those who have had this highly laudable work in hand from its inception in 1908 until the present time. The Free Press gave an outline of the plan of the building, furnishings and equipment in a recent issue and a repetition is unnecessary at this time.

The opening ceremony was honored by a very large and representative attendance and when the present Chairman of the Board, Rev. R. J. Douglas announced the opening service the large building was crowded. Rev. Mr. Douglas in his opening remarks referred to the vast amount of labor and thought that had been given in the erecting and equipping of the hospital, with attendant disappointments and discouragements, and the absence of any practical knowledge on the part of the Board in such work. He paid a high tribute to the ladies for the interest taken and the valuable assistance given, and also to the generous liberality of the people, who had by their practical support made it possible for him to make the gratifying statement that the building as it stood, equipped and completed was entirely free from debt, there being a balance of $35 on hand over and above the total expenditure of $10,000, which sum had been entirely made up of subscriptions. He ventured the opinion that if the hospital had to be erected this year it would cost $12,000.

Rev. A. E. Roberts, President of the B. C. Methodist Conference, invoked the Divine blessing on the opening of the hospital and in all its future ministrations for relief of pain and suffering.

Canon Hinchliffe gave a brief resume of the history of the movement which had made possible the opening exercises on Wednesday. The first move was made in the spring of 1908 by Carl Grossman, who organized a troupe of minstrels, from whose efforts a fund was started. The death of a young Englishman by the name of Potts, while enroute via boat to Westminster Hospital and subsequent events in connection therewith, stimulated interest in the proposal, and a public meeting was called. Among those taking an early interest in the proposal were Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Ashwell, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. W. Ashwell, and L. W. Paisley, the Canon making special mention of these on account of the active interest manifested by them from the early stages up to the present time. Others mentioned were Reeves K. C. Kickbush and P. C. Wilson, Mayors, S. A. Cawley, T. H. Jackson, Jas. Munro, and T. E. Caskey and A. B. McKenzie, also a ladies auxiliary of three organized by Mr. Paisley, which secured about $600 for the project. On a site being advertised for, W. H. Hodgins had presented the property now occupied and from this point the development and progress of the scheme was familiar to most people. Canon Hinchliffe thought that those who worked for and stood by the scheme, when the majority of the people were indifferent should not be forgotten, at the present nor yet when the hospital became a larger and more important institution than it is to-day. The Canon's reminscences were of a very interesting nature to all who were present.

Rev. C. B. Clark, of Sardis, followed with a short congratulatory address and emphasised the fact that Chilliwack city would reap the greatest benefit and on the city would fall the greater amount of responsibility in the future. Continual and voluntary contributions would be necessary for the maintenance of the hospital and this would require the never failing and generous support of the people of both city and valley.

Mayor R. F. Waddington in the inaugural address dwelt on the fact that the project had not been consumated without self denial and sacrifice on the part of those who had persevered and accomplished the object in view. The same concentration of the effort would still be necessary. The Hospital was a necessity and would yearly become more and more so, and would require the practical support of residents of the valley in order that the splendid work might be maintained and its scope enlarged as the needs increased; this support the Mayor maintained was a Christian duty devolving upon all.

The Opening Declaration was made by Reeve P. C. Wilson. Reeve Wilson pointed out not only the present necessity of such an institution in Chilliwack, but with the assured increase in population as a result of the coming of the C. N. R. and G. N. R. lines through the Valley, the ministrations of the hospital would be largely sought and its present proportions would have to be increased. In speaking of support the Reeve paid a strong compliment to the splendid generosity and liberality of the people of Chilliwack and Valley. In a few well chosen words he officially declared the Chilliwack Hospital open.

The singing of "Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow" terminated a very interesting and important service, in connection with a new work in Chilliwack, which has begun under such favorable and gratifying auspices.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the many visitors inspected the hospital and were served with a delicious cup of tea and refreshments. Chilliwack's new Orchestra, under the leadership of Miss Hill, rendered a pleasing program of music during the afternoon.

We are given to understand that the most active lady on the first auxiliary mentioned by Canon Hinchliffe, was Mrs. M. C. Hall, who collected in the neighborhood of $500, and who deserves a liberal share of credit.

The President and officers of the Women's Auxiliary welcomed the guests and took great pleasure in showing the hospital to the visitors, and had the tables, etc., decorated with daffodils.

An Important Announcement To The Public Of Chilliwack Valley

Mr. R. E. Broadhead Jeweler, who recently opened up business on Young street has decided to add an up-to-date optical parlor, which will be in charge of Dr. L. R. Stevens who has had many years of practical experience in the optical profession. The public will have the advantage of having their eyes examined in a most thorough and scientific manner, and glasses fitted at a moderate cost. A full line of glasses and frames will always be carried in stock. Mr. Broadhead finds it necessary to add this department to his very rapidly increasing business which speaks well for the general prosperity of Chilliwack and the surrounding valley.

Delhi Durbar at Lyric

A program of special interest will be presented to patrons of the Lyric Theatre on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week with a matinee on Saturday afternoon, when that spectacular pageant, the official coronation of King George and Queen Mary as Rulers of India, will be thrown on the screen. This affords all, a splendid opportunity of witnessing this great event of splendor and panorama and crowded houses should be the order.

ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Thirty Dollars a Week.

AFTER he began to go to school, Ruth and I seemed to begin another life. In a way we felt all by ourselves once more. I didn't get home until half past seven now and Dick was then abed. He was abed too when I left in the morning. Of course he was never off my mind and if he hadn't been asleep upstairs I guess I'd have known a difference. But at the same time he was, in a small way, living his own life now which left Ruth and me to ourselves once more. She used to go over for me all the details of his day from the time she took him up in the morning until she tucked him away in bed again at night and then there would come a pause. It seemed as though there ought to be something more, but there wasn't. The next few months it seemed almost as though she was waiting. For what, I didn't know, and yet I too felt there was a lapse in our lives. I never loved her more. There was never a time when she was so truly a wife and yet in our combined lives there was something lacking. After a while I began to notice a wistful expression in her eyes. It always came after she had said,

"So Dicky said, 'God bless father and mother,' and then he went to sleep."

Then one night it dawned on me. Hers was the same heart hunger that had been eating at me. Dick was a boy now and there was no baby to take his place. But, good Lord, as it was I hadn't been able to save a dollar. I knew that we were simply holding on tight and drifting. The boat was loaded to the gunwales even now. And yet that expression in her eyes had a right to be answered. But I couldn't answer it. I didn't dare open my mouth. I didn't dare speak even one night when she said,

"He's all we have, Billy—just one."

I gripped her hand and sat staring into the little coal hod fireplace which we didn't light more than once a month now. Even as I watched the flames I saw them licking up pennies.

Just one! And I too wanted a houseful like Dick.

I had to see that look night after night and I had to go to town knowing I was leaving her all alone with the one away at school. And what a mother she was! She ought to have had a baby by her side all the time.

As the one grew, his expenses increased. The only way to meet them was by cutting down our own expenses still more. I cut out smoking and made my old clothes do an extra year. Ruth spent half her time in bargain hunting and saved still more by taking it out of herself. Poor little woman, she worked harder for a quarter than I did and I was working harder for that sum than I used to work for a dollar. But we were not alone in the struggle. As we came to know more about the people in that group of snug little houses we knew that the same grim fight was going on in all of them. Some of them were not so lucky as we and ran into debt while a few of them were luckier and were helped out with legacies or by well-to-do relatives. We were as much alike as peas in a pod. We were living on the future and bluffing out the present. You'd have thought it would have cast a gloom over the neighborhood—you'd have thought it would have done away with some of the parties and dances. But it didn't. In the first place this was, to the most of us, just life. In the second place there didn't seem to be any alternative. There was no other way of living. The conditions seemed to be fixed; we had to eat, we had to wear a certain type of dress; and unless we wished to exist as exiles we had to meet on a certain plane of social intercourse. The conventions were as iron clad here as among the nobility of England. No one thought of violating them; no one thought it was possible. You had to live as the others did or die and be done with it. If anyone of us had thought we might have seen the foolishness of this but it was all so manifest that no one did think. The only method of escape was a raise and that meant moving into another sphere which would cover that.

A new complication came when the boy grew old enough to have social functions of his own. He had made many new friends and he wanted to join a tennis club, a dancing class and contribute towards the support of the athletic teams of the school. Moreover he was invited to parties and had to give parties himself. Once again I tried to see some way out of this social business. It seemed such a pitiful waste of ammunition under the circumstances. I wanted to save the money if it was possible in any way to eke it out, for his education. But what could I do? The boy had to live as his friends lived or give them up. He wasn't asked to do more than the other boys of the neighborhood but he was rightly asked to do as much. If he couldn't it would be at the sacrifice of his pride that he associated with them at all. And a just pride in a boy is something you can't safely tamper with. He had to have the money and we managed it somehow. But it brought home the grim old fact that I hadn't as yet saved a dollar.

I clung more than ever now to the one ray of hope—the job ahead. It was the only comfort Ruth and I had and whenever I felt especially downhearted she'd start in and plan how we'd spend it. It took the edge off the immediate thought of danger. In the meanwhile I resigned even from the Neighborhood Club and let the boy join the tennis club. I noticed at once a change in the attitude of the men towards me. But I was reaching a point now where I didn't care.

In this way, then, we lived until I was thirty-eight and Ruth thirty, and the boy was eleven. For the last few months I had been doing night work without extra pay and so was practically exiled from the boy except on Sundays. He was not developing in the way I wanted. The local grammar school was almost a private school for the neighborhood. I should have preferred to have it more cosmopolitan. The boy was rubbing up against only his own kind and this was making him soft, both physically and mentally. He was also getting querulous and autocratic. Ruth saw it, but with only one . . . . Well, on Sundays I took the boy with me on long cross-country jaunts and did a good deal of talking to him. But all I said rolled off like water off a duck. He lacked energy and initiative. He was becoming distinctly more middle-class than either of us, with some of the faults of the so-called upper-class thrown in. He chattered about Harvard, not as an opportunity, but as a class privilege. I didn't like it. But before I had time to worry much about this the crash came that I had not been wise enough to foresee.

CHAPTER III.

The Middle Class Hell

One Saturday afternoon, after we had been paid off, Morse, the head of the department, whose job I had been eyeing enviously for five years now, called me into his office. For three minutes I saw all my hopes realized; for three minutes I walked dizzily with my whole life justified. I could hardly catch my breath as I followed him. I didn't realize until them how big a load I had been carrying. As a drowning man is said to see visions of his whole past life, I saw visions of my whole future. I saw Ruth's eager face lifted to mine as I told her the good news; I saw the boy taken from his commonplace surrounding and doing himself proud in some big preparatory school where he brushed up against a variety of other boys; I saw—God pity me for the fool I was—other children at home to take his place. I can say that for three minutes I have lived.

Morse seated himself in the chair before his desk and, bending over his papers, talked without looking at me. He was a small fellow. I don't suppose a beefy man ever quite gets over a certain feeling of superiority before a small man. I could have picked up Morse in one hand.

"Carleton," he began, "I've got to cut down your salary five hundred dollars."

It came like a blow in the face. I don't think I answered.

"Sorry," he added, "but Evans says he can double up on your work and offers to do it for two hundred dollars more."

I repeated that name Evans over and over. He was the man under me. Then I saw my mistake. While watching the man ahead of me I had neglected to watch the man behind me. Evans and I had been good friends. I liked him. He was about twenty, and a hard worker.

"Well?" said Morse.

I recovered my wind.

"Good God," I cried; "I can't live on any less than I'm getting now!"

"Then you resign?" he asked quickly.

For a second I saw red. I wanted to take this pigmy by the throat. I wanted to shake him. He didn't give me time before exclaiming:

"Very well, Carleton. I'll give you in order for two weeks' pay in advance."

The next thing I knew I was in the outer office with the order in my hand. I saw Evans at his desk. I guess I must have looked queer, for at first he shrank away from me. Then he came to my side.

"Carleton," he said, "what's the matter?"

"I guess you know," I answered.

"You aren't fired?"

I bucked up at this. I tried to speak naturally.

"Yes," I said, "I'm fired."

"But that isn't right, Carleton," he protested. "I didn't think it would come to that. I went to Morse and told him I wanted to get married and needed more money. He asked me if I thought I could do your work. I said yes. I'd have said yes if he'd asked me if I could do the president's work. But—come back and let me explain it to Morse."

It was white of him, wasn't it? But I saw clearly enough that he was only fighting for his right to love as I was fighting for mine. I don't know that I should have been as generous as he was—ten years before. He had started toward the door when I called him back.

"Don't go in there," I warned. "The first thing you know you'll be doing my work without your two hundred."

"That's so," he answered. "But what are you going to do now?"

"Get another job," I answered.

One of the great blessing of my life is the fact that it has always been easy to report bad news to Ruth. I never had to break things gently to her. She always took a blow standing up, like a man. So now I boarded my train and went straight to the house and told her. She listened quietly and then took my hand, patting it for a moment without saying anything. Finally she smiled at me.

"Well, Billy," she said, "it can't be helped, can it? So good luck to Evans and his bride."

When a woman is as brave as that it stirs up all the fighting blood in a man. Looking into her steady blue eyes I felt that I had exaggerated my misfortune. Thirty-eight is not old and I was able-bodied. I might land something even better than that which I had lost. So instead of a night of misery I had actually felt almost glad.

I started in town on Monday in high hope. But when I got off the train I began to wonder just where I was bound. What sort of a job was I going to apply for? What was my profession, anyway? I sat down in the station to think the problem over.

For twenty years now I had been a cog in the clerical machinery of the United Woollen Company. I was known as a United Woollen man. But just what else had this experience made of me? I was not a bookkeeper. I knew no more about keeping a full set of books than my boy. I had handled only strings of United Woollen figures; those meant nothing outside that particular office. I was not a stenographer, or an accountant, or a secretary. I had been called a clerk in the directory. But what did that mean? What the devil was I, after twenty years of hard work?

The question started the sweat to my forehead. But I pulled myself together again. At least I was an able-bodied man. I was willing to work, had a record of honesty and faithfulness, and was intelligent as men go. I didn't care what I did, so long as it gave me a living wage. Surely, then, there must be some place for me in this alert, hustling city.

I bought a paper and turned to "Help Wanted." I felt encouraged at sight of the long column. I read it through carefully. Half of the positions demanded technical training; a fourth of them demanded special experience; the rest asked for young men. I couldn't answer the requirements of one of them. Again and again the question was forced in upon me—what the devil was I?

I didn't know which way to turn. I had no relatives to help me—from the days of my great-grandfather no Carleton had ever quit the game more than even. My business associates were as badly off as I was and so were my neighbors.

My relations with the latter were peculiar, now that I came to think of it. In these last dozen years I had come to know the details of their lives as intimately as my own. In a way we had been like one big family. We knew each other as Frank, and Joe, and Bill and Josh, and were familiar with one another's physical ailments when any of us had any. If any of the children had whooping cough or the measles every man and woman in the neighborhood watched at the bedside, in a sense, until the youngster was well again. We knew to a dollar what each man was earning and what each was spending. We borrowed one another's garden tools and the women borrowed from each other's kitchens. On the surface we were just about as intimate as it's possible for a community to be. And yet what did it amount to?

There wasn't a man-son of them to whom I would have dared go and confess the fact that I'd lost my job. They'd know it soon enough, be sure of that; but it mustn't come from me. There wasn't one of them to whom I felt free to go and ask their help to interest their own firms to secure another position for me. Their respect for me depended upon my ability to maintain my social position. They were like steamer friends. On the voyage they clung to one another closer than bark to a tree, but once the gang plank was lowered the intimacy vanished. If I wished to keep them as friends I must stick to the boat.

I knew they couldn't do anything if they had wanted to, but at the same time I felt there was something wrong in a situation that would not allow me to ask even for a letter of introduction without feeling like a beggar. I felt there was something wrong when they made me feel not like a brother in hard luck but like a criminal. I began to wonder what of sterling worth I had got out of this life during the past decade.

However that was an incidental matter. The only time I did such thinking as this was towards the early morning after I had lain awake all night and exhausted all other resources. I tackled the problem in the only way I could think of and that was to visit the houses with whom I had learned the United Woollen did business. I remembered the names of about a dozen of them and made the rounds of these for a starter. It seemed like a poor chance and I myself did not know exactly what they could do with me but it would keep me busy for a while.

With waits and delays this took me two weeks. Without letters it was almost impossible to reach the managers but I hung on in every case until I succeeded. Here again I didn't feel like an honest man offering to do a fair return of work for pay, so much as I did a beggar. This may have been my fault; but after you've sat around in offices and corridors and been scowled at as an intruder for three or four hours and then been greeted with a surly "What do you want?" you can's help having a grouch. There wasn't a man who treated my offer as a business proposition.

