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Chilliwack Free Press

VOL. 1. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS EACH CHILLIWACK, B. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1912 C. A. BARBER Editor and Proprietor No. 33

High School and Drill Hall By-Laws Endorsed. Waterworks Referendum Favorable to Purchase. Sewerage By-law Defeated.

Dissolved Partnership.

Stewart and Chadsey, the blacksmiths on Princess avenue, have dissolved partnership, according to offical notice published in the Free Press to-day. Mr. Stewart will continue the business in future.

Off For The Races.

Al. Evans leaves on Sunday with his string of five running horses to participate in the race meets of the northwestern circuit across the border. Mr. Evans has some speedy ones and we hope to hear of many successes on the tour.

Post Office Started.

The post office contractor Edward Hunt, of Victoria, arrived in town this week and has started operations on the post office site The ground is being cleared and broken rock for filling hauled from little mountain.

Opera House to Remain Open.

It is announced that J. R. Rorison, of Vancouver, the owner of the opera house block, has re-considered his decision to close the house and fit it up for other purposes. L. J. Thomas, the local representative will continue to book engagements for the house. A few additional improvements to the opera house are proposed.

Has Accepted Call.

Rev. J. T. Marshall, B. A., of Montreal, has accepted the invitation extended to him some time ago, by the Chilliwack Baptist Church, to become their pastor. Rev. Mr. Marshall and family will arrive here early in May. The new pastor is very highly spoken of and the members of the Chilliwack Baptist Church are to be congratulated on their good fortune.

A New Garage

C L. Royds. the Chilliwack representative of the well-known McLaughlin-Buick Automobiles has opened a garage on Main street in the brick building formerly occupied by G. P. Chamberlain as a furniture store, and already has several customers. Alterations are being made to the interior of the building and a good repair and vulcanizing equipment will be installed as soon as possible. Mr. Royds has several prospects for placing the McLaughlin cars in this vicinity.

104th Regimental Band

Is the official title of Chilliwack's new band. Though only a brief period has elapsed since definite action as to the formation of a band for the local regiment was taken, already sixteen members have been sworn in and measured for suits. Those who wish to become identified with the band are requested to apply to Capt Coote or Canon Hinchliffe. The management would like to secure the services of a couple of good drummers, as well as more bandsmen.

An Awful Calamity.

The greatest disaster in the history of ocean travel is recorded this week when early Sunday morning the largest and finest ocean liner ever built the Titanic collided with an iceberg off Cape Race and in less than four hours afterwards went to the bottom carring with her 1475 souls, some 725 reported as being picked up from life boats by the Carpathia, the first vessel to reach the scene of disaster in answer to the wireless call for help. Definite and authentic information as to the exact loss of life has been difficult to secure. The awful calamity has caused world wide dismay.

Married at Vancouver

At 10.30 Wednesday forenoon in the Church of England, Kitsilano, Vancouver, Miss Annie Brock became the bride of Mr. Chas. Hutcheson. Miss Knight and Miss Cawley, and R. H. Brock and Kenneth Brock, of Chilliwack, the latter, brothers of the bride, were in attendance. The wedding was a quiet one and the happy couple left on the one o'clock boat for Victoria, Seattle and other coast cities. On returning Mr. and Mrs. Hutcheson will reside in the McSween residence on Young Road, south Both bride and groom are well and favorably known in Chilliwack, Mr. Hutcheson being the senior member of the real estate firm of Hutcheson & Co., and they will have the very best wishes of a very large circle of friends for a happy and prosperous future.

Free Press Printing Pleases.

Pythian Sisters.

At the regular meeting of the Chilliwack Temple No 19, Pythian Sisters, held on Tuesday evening, a very pleasing cermony took place. Miss Menzie, who has been Mistress of Records and Correspondence since the institution of the local Temple, was presented with a solid gold mounted fountain pen in a beautiful case, as a token of the respect and esteem in which she is held by her sister members. Mrs. Jno. Robinson The Most Excellent Chief, in an interesting speech, dwelt on the faithfulness and untiring energy of the recipient, and made the presentation on behalf of of the Temple, Miss Menzies suitably acknowledging the gift.

Matinee Races Saturday.

A series of matinees are being arranged for by local horsemen for the summer. The first of these is scheduled for to-morrow afternoon at the Fair gounds. The next will likely be held on May 1 and a special program will likely be billed for May 24. Following the meet of May 24, it is probable that a weekly meet will be held on Thursday afternoon during the summer months. Local turfmen are enthusiastic over the scheme and a very satisfactory and successful series will result. Among those who will take part in the meets are A. C. Hummer, K. V. Munro, W. B. Patterson, C. J. Hatch, C. Dolman, Samuel Sutor, D. S. Dundas, Al. Evans, O. Bowman, and J. G. Blanchfield.

New Sanitary By-law

Ald. Goodland, chairman of the Board of Health has formulated a new sanitary ordinance, through the enforcing of which he hopes to keep the city clear of garbage and debris. A schedule of fees has been levied on business places according to amount of garbage created, while a flat rate of $1.00 for the season has been assessed to each householder. T Young has been engaged as city scavenger at a salary of $75 per month. Garbage will be gathered at regular intervals and disposed of and every effort made to keep yards clear of accumulations. Those not complying with the regulations will be subject to a fine, so that it will be to the interests of all to conform to the new scheme and keep the city clean and healthy.

City Council Proceedings.

A short session of the city council was held on Monday evening at at the close of the counting of ballots at the city hall. The local improvement by-law received its final reading and was passed. The High School and Drill Hall Sale By-laws were formally passed. The new Alderman, D. C. McGillivray, was sworn in and the changes inpersonnel of the various departments were announced. Aldermen Eckert and Goodland continue as Chairmen of the Finance and Board of Health Depts. Ald. Gervan now becomes chairman of the Board of Works. Ald. Carleton chairman of the Fire, Water and Light committee, and Ald. McGillivray chairman of the the agricultural committee. Notice was given the council that J. Howe Bent had been selected by Mr. Irwin as his arbitrator re Young street property. Contractor Edward Hunt asked for an additional eight feet on Westminster street in front of new post office. Mr. Irwin asked for the usual building privileges in front of his property on Young street. Both requests were granted.

The C N. R. track-laying crew are beginning their advance eastward from Cheam towards Hope. West, from Cheam to Port Mann, there is now a well ballasted road, material for this work having been taken from the gravel pit at Cheam during the past few weeks' delay. The slide has now been thoroughly cleared away, the slight trouble over a right of way and compensation at Popcum having been straightened out there is no obstacle between the end of the track and Hope. The probabilities now are that the track will reach Hope about the middle of May —Hope Review.

Reserve your seats for the Choral Society's concert in the Opera house on Friday evening April 25. A rare musical treat is in store for all who attend. Seats on sale at McManus' music store.

J H. Turpin is agent for the Troy Steam Laundry, New Westminster. Parcels left Monday will be returned Saturday.

Bowman-Thornton

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Thornton, Promontory Flats, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 10th, when Mr. Orion Bowman and Miss Florence Thornton were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. About thirty guests assembled to witness the ceremony which was performed by Rev. J. H. White. The bride entered the room leaning upon the arm of her father and looked exceedingly pretty attired in a most becoming wedding gown. Miss Nellie Fadden performed the duties of bridesmaid. Mr. F. Harris acted as groomsman. Ceremony and congratulations over, the company sat down to a dainty repast which all thoroughly enjoyed. Well selected and valuable gift testified to the esteem in which both bride and bridegroom are held. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman took the evening train for Vancouver and will spend a short honeymoon at the coast.

Special Milk Train

Beginning on Monday of this week a through milk train was inaugurated on the Fraser Valley Branch of the B. C. Elecrtic, leaving Chilliwack at 6.30 p.m. daily. Returning, the train will leave New Westminster at one a.m. Milk and cream shipments will be picked up by this train only. The other trains will not carry milk or cream either way. Besides milk and cream the new train will carry express, and patrons are respectfully urged to have express ready for shipment from Chilliwack on this train. The milk train will be of special benefit to farmers and dairymen as shipments to Vancouver will reach there in good time for delivery the following morning. The regular passenger trains will now make better time, and there is a possibility that the train leaving Chilliwack at 8.30 a.m. will become a fast business man's train to the coast. Patrons of the road would very much appreciate the inauguration of this latter service, and we hope to have the pleasure of announcing such a service in the near future. Following is the milk train schedule as it effects the valley:—Chilliwack 6.30. p.m., Knight road 6.34, Wells 6.35, Sardis 6.40, Evans 6.42, Lickman 6.47, Woodroofe 6.52, Yarrow 6.57, Sinclair 7.02, Belrose 7.07, Kidd 7.11, Vedder Mountain 7.15, Norton 7.18, Evans-Thomas 7.24, Watcom road 7.28, Huntington 7.35, arriving at Vancouver 11 p.m. Train will leave Vancouver on the return trip at twelve o'clock.

TWO BY-LAWS AND REFERENDUM CARRY

The largest vote ever polled on a money By-law in Chilliwack was recorded on Monday when the High School By-law for $25,000, the Drill Hall Site By-law for $600 and the sewerage By-law for $75,000 were placed before the property owners for ratification. The High School and Drill Hall By-laws carried by substantial majorities, but the Sewerage By-law failed to carry by the small margin of 19 votes.

The referendum on the question of purchasing the Elk Creek waterworks system showed a large majority of the ratepayers in favor of the city owning this important necessity. The vote on the election of an Alderman to fill the vacancy on the Council Board placed D. C. McGillivray in that position by a comfortable majority over Geo. R. Stringer. Mr. McGillivray is an old timer and well known, while Mr. Stringer is one of the newer men in the city and not known to many of the voters. The vote:

FOR ALDERMAN

McGillivray	145
Stringer	67
Majority for McGillivray	78

SEWERAGE BY-LAW—In favor 93; against 92; spoiled ballots 10; necessary to carry 111.

HIGH SCHOOL BY-LAW—In favor 144; against 43; spoiled ballots 6; necessary to carry 113.

DRILL HALL—In its favor 163; against 27; necessary to carry 114; 4 spoiled ballots.

WATER WORKS—In favor of purchase 126; against 56; 10 spoiled ballots

A much needed new cement crossing is being laid between the Irwin block corner and the triangle at the five corners.

Woman's Institute Meeting.

"Flour and Bread Making" was the subject of Mrs. Alex. Mercer's paper at the Women's Institute on Tuesday afternoon and the speaker gave many valuable hints on this very practical branch of domestic science. After describing the different kinds of flour, with their relative values, Mrs. Mercer showed the food values of the different constituents of the flour and what was necessary to apply and in what manner it should be applied to the flour in order to obtain light wholesome bread as the result. A discussion on methods in bread making followed Mrs. Mercer's interesting talk. Among the business of the afternoon the following resolution was moved and adopted unanimously: "That the co-operation and sympathy of the members of the Women's Institute be extended to the furtherance of the local half holiday movement among the merchants and that the members be requested to refrain from shopping during the holiday." The Women's Institute also voted that the sum of ten dollars be given in three special prizes at the Chilliwack Fair, one for an ideal "Hungry Man's Dinner", one for a cake, and one for the best collection of fancy work. It was also decided to send an exhibit to the Vancouver Fair from the Chilliwack Women's Institute, a committee to be appointed to look after this. Tea was served at the close by the program committee.

THE WEATHER AND PROSPECTS

While our friends on the prairies and in the east are just now emerging from the snow and ice of the past four months, the people of this favored spot are enjoying most of the pleasures of the good old summer time. The roads are in fine shape, the soil could not be in better condition for receiving the seed, the air is balmy, the sunshine bright and pleasant, the trees are shooting their leaves, the cherry trees are a mantle of white and wear their Easter bonnets gracefully, tulips, daffodils, pansies, and early summer flowers are blooming in profusion, adding the necessary touch of color to the fresh green of the lawns. In the evening the call of the robin, the meadow lark, the hum of the lawn mower, the bugle calls of the Boy Scouts, (in course of development,) piano music wafted through open doors and evening air, while later the members of the Canadian Band contribute the assuring melodies(?) that "Spring has sprung" into the lap of summer. That the present season is one of the best in many years, is the word of the old timer. C. H. Evans, of Sardis, who has kept a daily record for the past sixteen years, states that there have been other years when growth was as far advanced as it is now, but for continuous and ideal weather for such a lengthy period, this year constitutes a record. Just enough rain has fallen during the past two months to keep the soil in a good state for working, allowing the husbandman every opportunity for the prosecution of his calling. Crop prospects are excellent at the present time, and the fruit men are enthusiastic over indications in their line. From a producing standpoint everything looks rosy for the Chilliwack valley this year.

Lost—Black Persian Lamb ruff on Fairfield Island, road last Thursday afternoon. Finder please leave at Free Press office.

The last monthly musical evening under the auspices of the Y. P. S. of Cook's Church next Monday evening is being looked forward to with much anticipation by many. Miss Kathleen Henderson has the program in charge and has assisting her Miss McNevin, Mrs. C. Barber, Mr. Robt. Carmichael, Dr. Patten and Mr. S. Kelland.

Boy Scouts.

The Scouts have lost a very very able Scout in leader Roach who has gone to join his brother Basil at Squamish. They hope to hear of a troop of Boy Scouts being started there soon.

A "Star" patrol is being formed in Chilliwack under the same lines as the holders of the trophy for British Columbia Scouts, against whom the Chilliwak Scouts hope to compete.

Local and General

D. E. Mckenzie, of Westminster, Chief Patriarch of the I. O. O. F. Encampment, paid an official visit to Chilliwack Encampment last evening.

Clarance McEachern left last week to accept a position with the South Side Furniture Co. Vancouver, managed by Fred Archer, late of Chilliwack.

G. F. Franklin, manager of the Fraser Valley lines of the B. C. E. R. and a party of officials came up from New Westminster on Sunday in a special car.

A rousing men's patriotic chorus "Our Flag and Motherland" will be given at the Choral Society's Concert on April 26 with Robert Carmichael as soloist.

Alex. Jess, of Munro, has been seriously ill with an attack of appencitis. An operation will be performed, we understand, as soon as the patient is sufficently recovered.

T. L. Lillie is enlarging his garage on Princess avenue this week. The addition to the east of the main portion has been taken down and will be increased to double its former size, giving increased space for cars.

Mr. Orr, of Seattle, has taken a position with the Chilliwack Implement and Produce Co., and is moving his family to town. Mr. Orr is an experienced implement man and we welcome him to the land of the Maple Leaf, and to Chilliwack.

Norman Richardson has sold his farm of fifty-five acres on Fairfield Island, to Messrs. Marshall & Seymour, of England. The purchasers will engage in the culture and production of small fruits and berries on a large scale.

Johnson's ice cream and tea rooms are now ready for the summer season. The fountain is in operation, and delicious ice cream and ice cream soda in all their popular forms, flavors and styles are served in a way that will please you.