At the end of that time two questions were burned into my brain: "What can you do?" and "How old are you?" The latter question came as a revelation. It seems that from a business point of view I was considered an old man. My good strong body counted for nothing; my willingness to undertake any task counted for nothing. I was too old. No one wanted to bother with a beginner over eighteen or twenty. The market demanded youth—youth with the years ahead that I had already sold. Wherever I stumbled by chance upon a vacant position I found waiting there half a dozen stalwart youngsters. They looked as I had looked when I joined the United Woollen Company. I offered to do the same work at the same wages as the youngsters, but the managers didn't want me. They didn't want a man around with wrinkles in his face. Moreover, they were looking to the future. They didn't intend to adjust a man into their machinery only to have him die in a dozen years. I wasn't a good risk. Moreover, I wouldn't be so easily trained, and with a wider experience might prove more bothersome. At thirty-eight I was too old to make a beginning. The verdict was unanimous. And yet I had a physique like an ox and there wasn't a gray hair in my head I came out of the last of those offices with my fists clenched.

In the meanwhile I had used up my advance salary and was, for the first time in my life, running into debt. Having always paid my bills weekly I had no credit whatever. Even at the end of the third week I knew that the grocery man and butcher were beginning to fidget. The neighbors had by his time learned of my plight and were gossiping. And yet in the midst of all this I had some of the finest hours with my wife I had ever known.

(To be continued)

PERTINENT TO PERSIA

Persia is a Mahometan country, with an area of 628,000 square miles and a population estimated at about 9,500,000. So much of Persia is absolute desert that the population averages only about fifteen to the square mile. There are only about six miles of railroad in Persia. The highways, save those built by the Russians (expense charged to Persia), are of the most primitive character. In large areas there are no roads whatever, only trails. The public debt, which is a tremendous burden to the country, is only $27,000,000 in our money. Persia's principal creditors are Russia and Great Britain.

Such in brief is the condition of Persia, financial and commercial. Brief as the statement is, it is luminous of the troubles in which Persia is plunged today. If Persia were not poor, sparsely populated, backward in all its industries, it would not have got itself into the hands of its creditors in a snap mortgage, for the sum of $27,000,000 which many a minor European country would consider a bagatelle to be easily taken care of in the routine of its finances. The trouble with Persia is that it is one of the "has beens" among the nations. It is more correct to say "Persia was" than "Persia is," for the once great Empire of the Shahs has fallen so low that it exists only in formality. Become merely a "geographical expression," it survives only because Russia and Great Britain cannot agree to pick the pear now. Russia has got the more space within the radius of the pear tree's branches, and it has been intelligently selected with reference to the fruit. Great Britain is rather poorly placed, for while the pear might be deflected in its fall by judicious shaking of the tree, Russia is alert against any such contingency. To leave metaphor for plain facts, the Russian sphere of influence takes in the greater part of northern Persia from the Caspian downward, and has nearly 7,000,000 inhabitants, while that of Great Britain is in the extreme south, and has only 690,000 population. The neutral sphere, kindly left to Persia, contains about one-fifth of the population nominally subject to the Shah, and has about three-tenths of the area of geographical Persia.

That Persia has sadly fallen from its high estate everybody must realize who recalls his schoolboy days when he was compelled to memorize the achievements and fates of Xerxes, Cyrus and Darius. But probably few persons appreciate the rapidity of the descent of Persia to its present pitiable plight. The world-shaking monarchs of Persia are in the dim, misty past. Only the historian sees them clearly; but there have been Persian rulers and statesmen within two hundred years who made their Asiatic contemporaries uneasy, and even fixed the attention of Europe for a time. A hundred years to a Western nation is a very long period; to an Oriental nation it is but a watch in the night. A century ago Persia was not to be ignored by European statesmen working out schemes of colonial expansion or playing for influence in Asia. Persia had, it is true, begun to decline then, but Powers with "interests" in the East had not altogether forgotten that Nadir Shah had conquered India, and feared that again a sudden revival of the old national spirit might bring about a quick, if only temporary, change on the map. The dream of a Persian army marching into India today never enters upon the slumbers of the timidest Hindu, but a Persian host put a mark upon Delhi in the eighteenth century which all its subsequent progress has not erased. King George is the sovereign of one of the Powers now practically partitioning Persia. When he stood before his Indian lieges, in all the glory of the Delhi durbar, did he reflect that only a little more than 170 years before a Persian monarch on the same spot, at the head of a great and victorious army, laid down the law to trembling India? That is what Nadir Shah, whom historians now call "the Napoleon of the East," did in Delhi in 1739, and he did more. He caused the streets of Delhi to run with blood, he robbed the capital of the Moguls of its choicest treasures, and he marched back to Persia with a loot his contemporaries thought worth $625,000,000 to enrich his subjects, whose descendants to this day call him "the great Shah." That was the apex of modern Persia's glory, but when the nineteenth century was young Persia had still vigor enough left to be courted by European monarchs. Georgia had gone to Russia, which from the days of Peter the Great had marked Persia for its quarry, but Persia could still be a valuable ally. Great Britain, France and Russia all schemed to control Persia's resources; Napoleon, always dreaming of a march on India, sent General Gardane and a staff of officers to reorganize the Persian army and give effectiveness to its masses. Unfortunately for Persia, it was in virtual alliance with France when the catastrophe of 1812 came. Russia, freed from the mighty antagonism of Napoleon, turned all its wrath and all its force upon Persia. From that period the descent of Persia towards the abyss has been rapid, and it has been accelerated by Persian mistakes. Persia has fought the British, the Russians and the Afghans, always to be worsted, until to-day a brigade of the czar's troops is force enough to compel it to yield even the right to make its own selection of an agent to manage its own finances.

The student of morbid political psychology will find Persia interesting ground. He will not be long at work before he will see that Persia's misfortunes are due to the maintenance of a militarism become degenerate. Leaders like Nadir Shah, who was an Oriental despot, but a soldier and statesman, have been succeeded by men who were Oriental despots who were useless on the battlefield and in the council. The shahs of Persia have been clad in gorgeous uniforms, and have carried sabres they were afraid to draw against any but their slaves. They have been indolent, savage and sensual at the same time. They have drained both the vintage and the treasury. Some of them, like the late Nasr-ed-din, got a glimmering notion that Persia needed to be put in touch with the contemporary world. Nasr-ed-din thrice visited Europe and thrice came back after negotiating loans and granting concessions that were the earlier seeds of Persia's present difficulties. Five years ago the more intelligent of the Persian classes and the most wretched of the Persian masses combined to overthrow the despotism of the shahs and introduce a constitutional regime. Ever since there has been fighting within and fear without. The Persian Liberals retained the monarchy. There is a shah on the throne, and a deposed shah who wants to get back and who is never far from the Russian outposts. The official end of Persia has not come, but it is to be feared that it is not far distant.

GUNPLAY IN WASHINGTON

Five out of the nine well groomed and gentlemanly private secretaries of members of President Taft's cabinet keep loaded revolvers handy in their desks every day of the year. They do not often use them, but there are just enough cranks around Washington and its departments to make a revolver feel good to the touch occasionally.

Mr. Robert O. Bailey, private secretary to Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury, keeps his even handier than a desk-drawer. If you were to step back of the big mahogany desk at which Mr. Bailey works you would find a small shelf to the right beside his knee. Upon it there is a business-like looking .38 calibre revolver. It has been there ever since Mr. Bailey was visited last summer by a man who demanded to see Secretary MacVeagh that he might get "a license for free speech."

Mr. Bailey was alone in the office on a midsummer day. Into it dashed a dishevelled individual who had long neglected the art of the safety razor and who was plainly looking for trouble. He rushed up to the desk and, crowding close to Mr. Bailey, brought his fist violently down upon the blotter and shouted:

"I demand a permit for free speech."

"All right," said Mr. Bailey; "go ahead."

This seemed to be a surprise to the man, who showed a desire to shoot up the place. He recovered himself and stepped back a few paces. Then he began an oration. It lasted ten minutes. At a halt Mr. Bailey put in: "Fine; that's the way. You are all right."

The crank accepted the verdict, made a deep bow and walked out of the room.

DUEL OF BLANKETS

The Indians of Southeastern Alaska have a curious custom in their "duel of blankets."

When a friendly difference between two of them arises and a friendly settlement seems impossible, one of them threatens the other with dishonor. He will cover the face of his foe with shame. He executes his threat by tearing up a certain number of his own blankets. The only way whereby his antagonist may "get even" with him is by tearing up a greater number of his own.

If the contest be prolonged it results in the destruction of all the blankets they have, each Indian destroying his own. The one who destroys the greater number is regarded as having won the fight.

ABE MARTIN'S VIEWS ON WIVES O' GREAT MEN

It seems that th' greater a feller is th' harder it is for his wife t' live with him. Look at Art Smiley. He's a great business man an' owns a big tile mill an' is a director of a bank an' th' auditor o' his county. Now his poor little thin wife comes along an' gits a divorce, th' custody o' th' children, th' old home place an' fifty dollars a week alimony. Art is a great success at ever'thing but bein' a husband. If he had used th' same tactics at home that he used while campaignin' fer auditor he'd be there this minute settin' by his grate covered with children an' tryin' t' smoke an' listen t' his wife read th' society page out loud. But he used his tile mill system.

Most any kind o' a feller kin git along with a wife if he half way tries. Jist look at a dressmaker's husband. Ther haint nothin' in th' world as triflin' an' lazy as a dress-maker's husband, an' yet he kin give most any man cards an' spades when it comes t' bein' pop'lar around home.

Have you ever noticed how a intellectual giant's wife sticks around th' background? Her husband found it very easy t' act like a human bein' while he wuz sparkin' her an' burnin' her father's coal in th' dimly lighted parlor. She never knew what a really great man he wuz until she married him, an' now she feels like a odd cuff button.

A great feller never gits it rubbed off fer even one evenin'. He never looks right in a theater er laughs when other folks do. He thinks he's pop'lar when folks er only afraid o' him. You kin tell by th' way a great feller pays his car fare er buys a newspaper that whoever married him is tremblin' an' wonderin' what he's goin' t' hop her about when he gits home. Th' only time most great men ever refer t' their wives is when they tell how they cook somethin', an' th' only time ther ever seen with 'em is when they bring 'em down town t' sign some property away er appear with 'em at some high brow function where it's necessary fer th' looks o' things. Then all th' women'll say, "What on earth do you suppose he ever seen in that little dried up thing?" er, "I wonder how her father made his money?" A great feller's wife never gits any credit. Occasionally her name gits in th' paper in connection with some charitable affair, but that's only t' boost her husband.

Some new phase o' a woman's character pops out ever' day an' I don't care how great her husband thinks he is he ought t' remember that it'll soon be to-morrow an' he kin go down town agin.

A few little kind words mean a whole lot more to th' average woman than any great problem er business deal her husband may be absorbed in while he ought t' be entertainin' her. But he never finds it out till she's packed up an' gone back t' her folks an' th' newspapers print her side first. Ther's lots o' difference between a good husband an' a good provider.

If your wife is fond o' musical treats an' settlement work you ought t' be willin' t' make a few concessions. If she objects t' gittin' breakfast 'cause she looks so ugly in th' mornin' you should be able t' see where she's right.

O' course ther's some women that even a dressmaker's husband couldn't please, but how very easy it is t' git a travelin' position. Most any woman'll be kind t' you occasionally. Nobuddy ever ought t' git too great t' be gentle around home. Men kin even git along happily with trained seals by handin' em' a fish ever' time they balance a torch on ther nose.

A great man really ought t' be tickled t' death t' git out o' th' limelight an' away from th' friends that er usin' him, an' spend a few hours with th' girl that really knows him an' remembers when he turned his cuffs, used perfume an' depended on his father fer a shave.

Very few great men would know ther wives if they seen 'em in congenial society.

A TAOIST TEMPLE

The temple grounds cover an area of about six or seven acres, and are surrounded by a wall fourteen feet high. They are subdivided into three enclosures, in the principal of which stands the main temple, surrounded by avenues of trees and a granite pavement, on either side of which, instead of a grass sward, the space is given over to half-bricks, ash-heaps, potsherds, broken glass, and other indications of untidiness and neglect. Sundry pigs, dogs, and fowls roamed at will.

Round the temple enclosure were pillared cloisters in a similar state of dirt and disorder, even to the ashes and bits of charred sticks remaining from the fires made against the cloister wall by the pilgrims of the past season. The temple itself stands upon a raised foundation, and is surrounded by a colonnade. On the face of the raised foundation and on the walls of the temple are carvings of white marble in relief. Access to the temple is obtained by a double flight of granite steps, and crossing the colonnade, we enter through a small door. The interior is gloomy and cavern-like, and until the eye gets accustomed to the darkness little is seen. Opposite the main entrance is the shrine, in which is seated a massive gilded figure supported on either side by others standing. In front of the shrine is the altar, upon which is a bowl of burning incense and a lighted lamp of antique make. In front of the altar is a table upon which are carved bamboo vases and curiously carved staves, part of the stock-in-trade of the priest-soothsayers. Ranged round the walls at varying distances are other gilded figures, some gigantic and of ferocious appearance. Of the other three temples we visited but one, that containing an ancient monument. This was a representation in stone of a gigantic tortoise. On its back stood a stone pillar tapering a little towards the top.

OUR SHRINKING EARTH

During untold ages the earth has been slowly contracting, is still slowly contracting, round its central, ever-hardening core. True, its density is four fifths that of hammered steel; but what steel could stand the contracting force—or, in other words, the weight—of all that goes to form our globe? Now as the earth contracted mountain masses were thrown up in ridges, and long sinuous valleys dipped in folds. To-day the same process is still going on. Slowly certain shores are rising out of the deep, and thus towns that two thousand years ago stood by the seashore are now inland villages; slowly, but certainly—for no buttress can stay the coming calamity—other shores are disappearing beneath the waves, and thus over what was once populous land the sea rolls. There is no quarter of the world where this secular movement, this slow unrest, due to a contracting earth, is not manifest. We do not speak of those creases on the earth's surface which we call the Andes, the Himalayas, the Alps, wrinkles on the face of our good green earth, telling that it is no longer young—slowly these were thrust up in a far-past age as the crust drew together; but we do insist that in the present day in England and in Scotland, in Norway and in Holland, in Australia and in New Zealand, by inland seas and by wide-stretching oceans, some lands are slowly upheaved one foot a century, while other lands, again, are subsiding imperceptibly but surely.

While no instruments, however sensitive, could respond to this slow folding, producing mountains, or to this age-long swinging, producing ocean and continents, of their existence we have abundant evidence. Why, much of the story of geology is a tale of vast earth movements! Now and again the enormous pressure of a cooling and contracting globe gets too great for even the solid rocks to bear the stress and the strain of it, and snap goes a rocky stratum. Then over the wide earth the jar is felt, in every observatory the delicately poised needles vibrate to the seismic waves that radiate from the centre of disturbance; while over the spot where the earth's crust has given way—perhaps only a few inches—devastation and death, such as we witnessed recently at Messina, mark one of nature's most awesome phenomena.

NEW USE FOR NETTLES

The search for a cotton substitute has been going on in Europe for a long time, and many experiments have been made with the common nettle which has been a promising plant on account of the strength of its fibre and its ready growth while under the most discouraging conditions, with a large yield per acre. The great difficulty has been in separating the fibre from the woody stem. In a method of treatment that has been worked out in the last two or three years, the dried nettle stems are boiled about half an hour in dilute soda lye, and loosened fibres are then separated in a machine with revolving brushes. The material is then subjected to a number of alternate boilings in dilute lye and thorough washings, both under high pressure. The product is a mass of yellowish fibres, free from gum, that can be bleached, combed and spun into lustrous white yarn. This is claimed to have the smoothness and softness of flax, with the strength even greater than that of hemp. The yarn has been made into brilliant damask, and can be used—alone or with other threads—for upholsteries, ribbons, and a variety of fabrics.

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Health for Every Woman No More Headaches

From Weakness and Despair Thousands Have Been Restored to Robust Good Health by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

That sick women are made well by Dr. Hamilton's Pills is proved in the following letter:

"For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them, and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once griped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew—my blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared, and to-day my skin is as clear and unwrinkled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all.

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known citizen in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's, 25c. per box. All dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

STIMULANTS SOMETIMES GOOD

Alcohol is consumed as a table beverage chiefly in the form of light wines and malt liquors such as beer, ale, and stout, and the common alkaloids are the caffein of coffee and tea and the theobromin of chocolate, if we exclude nicotine from consideration.

The comparatively modern science of physiological chemistry has devoted much attention to these substances in the effort to determine their precise effect on bodily functions and their potential value or harmfulness. Are they mere extravagrant luxuries, not only useless but actually injurious to the human organism? Or do they have under proper circumstances a definitely beneficial effect?

Modern physiologists very generally declare in favor of the latter view, subject to certain restrictions. The eminent authority Pettenkofer sums the matter up very neatly by saying such things are "like the oil to a machine—they can't take the place of the steam that drives it, but they can make the action smoother and the running better. Only the oil must not corrode the machine!"