The real estate firm of F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., has purchased a 1912 model thirty h. p. McLaughlin-Buick car for use in their business. The car is a beauty, being silver grey in color with nickel trimmings and carries five passengers. C. L. Royds, the local agent, made the sale.

S. S. Carleton has been appointed Chief Fire Warden for the Cultus Lake district. The appointment is made by the Dominion Government and in the selection of Mr. Carleton a wise choice has been made, as he is a man well acquainted with the district, and will prove a capable official.

William Sampson, the Cornish Evangelist, will conduct a series of special services in I. O. O. F hall, Wellington street, commencing Sunday evening, April 28, at the hour of 8.15 p. m. During the week the services will begin at 8 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all the people of Chilliwack.

Among those who will assist the Choral Society in their first annual Concert, in the opera house on April 26 will be, Robert Carmichael, Miss Kathleen Henderson Miss Barr, Mr.A. Davies, Mr. S. Kelland Mr. Chas. Ward, violinst of Vancouver and Mrs. Chas. Ward soprano.

F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., report many enquiries for Chilliwack farm lands. During the week several parties have been shown through the district. One party was from Nova Scotia and another from New Brunswick, as well as several prairie people. All were delighted with the valley.

Mr. Gordon Drysdale, accompanied by his daughter were visitors in the valley this week. Mr. Drysdale is the proprietor of the well known dry goods house in Vancouver which bears his name, and was spending a short holiday in Chilliwack. This was Mr. Drysdale's first visit to the valley and he at once became fascinated with its charms and attractions, and in all probability one of the many beauty spots will become the property of Mr. Drysdale.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Munro, Munro on April 3 a son.

Social and Personal

Mrs. McCutcheon is visiting Vancouver friends.

Miss Newby was a visitor to Vancouver this week.

Miss Eva Jackman spent Sunday with friends at Sardis.

Mrs. and Miss Deane visited in Westminster over Sunday.

Miss Johnston daughter of Alex. Johnston visited in Vancouver this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Moulton, of Sumas, were visitors in the city on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Nelems and family visited in Vancouver over Sunday.

Mr. Bonnycastle jr., and sister spent a few days last week at the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Snider visited with friends in Vancouver over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Standeven, of of Camp Slough, were visitors to Vancouver this week.

The meeting of the Sardis hospital auxiliary announced for April 15, will be held on April 22.

Mrs. W. G. Lillie will receive in her new home corner of Gore ave. and Nowell St., Friday April 19.

A meeting of the Sardis Hospital Auxiliary will be held at the home of Mrs. Holmes, Sardis, on Monday April 22.

Miss Marion Marsden has returned to her home at Eburne after a visit at the home of her sister Mrs. G. H. W. Ashwell.

Miss I. McNevin of New Westminster was the guest of her sister Miss McNevin, Principal of Chilliwack High School, on Tuesday.

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Thomas' church held a very successful Easter sale on Friday afternoon while the tea tables were also well patronized.

Rev. H. V. Davies and Mrs. Davies, of Canso, Novia Scotia, arrived at Chilliwack on Wednesday evening and are the guests of the former's brother Dr. W. V. Davies.

A social afternoon in aid of the Women's Institute will be given at the residence of Mrs. F. G. Calvert on Tuesday April 23, from three to six p.m. Refreshments will be served.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barnes were host and hostess at a pleasant afternoon at their country home on Fairfield Island. Mrs. A. W. Hill of New York and several other guests were present. Dainty refreshments were served and a very enjoyable time was spent.

The dance held under the auspices of the Chilliwack Dramatic Society on Friday evening in St. Thomas hall was a pleasant and most successful affair. The invitations stipulated that the guests wear original costumes, and as a result many unique and pretty creations were in evidence.

Church News

Rev. Mr. White, of Eburne and Rev. R. J. Douglas exchanged pulpits on sunday.

Next Friday the annnal meeting of the Methodist Sunday School committee of management will meet for election of officers and other business.

Sunday morning service in the Methodist church will be conducted by Rev. J. F. Bettes, of Vancouuer, and Rev. J. P. Westman, of Calgary, will preach in the evening.

Last Monday, being social evening at Methodist church Epworth League, the young people turned out in good numbers to enjoy themselves. As usual the evening was a success to all concerned. The social committee, Miss Sadie Woodworth, convenor and her assistants the Misses Orr, Irene Knight, Messrs Harry Ditch, Earnest Tretheway, Milton Orr and Clifford Woodworth are to be complimented on the result of their efforts. Miss Irene Knight rendered a piano solo in good form and a whistling solo which would be a credit to professional. The refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake and candy was a real treat. The evening closed with singing of Auld Lang Syne.

A Traveler's Experience

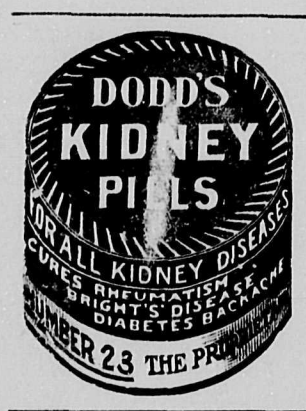
"My one wish will be," writes Harry P. Pollard, *a well known boot and shoe* traveller of Hartford, "that everyone with a bad stomach may learn as I did before it's too late, that Nerviline is the one remedy to cure. Why, I was in mighty bad shape, my digestion was all wrong, and every night I would waken up with a start and find my heart jumping like a threshing machine. This was caused by gas in my stomach pressing against my heart. When I started to use Nerviline I got better mighty fast. It is certainly a grand remedy for the travelling man, keeps your stomach in order, cures cramps, prevents lumbago or rheumatism, breaks up chest colds and sore throat—in fact, there hasn't been an ache or pain inside or outside for the past two years that I haven't cured with Nerviline. Do you wonder I recommend it?"

WHY LOBSTERS TURN RED

Lobsters and crabs when alive are of a plain dark gray color; in boiling, however, this changes to a bright red, as is well known. This change takes place only in the uppermost layer of the shell. Under the transparent cuticle there is hidden a layer of pigment composed of red, brown, yellowish and bluish *green particles. They produce* the general color as well as the pattern on the shell of the lobsters. The red pigment is more stable than the bluish green; the latter is destroyed by boiling water, thus bringing out the red pigment. There are other causes, too, which may destroy or bleach the bluish-green pigment. This also explains why the dead animal gradually turns red or at least assumes a pale color.

PLANT CLOVER

Clover and leguminous plants are the chief assistants of the farmer in *converting nitrogen, one of the ele*ments of nature, into an available plant food. Clover seed is high in price, but do not let this deter you from buying it in sufficient quantity to insure a good stand on the land seeded, and it is advisable to buy early, as the demand for good seed is great.



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ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 16. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

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Swollen Varicose Veins Painful, Knotted, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis. It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. ABSORBINE, JR., is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of ABSORBINE, JR., will give relief and prove its merit. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and **Book 6 G free on request.**

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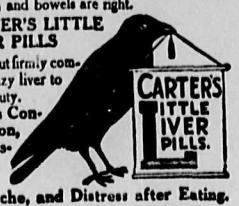
Also furnished by Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; the National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary, and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.



Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

That Reminds Me

DAVID had slain Goliath and the admiring throngs wondered that a small sling should have felled a giant.

"It *was easy,*" explained David. "You see, I didn't know it was loaded."

* * *

The temperance orator was waxing eloquent.

"What," he demanded—"what causes more misery than liquor?"