Here we have the crux of the matter. The healthy body may be able to make use of minute quantities of stimulants at moderate intervals without harm and even with benefit. But if the doses be too large or too frequent, a toxic quality manifests itself, or if the machine be already injured or weakened—i.e., if organic trouble exists—an extra strain is put on deteriorated tissues which they are unable to support. Hence the doctor's commands to give up coffee, wine, tea, or tobacco.

CORNSTALK PAPER

Experts have demonstrated that a very fair quality of paper can be manufactured from the common cornstalk.

Paper suitable for books, magazines, and for a very fair quality of writing paper has been made, and the experts declare it would be possible in any corn-growing community for a paper mill to secure sufficient material of this character to keep the mill busy throughout the entire year.

Corn fodder can be grown purposely for paper pulp. It should be planted thickly and cut before it is old enough to bear grain.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c.

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Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Antiquity of Inventions and Stories

(By Wendall Phillips)

I have been somewhat criticised, year after year, for this endeavor to open up the claims of old times. I have been charged with repeating useless fables with no foundation. To-day I take the mere subject of glass. This material, Pliny says, was discovered by accident. Some sailors, landing on the eastern coast of Spain, took their utensils and supported them on the sand by the stones that they found in the neighborhood; they kindled their fire, cooked the fish, finished the meal, and removed the apparatus; and glass was found to have resulted from the nitre and sea-sand, vitrified by the heat. Well, I have been a dozen times criticised by a number of wise men, in newspapers, who have said that this was a very idle tale; that there never was sufficient heat in a few bundles of sticks to produce vitrification—glass-making. I happened, two years ago, to meet on the prairies of Missouri, Professor Shepherd. I happened to mention this criticism to him. "Well," says he, "a little practical life would have freed men from that doubt." Said he, "We stopped last year in Mexico to cook some venison. We got down from our saddles, and put the cooking apparatus on stones we found there; made our fire with the wood we got there, resembling ebony, and when we removed the apparatus there was pure silver gotten out of the embers by the intense heat of that almost iron wood. "Now," said he, "that heat was greater than any necessary to vitrify the materials of glass."

Take the whole range of imaginative literature, and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention, to use, or beauty, or form, we are borrowers.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and when you have fixed the shape and form in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which gathers all the remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique.

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came somewhere from the banks of the Ganges, or the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before. Indeed, Dunlap, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the nations of modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. If this were my topic, which it is not, I might tell you that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a very respectable old age. Take Maria Edgeworth's essay on Irish bulls and the laughable mistakes of the Irish. Even the tale which either Maria Edgeworth or her father thought the best is that famous story of a man writing a letter as follows: "My dear friend, I would write you in detail more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder, reading every word." "No, you lie; I've not read a word you have written!" This is an Irish bull, still it is a very old one. It is only two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. Horace Walpole dissented from Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and thought the other Irish bull was the best—of the man who said, "I would have been a very handsome man, but they changed me in the cradle." That comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish; but Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greeks stole it from the Egyptians hundreds of years back.

There is one story which it is said Washington has related, of a man who went into an inn and asked for a glass of drink from the landlord, who pushed forward a wine glass about half the usual size. The tea-cups also in that day were not more than half the present size. The landlord said, "That glass out of which you are drinking is forty years old." "Well," said the thirsty traveler, contemplating its diminutive proportions, "I think it is the smallest thing of its age I ever saw." That story as told is given as a story of Athens three hundred and seventy-five years before Christ was born. Why, all these Irish bulls are Greek—every one of them! Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who bought a crow, alleging that crows reported to live two hundred years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend who said to him, "Why, sir, I thought you were dead." "Well," says the man, "I suppose you see I'm not." "Oh, no," says he, "I would believe the man who told me a good deal quicker than I would you." Well, these are all Greek. A score or more of them, of a parallel character, come from Athens.

Cicero said that he had seen the entire Iliad, which is a poem as large as the New Testament, written on a skin so that it could be rolled up in the compass of a nutshell. Now, this is imperceptible to the ordinary eye. You have seen the Declaration of Independence in the compass of a quarter of a dollar, written with glasses. I have to-day a paper at home as long as half my hand, on which was photographed the whole contents of a London newspaper. It was put under a dove's wing and sent into Paris, where they enlarged it and read the news. This copy of the Iliad must have been made by some such process.

In the Roman theatre—the Coliseum—which could seat a hundred thousand people, the emperor's box, raised to the highest tier, bore about the same proportion to the space as this stand does to this hall; and look down to the centre of a six-acre lot was to look a considerable distance. ("Considerable," by the way, is not a Yankee word. Lord Chesterfield uses it in his letters to his son, so it has a good English origin.) Pliny says that Nero the tyrant had a ring with a gem in it which he looked through and watched the sword-play of the gladiators—men who killed each other to amuse the people—more clearly than with the naked eye. So Nero had an opera glass.

So Mauritius the Sicilian stood on the promontory of his island, and could sweep over the entire sea to the coast of Africa with his nauscopite, which is a word derived from two Greek words, meaning "to see a ship." Evidently Mauritius, who was a pirate, had a marine telescope.

You may visit Dr. Abbot's museum, where you will see the ring of Cheops. Bunsen put him five hundred years before Christ. The signet of the ring is about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and the engraving is invisible without the aid of glasses. No man was ever shown into the cabinets of gems in Italy without being furnished with a microscope to look at them. It would be idle for him to look at the mwithout one. He couldn't appreciate the delicate lines and expression of the faces. If you go to Parma, they will show you a gem once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, of which the engraving is two thousand years old, on which there are the figures of seven women. You must have the aid of a glass in order to distinguish the interlacing muscles and count every separate hair on the eyebrows. Layard says he would be unable to read the engravings on Minervah without strong spectacles, they are so extremely small. Rawlinson brought home a stone about twenty inches long and ten wide, containing an entire treatise on mathematics. It would be perfectly illegible without glasses. Now, if we are unable to read it without the aid of glasses, you may suppose the man who engraved it had pretty strong spectacles. So the microscope, instead of dating from our time, finds its brothers in the books of Moses—and these are infant brothers.

Costiveness and Its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.

THE UNION BANK A RECORD YEAR

Head Office to be Moved to Winnipeg

The Union Bank of Canada held its 47th annual meeting at the head office in Quebec on Monday, December the 18th, 1911. The meeting was a memorable one for several reasons. In the first place, the reports presented by the President and General Manager were the best in the bank's history, and revealed the fact that several progressive steps had been taken during the year. At the meeting it was also decided to remove the head office from Quebec to Winnipeg. This was deemed a wise move owing to the fact that out of its total of 242 branches the bank has 156 west of Lake Superior and 76 in Ontario, leaving only a comparatively few in the Province of Quebec and the Eastern Provinces. This decision on the part of the directors and shareholders to move the head office to Winnipeg is a recognition of the growing importance of the West.

The net profits for the year, after deducting expenses of management and making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to $662,437 as compared with $451,620 for the previous year. The earnings for 1911 were at the rate of 14 per cent. on the bank's average paid-up capital for the year. The premium on new stock issued amounted to $457,000, while the balance at credit of account on November 30th amounted to $80,000. These sums, with the net earnings for the year, made a total of $1,199,000 available for distribution. Of this large sum dividends absorbed $361,000, the sum of $200,000 was transferred to the rest account, as well as $475,000 transferred to the same account from premium on new stock, making a total transferred to the rest account of $657,000. The sum of $100,000 was written off bank premises account, and the officers' pension fund received $10,000, leaving a balance carried forward of $71,975.

A further examination of the report shows that the bank is making rapid progress in every department. The amount of notes in circulation increased during the year by $1,300,000, the total deposits by over $7,800,000, which now stands at $45,232,000. The paid-up capital increased by $914,000, and the rest account by nearly $600,000. The total assets of the bank now stand at $58,434,000, as compared with $46,555,000 for the previous year. The increase in the bank's capital, deposits and assets puts it in a position to do a larger business during the coming year. These increases also show a gain in the confidence of the public.

During the year the Union Bank absorbed the United Empire Bank of Toronto, which had twelve branches in Ontario and a paid-up capital of $559,000. Later in the year it established a branch in London, England, being one of the four Canadian banks having branches in Great Britain.

Altogether the bank has been showing marked progress and enters upon the new year equipped to do even better work.

THE KING OF CORN REMOVERS

Is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Forty years' success in many lands proves the superiority of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor over every other remedy. Safe, painless, prompt. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor absolutely certain to remove corns. Sold by druggists, price 25 cents.

PLANTATION SONGS

A partiality for music has always been a characteristic of the negro race. In their native Africa the instruments used are of the most primitive kind, the drum generally playing a prominent part. To the untutored European such music seems more remarkable for noise than melody, though under the influence of 'tom-tom' performances the negroes in the West Indies and elsewhere have been known to work themselves up to a pitch of regular frenzy.

Negro songs have always been popular among us, and deservedly so. On what does their attraction depend? As poetical products they are generally seriously defective. The negro has been aptly described as a person with the intellect of a child and the strength and passions of a full-grown man, and these characteristics are borne out by his poetry. The language of the plantation-song is often a disjointed jumble, scarcely superior to a nursery rhyme, yet it contains a pathos which strikes the deepest chords of the human heart. This is their great merit, and it is more than sufficient to counterbalance deficiencies of rhyme, metre, grammar, and composition, and to endear them not only to the colored race but to English-speakers of all races all the world over. The phenomenally long runs made by Christy Minstrel performances in London and elsewhere bear witness to this fact.

Plantation songs have been the delight of high and low, educated and uneducated, of all ages and of both sexes. It is doubtful if there is any kind of theatrical performance that is more universally popular; nor can it be denied that, whether they strike the sentimental chord or the lighter vein of humor, they are innocent in their nature and elevating in their tendency. Would that the same could be said of all music-hall songs! Eminent statesmen, like the late W. E. Gladstone, have been listening with rapt attention to these old-fashioned ballads; while the novelist Thackeray records his impressions as follows: "I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel who performed a negro ballad that, I confess, moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner. I have gazed at thousands of tragedy-queens dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them; they have looked up, be it said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed; and, behold! a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, and strikes a wild note which sets the heart thrilling with happy pity."

Mention has been made of the fondness of the negroes for music; in some cases the natural intuition or instinct is very remarkable. No better instance of this fact could be cited than the case of Black Tom, the musical prodigy. This boy, born about 1850, as a slave, in the Southern States, developed a most remarkable talent for music, although he was both blind and half-witted. Late one night, after Tom's master had retired, he heard the sound of music proceeding from the drawing-room. Some one was playing the piano with delicate touch and no ordinary skill. Dressing himself hastily, he stole downstairs, and opening the door of the drawing-room, peeped in. The sight which met his eyes almost took his breath away. The talented musician proved to be the blind black boy Tom. He played not only some of the simple songs he had already heard performed on the piano, but difficult exercises which he had heard the daughters of the house perform, exhibiting all the while an ecstasy of delight. The blind boy was playing the piano for the first time in his life! The fame of the new prodigy spread far and wide. From that time Tom was allowed free access to the piano, to his great delight, and was a source of wonder to the many visitors who flocked to hear him. Old airs which people had forgotten, and which Tom could not have heard more than once, were played with the greatest accuracy. His master was induced to make a public exhibition of the boy's talent. He performed in various cities of the Southern States (the slave-laws prevented him from touring in the North), and on the outbreak of the great Civil War he was taken to England, where he played to crowded audiences in St. James's Hall.

POOR, FOOLISH MIDAS

Why didn't King Midas, the gold lover, try to save 10 cents a week? He could have given the world a wonderful example of the value of the saving habit. Besides, he would have left money for the members of his family alive today. Midas was one of the kings of Phrygia. As the Phyrgian line was wiped out by the Cimmerians about 670 B.C., we may assume he lived about 800 B.C., or at least 2711 years ago.

If King Midas had started in saving 10 cents a week he would have saved a dime, therefore, on each of 140,870 weeks. This would make him the neat little sum of $14,097.20. Although not a fortune in these days, $14,097.20 is quite a fair sum to save by giving up one cigar a week. But there is more to follow.

In those days of political upheaval and commercial uncertainty, capital was entitled to a bigger return on its investment than it would be today. The risk was much greater. Though we have no actual records of Phrygian rates of usury, it is fair to assume that the Midas's account drew 10 per cent. interest compounded annually for at least the first 2,000 years, or until the commercial world had reached a comparatively recent stage of development.

Beginning, therefore, 800 years before Christ, Midas put into his savings 10 cents every week. At the end of the first 10 weeks he had a dollar. The interest on $1 for one year is not great, even at 10 per cent., but it adds another dime to the 10 already saved. At the end of the second year there is something more than two dimes to be added.

At the end of the first hundred years the accumulations on the first dollar, at 10 per cent. compounded, would be $13,780.66. Thus, Midas, in the year 700 B.C. would have had $13,780.66, resulting from his first 10 weeks' savings. The compounding goes on through the next century so that at the end of 200 years or in the year 600 B.C., Midas would have had $189,906,590.04 from his first dollar.

At the end of the next hundred years, or in 500 B.C., the results from those first 10 dimes put away would be $2,619,028,149,100.63. Continuing this compounding through the following 2,411 years it is not a complicated mathematical problem to arrive at the sum Midas would have today from his first $1 saved.

Remember, moreover, this sum, which would be up among the uncountable trillions of dollars, would represent the increment of only $1 put away by Midas. Midas himself, busily saving dimes, would have started a new series of dollar pyramids every 10 weeks. At the end of the first year's saving he would have started five and a half of these stupendous fortunes. To compare any one of these with the $14,097.20 he would have saved if he had received no interest, certainly presents the interest habit in a favorable light.

King Midas will be remembered as the man who loved gold so much that he asked Dionysius to turn everything he touched into gold. Dionysius did so, but at the end of the second day Midas came back and said: "Dionysius, everything I touch turns to gold, but I'm starving to death. Every time I grab a sandwich it turns 22 carat. I say, wish this gold habit off me before I starve." Dionysius therefore had Midas bathe in the river Pactolus and Midas's gold sank into the river sands and became a placer mine.

HOW HOTELS ARE HOODWINKED

The hotels of the larger cities are continually being victimized by forgers. One of these gentry, clothed and mannered as a man of affairs, will provide himself in some underhand way—perhaps by bribing an office boy, or even by having the printing done himself—with letterheads, envelopes, and blank checks bearing the name of a responsible firm of merchants or manufacturers doing business in some other town. He will then write letters addressed to a member of the firm, or a supposed confidential employee, at from two to half a dozen hotels in the city where a forged check signed, like the letter, he intends to make his coup, enclosing with the firm's name.

The forger arrives at the scene of operations on the same day as his written matter. At each of the hotels he engages more or less expensive rooms under the name of the man to whom he has addressed a letter, and asks for his mail. After running up small bills in all these hostelries, he will announce his departure. To each cashier he will offer, in payment of his account, the check he has made payable to the man whose name he has assumed, identifying himself by the letter he has addressed to himself under the same name.

These checks are seldom made out for more than a hundred dollars; and as to refuse a check from a responsible person is a serious affront, no matter how regretfully it may be done, the cashier will more often than not "take the chance" when the guest measures up to a certain standard of outward respectability. He therefore deducts the amount of the bill from the proffered check, and hands the guest the difference in cash. When he learns that the document is a forgery, he pockets the loss gracefully or otherwise, according to his temperament.

There is little risk involved, since, in the event of a hotel refusing a check, or asking too many questions about it, the guest need only assume a haughty expression, pay his bill in cash, and depart, assuring the cashier that he will thereafter take pains to recommend the house to his enemies.

It is the gangs in the big cities who flood the banks with forgeries for comparatively small amounts that make the greatest inroads upon these institutions. While many forged checks that are paid are exceedingly clumsy pieces of work, there are scores of professional penmen whose work cannot be detected by comparison with the standard signature kept in the bank. Hence the most difficult work of the gangs is to secure valid checks as models, since it is essential to have a "live" one in order to get the serial numbers and copy the style of perforation, as well as for the signature.

Jones: "I say, I heard an awfully funny thing the other day." (Proceeds to recite mild and mildewed chestnut at great length.)

Jim: "Ah! that reminds me of a man I once met in Nyassaland."

Jones (without interest): "What about him?"

Jim: "Oh, nothing; only he'd never heard that story of yours before."

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely recognized remedy, which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

"ALWAYS SAFE AND SURE"

Icelandic River, Man., Sept. 26th 1910

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs—Will you please mail to my address a copy of your "Treatise on the Horse"? I have been using Kendall's Spavin Cure and always found it safe and sure. Marino Briem.