"Thirst," responded a husky voice from the rear of the hall.

* * *

"Did your cook say right out that she wanted you all to stay at home that evening?"

"No; but she put onions in every mouthful of food we had to eat that day."

* * *

Authoress—Good gracious, what a state this place is in! You have been reading instead of doing your work."

Servant—I have been reading your last poem, mum, and it so enthralled me I forgot everything else.

* * *

"Harry started to propose to me last night, but his voice stuck in his throat."

"Well?"

"It was all right, though; I could see his lips moving and knew what he was trying to say."

* * *

He—What's the matter with poor *young Thomson?*

She—The doctor says its locomotor ataxy.

He—Ah! I'd 'ave the beastly things taken off the road if I 'ad my way!

* * *

Distinguished Foreigner (on his first visit to America)—What is the occasion of that riot, may I ask?

Chairman of Reception Committee—Oh, that isn't a riot, Your—Your Excellency; it's the police trying to drive back the men with the cameras.

* * *

They were rehearsing the Walpurgis night scene in "Faust" at a theatre in *London. The ballet-master thought* the ballet girls a little inactive. "Loidies, loidies, take yer 'ands off yer 'ipps," he said. "Yer not dancing on 'Ampstead 'Eath; yer dancing in 'ell."

* * *

A Frenchman who had spent thirty years in prison was asked what change in the world surprised him most. He passed over the aeroplanes, motors, and phonographs, and said:

"When I went to *prison women* were quite round. Now they are flat and oblong."

* * *

"Flossie Tootles, the chorus girl, is strikingly peculiar in one respect."

"What's that? Isn't any rich man's son crazy to marry her?"

"That isn't it. She doesn't claim to belong to any proud old Southern family."

* * *

"I told him there were a dozen of people right here in town who had never heard of him."

"I guess that took him down a peg or two."

"I guess it didn't. He started right out to find them and borrow money."

* * *

"I want you to see if you can't find out that I am descended from a king," said the man who had become suddenly rich.

"Very well, sir," replied the genealogist, "We have a large stock of kings to select from. Have you any preference?"

* * *

"They told me that painting is an absolutely authentic art treasure," said Mr. Comrox, doubtfully.

"And they charged you a big price for it."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't think they charged me as much for the picture itself as they did for collecting evidence that it is an old master.

* * *

Papa and mamma and son Willie were crossing the ocean. Willie had done something for which his mother thought he needed correction, but not feeling equal to the occasion she turned to her husband:

"John," she said, "can't you speak to Willie?"

Papa replied in a thin, weak voice, "How'dy, Willie?"

* * *

An exchange, referring to a certain deceased citizen, said in the obituary notice: "We know him as old Ten Per Cent., the more he had the less he spent; the more he got the more he *lent. He's dead; we don't know* where he went, but if his soul to Heaven was sent, he'll own the harps and charge them rent."

* * *

Attendant (showing visitor through lunatic asylum)—Yes, sir, we have some very pathetic cases here. Now in this room is a poor fellow who lost his reason because the girl he was in love with married another man.

Visitor—Very sad! Very sad! And who occupies this padded cell opposite?

Attendant—Him? That's the man she married.

* * *

Booth Tarkington, the American playwright and novelist, is a very early riser, and when the English playwright and novelist, Arnold Bennett, visited him at his charming residence in Indianapolis, Mr. Tarkington said, the *first evening at dinner:—*

"I believe in the simple life. I get up with the sun. Will you take a ten-mile walk with me at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning?"

"Thank you, Mr. Tarkington," the Englishman answered, "but I don't walk in my sleep."

* * *

Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, had occasion to stop at a country hotel in Connecticut. In a conspicuous place in the parlor was an inscription: "Ici on parle Francais." The mayor, as he noticed the sign, turned to the proprietor and said: "*Do you speak* French?"

"Not me," replied the man. "United States is good enough for me."

"Well, then," said the mayor, "why do you have that inscription on the wall? That means 'French is spoken here.'"

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the hotel-keeper. "Well, I'll be darned! A young chap sold that to me for 'God Bless Our Home.'"

* * *

"What's that I hear about the wedding? Some say the groom didn't show up until very late."

"Now hold on. There is positively *no scandal. The groom was there, but* he wasn't conspicuous. Seems he got elbowed into a corner behind some palms."

* * *

James Payn tells of a whist player being told by an opponent that he could always tell by his face when he had a good hand. This he resented exceedingly, and applied to his partner for a refutation of it; but he was only *still more irritated by his form of cor*roboration, "that he had never noticed any expression in his countenance whatever."

* * *

It was his first visit to the States, and he was anxious to see as much of it as possible in a short time. In a brief visit to the South he met an aged negro who had been a slave.

"How interesting," he remarked. "*And after the war you had your free*dom?"

The old man looked at him half sadly, half sheepishly, shook his woolly head and said:

"No, suh. Ah didn't git no freedom —Ah done was married."

* * *

Nat Goodwin was detected gazing passionately into the window of the florist's establishment, when a friend came along the street. He paused at Mr. Goodwin's elbow.

"Wonderful American Beauties in there, Nat," said the friend.

"Uh, huh," said Mr. Goodwin.

"I am very fond of that flower," said the friend, "because I married an American beauty."

"You haven't anything on me," said Nat, turning sourly away. "I married a cluster."

* * *

A friend once asked "Uncle Joe" Cannon for information as to the prospects of a politician who was at that time generally thought to be "on the ragged edge."

"He seems to think he's getting on all right," said Uncle Joe, "but others entertain a decidedly different opinion. His situation brings to mind the story of the old lady up in Maine. When she was asked as to the whereabouts of her husband, the dame replied: 'If the ice is as thick as Henry thinks it is, he is skating; if it as thin as I think it is, he is swimming.'"

* * *

The Abbe d'Aubignac, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition, and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent, after thirty years' silence, to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had "most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed!"

To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism:

"I do not quarrel with the Abbe d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbe to write such a tragedy."

* * *

"Politics is getting too finicky," declared the Old-Timer. "Things were different in my day."

He was encouraged to proceed.

"*One time when I was in politics in* a certain city we wanted to make a certain man health officer."

"Yes."

"But he wasn't a doctor, and some meddler dug up a law which made it necessary for the health officer to be a doctor."

"What did you do?"

"Why, we had the Legislature pass an act making our man a doctor. It *was simple enough.*"

* * *

The Colonel had caught Rastus red-handed, coming out of the hen-coop with three fat pullets under his coat.

"So," he said, "I've caught you at last stealing my hens, have I?"

"Whut, me, suh?" replied Rastus, in pained surprise. "Why, Marse Colonel, suh, I hain't a-stealin' no hens, suh."

"*Then what are you doing with them* under your coat?" demanded the Colonel.

"Why, Marse Colonel, hit look to me so like it war gwine to snow, suh, dat ah went out to de coop to bring dem hens in by de kitchen fiah, suh, to keep 'em from gittin' froze, suh," said the old man, with a deep sigh to think that his honor had been suspected.

* * *

A visiting company at *Nola Chucky* announced a harvest-home performance "for the benefit of the poor—tickets reduced to a nickel."

Nola Chucky turned out in force to that harvest-home benefit, and the next day a divine called on the manager to find out what was to be done with the money.

"What's to be done with the benefit money?" the manager said indignantly. "Why, sir, that question astonishes me."

"But," said the divine, "didn't you advertise the performance as for the benefit of the poor?"

"And," shouted the manager, "didn't we reduce the tickets to a nickel so that all the poor could come?"

While more prevalent in winter when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds *and coughs and ailments of the throat* may come in any season. At the first sight of derangement use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

Chronic Throat Trouble Permanently Cured

SEVEN DAYS' USE OF CATARRH-OZONE PERFORMED REGULAR MIRACLE

Miss Counter's Case Proves the Wonderful Efficacy of Catarrhozone in All Throat and Nose Diseases

Windsor, Ont.—Miss Counter's case will prove of great interest to everyone troubled with sore throat, bronchitis or weak lungs.

When asked for a statement, Miss Counter said: "About seven years ago I contracted a heavy cold that settled on my lungs and resisted all treatment. After I had tried several doc*tors here and specialists in Detroit* without benefit, I went to my druggist and asked him for the best remedy he had for cold on the lungs. He recommended Catarrhozone, which cured my cold in one week. It brought back my voice, and I have been ever since free from my old trouble. For coughs, colds and lung trouble I am sure that Catarrhozone is the best remedy. It goes right to the sore spot, gives quick relief, and makes a lasting cure."

Catarrhozone cures because its healing vapor is inhaled to the very places that are sore and inflamed.

To permanently cure your winter ills, your coughs, sneezing and Catarrh, by all means use a tried and proven remedy like Catarrhozone. But beware of the substitutor and imitator. Look for Catarrhozone only. 50c. and $1.00, at all dealers, or by mail from the Catarrhozone Company, Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

* * *

Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer, once went to one of the interior towns of Maine, where a boy was on trial for arson. He had no counsel, and Mr. Paine was assigned by the court to take charge of his case. He discovered, after a brief interview with the boy, that he was half-witted. The jury, however, was composed of farmers who owned barns such as the defendant was alleged to have set on fire, and, *in spite of the boy's evident* weakness of intellect, they brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding judge turned to Mr. Payne, and remarked:

"Have you any motion to make?"

Mr. Payne arose and, in his dry and weighty manner, answered: "No, your honor; I believe I have secured for this idiot boy all that the laws of Maine and the constitution of the United States allow—a trial by his peers."

RELICS OF ROYALTY

The Carnavalet Museum, which has already a wealth of curiosities and relics from the stormier portions of French history, has just received a very interesting New Year's gift. The descendants of Edouard Lasne, who was housekeeper of the Temple prison when the "Capet Family" were there, *have sent to the Carnavalet Museum* some of the things which Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette left in their rooms when they were taken to the scaffold. There are two chemises of fine linen belonging to Marie Antoinette. The crown which was embroidered on them has been picked out, and only the initial "M" remains. There is a black silk blouse, very much worn and mended in several places, *which Marie Antoinette made with her* own hands in prison, and which was worn by the Princess Royal after her father's execution. There are also two pairs of the king's silk stockings (darned rather badly), a pair of "Madame Royale's" little slippers, a crystal bottle which has a few drops of Marie Antoinette's favorite scent remaining in it, and Louis XVI's shaving-dish. But perhaps the most pathetic of the relics of the monarchy which went to pieces on the scaffold is a game of bricks with which the little Dauphin, whose fate has always been and always will be a mystery, used to amuse himself in prison.

With the Horses

In bringing forward the discussion of farmers, one is frequently confronted of light-horse breeding before bodies with the statement that it pays better to breed heavy horses, for the reason that they are more easily marketed, and that their production is more in keeping with the knowledge and horsemanship of the average man. Conced*ing this to be in a large measure true,* we must recognize the fact that light horses are in demand for various purposes, that some breeders have a taste for them, and that they can be marketed at remunerative prices; consequently, it is a question worth studying from various standpoints.

It may logically be asked what attributes the race-horse possesses which we would desire to introduce into the light-horse stock required for various utility purposes. First of all, he possesses the attribute of running speed in a paramount degree. This property is of value within certain limits, particularly in hunters, and to some ex*tent saddle horses; but, in selecting a* thoroughbred sire to cross with ordinary mares, there are other attributes which we would consider of more importance. What we mean by this is that, no matter what degree of speed a horse was known to possess, if he had not a number of other properties, he would be valueless as a sire of half-breds, and almost any thoroughbred has transmissible speed enough for that purpose.

The thoroughbred has a highly-organized nervous development which gives him courage, force, wiriness, and stamina. Such attributes constitute what is usually called toughness, which is very valuable in the half-bred.

The thoroughbred has to a marked degree elasticity of movement, the result, to a considerable extent, of his high nervous organization. This makes him light on his feet, lessens the wear and tear incident to work, and gives to the rider that delightful feeling of springiness so indispensable in a good riding horse. Another attribute that the thoroughbred may be said to be the essence of is "quality." It is this *property that contributes so much to* his attractiveness. It gives him that tone, that aristocratic appearance which causes people to admire him, not knowing exactly why. Density and toughness of his tissues which enable him to stand strain and jarring are but the expression of this property of quality.

* * *

Only the stallion which shows well-*marked masculinity and individuality* should be used for the production of the larger type of drafters.

See that the in-foal mare has sufficient bedding, even if some of the geldings or colts have to be content with a smaller amount. The mare's comfort will add much to the chances of success with the progeny.

WOMEN STILL ARE PRAISING THEM

MRS. GEO. BUTLER TELLS WHAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DID FOR HER

She Was Tired, Nervous and Run Down, and Suffered from Pains in the Back—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her

Paquetville, Gloucester Co., N.B.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills are suffering woman's best friend was never better demonstrated than in the case of Mrs. Geo. Butler, a well-known and highly respected resident of this place.

"My trouble was brought on by hard work," Mrs. Butler tells her friends. "For four years I suffered from pain in the back. I was always tired and nervous. My head ached and I had *dark circles under my eyes,* which were also puffed and swollen.

"I was in a generally run-down condition and feeling very much discouraged when I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I can only say I found relief at once."

The mainspring of woman's health is the kidneys. If the kidneys are right the blood will be pure. Pure blood is absolutely essential to good health. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys right.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

It has been said that a good horse is never a bad color, and the saying bears a certain degree of truth, for if the animal possesses *the desired qual*ity, conformation, style and action, these eliminate the undesirable color appearance to such an extent as to cause it to be overlooked.

One is sometimes struck by the lack *of muscling in* some of the draft horses seen at exhibitions. Well-developed muscle is an essential in draft horses, if they are to attain their best in strength and stamina. There is only one way to obtain it, and that is by giving more exercise to the colts during development.

In connection with the dairy work carried on in Eastern Ontario last year, the water supply on 311 farms was tested, and 63 *per cent. of them found* to be contaminated. Taking this as a fair average for conditions over Ontario, and assuming that the horses on these farms get their water from the same supply as the cows, there is an enormous number of horses drinking contaminated water. The dangers of bad water to the human race and in dairying are well known, and it is just as important that precautions be taken to make the water supply for the horses as pure and wholesome as that used for the home.