That tells the whole story, and it is the experience that hundreds of thousands have had in the past 40 years, and it's the experience you will have—"It is the only sure remedy"—

For Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Swelling and All Lameness

Sold by Druggists—$1.00 a Bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00. Keep it on hand always. Be ready for the emergency. Kendall's stops the pain, starts the circulation, penetrates and removes the cause of the disorders. Ask for a free copy of "A Treatise on the Horse." If not at dealers, write to— 62

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

DON'T CUT OUT A VARICOSE VEIN

USE ABSORBINE, JR., LINIMENT FOR IT

A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for the said similar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins; they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Tumor, Swellings, Wens, Cysts, Callouses, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Price $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 5 G free. Write for it.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 210 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Also Distributed by HARTIS BOLE & WEBBS CO., Winnipeg; THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Winnipeg, Sask.; and HENDERSON BROS. CO., Ltd., Vancouver.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

The Rayo Lamp

The Lamp That Saves The Eyes

Children naturally never think of possible strain on their eyesight when poring over a fascinating book.

It is up to you to see they do not ruin their young eyes these long evenings by reading under a poor light.

The Rayo Lamp is an insurance against eye troubles, alike for young and old.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp, but it is constructed on the soundest scientific principles, and there is not a better lamp made at any price.

It is easy on the eye because its light is so soft and white and widely diffused. And a Rayo Lamp never flickers.

Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick. Solid brass throughout, with handsome nickel finish; also in many other styles and finishes.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

WALL PLASTER

Plaster Board takes the place of Lath, and is fireproof.

The "Empire" brands of Woodfiber and Hardwall Plaster for good construction.

SHALL WE SEND YOU PLASTER LITERATURE?

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

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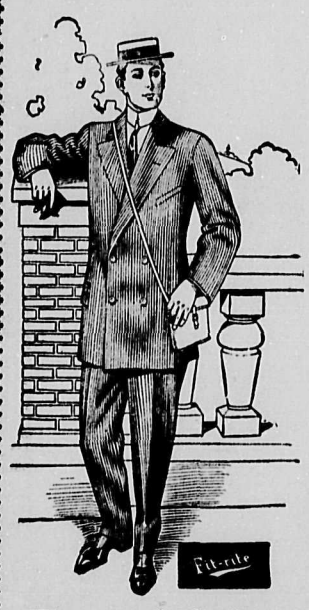
PARSONS

New Spring Goods

Spring Suits



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Furnishings, Boots & Shoes

All of the latest style and finish. Terms Cash. Cash discount on all amounts over one dollar.

HART BLOCK

DO YOU WANT A GOOD DOOR CHEAP?

We have in stock a number of standard doors, assorted sizes, which we purchased at a snap price. We bought these doors right and will sell them right.

The Prices Range From
$1.75 to $2.15

Compare these with regular prices and come and see the doors. Come early as they will not last long at these prices.

P. O. Box 243 **Phone L2442**

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A. G. Brown-Jamison Co. Ltd.

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Rock Crushers — Road Machinery — Contractors' Equipment
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1048 Main Street **Vancouver, B.C.**

CHILLIWACK FREE PRESS

Formerly (The New Era.)

Printed and published every Thursday from its office, Westminster Street, Chilliwack.

Subscription price $1.00 per year in advance to all points in British Empire: to United States $1.50.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertising rates made known on application to the publisher.

Classified advertisements, 1 cent per word each insertion, payable in advance.

Display advertisers will please remember that to insure a change, copy must be in not later than Wednesday morning.

C. A. BARBER, Publisher and Proprietor.

Local Items

L. F. Croft, at Mee Studio for photos

For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.

Coal and wood—City Transfer Co., phone 49.

Stock Foods—Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co.

All coal and wood orders receive prompt attention. Phone 49. City Transfer Co.

WANTED—Girl to do light housework. Apply Mrs. A. S. Watson, Gore avenue.

Born—In Chilliwack, on Friday Feb. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barrett, a son.

Light and heavy draying handled with care and promptness. City Transfer Co., phone 49.

D. E. Munn, manager for F. J. Hart & Co., city, is the possessor of a fine new touring car.

WANTED—A good driving horse quiet and thoroughly broken. Apply to John Orr, Yale road.

No reference whatever is made to separate schools in the bill extending the boundaries of Manitoba

The Delhi Durbar at the Lyric Theatre to-night and to-morrow afternoon and evening. Don't miss it.

A baseball meeting is announced to be held to-night at Gillanders' tobacco store for organization purposes.

Ladies and gentlemen's clothes cleaned and pressed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your Valet, opposite Opera House.

Be sure to see the first spring opening of millinery at Miss Hoyle's across from the post office, on Wednesday March 6.

Wanted—A good smart girl to assist in Johnson's confectionery and tea rooms. Apply at once to S. Johnson, Johnson's confectionery.

Dressmaking and Ladies Tailoring in all branches, by Miss Northcote Nowel st., or immediate attention given to all orders left at W. T. Rolfe's store.

WANTED—By sober hard working Frenchman, work at clearing or general farm work. Apply for references to E. W. Appleby care of Cawley & Carmichael.

DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDENS in Ceylon to their shelves is the way Ashwells are buying STERLING BRAND TEA. None better in Canada at 40 cents a pound.

Handsome Camera to sell with all appliance. Been used twice. Cost £10 in England but owner will take $35. To be seen at "Speranza," Princessavenue Chilliwack.

THERE IS A SEED SCARCITY; place your orders early with Ashwells Big Store. They are agents for Steele Briggs Seed Co., D. M. Ferry & Co., and Rennie & Co.; all at eastern prices.

Taking a tumble to or from the old post office (as you choose) seems to be a very popular diversion, though not a very graceful one in many cases. A number of rather bad falls have already resulted owing to the building being raised and an additional step placed at the entrance.

SPRING OPENING AT ASHWELLS in Dry Goods, Gents Furnishings, Shoes, Ladies Tailored Suits, and all at Departmental Store prices.

A new orchestra has been organized in the city, with Miss Hill as leader. Practices are being held three times a week and good progress is being made.

Before sending your money away to Eastern Catalogue houses get the prices and see the big display at Ashwells big store. You are boosting Chilliwack when you spend your money there.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Laughlin, Camp Slough, on Feb 29, a son. Baby Laughlin is entitled to a silver cup engraved, and given to all babies born on Feb. 29, by Saturday Sunset, of Vancouver.

On information laid by Deputy Game Warden A. P. Cummins, S. Motes appeared before Stipendiary Magistrate, J. Pelly, on Monday, charged with shooting ducks on the Horst Hop Co. preserve. Mr. Motes thought he was within the bounds of the law He was assessed the minimum penalty of $15 and costs.

Mr. Bower, who has been engaged in the jewelry business with Reg. E. Broadhead, on Young street, left this week for Lytton, B. C. where he expects to start in business for himself. Mr Broadhead has secured the services of L. R Stevens of Vancouver, who besides being a first class jeweler and watchmaker, is highly qualified as an optician.

Chilliwack is being favored with ideal weather. Cool nights and pleasant days of bright sunshine. Dust and automobiles are flying through the streets. Many properties are changing hands, work on the post office has started, the hospital is now open, ballasting on the C. N. R. is progressing, and everything generally betokens activity and development, to which will be added the excitement of an early provincial election.

E. W. Seabold, of this city, and James Seabold, his brother, of Vancouver, went up the Fraser valley for the week-end with the brothers George and Ed. Smith, and spent the day at George Smith's ranch, a few miles from Chilliwack. Mr. James Seabold is building a five storey block in Vancouver, on Hastings street east. This includes three stores and 108 rooms of the most modern type.—Westminster News.

The Badminton tournament held on Monday night reversed the successes of the first tournament. Miss Marsden and H. Cline succeeded in winning three sets at the first, Miss Coote and A. J. M. Round one and Miss S. Rutherford and R. S. Ross one set each for their club, while Miss Cawley and W. Frost won two sets, Miss Knight and K. Brock, Miss Brown and C. Hutcheson each won one set for their club, thus making the first players win by one set. These contests are always keenly contested and full of fun as well.

Cows For Sale

Two good cows for sale, one now milking, the other due to freshen about Mar. 15. These are extra good stock. For prices etc., apply to
24-tf J. R. Pointer, Young road.

Dog Lost

Lost—A black retriever dog, answers to the name of "Towser." The dog wears a narrow collar. The finder will be suitably rewarded by phoning S. A. Chadsey, F 64.

For Sale

For Sale cheap— A large team of horses, new harness and wagon for heavy work. Also pony, harness and buggy, stumping outfit, blocks and cables. Apply to
W. N. Stringer,
26-2 Sardis.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Established 1864

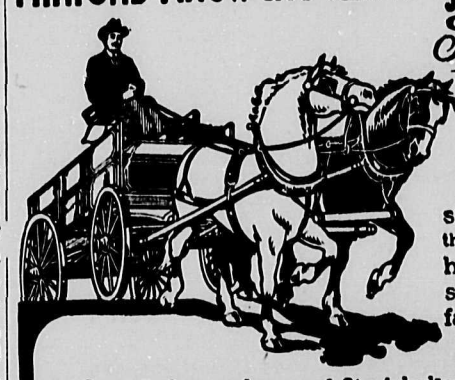
Capital paid up $6,000,000
Reserve Funds $5,458,878

Farmers Business

Money advanced to Farmers at reasonable rates. Sale notes handled on most favorable terms.

CHILLIWACK BRANCH **N. S. MACKENZIE, Manager**

Millions Know the Value of the Name Studebaker on a wagon



For the past sixty years the Studebaker has set the standard in farm wagons.

Confidence in Studebaker value and Studebaker service, has been handed down from father to son.

The best proof of how Studebaker service is appreciated is shown by the fact the Studebaker plant covers 101 acres of ground—the largest vehicle factories in the world.

If you want the wagon of finest appearance and longest life you'll choose a Studebaker and let us show you scores of points of superiority.

For Sale by The Chilliwack Implement and Produce Co.

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Successor to WM ARCHIBALD

HEATING AND SANITARY ENGINEER
STEAM AND HOT WATER FITTING

BATHROOM FIXTURES A SPECIALTY

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Electric Cooking Appliances

El Perco
For your morning cup of coffee.
Price $7 and $8

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The heating disc for general light cooking.
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Makes delicious toast on a moments notice. **Price $4**

Hotpoint Iron
Too well known to need special mention
Price $4.75

See these appliances at our Chilliwack Office.

All are Operated from an Ordinary Lighting Socket

B. C. Electric Railway Co., Limited
LIGHT AND POWER DEPT. CHILLIWACK

Central Property

Business site in centre of the City

PRICE $45 per front foot. TERMS

F. J. HART & CO., Ltd. **The Chilliwack Specialists**

MISS HILL
Teacher of Pianoforte, Member of M. L. of A., Graduate of Madam Johns' Private School, New York
Wishes pupils for Piano or Organ.
Apply Henderson block, over Maple Leaf Restraunt.

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CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
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We have a new and up-to-date plant with the latest methods for all kinds of Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing. Expert help for all branches. Special attention will be given to all Mail and Express orders from Chilliwack and the Valley. We solicit a trial.
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VANCOUVER
Teachers of Voice, Piano and Violin in Chilliwack weekly.
Apply by postal card to the Conservatory: 804 Broadway West, Vancouver and our teacher will call on you.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC
Westminster Trust Building
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ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS
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Rooms 10 & 11, Westminster Trust Block
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THE EMPRESS HOTEL
CHILLIWACK, B. C.
Opposite B. C. E. Station
Fitted with modern conveniences and comfortably furnished throughout.
SAMUEL SUTOR, Proprietor

APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER

Take notice that I, D. R. McLennan, of Chilliwack, B. C., hereby apply to the Board of License Commissioners for the City of Chilliwack at the meeting to be held on March 13th 1912, for leave to transfer the hotel license for the sale of liquor at the Empress hotel, Chilliwack, B. C. from myself to Samuel Sutor.

Dated this 8th day of February 1912.

D. R. McLENNAN.

For Sale or Exchange

Holstein Bull Calf, registered. Sire, Prince Randolph. Dam, Emily D, bred by Wm. Armstrong, Hillhurst, Ontario. Record of Dam, 10,000 pounds of milk in twelve months. For particulars and terms apply to

JAMES DUNCAN,
24 d Harrison Mills

NOTICE

Take notice that application will be made to the Board of License Commissioners sitting as a Licensing Court for the City of Chilliwack at its next sittings for a license to sell Wines, spirits, Beer, or other fermented or intoxicating Liquor by Retail in that certain building known as the Commercial Hotel situate on the northerly side of Westminster street on lot 5, and the westerly 1-2 of lot 6, Block XV now known as lot 5 and westerly 1-3 of lot 6 in block XVII, Division "E" of the City of Chilliwack the same containing not less than 30 rooms actually furnished and used for Hotel purposes.

The following is a copy of the said application:

"To the Board of License Commissioners for "the City of Chilliwack, B. C.

"I, John McDonald of the City of Chilliwack "in the province of British Columbia, Hotelkeeper, hereby apply for a license to sell Wines, "spirits, Beer, and other fermented or intoxicating liquor by retail in that certain building in "the City of Chilliwack known as the Commercial Hotel situate on the northerly side of "Westminster street on lot 5 and the Westerly "1-2 of lot 6, Block XV, now known as lot 5 and "Westerly 1-3 of lot 6, in Block XVII Division "E" of the City of Chilliwack, the same containing not less than 30 rooms actually furnished for Hotel purposes and of which the applicant is lessee."

"Dated this first day of February A.D. 1912.
"John McDonald."

Dated at Chilliwack B.C. this 1st day of February 1912.

John McDonald, Lessee,
Applicant.

British Columbia Electric Ry.

PASSENGER SERVICE

Westbound—

Train.	Leave Chwk.	Arrive Westmin.	Arrive Van.
3.....	8.30 a.m.	11.20	12.15
5.....	1.15 p.m.	3.45	4.30
7.....	6.00 p.m.	8.40	9.30

Train	Leave Hgdn.	Arrive Westmin.	Arrive Van.
1.....	6.30 a.m.	3.55	9.45

Eastbound—

Train	Leave Van.	Arrive Westmin.	Arrive Chwk
2.....	8.30 a.m.	9.30	12.15
4.....	12.15 noon	1.20	3.50
8.....	5.00 p.m.	6.10	9.10

Train	Leave Van.	Arrive Westmin.	Arrive Hgdn.
6.....	3.00 p.m.	4.05	6.30

FREIGHT SERVICE

Chilliwack 5.00 a.m. / Daily Except
Vancouver 7.00 " (Sunday

All passenger trains handle Express.

Theatre The Lyric

Swecial Attracfions for Two Nights Only

Friday and Saturday March 1st and 2nd

OVER 3000 FEET OF MOVING PICTURES OF

The Delhi Durbar

A trip to India to witness one of the most spectacular pageants of Modern History, on the occasion of the Official Coronation of King George and Queen Mary as Rulers of India.

Probably the most Spectacular Ceremonious display since the days of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Gold draped elephants with their Royal Passengers, Indian Princes in their Royal Robes, Barbaric Potentates in all their Oriental Splendor with a backgrounnd of a tremendous panorama of soldiers and a multitude of people conservatively estimated, 150,000.

FRIDAY 8 p.m. SATURDAY 8 & 9.15 p.m.
ADMISSION 25 Cents.
SATURDAY MATINEE 3 p. m.
ADMISSION 15 Cents.

WANTED

Reliable men with selling ability and some knowledge of the fruit business or Nursery Stock, to represent us in British Columbia as local and general agents.
Liberal inducements and permanent position for the right men.

STONE & WELLINGTON
The Fonthill Nurseries
(Established 1837)
TORONTO - ONT.

It Has Been Proved

That Machela, Nature's Scalp Tonic, has a record for growing hair—95 cases out of 100. It is the only remedy ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp. Removes dandruff. Prevents falling hair. Each package contains a packet of Machela Dry Shampoo Powder. Price for complete home treatment, $1.00. Sold and guaranteed by H. J. Barber.

ROLLER RINK

Open every evening from 7.30 to 10, and Saturday from 2.30 to 5.

JAMES O'HEARN

CHILLIWACK CITY COUNCIL

Communications, petitions, and a proposed system of sewerage, as outlined by City Engineer Crawley, furnished the weekly bill of fare at the City Council session on Monday evening, at which all members were present.

The Imperial Oil Company has been in the habit of storing large quantities of oil, gasoline, etc., within the city limits, which habit has been considered dangerous. The Mayor reported that he had interviewed a representative of the Company and that the same would not be stored within the city limits hereafter.

A communication was read from jailor Munro, at Nanaimo claiming that the city had remitted $15 short on account. Referred to city clerk, who was asked to write for futher information.

The Kootenay Electric Co., wrote asking the rates paid for electric light and power.

Architect Hooper recommended payment of $2,000 to J. C. Robertson on city hall account, which was accepted.

A letter was read from city solicitor Bowes, re procedure as to obtaining water privileges. Filed for reference.

R. A. Henderson appeared before the Council regarding a Sub-division on Williams road. According to the plan submitted provision was made for a ten foot lane only, and the plan was referred back that provision might be made for a twenty foot lane.

C. B. Reeves was present and stated that he had constructed and paid for sidewalk fronting on his property on Young road, and same was ready for inspection by board of works.

Tenders for supplying the city with lumber for the season were read from C. J. Downham, the Chilliwack Planing Mills, and the Abbotsford Timber and Trading Co. This matter was laid over for one week.

Mr. Sanford and others made application for a five foot plank sidewalk on Lewis avenue, between Young street and Cook street. Referred to city clerk for report.

D. C. McGillivray and others applied for privilege of laying a five foot plank walk on the east side of Nowell street subject to approval of board of works. Leave was granted.

A petition was presented by residents of Gore avenue asking that the avenue be graded and gravelled or macadamized. Referred to board of works.

The police commission recommended that the motion appointing patrolman Carey, caretaker of city hall be recinded and that jailor Harding be appointed. The Mayor explained that the chain gang required the constant attention of patrolman Carey and that in the meantime he could not look after the city hall, hence the recommendation. Same was adopted.

The rental to be asked the Municipal Council for office room, in the city hall. Council chamber, cells, light, heat and caretaking was placed at $40 per month.

The condition of the opera house as regards exits, was brought up for discussion and this matter was given over to the chairman of the fire, water and light committee to deal with.

The disposal of garbage, etc., within the city limits, by the city scavenger was commented upon and chairman of board of health asked to investigate and report.

Mayor Waddington, Aldermen Eckert and O'Hearn were appointed a committee to procure ornamental trees and shrubbery for city hall grounds.

At this point the report of the city engineer as to a sewerage system was submitted. The report was in detail giving cost of main sewer, laterals, septic tanks, pumps, filter beds, etc. besides outlines and drawings of proposed scheme, the total cost being in the neighborhood of $210,000, complete. This estimate is given to cover all streets, which in many cases do not require sewerage at present or for some time to come.

THE BOY SCOUTS

The Boy Scouts of Troops One and Three on Tuesday night proved themselves very successful in scoutcraft. About nine p. m. they proceeded very stealthly toward the militia barracks. On reaching there, scouts were hidden at several posts, there to await orders. The captain of the militia on his way to reach his horse and buggy was taken prisoner. Then a despatch was sent to the officer in charge inside the drill hall to state that they had passed their sentries, if any, and surrounded their camp, also asking to state that their captain would be held until satisfactory terms could be arranged. The Scouts afterwards were drilled by Lieut. Goodland, and will again to-night skirmish with the militia.

A Cowboy's Girl.

Mr. Gerald Clute has demonstrated beyond a doubt that an old adage. "A prophet is without honor in his own country" is an exploded theory. A native westerner he began his career with the important desire for experience, which was the great requisite that he needed. He gained it in Western Canada, and after having the same polished in New York as a star or leading man of several big successes, he comes back to us in a brief tour of the stirring western comedy drama, "A Cowboy's Girl," his biggest success in the United States. And it may safely be said that no strictly western play has created such a furore as this since the production of "The Virginian," or "The Squawman." The charm of this piece consists in in the fact that it is a picturesque yet remarkable faithfnl delineation of ranch life, the action being rapid and stirring, with a vein of humor typically and colloquially western. A dainty romance lends added charm and holds the audience with a gripping heart interest. To anyone suffering with acute attack of melancholy no better tonic could be described than a visit to the Chilliwack Opera House next Tuesday Night March 5 and see Mr. Clute and an excellent company in "A Cow Boy's Girl." Seats are now on sale at White's music store. Prices $1.00, 75c and 50c.

A Short Shift

A couple of Industrial workers of the World blew into the city Saturday and after sizing up the situation began industrious operations on Monday, but their stay and experience was as brief, as it was interesting. During the afternoon the pair visited Geo. Clark and tried to arrange for the sale of a few cases of blasting powder putting up a plausible story as to their possession of the stuff, but no sale was made. About seven o'clock in the evening the two "Workers" appeared again at Mr. Clark's home each with a box of powder. About the same time Mrs. C B. Reeves who resides across the street, noticed two men carrying two boxes of powder from the barn where Mr. Reeves stores quantities of the explosive. She notified Mr Reeves, who in turn asked Mr Clark if he had seen any thing of the men. The two men at the moment were trying to make a sale to Mr Clark, and the industrial prospects of the promoters blew up. The police were phoned for, and during the short interval, lightning changes in scenery were made in the vicinity. Clark retianed possession of one artist, the other escaping to the mill yard adjacent, where he was later taken in toll. The pair appeared before Magistrate McGillivray and Mayor Waddington at the Court house Tuesday morning and drew six months each with hard labor, and were taken to Westminster where they will have opportunity of practicing their industrial propensities along well defined lives. They gave their names as Geo. Grimes and Chas. Grundy, hailing from Washington

S. E. Howard special representative of Sells Ltd., the well known London Publishing house, has been in Chilliwack this week in connection with the compilation of an important publication "British Columbia, it history, people, commerce, industries and resources."

CHILLIWACK OPERA HOUSE

TUESDAY NIGHT **March 5th**

The best show of the Season

Johnny Pringle presents
MR. GERALD CLUTE

And and an Excellent Company in the Big Western Comedy Success

"The Cowboy's Girl"

A REAL LAUGH SHOW

Prices—50c., 75c. and $1.00.

Seats now on sale at Whites Music Store.

WE HAVE IT!

Everything You Require for Housecleaning

Alabastine in Many Shades — Gloss and Flat-tone
Furniture Renovators — Paints
Kalsomine Brushes — Paint Brushes
Step Ladders — Ceiling Brooms
Curtain Stretchers

Denmark & Burton
PHONE 10

Your Suit or Overcoat Built Expressly For You

Perhaps you prefer your clothes made to your measure which is all the more reason why you should come to

The Fit-Reform Store

for your Suits and Overcoats. Our Special Order Department is at your service. The Famous Fit-Reform Designers are at your service and hundreds of patterns in new and elegant materials await your inspection. We will be pleased to submit to you patterns and prices

For Your Spring Suit.

CHAS. PARKER
Your Outfitter. Fit-Reform Clothier.

Mountain View Snap

We have for sale an ideal building lot on Second Avenue, close in, which can be bought for

$475 cash

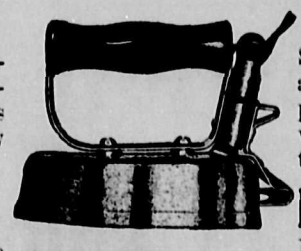
If you intend building it will pay you to call on us for particulars.

Chas. Hutcheson & Co.
REALTY AND INSURANCE AGENTS CHILLIWACK

USEEUL AND ACCEPTABLE
Household Articles

El Boilo
The little immersion heater. Boils water in a few seconds.

El Stovo
The stove which boils your kettle quickly



Hotpoint

Toaster
Stove—For all cooking purposes as well as toasting.

El Perco
Makes delicious coffee in at few minues.

Phone 257 S. PUGH Chilliwack

Ideal Protection Against Inroads of Catarrh

By Breathing the Rich, Balsamic Vapor of Catarrhozone You Prevent and Cure All Head, Nose, and Throat Disease.

Remember this: You don't take drugs when using Catarrhozone; you simply inhale a healing vapor that cures every type of catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, throat and nose soreness and irritation.

No medicine brings such prompt relief, exerts such an invigorating influence, or so thoroughly and speedily cures throat troubles as "Catarrhozone." Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, all say that for those who suffer from changeable weather, for those who are predisposed to catarrh, lung *trouble, deafness, or bronchitis, no* treatment is so indispensable as "Catarrhozone."

Victim of Chronic Catarrh Cured.

I contracted a severe cold while following my occupation of furniture travelling, and eventually it developed into Catarrh. The desultory mode of life I was following gave me very little chance to attend to the Catarrh condition, and at last I became a victim of Chronic Catarrh. I bought a large package of Catarrhozone, used it as per directions, and have never been bothered since. I will be only too glad to give any information I possess to any person suffering from the disease that was the bane of my life two years.

A. H. SWARTZ, Brockville, Ont.

For certain cure, for relief in an hour, use Catarrhozone, the only direct, breathable medicine. Two months' treatment guaranteed, price $1.00, smaller size 50c.; at all druggists, or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont., and Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.

FOR SELLING COMPRESSED AIR

An enterprising mechanic has invented a unique device in the shape of a nickel-in-the-slot machine which will supply bicycle and motor-cycle owners with compressed air to inflate the tires quickly and at a moderate cost. The crank or lever attachment is so much more easily worked than the ordinary pump that it is meeting with general favor.

The machines are placed on telephone poles along the thoroughfares mostly frequented by cycle riders, and they are netting their owner a handsome income and providing a great convenience to the people who have use for compressed air. The reservoirs are built of iron and are not larger than good-sized mailboxes.

"The Vacuum," said a student in one of our large institutions of higher education, "is a large empty space in which the Pope resides."

* * *

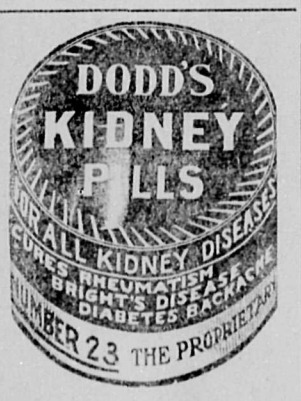
A somewhat unpatriotic little son of Italy, twelve years old, came to his teacher in the public school and asked if he could not have his name changed.

"Why do you wish to change your name?" the teacher asked.

"I want to be an American. I live in America now. I no longer want to be a Dago."

"What American name would you like to have?"

"I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a dirty scrap of paper on which was written—Patrick Dennis McCarty.



CANADA'S GREATEST SCHOOL

Winnipeg Business College

ESTABLISHED 1882

Cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St.

Awarded first prize at World's Exposition on its work and methods.

Write for a free catalogue. We also give instruction by mail.

SHIP YOUR

RAW FURS

and

Beef Hides

to us and get 20 per cent. more for them than at home. Write to us for our new price list S and we will mail you one free. Watch this ad. weekly.

We solicit your shipments for Beef Hides, Raw Furs, Wool, Tallow, Seneca Root, Horse Hair, Sheep Pelts, etc.

North-West Hide & Fur Co.

278 Rupert St. Winnipeg, Man.

That Reminds Me

"What is it," asked the teacher, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Corsets," said a wise little girl of eight.

* * *

"What is the matter with your wife? I see she's got her hand in a sling."

"Reckless driving."

"Automobile?"

"No; nail."

* * *

Owner—"How did you come to puncture the tire?"

Chauffeur—"Ran over a milk bottle."

Owner—"Didn't you see it in time?"

Chauffeur—"No, the kid had it under his coat."

* * *

Oliver Herford once entered an uninviting restaurant in a small New York town, and ordered a lamb chop. The waiter returned, bearing a plate with a dab of mashed potatoes and a tiny, much overdone chop, with a remarkably long and slender rib attached.

"See here!" called Herford. "I ordered a chop."

"Yes, sir," replied the man, "there it is."

"Ah, so it is," mused Herford, peering at it closely. "I thought it was a crack in the plate."

* * *

"That member of Congress says you have voted for him for the last fifteen years."

"That's right," replied Farmer Corntossel.

"You must think a lot of him."

"Well, I dunno. You see, fifteen years ago I had a couple o' horse trades with him, an' since then I've allus felt safer with him spendin' so much of his time in Washington."

* *

A Northerner riding through the West Virginian mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To tatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten them on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yass, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer. "But what's time to a hawg?"

* * *

Associate Justice Charles E. Hughes of the United States Supreme Court, tells this story:

"In a Jacksonville, Florida, court presided over by a deaf judge," said he, "a lawyer quoted the line from Shakespeare—'Who steals my purse steals trash.'

"'What's that?' the judge demanded.

"'"Who steals my purse steals trash,"' the lawyer repeated.

"'"'Twas something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave—"'

"'Louder! I can't hear you,' said the judge irritably.

"'"Who steals my purse,"' repeated the unfortunate lawyer, '"steals trash. 'Twas—"'

"'Can't you speak up?' growled the deaf judge.

"At this point the crier thought it time to interfere. He bent over the judge and shouted in his ear:

"'He just says, sir, that anybody what steals his pocketbook, won't get nothing.'"

* * *

Judge Henry A. "Plupy" Shute was being introduced as an after-dinner speaker at one of the recent reunions of the New Hampshire Bar Association. The toastmaster, Arthur O. Fuller, of Exeter, N.H., had long been victimized by Judge Shute, who, in order to find more time for the writing of his boy stories, would run across the street to where Fuller sold his law and propound his knotty legal problems in a hypothetical manner, obtain some first-rate law, second-hand, and with no more than a "thank you" to pay for that which had been delved out by the light of Fuller's sixty-cent gas, would trot back across the street and satisfy some waiting bumpkin with the musty tit-bit, pocket his fee, and turn to his more remunerative quill. Fuller had long awaited the opportunity to throw a barb at his literary friend. Clearing his voice, Fuller began: "I will now introduce to you one Judge Henry A. *Shute, in his boyhood days known as* 'Plupy,' but now a great literary and legal light. He will speak to you of the 'Law and the Prophets.' The Law, as you are all aware, he gets from my office. The profits he gets from his little books."

* * *

Henry Wallace, President of the National Conservation Congress, was a member of a motor party that was pursuing its leisurely way along a delightful country road up near Luzerne, when they came to a particularly well kept garden. A patch of most interesting growing things ran beside the fence for a distance of forty feet. There were innumerable stalks bearing aloft globes of twenty different exquisite shades of grayish-green and grayish-purple, which were so striking that the party brought their big car to a stop.

"How decorative!" said one of the men.

"What lovely color!" said one of the girls.

"They would do to paint," said the artist.

"Won't you please tell us what those beautiful things are?" asked Mr. Wallace.

The old gardener glanced around in amazement, and then simply said:

"Which?"

"Why those things growing along the fence here. I never saw anything like them."

A pitying smile spread over the gardener's features.

Complete in itself, Mother Graves Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

"Them?" he answered with a chuckle. "Them's onions gone to seed."

* * *

President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, is responsible for the following:

"A lady living on the hill in the vicinity of the college was approached the other day by a student-lodger.

"'If you can find the right kind of a fellow,' said he, 'it would be agreeable to have a roommate to reduce expense.'

"Accordingly, the lady came over to the college and made the proposition known.

"'We have just the man for you,' our secretary told her. 'You will find him at this address. Just say we sent you.'

"Highly elated, the good woman went at once to the given number and found the man in question.

"'I was told at the college,' said she, 'that you are looking for a roommate. Now, I—'

"'I was,' broke in the young fellow desperately, 'but—er—I—I wanted a gentleman, you know.'"

* * *

Secretary of State Knox has found a colored messenger in his new office who knows something of geography.

Alongside the Secretary's desk is a great globe, standing over six feet high. The other day, Mr. Knox consulted it to see if it were really true that the sun never sets on our dominions nowadays, or to learn something else of equal importance. The Pennsylvania statesman is the pink of neatness, and was somewhat irritated to find that the big revolving ball soiled his coat sleeve.

"William," he said sharply to the messenger, and laying a finger on the globe, "there is dust a foot thick here."

"It's thicker'n dat, Mr. Secretary," replied the negro, with that familiarity that comes of mingling with greatness.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Knox.

"Why you'se got your fingah on the desert of Saharah."

Mr. Knox did badly at trying to suppress a smile.

"You'll find some on the Atlantic Ocean, too," he remarked as he turned to his desk.

* *

The Pennsylvania Dutch have the reputation of being very economical, and very careful in watching the details of domestic affairs, no matter how small.

"Heiny!" called the father.

"Vat?" answered the son.

"Run an' count dem geeses again, Heiny."

"All right."

Heiny went; Heiny returned.

"Heiny!" said the father.

"Vat?" said the son.

"Did you count dem geeses again, Heiny?"

"Chess."

"How many vas dey, Heiny?"

"Vun."

"Dat's right, Heiny."

With the Horses

The report that Darkey Hal 2.02¼ is owned by American parties and that she will be raced down the Canadian ice circuit this winter, has been going the rounds and has drawn the attention of John E. Swartz, of Wingham, her present owner.

Mr. Swartz states that he still owns Darkey and, as he puts it, 'will own her until the sheriff takes her away,'' in return for what she has done for him *in the past. He also states that she is* at the home of Hal B., Jr. 2.03 and has been bred to the famous little pacing stallion.

Now that the game little black mare's racing career is over, a review of the same would prove very interesting to admiring horsemen.

Darkey Hal commenced racing in 1905, when a four-year-old, and made five starts and took a record of 2.19¼ at Preston. She won one race, was once second, once third, once distanced and once unplaced.

She was very fast in 1906 and near the latter end of the season raced a little over the big tracks. She opened the season at London, Ont., and was distanced. At both Seaforth and Listowel she was second and at the latter place reduced her record to 2.15¼ in the first heat. From Listowel she went to the Buffalo grand circuit meeting and was second to the fast pacer, Wilson Addington 2.07¼. She made her next appearance at Windsor, and won from a field of twelve in 2.08½, 2.07¾ and 2.09½. From Windsor she followed the circuit to Readville, and made her final start for the year; finishing third to Prince Hal 2.06¾ and Red Bird.