TO MAKE BUILDINGS SAFE

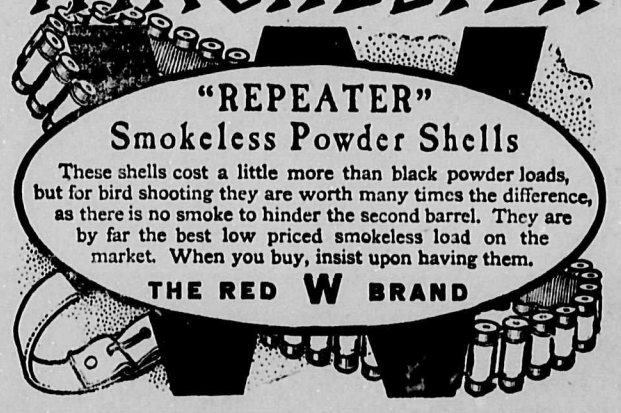
In considering the form of lightning conductors, it is well to keep in mind the fact that a metal covered building, well connected with the earth, is practically lightning proof, and that one with a metallic roof, well grounded, is excellently well protected, if not perfectly safe. If, then, the roof of a building possesses a metallic ridge, eave-troughs and down-spouts, these will afford very good protection if they are all connected and well grounded. *A roof covered with a metallic screen,* as a chicken screen, makes an excellent protector when properly grounded.

"Come now, Hemma," says the Whitechapel bridegroom, "you're goin' to s'y 'obey' when you comes to it in th' sarvice, ain't you?"

"Wot, me?" cries the bride. "Me s'y 'obey' to you! Why, blime me, 'Ennery, you ain't 'arf me size!"

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

WINCHESTER



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A New Laxative —the best known to modern medicine —is the active principle which makes

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so much better than ordinary physics. While thoroughly effective, they never gripe, purge or cause nausea, and never lose their effectiveness. One of the best of the NA-DRU-CO line.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 23

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

SHALL WE SEND YOU PLASTER LITERATURE?

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

Boccaccio and His Kin

There are many amusing things in Boccaccio, so that one may say that he was the first of modern men who heartily laughed. Yet he is difficult to quote. The truth is that many of his stories, while very funny in their way, have something of a smoking-room humor; they are as broad as they are long—very much broader even, sometimes.

But here is one quite presentable and, in its way, funny enough. The tale is told by Fiammetta, who was, in truth, no "little flame," but the great flame who kindled conflagration in Giovanni Boccaccio's by no means asbestos heart. He instructs us in much detail concerning their loves, so that we have even an inventory of caresses, but that is beside the point. The gold-tressed lady relates that there was in the fair city of Florence a youth called Michael Scalza, who was the merriest and most agreeable fellow in the world and had still the rarest stories in hand, wherefore the young Florentines were exceeding glad to have his company whenever they made a pleasure party among themselves. It chanced one day, *he being with certain folk at Monte* Ughi, that the question was started among them of who were the oest and noblest family of Florence. Some said the *Uberti*, others the *Lamberti*, and one this family and another that, according as it occurred to his mind; which Scalza hearing he fell a-laughing and said: "Go to, what geese you are! You know not what you say. The best gentlemen and the oldest not only of Florence, but of all the world or the Maremma are the great Hobo family—a matter on which all philosophers and everyone who knows them agree!"

When the young men who had looked for quite another answer, heard this they jeered at him and said, "Thou mockest us—as if we knew not the Hoboes even as thou dost." "By the Writ," answered Scalza, "I mock you not; nay, I speak the truth, and if there be any here who will wager a supper on it, to be given to the winner and half a dozen companions of his choosing, I will willingly take the wager; and I will do yet more for you, for I will abide by the judgment of whomsoever you will." Said one of them, called Neri Mannini, "I am ready to try to win the supper;" whereupon having agreed together to take Piero di Fiorentino, in whose house they were, to judge, they betook themselves to him, followed by all the rest, who looked to see Scalza lose and to make merry over his confusion, and they recounted to Piero all that had passed. Piero, who was a discreet young man, having first heard Neri's argument, turned to Scalza and said to him, "And thou, how canst thou prove this which thou affirmest?" "How sayest thou?" answered Scalza. "Nay, I will prove it by such reasoning that not only thou, but my opponent also will acknowledge that I speak the truth! You know that the *ancienter men are the* nobler they are; and so it was said but now among these. Now the Hoboes are more ancient than any one else, *so that they are nobler; and if I* can demonstrate that they are the most ancient, I shall undoubtedly have won my wager. You must know, then, *that the Hoboes were made by the* Almighty Creator in the days when He first began to draw, but the rest of mankind were made after He knew *how to draw. And to assure yourselves* that in this I say the truth do but consider the Hoboes in comparison with other folk. Whereas you see all *the rest of mankind with faces well* composed and duly proportioned, you may see the Hoboes, this is one with a countenance very long and narrow, and that with a face out of all measure broad; one has too long and another too short a nose, and the third has a chin jutting out and turned upward and huge jawbones that show as though they were those of an ass, while some there be who have one eye bigger than the other and yet some who have one eye set lower than the other, like the faces that children are accustomed to make when first they begin to learn to draw. Wherefore, as I have already said, it is abundantly apparent that the Almighty made them while He was learning to draw, so that they are more ancient and consequently nobler than the rest of mankind."

At this both Piero, who, was the judge, and Neri, who had wagered the supper, and all the rest, hearing of Scalza's comical argument and bethinking of themselves of the Hoboes, fell a-laughing and affirmed that he was right, for that the Hoboes were assuredly the noblest and most ancient gentlemen that were to *be found not in Florence alone, but* in the whole world and the Maremma.

So much for the Decameron. Here is a tale from the life of its author. It seems, says Boccaccio's biographer, that during the time he was writing it he found himself taken by a very beautiful woman, a widow, who pretended to encourage him, perhaps because of his fame, provoked his advances, allured him to write to her, and then, laughing at this middle-aged and obese lover, gave his letters to her young favorite, who scattered them about Florence, Boccaccio had already been hurt by the criticisms some had offered on his work. This deception by the widow exasperated him, his love for women turned to loathing, and he now composed a sort of invective against them which was called the Corbaccio, which seems to mean the Trap. The story is as follows: A lover finds himself lost in the forest of love and is delivered by a spirit. The lover is Boccaccio; the spirit is the husband of the widow who has returned from hell, where his avarice and complaisance have brought him. In setting Boccaccio in the right way, the spirit of the husband reveals to him all the imperfections, artifices and defects, and the hidden vices and weaknesses of his wife. "Had you seen her first thing in the morning with her nightcap on," and so forth, which suggests why Boccaccio is hard to quote. But the jest is a bitter one, rather satire than humor, and so somewhat wide of our mark.

In one of the stories of Decameron, Boccaccio introduces Giotto the painter, who, he says, "had so excellent a genius that there was nothing of all which Nature, mother and mover of all things, presents unto us by the ceaseless revolution of the heavens, but he with pencil and pen and brush depicted it, and that so closely that not like, nay but rather the thing itself it seemed, insomuch that men's visual sense is found to have been oftentimes deceived, taking for real that which was but feigned. Wherefore he, having brought back to the light this art, may deservedly be called one of the chief glories of Florence." The author of the Decameron was also the warm life-long friend of Petrarca and the biographer of Dante, so that he binds together the great men of a great age. One of the contemporaries of Boccaccio has recorded this tale of Dante, which is, perhaps, the closest approach the great poet of the Divina Commedia ever made to a practical joke:

One day while Dante was passing the Gate of Saint Peter he heard a blacksmith beating iron upon the anvil *and singing some of Dante's verses* like a song, jumbling the lines together and confusing them so that it seemed to Dante he was receiving a great injury. *He said nothing, but going into* the blacksmith's shop he took up his hammer and pincers and scales and many other things and threw them out *into the road. The blacksmith, turn*ing round upon him, cried out: "What the deuce are you doing? Are you mad?" "What are you doing?" said *Dante. "I am working at my proper* business," said the blacksmith, "and you are spoiling my work throwing it out into the road." Said Dante: "If you do not like me to spoil your things do not spoil mine." "What things of yours am I spoiling?" said the man. And Dante replied: "You are singing something of mine, but not as I made it. I have no other trade but this and you spoil it for me." The blacksmith, too proud to acknowledge his fault, but not knowing how to reply, gathered up his things and returned to work, and when he sang again sang Tristram and Launcelot, and let Dante alone.