In 1907 an extended campaign was mapped out for Darkey over both mile and half mile tracks. She went through the Canadian circuit racing against Gallagher 2.03¼, Byrl Wilkes 2.05¼, Captain Sphinx 2.06¼, Geary 2.06, etc., and won four races before going to Erie, Pa., where she was defeated by Aileen Wilson 2.02¼ and Gallagher 2.03½. At Port Huron she turned the tables on Gallagher, stepping one mile in 2.09.

At Utica, N.Y., she was victorious again and put in two miles in 2.10½ and 2.10. At Wheeling, W. Va., she won again in 2.13, 2.09¼ and 2.11¼ and from that place she was shipped to the Columbus grand circuit mile track, where she met the famous Hedgewood Boy 2.01 and finished second to him in 2.05¼, 2.05¼ and 2.04½. The second week of the Columbus meeting, Darkey was started back and finished third to Aileen Wilson 2.02¼ and Danna Patch 2.05¼, in 2.05¼, 2.05¼, 2.04¼, 2.06¼ and 2.09¼. In eleven starts in 1907, Darkey Hal was seven times first, once second and three times third.

In 1908 she made only five starts, but won a large amount of money. Her star performance of the season was at Detroit where she won the $3,000 2.07 pace from a large field including such noted performers as Copa de Oro 2.01, George Gano 2.02, Major Mallow 2.03¼, Judex 2.04, etc. Her positions were 1-3-5-1-1, and the time of the heats 2.04¼, 2.04¼, 2.04¼, 2.05¼ and 2.09¾. At Kalamazoo she topped the summary of the 2.08 pace, purse $2,000, and in a race against Dewey G. 2.07¼ at Port Huron, she won and set the Michigan half mile track race record at 2.07½. Out of five starts Darkey won four races and was once third.

The daughter of Star Hal had an easy season in 1908 and was in good shape for a long tour in 1909. She started in nine races and at Syracuse, N.Y., reduced her record to 2.02¼ in a winning race. She won five races from the best *pacers of the year, was once second,* twice third and once fourth, and won a larger amount of money than in any previous season. Race-goers will never forget her remarkable races down the big line in 1909. In the Syracuse race mentioned above, she set the season's record at that time for pacing mares. She won her heats in 2.03¼ and 2.02¼ and was driven out both trips by the old Canadian warrior, Major Brino 2.04¼. At Columbus, Ohio, in the Tennessee 2.05 pacing stake, value $5,000, she defeated one of the best fields of horses that ever turned fot the word on the grand circuit. Nine steeds faced the starter and among them were the noted pacers, Lady Maud C. 2.00½, George Gano 2.02, Dan S. 2.04¼, Brenda Yorke 2.05¼ and Major Brino 2.04¼. Darkey's positions in the race were 1-1-2-1, and the time of the heats 2.04¼, 2.05¼, 2.04¼ and 2.06¾. The first week of the Columbus meeting she started in the 2.05 pace, purse $1,200, and defeated practically the same field in 2.04¼, 2.04½ and 2.05¼.

Darkey Hal opened the season of 1910 with a race record of 2.02¼ and was compelled to meet the fastest pacers out. Even though she raced against such horses as Ross K. 2.01½, Giftline 2.02¾, Aileen Wilson 2.02¼ and The Eel 2.02¼, she managed to win two races, come second twice and fourth three times.

Darkey was taken out to Winnipeg early in the past season with the intention of racing her again, but one of her legs threw out danger signs and Mr. Swartz wisely retired and bred her to Hal B. Jr 2.03.

Darkey Hal has been handled by different reinsmen, and has added additional proof to the old saying "Good horses make good drivers." She gave a good account of herself no matter who held the reins. Jack Rombough, *the noted Canadian trainer, drove her* in most of her engagements over the half mile tracks and Bill Snow, of Hornell, N.Y., the pacing wizard, teamed her down the big line.

Darkey Hal was one of the gamest race mares that ever went down the *grand circuit and possessed a lot of* speed and the ability to carry it. She is a mare built somewhat on the thoroughbred type, small boned and slender waisted.

Darkey was foaled in 1901 and is by Star Hal 2.04¾. Her first dam, Brownie (dam of Charley B. 2.07¾) by Hamlet a son of Highland Boy 1320. Second dam, Brown Lady, by Don Juan. She was bred by Wesley Smith of Ryckman's Corners, Ont., and as stated above, is now the property of John E. Swartz, of Wingham, and will remain so until she dies.

HE COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHTS

TILL HE FOUND RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Fred. Swanson, of Saskatchewan, sends a message of cheer to those who feel the weariness and discouragement that comes from broken rest.

Macklin, Sask., December 30.—(Special).—Those who suffer from sleepless nights and get up in the morning feeling tired and discouraged will find renewed hope in the staement made by Fred. Swanson of this place. He could not sleep at nights. He discovered the cause. It was Kidney trouble. He discovered the cure. It is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. Swanson says in an interview regarding his case, "I was troubled with my Kidneys for over a year, so bad that I could not sleep at nights. After using one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found great relief. Four boxes removed all my pain and now I sleep well and I am as strong in my Kidneys as any man."

If the Kidneys are wrong the blood becomes clogged with impurities and natural rest is an impossibility. Strong, healthy Kidneys mean pure blood, new life all over the body and that delightful rest that is the sweetest thing in life. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make strong, healthy Kidneys.

WHEN THE THAMES FROZE HARD

London winters are more remarkable for dismal drizzling rain and impenetrable fog than for snows and ice; but about half a dozen times in the last three hundred years truly arctic conditions have prevailed in that metropolis, and the River Thames has been frozen over so firmly that men and horses could go upon it. Each of these periods has been the occasion of a "frost fair"; booths have been erected on the ice; printing presses set up, various sports and games indulged in; and the whole population has joined in celebrating the rare event.

The first great frost fair was held in January, 1608; but the most famous of all was that of 1683-4, which lasted from the beginning of December to the 5th of February. Evelyn gives the following description of this fair in his "Diary"; "The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with boothes in formal streetes, all sorts of trades and shops furnish'd and full of commodities, even to a printing presse, where the people and ladyes tooke a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and yeare set down when printed on the Thames: this humour tooke so universally, that 'twas estimated *the printer gain'd £5 a day, for printing* a line onely, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, etc. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other staires, to and fro, as in the streetes, sleds sliding on skeetes, a bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet-plays, and interludes, cookes, tipling, so that it seem'd to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water." King Charles II. and his family visited the fair, and had their names printed on a quarto sheet of Dutch paper, which is still extant.

Praises this Asthma Remedy. A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of needless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

RHEUMATISM

13 Months' Suffering

"Dear Sir:

"I wish you to put my letter on record for the sake of suffering humanity. I have suffered 18 months with Muscular Rheumatism in my back. I have spent at least $20.00 on pills and liniments during that time, but nothing would ease me of the pain—in fact it was a chronic pain. For those long 18 months it stayed right with me, sometimes convulsive and cramp-like, causing me to groan and cry aloud. Every moment was torture. I could not turn in bed without yelling out. Now I will always bless the day when I first started to rub in, and to take internally, 'Nerviline.' After using four bottles my pains have left me. I shall always take off my hat to 'Nerviline' and can honestly say it's the poor man's best friend, because it will always drive away from you the Demon—Pain.

"Yours truthfully,

"Thomas Goss."

Use only Nerviline. Sold in 25c. and 50c. bottles the world over.

FINDING THE HORSE-POWER

The average purchaser of a car seems to be more interested in the horse-power which it is capable of developing than in any other feature of its ability or efficiency, and consequently one of the most common questions asked is, "How is the horse-power of a motor determined?" The simplest formula, and the one most commonly used, is known as the A. L. A. M. horse-power formula. By the A. L. A. M. formula the horse-power of a motor is obtained by multiplying the square of the bore by the number of cylinders and dividing this product by two and one-half. It should be remembered that this formula applies only to four-cycle motors.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE. 25 CENTS

WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise weather damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables, by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be.

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for each grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him in the looking after and selling of his grain, than he does this season.

Farmers, you will therefore do well for yourselves not to accept street or track prices, but to ship your grain by carload direct to Fort William or Port Arthur, to be handled by us in a way that will get *for you all there is in it. We make liberal advances when desired,* on receipt of shipping bills for cars shipped. We never buy your grain on our own account, but act as your agents in selling it to the best advantage for your account, and we do so on a fixed commission of 1c per bushel.

We have made a specialty of this work for many years, and are well known over Western Canada for our experience in the grain trade, reliability, careful attention to our customers' interests, and promptness in making settlements.

We invite farmers who have not yet employed us to write to us for shipping instructions and market information, and in regard to our standing in the Winnipeg Grain Trade, and our financial position, we beg to refer you to the Union Bank of Canada, and any of its branches also to the commercial agencies of Bradstreets and R. G. Dun & Co.

THOMPSON SONS & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

703 Y Grain Exchange Winnipeg

DIVORCE YOURSELF FROM LIQUOR

THREE DAYS ONLY — NO HYPODERMICS

INCREASE your business value by divorcing yourself from liquor. ¶ Alcohol decreases the Brain Efficiency of every "moderate" drinker. It will lower your mental powers in exact proportion to the amount you drink. ¶ Drinking is but a habit; not a disease, but the outgrowth of the social system. If drinking was a disease, it could not be cured in **three days.** Patients from high walks of life are being cured in three days at the **Neal Institutes,** and cured perfectly. ¶ Wives, mothers, fathers, relatives, employers, friends—give up the hope that the drinker will stop liquor some day of his own will. He has no will to help him to stop—it was destroyed long ago by alcoholic poison. Coax, urge, **Force Him,** if necessary, to take the **Neal Treatment.** When he is again a normal man after **three days** at the **Neal Institute,** he will thank you. It is the only salvation, the only way for you to save him from mental and physical ill-health, and from bankruptcy or worse. You must do the thinking. These men cannot think for themselves. Coax them to take the **Neal Three-Day Treatment** now and give them a fresh start for the New Year. It will only take **three days,** and any man can spare just seventy-two hours to regain his health and neutralize all alcoholic poisons out of his system. Call, write, phone or wire for booklet and fullest information. Everything confidential.

YOU ARE LOSING MONEY EVERY TIME YOU TAKE A DRINK

NO HYPODERMIC INJECTIONS. Refuse to take any treatment for the drink habit where hypodermic injections are given, for they are so liable to result in blood poison from an infected needle, through carelessness of others. Each patient is given a plain contract, agreeing to effect a perfect cure in three days. Write to-day for a copy of this contract. ¶ **Cocaine** and **Morphine** users are also treated at the **Neal Institutes.** Although the drug treatment is entirely different from the three-day liquor cure, it is, nevertheless, just as effective. The **Neal Drug Treatment** has cured hundreds of poor souls who have everlastingly craved for these deadly poisons. Only a few days ago a morphine user told of her harrowing experience with drugs before a police magistrate in Winnipeg. The drug was responsible for so much of her sin and suffering that finally it landed her behind prison bars. Morphine was wholly responsible for her downfall. ¶ We urge every morphine or cocaine user to take courage and come to the **Neal Institute** and be cured of this awful habit. The strictest privacy and comfort is maintained, medical care is given every patient. Write to-day for booklet and full information; it will be mailed to any address, under plain cover, free of charge.

NEAL INSTITUTE COMPANY, LIMITED

2244 Smith Street REGINA — 405 BROADWAY WINNIPEG — 802 Thirteenth Ave. W. CALGARY

The Seven-Stone Charm

(By Colonel Stanley Paterson)

Over the jungle-clad Ghats, across the hot, dry plains of Central India, through the prosperous cultivation of the United Provinces, away into the arid Punjab, heedless alike of the dark, stuffy night, the cool, gray morning haze, and the flaming heat of the mid-day sun, the mail-train steamed steadily northward, carrying the weekly news, good or evil, of friends in far-away England to the weary sojourners in the uttermost outposts of our Eastern Empire.

In our carriage all the windows were tightly closed; the well-soaked tatties were drawing freely, filling the confined space with a pungent smell of cuscus; five of the six venetians were drawn up to exclude the blinding glare, leaving but one blue glass window available for inspection of the burning world outside; while we four passengers—three old stagers (yellow and drawn) and a pink-and-white, full-blooded "griffin" (an earnest young M.P. freshly out of London by the last boat)—lay stretched in our respective corners attired in the airiest possible clothing common decency would permit, languidly helping ourselves at intervals to the contents of the indispensable ice-box that lay handy under the seat, the "griffin" panting and dripping in the unaccustomed heat. As it was certain he would follow the way of his kind, and on return to England pose as an authority on all matters appertaining to India, or in all probability write (from the ripe experience of a six weeks' tour along the beaten track) a book dealing with the many complicated questions of our rule in the East, the Commissioner and I, suppressing the lurking twinkle in our eyes and our fearful joy when pencil and note-book came rapidly into requisition, were relating to him many remarkable facts regarding the ways, manners, religion, etc., of the natives, our tyrannical methods of rule, and anything else that came into our heads to while away the tedium of the journey. We stopped at a station, an ordinary wayside station. How irritatingly alike all these stations are to the fagged Anglo-Indian traveller, with their crowd of sweating, chattering, quaintly robed natives struggling for places in the semi-cattle-carriages already packed to thrice their carrying capacity, into which the station officials have to shove them by sheer force through a dense array of heads and forms at every window shouting to the station water-carriers or trying hard to buy from the platform hawkers some of those sticky, unappetising sweets so dear to the native palate! All over the platform another crowd lay or squatted, patiently awaiting the arrival of a train due probably in four or five hours' time while in a more secluded corner, apparently utterly oblivious of the bustle around him, sat an old ash-smeared fakir, begging, bowl in hand, and with a peculiar silver ornament hung by a cord round his neck.

We were just beginning to relate for the benefit of our "griffin" some highly imaginative tales regarding these yogis or holy men, when we were astonished to see the Public Works official, a grave man who seldom spoke, staring intently through the window at the unconscious fakir, and then, as the train moved on, sink back in his seat, saying, "I never heard of but one other charm like that, and it had a queer story—I don't know if it is ended yet."

We immediately stopped our banter, and begged the yarn, settling ourselves comfortably down to listen, well knowing that any tale the P.W.O. might tell would be well worth the hearing.

"A good number of years ago," he began—"I should not like to say how many, they do pass so quickly, somehow—my brother Sam, riding quietly home after a hard morning's pig-sticking, passed by a solitary jungle-hut, in front of which, playing with the waxlike flowers fallen from a shady mowha tree overhead, sat a small brown baby nature-nude except for a curious silver ornament secured by a silken cord round his fat little middle. Such an everyday sight would usually have passed unnoticed; but at the moment of passing Sam's quick eye detected a movement in the dry grass immediately in front of the babe; then suddenly a tall cobra reared its ugly head, hood expanded, in the attitude of striking. In a flash Sam had sprung from his horse, dragged the child toward him, and with a swift blow of his stout riding-whip laid the reptile dead at his feet. But too late. Quick as he had been, the cobra had been quicker; and, ere the child had reached safety, with all the strength of its tensely coiled muscles it struck.

"The screams of the terrified infant brought a very old man hobbling out of the hut. With a rapid glance he seemed to take in the situation, and without a word knelt beside Sam, who was vainly endeavoring to search the vigorously struggling child for the serpent-made wound. Great-grandpapa—for so he proved to be—spent no time in looking at the little lad's skin, but immediately inspected the ornament, which he detached and handed to my brother, saying, 'It is as I thought, Huzoor—the child is unhurt; this has saved him. See, here struck the snake,' he added, pointing to a tiny drop of moisture lying in a small hollow in the silver.

"The ornament was a hexagonal piece of silver about the size of a rupee. On each face of the hexagon and on the centre space was rudely embossed the figure of some god, and let into the middle of four of these figures was a peculiar small green stone; from the other three the stones were missing, a shallow cup in the silver alone marking the place where they had been. In one of these cups lay the drop of venom.

"While soothing and comforting the still-wailing babe, the old man told of the charm. It had been given to his father many years ago by a wandering yogi, who declared he had found it in one of the old Jain temples in the south, sealed up in a small copper casket along with an ancient writing which stated that so long as a stone remained in the charm death would, on one occasion, pass by the wearer; but that whenever a stone disappeared the charm must at once be passed on. Why the yogi gave the charm, or what death his father escaped, the old man knew not; but, as he said, 'Sahib, my father belonged to the Kshatriya or fighting caste, and in those days there was no lack of perils for such as he. As it was, he died in battle while I was still a boy, having some time before his death fastened the charm round my neck. There I wore it for more years than I can count; because, huzoor, though I am a Kshatriya, I am a man of peace, and have lived by tilling the ground; therefore, perhaps, deadly danger has not come nigh to me. But two years ago came the great sickness, and amongst our villagers it struck like a murrain in cattle. I was one of the first to sicken, and when death seemed certain those of my household carried me out in the night-time and laid me in the street, because, as you know, Huzoor, on account of the Government order, we people like not that any be found dead of the plague in our houses. And in the early dawn the buffaloes and cattle driven out to the grazing passed over me; for though they snorted and edged away in fear, still in the crush one put its foot lightly upon me. And at once I felt a new life come into me, and painfully crawled back to my house, where I lay all day half-conscious. That night there was no one to carry me out again; the great sickness had taken them all, man, woman and child, and only this babe was left to me. And from the charm a stone was missing. So I fastened the charm round the child, for I had no one else to give it to; but, now that his turn is past, to whom can I better give it than to you, Huzoor, whose kindness helped to save him?'

"Sam, though distinctly sceptical and inclined to laugh at the tale, accepted the trinket chiefly not to offend the old man, hung it on his watch-chain, pulled out a couple of rupees as an exchange-present, rode on his way, and dismissed the affair from his mind.

"Some five years later he was engaged as one of the engineers building the great railway bridge over the Indus. On his section the huge iron girders had been swung into position, and swarms of half-naked workers were busy riveting and making secure the superstructure. Walking along the foot-plank laid on the girders at a dizzy height above the river, he was supervising the work above, when a frenzied cry of warning made him instinctively spring back, nearly losing his balance in the act. Just in time. A whiz, a slight tug at his watch-chain, and a heavy sledge-hammer which had slipped from the hand of some careless workman, touching his clothes, went hurtling down into the roaring torrent beneath. It was a narrow escape, and somehow his thoughts went flying back to the almost forgotten charm. He looked; the chain was snapped, the charm still hanging on the broken link, but another stone had gone.

"By next mail the little bit of silver went home to our sister, to whom Sam was deeply attached, and for some years we in India heard nothing further of it. Then one day came a letter saying the sister in safe and prosaic England had barely escaped a peril so deadly that she refused to name it. But she was saved, another stone was missing, and the trinket had been passed on to her fiance, a captain in a line regiment then on its way to the war which had newly broken out in South Africa. We all know what some of the fighting in that war was like, and especially have we all heard of that awful night on Spion Kop. Well, he was there, in the front line, with men dead and dying all around him; but death and wounds passed him by; only one bullet touched and apparently should have killed him, but it struck fair on the charm which he wore round his neck, and glanced harmlessly aside, carrying the sixth stone with it.

"The charm is now worn by his brother, also a soldier; but apparently death has not yet come within striking distance of him, for, so far as I know the seventh stone still remains in its cup.

"Such is the story recalled by the sight of that old fakir, every word of which I can vouch for. It is unaccountable, I admit; though, as you know, not a few of these ascetic yogis, by some knowledge, power, necromancy, or devilry never vouchsafed to us white men, seem at times to get some faint grasp of the fringe of the inner order of things, producing results for which we can find no reasonable explanation."

We old stagers were silent, feeling that we had again been permitted a rare glimpse into the practical mysticism so ever-present as to form an integral part of native life, but that seldom approaches sufficiently near even to impinge on the outskirts of our western civilization. So we nodded comprehendingly. But to the "griffin" it was all rank superstition; therefore he talked long and loud of coincidence, auto-suggestion, and the like, and scoffed and refused belief. And when, one scorching night in the plains, we read the expected volume by the light of the punkah-lamps on the veranda of the commissioner's bungalow, and found that the one story that might have helped to some small insight into the back of the native's mind was carefully omitted, while the "facts obtained from unimpeachable sources" were all duly elaborated, we grimly smiled one to another, and more than ever questioned the utility of matters Indian being dealt with in parliamentary debate.

DUKE ON SHIPBOARD

It's great to be the only duke on shipboard. The last time the Duke of Manchester returned to England from an American visit he had the lead in all the fun that a voyage affords. As practically everyone was incapacitated the first four days, a great deal had to be concentrated in the last three. The Duke not only presided at the deck sports, but he won the fat men's running prize, helped to pull the English team to victory in the tug of war and had several other athletic victories to his credit. Afterward he had the privilege of bestowing the prizes upon the winners, and whenever one fell to his own lot he would pocket it with the exclamation "Meh!"

He was the most energetic and conspicuous figure in the deck dances, being especially enthusiastic in barn dances and other lively dances. "Shake a leg, Billy," he would shout as he swung from one person to another, exhorting all to join in the merriment.

Again, at the "concert" given by the ship's men, he made neat little speeches and introductions and heard harmless jokes aimed at him.

On the last day he passed around the hat for contributions for the band and smiled amiably as snapshots were made of him by tourists wishing to add a duke to their collection of foreign views.

HOW TO MAKE SKIS

The construction of a good ski is not an easy task, for it involves a number of delicate problems.

Skis intended for use in the mountains must be both strong and supple. These two qualities are associated in the wood of the ash, of which most good skis are made. Because of the high price of ash, many mountaineers substitute spruce or larch, which abound in the Alps. Skis are sometimes made of two kinds of wood, a heavy, close-grained species being employed for the lower, and a light wood for the upper part. Very hard and heavy oak is used for the bottoms of leaping skis. A ski made entirely of oak would be too heavy for use. White ash presents the best construction of the four desired qualities of elasticity, strength, lightness and moderate cost. The trees are felled in winter before the sap has started and are cut into planks eight feet long, four and one-half inches wide and one and a half inches thick. Knots are carefully avoided and the planks are so cut that the grain of the wood will run obliquely downward from front to rear of the ski. The planks are seasoned in the air for one year. The skis are then cut out with the aid of models and the bottom is planed to perfect smoothness. The desired curvature is usually obtained by soaking the ski in water and bending it with the hands or by pressing it in a mold. Dr. Paulcke advises the mountaineer to support the ski, in an oblique and inverted position, with its front end over a charcoal fire. A wet cloth is placed on the part to be bent, and the point of the ski is drawn downward by means of a cord until the desired curvature is obtained. The cord is then fastened to a fixed object, the wet cloth is removed and the ski is allowed to dry over the fire.

At the normal military school at Brianeon, in the Hautes Alpes, the wet planks are clamped between forms and thus dried in a warm, well ventilated room or in a moderately heated oven. This process is expeditious, but is apt to cause brittleness.

In the Hagen ski factory, which turns out 100 skis per day, the ash planks, which have been kept one year in the storehouse, are soaked ten minutes in boiling water. This treatment makes the wood so pliable that it can be bent by hand on a form. The ski is allowed to dry in the air during two weeks, after which the final curvature is given to it by hand.

The desired curvature having been produced by any of these methods, the longitudinal groove and the transverse mortise are cut, and the ski is polished and varnished.

The problem of attaching the ski to the foot is much discussed and many different methods are employed. The attachment should be strong and simple and should assure easy and perfect control of the ski, without unduly restraining the freedom of the foot. Above all, it must be easy to adjust even with fingers stiffened by cold. It is also desirable to be able to disengage the foot quickly in emergencies to prevent breaking the ski or the leg.

GEORGE WILLIAM HILL

Once upon a time—the date is unimportant, but it was not far from the middle of the last century—a man and a boy went forth from an American farm-house at the break of dawn. The man carried an old-fashioned tin clock.

"Father, what are you going to do with our clock?" said the boy. And the man answered:

"I'm going to set it when the sun rises."

"But how do you know the right time when the sun rises?" queried the urchin.

"I'll find it in my Old Farmers' Almanas," replied the father.

"But how does the almanac man find out when the sun rises?" persisted the son.

"I don't know," came at last—the usual final answer of parents.

Such is substantially Hill's own story, given verbally some years ago in explanation of the beginning of his interest in astronomy. And he added: "I made up my mind right then I'd find out how the almanac was made."

Many years later, so runs the tale, a middle-aged man who looked like an American farmer, and who carried in his hand an old carpet bag of the model of the '60's, entered an inn near the most famous university of England; that one, let us say, which Thackeray has called the University of Camford. He left his bag in a small back room which was assigned to him, and went away about his business. He must have visited the university, for soon great university dons began to arrive at the inn, for the purpose of leaving cards upon the distinguished American astronomer, and to beg an opportunity of entertaining him with that splendid courtesy which—Thackeray again tells us—characterizes the English college magnate, when he takes the trouble to be polite, and rustles and swells in his grand robes of state.

When Hill came back to take his comfort in his inn, he found his "traps" moved into one of the very best rooms, himself the guest of honor, and the landlord chopfallen through having mistaken the great man. It is said that Hill never noticed the change of rooms.

However this may have been, it is certain that he had by this time learned how the almanac man made his calculations, or the great English university would not have summoned him to receive its honorary degre .

Our readers will wish to know about Hill's work: they will not be contented with a mere collection of anecdotes about the man himself, though such a collection could be made a large and interesting one. Nor is it possible to explain in a few words and in a manner intelligible to the general public just what Hill's principal contributions to science are. Of course, his official work in the Nautical office was necessarily of a somewhat routine character: his great reputation rests upon a very long series of memoirs which he produced in his spare time and published in scientific journals. Many of these are in the domain of the so-called pure mathematics, but more often his taste led him to the study of planetary and lunar complexities of motion. Ever since the time of Newton mathematicians have continued the endeavor to explain these motions as necessary consequences of the law of gravitation alone. As the power and accuracy of instrumental appliances has gradually improved, observational astronomers have constantly brought to light small new inequalities in these motions; it is believed that such small discrepancies as still remain unexplained by the law of gravitation would disappear if man's powers of mathematical analysis were perfect. Especially in the case of the moon, due to its proximity to our earth, has it been possible to extend observational inquiry into the most minute inedicacies of motion; and it is in the lunar theory, perhaps, that Hill's most significant and most difficult work has been done. Certain it is that he has here brought about a real extension of human knowledge, one that will stand for all time, if we may trust the best contemporary critical judgment.

IN AN OLD ESCRITOIRE

I have long had a passion for antiques, furniture especially, but my finances will not permit of much indulgence along this line. My friends all know of my hobby and often tell me of new places where I may secure treasures, and it was from one of them that I learned of a little shop on one of the lower side streets where bargains in great variety were to be had. "Everything you could possibly want seems to be there; from the seeds of the first apple to a tooth of Jonah's whale," added my friend, laughingly.

One afternoon I went down to the little shop and was well repaid. Such a delightful, heterogeneous collection of the past I have not seen in many days, and especially was I taken with an old desk or secretary of rosewood with carved and inlaid top, odd little nooks and corners, and—perhaps I imagined this—the scent of roses still clinging to it. Easily persuading myself that I could afford and really needed a desk exactly like this, I had it sent home with some few other things.

Such a happy time as I had that evening arranging my new possessions, and what pleasant anticipations I wasted on that desk. Such a dear little piece of furniture it was, with so many delightful drawers and cute cubbyholes. I pulled them out again and again—when by accident I touched a secret spring and opened at the side a tiny compartment which I had not noticed before.

Again the scent of roses greeted me and I could not resist putting in my hand as if to receive a cluster. My fingers closed on a piece of paper—old and yellowed—with a single faded rose thrust through it. The petals fluttered to the floor, as rising I went toward the light. I found I had a letter. With fast dimming eyes I read it and here set it down for you. Perhaps you can offer some explanation, perhaps you know a story of which it could be a part.

These questions now confront me: Have I the desk of the recipient, or did the writer never send the letter but fold it away in her secret drawer? Can you help to solve this mystery?

It has no title nor date other than "The Day" and begins simply:

"Is is in truth The Day, the great day. The sun peeped in my window this morning to awaken me, but found me waiting for him, as I have not slept. Alas, I fear I shall make but a sorry looking bride. How pale I am! Therese came to help me dress and I have been to matins, made my confession and received the communion, so now I am ready to be married—or die.

"Mother came in last night to talk with me and tell me how lucky I am, and warned me that I must not think of you nor breathe your name again. I said nothing. How could I tell her you are my mind, my soul, my life, and that it is impossible not to think of you? Dear, these are forbidden subjects; many things are often done for the good of the family, I am young and one's mother knows best—yes?

"He came also last night, but I would not see him. He is a very good man, and he, too, will be sacrificed. I am sorry, but why? Oh, wonder-man, is it given to him to have much of this world's good and my body, and you are denied of all save my heart? Your roses have just come.

"During my sleepless night I have read and re-read your dear letters. I suppose I must destroy them — I could not do it before. Is it wrong, I wonder, for one to worship another as I do you? I wish you had not written me such letters.

"Therese interrupts me. She says it is time to go down. The minutes are flying. I have put my slippers on and they hurt me. You know the old saying, "If a bride's slippers pinch or hurt she will walk a stony path.' Is it true, do you think? Therese is alarmed at my lack of color, she has gone downstairs to get me some wine. This is right. The condemned criminal is always left alone a few minutes before the end.

"..nd this is the End! I cannot, will not do it. Heart-of-my-heart, I am always yours and you are mine. Nothing but life can part us, and so I will come to you in death. Everything is ready. I can hear the bells—surely that is a dirge they are chiming. Therese is coming with my mother, I must hurry. Good-bye, my love, for a while. The little knife is near my heart one last word to you, a kiss, now another—Oh, my love, I——"

Thus it ends abruptly, with but a dark red spot as a possible answer. I have put the yellowed paper and the rosedust back into their resting place, and the little desk remains a thing apart.

GAME LOSERS

There's no way of telling in advance how a man is going to take his complete wiping out in game of chance.

"There's no rule about it," declared an old gambler. "I've seen men of long tested gameness go all to pieces after big losings; seen them suddenly struck speechless, as weak as children, with their lips trembling like those of women who are about to cry.

"On the other hand, I've seen chaps with low foreheads and weak chin, and reputations for crawfishing and backing water in tight places, stand four square to the finishing wrenches of long runs of devilish luck, and take their bitter medicine with hearts apparently as brave as their faces were weak. Probably the best educated and the most highly organized men are the hardest losers.

"The gamest loser I ever saw was a sheep herder, who didn't look to have enough character in him to stuff a goat pelt. He was bunching sheep on the Idaho ranges for $25 a month and his grub when an aunt in Connecticut, whom he had scarcely ever heard of, much less seen, died and left him $18,000.

"He didn't have to come east to get the money. A lawyer handed it to him in a bundle at Pocatello. He went to Jim Hosford's faro bank and told Jim that he wanted to make a few thousand dollar bets. Hosforth told him that he'd better hang on to his money. The herder told Jim that he wanted action on his money, and that if he couldn't get it at Hosford's layout, why, there were others.

"So Hosford dealt them from the box himself with a $1,000 limit. I saw the whole play. It only lasted 45 minutes. The herder wasn't in it at any stage of the game. Coppered or open, he couldn't land right. It was the fiercest run of evil luck I ever saw a man have at faro. When the herder had lost $13,000 Hosford said to him:

"'You'd better pinch out that remaining $5,000, Ombrey; give yourself a chance.'

"'You hand me out another box full,' replied the herder. 'When I get enough I'll quit.'

"The man was perfectly cool and collected and laid down his last five $1,000 bills without a tremor. He picked four straight losers. By that time the box was out, and Hosford riffled 'em and started another one. The herder watched them slip for a minute and then he put his last $1,000 on the high card. That kind of a long-shot playing don't do for cinch work, and the bet trimmed him out. There wasn't a particle of contraction to his features when he struck a match and coolly lit a cigar. I think those who saw the play felt a good deal sorrier for him than he did for himself.

"'Bud,' said Hosford to the herder, 'I'm no hog. I'll just split the difference with you, and he began to count out half the money he had won from the sheep man.

"'No, you won't,' replied the herder, 'but you can give me a drink and a bottle to put in my pocket.'

"'Better take a couple of thousand and run to Frisco or Denver and have a whirl out of it, anyhow,' persisted Hosford.

"'I've had my whirl,' was the man's reply.

"He wasn't sulky at all, and he didn't look abused. He was simply all man and all game.

"'Where are you bound for now?' asked Hosford after settling for the drinks.

"'Back to the old G—S, said the herder, and he started for the ranch an hour later. He had bought three flannel shirts, a pair of top boots and a poncho, and he took those things along with him in a bundle. They were all he got for his $18,000.

"Then I recall the game lose made by an Irish coal miner named Larkin, in Leavenworth, in 1881. He had been making $2 a day in the mine and was unmarried. He wasn't a drinking man. When he knocked off work on summer evenings he would bat a ball around a lot for the young fellows until darkness came on. Some near relative left Larkin $3,000. Larkin washed up and took the money over to one of the priests.

"The priest told him he'd better bank the money. Larkin got inside the bank, and there was a big line of depositors before the window of the receiving teller. Instead of taking his place in line he waited at the door. Across the street he saw the attractive window of Col. Jamison's bon-bon gambling layout, which was wide open at that time.

"He drifted across the street to look on for a while until the line at the receiving teller's window should become reduced somewhat. He dropped the whole $3,000 at a stud game in less than an hour and he walked back to his boarding house whistling 'The Rakes o' Mallow.'

"He finished out the afternoon batting the ball raund the lot for the youngsters, and the next morning, with his tin lamp in his hat and his dinner bucket, he set out for the mines, still whistling merrily."