Which is at least mildly funny. So much for the thirteen hundreds in Italy. In the early fifteen hundreds Vasari was born, and in due time began to write his stories of the great Italian artists who are still Italy's chiefest glory. He records some humorous things—for instance, this of Michael Angelo: A certain painter, says Vasari, had a picture wherein was *an ox which looked better than the* rest. Michael Angelo Buonarotti, being asked why the painter had made it more lifelike than the rest, replied, *"Every painter succeeds best in a* portrait of himself." Another painter, Vasari continues, had executed a historical picture in which every figure *was copied from some other artist,* insomuch that no part of the picture was his own. It was shown to Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who, when he had *seen it, was asked by a very intimate* friend of his what he thought of it. He replied: "He has done well, but at the Day of Judgment, when all *bodies will resume their own limbs* again, I do not know what will become of that historical picture, for there will be nothing left of it."

Baldassare Castiglione, a generation earlier, has some good things, such as this: The Bishop of Corvia, he says, in order to find out the intentions of the Pope, one day said to him: "Holy father, it is commonly reported in all Rome and even in the palace that your Holiness is about to make me governor." The Pope replied, "Never mind what they say; they are nothing but low-tongued rascals." The same writer records that a certain pleader to whom his adversary said, "What art thou barking for?" replied, "Because I see a thief."

Again he says, as Duke Frederic of Urbina was one day talking of what was to be done with a large quantity of earth which had been dug up in *order to lay the foundation of his pal*ace, an abbot who was present said: "My lord, I have been thinking where it could be put and I have a good idea: order a great ditch to be dug and you may there dispose of the earth without further hindrance." The duke replied, not without a smile, "What are we to do with the earth which will be dug from this new ditch?" The abbot answered, "Let it be made big enough to hold both." And thus, although the duke tried to show him that the larger the ditch the more earth would be dug out of it, he could not understand that it could not be made large enough to contain both heaps, but only replied, "Make it so much larger."

THE BRITISH QUEUE

The edict sanctioning the abolition of the pigtail reminds us that it is not so very long since the pigtail disappeared, not merely from the army and navy, but even from everyday civilian life in England. Waist-long pigtails were the fashionable wear in England about 1740 and before that the bag wig had been adorned with a pigtail looped up in a black silk bag. As late as 1858 *an old gentleman was seen on Cheap*side with his gray hair tied behind in a short queue, and even to-day we can find a relic of the pigtail, for the three *pieces of black velvet on the dress* tunics of officers in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers are the remains of the ribbon with which the queue was tied.

BIG BAGS OF BRITISH HUNTERS

Grouse shooting in Great Britain for 1911 showed some remarkable results in big bags brought down by successful hunters. The heaviest one-day bag obtained in Scotland was that of Lord Dalkeith and his party on the Duke of Buccleuch's Roanfell moor, in Roxburghshire, when eight guns killed 2,523 birds.

In England the best one-day bag was that of the Duc de Luynes and five other guns on Lord Strathmore's Wemmergill *moors in the Upper Lune*-dale District of Durham; 1,599 birds were killed during four drives in stormy weather.

On the Duke of Devonshire's Upper Wharfedale moors in Yorkshire, 14,918 birds were killed in twenty-two days, all by driving, and there were usually nine guns out. The best bag was obtained on August 18, when the king was included in the party and nine guns killed 1,580 birds on the Barden and Rylstone moors.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

Young Kermit Roosevelt has been hunting in the Mexican desert. In this he shows himself the son of his father, who is wont to disturb the life of the wilds with his trusty rifle, just as he disturbs the life of the nation with his gusty eloquence. But Kermit proves himself the more the scion of his parent, in that he writes an account of his little hunting trip. This story of a boy's excursion so sedate and generally important a magazine as Scribner's inflicts, with the accompaniment of illustrations from photographs by the author, upon the too patient public.

However, not blood merely, but only the most careful parental discipline could have infused into the youth the skill in the use of the personal pronoun "I" that he displays in his article. Like the writings of his noted progenitor, it fairly bristles with them. Were these the days when type was set by hand, *the printer who set up this article* would be hard put to it to keep his "I box" filled. Into a narrative covering thirteen magazine pages, which are broken up by fifteen illustrations, large and small, the writer has managed to crowd a total of 149 "I's." Probably he didn't round out the number to 150 because he was seized with an attack of modesty. That he did pretty well is seen from the fact that, though the columns are only 7¾ inches long, in one which was unbroken he used the little word twenty-three times, while in another, which was broken by an illustration, he managed to get it in seventeen times. Perhaps with growth and experience he will be able to become as facile in the writing of the svelte pro*noun as is his father.*

Though the young man has as yet shown no interest in politics, he thus begins to demonstrate his great fitness for holding office. And while we await with fear and trembling the bursting of this precocious youth into the political arena, it might be well to ponder upon the origin of the trait he has so well manifested in this article. The meditation may serve to make us hesitate to consider seriously for the presidency the original possessor of this trait, whose frequent statements and letters must make necessary the keeping in his literary workshop of several extra "I" keys for his typewriting machine.

SCIENTIFIC HANDCLAPPING

There is one kind of handclapping I am not yet proficient in, said the gray-*headed man. I cannot call a Japanese* servant by clapping my hands. I clap, but the servants do not answer. A friend of mine has two Japanese servants. When he wants attention he claps his hands and one of them appears. At his home yesterday I needed a sheet of paper to finish a bit of writing I was working on in my friend's absence. I clapped my hands, nobody came.

I clapped louder, and again still louder, but the Japanese servant persisted in his retirement. So I substituted calling for clapping, and presently I got my paper. I told my friend of my failure. I said I knew the art of clapping well enough to make my sentiments known at the play, at a *ball game, and at a political meeting,* they why couldn't I summon a Japanese servant?

"You haven't got the knack," said he. "*A white man has to associate* with Orientals for months before he learns the peculiar handclap that they recognize as a summons."

Then he gave me a few lessons, but I am sure I have not mastered it yet, and that if I should clap again for a Japanese servant he would let me clap till my hands were sore, under the impression that I was killing moth millers and rooting for a home run.

CHEMISTRY AND COMBUSTION

Important as are the losses in the initial purchase of coal, they are small compared with those which attend its burning. Many a mill owner looks out of the window and sees, without knowing, his dividends go up the chimney. Under well regulated conditions of combustion the flue gases should contain not less than 12 per cent. of carbonic acid gas. They frequently contain no more than 3 per cent. This means that for every ton of coal burned *under the latter conditions more* than 52 tons of excess air are heated to the high temperature of the flue gases. Chemistry meets these conditi*ons by analyzing the flue gases and* regulating the draft as indicated by the percentage of carbonic acid found. At $2.25 a ton, which is much below the *average price, the fuel bill of the* United States was over $1,000,000,000 in 1910. Of that amount, chemistry could easily have saved $100,000,000.

NIGHT AND DAY FARMING

Farming at night is the innovation just introduced by E. W. Fowler, who lives twelve miles west of Lodi, Cal Fowler has two crews of six men each *and has been ploughing night and day.*

Immense searchlights are attached to the ploughs and the laborers declare that they can see at night almost as well as during the day. An incongruous feature of the work is that when the night crew is eating breakfast at six o'clock at night the day crew is eating supper from the same table. Fowler is planting 2,000 acres of barley and has resorted to the novel scheme of working twenty-four hours a day in order that he may get the grain in before the heavy rains.