SIGNAL-CHARTS FOR AIRMEN

The French army is studying a practical means of making aviation at once less difficult and less dangerous by means of aerial charts. Atwood in his flight from St. Louis followed the line of railroad, and the delays he met with are well known. The French idea is to have before the compass a card which the airman should be able to read at a glance, no matter what his speed, confirming its information by a glance at the earth over which he is passing.

Aviators consider that characters in white spread over the green surface of the earth are most serviceable for identification. From the height of 9,000 metres white lines were distinguished last April by two aviators sent up for purposes of observation. From this height villages appeared as dark spots and waters reflecting the sunlight as brilliant white sheets. From this height railroad lines, because of their neutral tint, were largely indistinguishable. At the height of 200 metres belfries of small churches were confounded with houses, but large churches isolated themselves admirably.

The French army's idea is to isolate on the proposed chart those objects which naturally detach themselves most visibly on the earth. Towns are to be indicated by vivid red, with a difference in shade to indicate the relative sizes. Sheds for dirigibles, aerodromes, and depositories for hydrogen are to be marked with convenient signs. Vines, gardens, and slopes of country are also to be indicated.

With such a system of signals, the French think that greater security should follow flight, largely by giving the airman additional confidence and also by saving him time and worry. By this means also, after a little practice, he will be able to lay out his route with tolerable precision—for the outcome of flying is expected to show that airmen will keep in certain currents precisely as sea pilots learn to avoid danger marks in harbors.

The Aero Club of France has also taken up the question of charts. But this club has decided that neither compass nor chart will answer all purposes; the aviator must be able to see dangerous obstacles—and to this end it is not unlikely that in time each municipality will go to the expense of erecting danger signs in its vicinity, as well as marking points of location within certain well-defined distances. The president of the French Aerial League has come out with a proposition that poles be erected on all high towers, etc., with letters traced upon them to show distances. The figures, the league says, should be two in kind: one to represent the distance, north or south, in kilometres between any given place and the parallel of Paris; and the other, the distance east or west from the meridian of the French capital. For example, if an aviator reads the figures 431.340 he will know that he is 431 kilometres to the south of the parallel and 340 from the meridian of Paris, and by consulting his annual register can easily get his bearings for the next lap in his flight.

CAESAR'S TRIUMPH OVER POMPEY

Supplies were so difficult to obtain that at one time Caesar's soldiers had to subsist on roots and grass. For some months, Pompey withstood all provocations to pitched battle, and he would actually have destroyed Caesar without fighting, had not the Roman nobles in his camp, rendered impatient by inaction, anxious to return to the capital, and emboldened by Caesar's difficulties, obliged him to give battle. The two armies came to blows on the fields of Pharsalia, August 9, 48 B.C., and Caesar's veteran infantry, seasoned by a decade of wars in Gaul, undid in a few hours all the advantage of Pompey's great numbers. With the defeat occurred a general disbanding of Pompey's party.

Fortune had once more favored Caesar; and once more he showed himself proof against self-deception, perceiving that, notwithstanding the victory, his foe could still command forces greater than his own. He gave another wonderful exhibition—his last—of moderation and tact: he clemently invited to his side the uncertain and those who had followed Pompey from timidity or gratitude, or because of family or social connections, and graciously received the surrender of many of Pompey's illustrious partisans, among them, Marcus Junius Brutus. He sent to Rome no official announcement of the victory, no suggestion of celebrations, but dispatched Anthony thither merely with the duty of directing his party, which was again master of the comitia and of the senate.

Meanwhile Pompey fled with a small following to Egypt, where he had once conferred benefits upon the father of the reigning monarch, and where some thousands of his soldiers were stationed. Knowing that his rival had probably gone to Egypt in order to contrive the renewal of he war, Caesar pursued him with two legions to capture him and so conclude the struggle. When he arrived, he discovered that Pompey was already out of reckoning; he had been killed by the ministers of King Ptolemy. But there wanted little of his dragging Caesar, too hot in pursuit, to ruin in Egypt with himself, for on reaching Alexandria, the latter engaged with his legions in a national civil war, in behalf of Cleopatra, against the party of the king's ministers, who were opposing her joint rule with her brother Ptolemy.

SOME USES OF SNAKES

What is the use of snakes? In their "going on their belly," the circumstance that so offended Bacon, lies one of their greatest uses, because that, together with their internal formation and external covering, enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture, into dark and noisome morasses, bog-jungles, swamps amid the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles, on which so many of them feed, would otherwise outbalance the harmony of nature.

Wondrously and exquisitely constructed for their habitat, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not; and while they help to clear those inaccessible places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller mammalia, which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes.

The hedgehog, weasel, ichneumon, rat, peccary, badger, goat, hog, and an immense number of birds keep snakes within due limits, while the latter perform their part among the grain-devouring and herbevorous lesser creatures.

Ella—That young farmer tried to kiss me, saying that he had never kissed a girl before.

Stella—What did you tell him?

Ella—That I was no agricultural experiment station.

He sang about the "good times,"
With all his heart and soul;
No matter how the world behaved,
He still cried, "Let 'er roll!"

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LETTERS FROM DR. AND T. B. HENDERSON

Continued from last week.

"S. S. Makura, at the Equator, Jan. 7.

I am starting this letter three or four days before we get to Suva. This being Sunday it is quiet on board as the day is well observed. Tonight we are going to have service at 8. p.m. and I understand there is to be some extra singing. We crossed the line today about noon but being Sunday, Father Neptune did not appear. We heard yesterday that the temperature at Winnipeg was forty below. I wish we had what they could spare. It would make things much more pleasant. Here we are trying with ice-cream, and putting off all the clothes we possibly can, to keep cool but it's of no use. Hot, you just feel you would give anything for a change. The nights are not much better than the days, still you can manage to get a fair amount of sleep. We usually turn out between six and six-thirty and skoot for the bathroom. It feels fine when you are lying in the salt water, but you are not over drying yourself when you want to go in again.

I must now go back to Honolulu and tell you something about that place. Unfortunately our stay there was for only a few hours, so as soon as we got ashore our first run was to the post office to mail our letters which we hope you have received. Then we had to go to the bank to get some of our money changed to American. Then we made inquiries for a car to the Aquarium about four miles out. They have a fine car service, the cars are longer than ours and open at both sides, making it handy to get on and off. The cars took us out to the Aquarium, four miles, for five cents and the scenery on either side of the street I can't begin to describe. Palm trees, Bannana, Cocoanut trees with fruit on most of them, all kinds of smaller plants and pretty little houses in among the trees, all looked like a regular Paradise. The Aquarium is said to be one the of the finest in the world. Talk about beautiful fish of wonderful colors and shapes, I never could have believed such fish existed. The octopus or devil fish was there too and of all the ugly repulsive creatures I ever saw it takes the cake. We had no time to go to the other places of interest as we had to be back on board at 1 p.m., so we came back, had lunch at 12.30, and amused ourselves throwing small coins into the water and seeing the natives dive after them and I did not see one of them miss finding the coins.

There were five of Uncle Sam's Cruisers in port and we would have liked to have gone aboard as they were some of their newest ships, but there was no [illegible]. The town was full of blue jackets. We left about 1.30 for Fanning Island which we reached on the 6th after a very pleasant run from Honolulu. It was shining bright and clear when we made fast to buoy anchor about a mile off shore. We were only there a little while when we were treated to a real tropical shower of rain and didn't it come down for about a half or three quarters of an hour, and then out bright and clear again. The Island is only three miles in length, about two miles in width and is said to be only fourteen feet above the sea level. It looked very pretty from the ship, covered with palm trees, date, and cocoanut trees. It has been occupied by the British Government for some time past as a cable station. There were about a dozen white people on the Island and two or three dozen natives. No one was allowed on shore as we were only there an hour or two, but we will be most of the day at Suva. We have a series of tournaments on the ship, the passengers selecting a sport's committee to get up the games and we are two of the committee. We made a program, collected money to buy prizes and the tournament has been on for two days and will last two days longer if it does not get too hot. We had a whist drive in which forty-eight of the passengers were playing at once. We had quite a little excitment on board today, when one of the passangers, a newspaper correspondent of a German paper, tried to commit suicide by jumping overboard. He had been drinking heavily and became despondent. The ship's officers took him in charge and he was locked up. It has been frightfully hot today and we have been lying about deck most of the time. We also had for a change a game of cricket on deck. Tonight it is very dark and has every appearance of a tropical storm as it is frightfully close and oppressive. A very large number of the passengers are sleeping on the upper deck under the awnings (Jan. 10). Another boiling hot day. I can see the sun rising out of the sea while lying in my berth and the sight every morning is very beautiful, and the sunset last evening was the most wonderful sight you could imagine. We have passed a larger number of Islands today quite close. (Jan 12). Yesterday was Wednesday and today is Friday so we lost a day, by putting our time back. We are passing Islands, some of them completely surrounded with reefs about two miles from shore and the breakers are dashing on the reefs and inside there is not a ripple. We will mail our letters from Suva if we get in tonight, and write next from Auckland.

Church News

Rev. C. B. Clarke and Mrs. Clarke are moving to their new home, the Rectory, at Sardis.

The services in the Methodist church next Sunday will be conducted by Rev. E. L. Best, of the Columbian College, in the absence of the pastor.

Last Tuesday at the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary in the Methodist church it was decided to organize a Mission Band for the members of the Sunday School. The first meeting is being held today (Friday) with Misses Graham and Woodworth in charge.

The birthday social given in the K. of P hall on Tuesday night by Mrs. H. Eckert and Mrs. R. A. Henderson was aselightful affair, and the many who were there entered into the spirit of the evening with fun and spirit. Original games and contests, a short program of musical selections, and very inviting refreshments, served from a long centre table artistically decorated were the contributions to the good time spent. It doubtless meant a good deal of extra work on the on the part of the ladies in charge and their capable assistants, Miss Morse and R. A. Henderson particularly, but the result was worth while.

Next Sunday, Rev. A. E. Roberts will act in his official capacity as President of the B. C. Conference of the Methodist church and preach the dedicatory sermons in connection with the opening of new churches at Dundonald, near New Westminster, and Sperling, on the B. C. Electric. A splendid new Methodist church is also being opened at Prince Rupert with Rev. Dr. Chown, General Superintendent, preaching. Another new church will be opened at Wilson Heights, Vancouver, on March 10.

To Be Ordained Sunday

The first Ordination Service ever held in connection with the Church of England in Chilliwack, will take place in St. Thomas' church on Sunday morning next at eleven o'clock, when the new Incumbent at Rosedale, Mr. Searles, of Vernon, B C., will be ordained, by Bishop de Pencier, of Westminster, assisted by Archdeacon Pentreath of Vancouver. Bishop de Pencier will preach the morning service and Archdeacon Pentreath in the evening. A service of interest and importance of the foregoing is rarely conducted outside the larger centres, and such an event is not likely to take place in Chilliwack again for some time.

Christian Endeavor Rally

The Quarterly Rally of the Local Union of Christian Endeavor Societies was held in the Carman Methodist church Sardis, on Monday evening. The very large attendance was an indication of the interest that is being taken by the young people of the valley in this movement. President Copeland occupied the chair and after the opening exercises, called on the Rev. C. G. Parker of Vancouver, to address the meeting. The speaker chose as his text, "Quit you like men, be strong," and spoke particularly along the line of courage. The three things necessary to make a great man are, Strength, Courage and Wisdom. The speaker showed how the absence of Courage spoiled to a great extent the other two qualities and how its development brought the others to a fuller development. During the evening duets were rendered by the Misses Leroux and Trenholm and Mr. and Mrs. Sissler. The banner given for the best attendance during the Quarter, was won by the Chilliwack Baptists with 77.364 per cent. while the Chilliwack Methodists came second with an average attendance of 77 per cent. The ladies of Carman League provided a very dainty treat of homemade candy which was passed around after the meeting was over and was very much appreciated by all present. Milton Orr was appointed secretary treasurer, pro tem owing to the illness of the secretary treasurer, Miss Hunter of Sardis.

Personal Mention

Mrs. F. Lay went to Vancouver on Friday.

Mrs. McPherson went to Portland on Saturday.

Mrs. D. B. Hall went to Vancouver on Monday.

Geo. E. Fraser of Vancouver was in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams are visiting in Seattle, Wash.

W. H. Burton was in Vancouver on business this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Grant have moved to Prince Rupert.

Miss Broe of Matsqui was home for a few days this week.

M. H. Nelems of Vancouver, spent Sunday in the city.

D. R. McLennan was a passenger to Vancouver on Monday.

W. J. McGillivary of Vancouver, was at home over Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Eggley is visiting her son in Vancouver this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bathgate went to Vancouver on Sunday.

O. A. Weeks was a business visitor to Vancouver Monday evening.

Mr. Broe of Blaine, Wash., spent the week end with his parents here.

Alderman O'Hearn is on a business trip to Vancouver this week.

L. H. Boultbee, of Vancouver, spent the week end with Chilliwack friends.

Mr. Fettisfield and Lincoln Ballam of Sumas, were in the city over Sunday.

S. L. Hodges, Cheam, has returned from a visit to Victoria and Vancouver.

W. L. Budd, of the Chilliwack Land & Developement Co. is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. V. L. Cooper of Pilot Mound Man., visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Grieves last week.

Mr. Swan, chief engineer of the C. N. R. and Mrs. Swan visited Mrs. Beal on Friday.

Mrs. Macken returned last week from a visit to friends in interior cities and Vancouver.

Mrs. J. T. Jackman and Miss Eva Jackman are visiting friends at Edmunds this week.

James Ford and Stanley Everall came home on Monday from a visit spent at the Coast cities.

Mrs. A. H. Ingrams, of Vancouver is the guest of Mrs. R. E. Broadhead, Gore avenue.

Mr. Sherwood formerly of the local branch of the Bank of Montreal is visiting in the city this week.

The Provincial Legislature has been dissolved. Elections throughout the Province will be held on March 21.

E. W. Stade, of Chilliwack, was in town on Thursday looking for a business site to start a general store. —Abbotsford.

F A. Murray, accountant of the Hastings street branch of the Merchants Bank, Vancouver, spent Sunday in town.

The Rebekah Lodge held their usual successful open evening last night, a good number enjoying the event immensely.

W. R. Nelems, O. A. Weeks and G. E. Pettman, all of Chilliwack, were visitors in the city yesterday.—Columbian.

Professor and Mrs. Hetherington of New Westminster were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Siddall on Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. R. E. Broadhead will receive on Monday, March 4, from 3.30 to 6 p.m., and in future on the first Monday of the month.

Major Hamilton of Brantford, Ont., was the guest of H. Tyron and Mr. and Mrs. N. S McKenzie, Chilliwack, during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff of Vancouver who have been visiting their daughter Mrs. W. Siddall, Spadina ave. left on Tuesday for their home

Mrs. Cox, and her daughter, Mrs. Heel and Miss Cox, who have been visiting Mrs. D. H. McKay for several weeks, returned to their home in Brandon, Manitoba, last week.

Chas. Terry, of Chatham, Ont., who with his wife, who was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Stringer, of Sardis, has purchased twenty acres of the Robert Stevenson estate at Sardis.

Mrs. A. Wilson "Wood Farm" Sumas, who has been confined to her home on account of illness for the past week, is slowly recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kinnison, who have been the guests of their daughter Mrs. A. M. McNeill, city, returned to their home at Aberdeen, Wash., on Friday.

F. H Robson, agent at the B. C. E. R. depot and Mrs. Robson have returned and Mr. Robson is once more on duty feeling much the better of his holiday.

J. T. Maynard who was a delegate from the Provincial Live Stock and Dairymen's Association to the Dominion L. S. and D. A. in Ottawa has returned home.

Mrs. R. O. Atkins, Yale Road, will be at home to her friends on Wednesday next, March 6, from three to five, and afterwards on the first and third Wednesday.

Mrs. T. Boyd, late of Minnedosa, Man., who is at present visiting her son J. H. Boyd, at Abbotsford, and Mrs. Wm. Halstead, of Portage la Prairie, Man., who is visiting friends in Vancouver, spent the week end with Mrs. H. J. Harding, Hazel street.

Miss Teate Beath Charlesworth, one of the nursing staff of the Brett Hospital, Banff, Alta., has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Humphrey Thompson, Sardis, the past week. Miss Charlesworth left on Friday to take up her duties at the Californian Hospital, Los Angeles.

Mrs. Sophia Davies of Vancouver will speak in the Women's Rest rooms in the Hart Block on this Monday evening, March 5 at eight o'clock. While coming under the auspices of the Women's Institute, all men as well as women are invited to hear Mrs. Davies as her subject "Poultry Raising" is one in which both are interested and a scientific discussion of the subject will prove beneficial to those engaged in this branch of work.

The Girl Guides held a meeting on Friday afternoon all the members turning out, full of bubbling enthusiasm. A. L. Coote instructed the new order in some of the work, and a good start is being made by the young recruits, if such they may be called. The Guides will meet again to-day by order of the captain, Miss L. Marsden.

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