OH, MODEST MAN!

If you are a man you know how men love women. If you are a woman you *know how women love men.*

The man's love does exist; it exists more often than we think it does, but a man is a shy animal when questioned on the affairs of his heart. If he loves a fellow man with all his heart he will only admit that he is "rather decent." But men do love one another. Brothers do sometimes, and many and many a man has given his life for another and no one has known anything about it.

One proof of men's affection is the way in which they defend and shield each other. Suppose So-and-So has been doing something shady. Ask his friend, who certainly knows all about it. What will he say? He will either put on a very innocent mask, and reply, "'Impossible, he isn't that sort of chap at all," or smile *inscrutably and say,* "I never inquire about other people, nor do I believe all I hear."

A RIDE IN OLD QUEBEC

Our driver gave us bargain rates if we would go early in the *morning.* As this time was more pleasing to us, we started about eight o'clock, so that our thrifty French driver could be home *to meet the boat, which came that day* in the early afternoon.

One cannot but feel pity for the horses in this place; they have to carry such loads of people over such rocky, and in some places, sandy hills. An old lady of the party complained much in English of the slowness of our progress as we ascended the first long, sandy hill. But, of course, the driver "comprennez no Anglais," so we continued to go slowly. At the top of this hill, overlooking the river, and nearly buried in the sand, the ruin of an old mill was shown us. This, no doubt, had been the scene of a live industry in the palmy, early days of the history of Tadousac.

The next item of interest was a visit to a farmhouse. It was a very modest frame structure, but the inside was scrupulously clean. The boards of the unpainted floor seemed to shine, so hard had they been scrubbed. A home-made carpet covered part of the floor, and no doubt marked off the parlor from the common room. Quaint little pictures in quainter little wooden frames, adorned the walls at long intervals. In one corner—the kitchen corner—stood that huge article of household use that one finds in nearly every French-Canadian home—the loom, and on this one the mother of *the family was busy weaving a web* of blue homespun. In the parlor corner was to be seen a fine, up-to-date, drop-frame Singer sewing-machine, *whose polished table seemed strangely* out of place in its quaint surrounding.

A daughter, who appeared to know our driver very well indeed, seemed quite pleased to show us the outside bake-oven, a huge affair, standing about four feet high by five or six feet long. It was built of stone, and some kind of cement, with flat bricks in the bottom of the fire-place. In this square fire-place a wood fire is built. When the bread or other food is ready to be baked, the coals are pulled out, and the hot bricks are ready to receive what is to be baked.

TO COVER THE WORLD WITH WIRELESS

The United States navy proposes by means of seven wireless stations to keep in direct touch with its vessels in all parts of the world. The advance of wireless telegraphy into a thoroughly practicable and dependable means of long-distance communication is indicated by this comprehensive plan, which, it is said, is entirely feasible, and can be put into operation for about $1,000,000. The value of such a great network of ethereal connections between Washington, D.C., and every ship of the navy, wherever located—a network giving the President in the White House immediate control of a battleship in mid-Pacific—is obvious. The seven stations are to be located at Washington, D.C., in the Canal Zone, at San Francisco, Hawaii, Guam, Luzon (Philippines), and Tutulia Island (Samoa). There are already wireless installations of lower power at several *of the above locations. The new ap*paratus will have a reach of 3,000 miles at all times of day or night. This new arrangement, by which every unit of *the navy from West Africa to China* is virtually given a direct wire to headquarters, will have a revolutionary effect upon the handling of the navy in peaceful as well as in war times.

TUNNELING THE CAUCASIAN MOUNTAINS

According to a recent despatch from Paris, the Russian government is seriously considering the proposals of certain Swiss engineers to tunnel the Caucasian Mountains near Tiflis, thus connecting the Black and the Caspian *seas. Although the length of the tun*nel would be sixteen miles, it is stated that the Russian government believes the commercial and strategic value of *the tunnel would be such as to warrant* its construction. The engineers estimate that the work could be completed in seven years' time.

TRAFFIC THROUGH THE SIMPLON TUNNEL

The report of the Italian State Railroads states that in the year ending June, 1910, the amount of freight entering Italy through the Simplon tunnel was 56,335 tons, and that 74,764 tons were shipped from Italy by way of the tunnel. The imports through the Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard tunnels were six times and thirteen times as great as by the Simplon tunnel. The exports were respectively twice and six times *as great by these older routes as by* the new Simplon road.

THE SUN AS A LAMPLIGHTER

In the acetylene-burning lighthouses along the Panama Canal will be installed copper cylinders exposed to the sun. When the sun rises in the morning and the rays fall upon these cylinders they will expand and close valves that ad*mit gas to the burners. As night ap*proaches and the sun's rays diminish in power the cylinders will contract and again turn on the gas, which will be ignited by small pilot jets.

The Family Automobile

A GREAT deal has been written and much more has been said on this same subject; it is as trite, as a subject, as one might find connected with the automobile industry. So what is there left for me to say?

In the first place, let us take the title of this article itself. Everybody has heard of the family automobile. Yet, in fact, it does not exist; there is no such thing. There are thousands of automobiles, I will admit, that start nobly out to fill the bill; but they fail to achieve. And all on account of the family.

Anybody and everybody in the family drove the family horse. It didn't improve him any, but they drove him just the same. And that is where the difference comes in. The more the horse was driven by different people and the *older he grew, the easier he was to* handle; but it is not so with the automobile. The reason is plain: The younger the horse and the less experienced he was, the harder he was to manage, no matter how skilled the driver might be; hard work and plenty of it, under different drivers, generally thoroughly "broke" him. In other words, he became educated, learned how to behave himself; in fact, the average family horse may be said to have known more about how to properly conduct himself when between the shafts than the average driver knew about driving. And a great blessing it was for him that he could learn. Suppose he had no more intelligence than a machine! What would have become of him? And there you have the difference—the automobile cannot learn, and has to take the consequences.

*There is a saying that no two auto*mobiles are exactly alike, that each and every one has its own individual peculiarities. This is true only in the same sense that no two watches are exactly alike—or that they will run exactly alike with precisely the same adjustment. It is but a step from watches to the family clock, which gives me opportunity to draw another comparison. Suppose everybody takes a hand at winding a twenty-four-hour clock. What is the result? It runs down sooner or later. And suppose everybody in the family tries each in his own way to keep that clock adjusted so it will run "to a tick" with observatory time. The chances are it never will tell the right time. And whose fault is it? *Not the clock's, surely? Finally, the* automobile, like the clock, being a mere machine cannot adjust itself to the abuses of the family. Only a wise old *horse or a very well paid servant can* do that.

No two people are exactly alike or to be depended upon to between them, and turn about, handle an automobile or any other machine as successfully as one person alone will do it. As often as possible the locomotive is assigned to one particular engineer and the taxicab is given to one particular chauffeur to drive, because of this; often at the expense of a considerable amount of service on the part of the engine or car occasioned by the fact that with a "shift" of drivers it could be made to work overtime. It follows that, if the family has but one automobile it will give longer and better service if some one person has entire charge of it. *More than two drivers in the family to* one automobile, I should say, is certainly inadvisable. In many families experience has brought out the fact *that it is better to have two or three* cars of moderate price, if necessary, than only one high-priced car. This, of course, not only minimizes the possibility of troubles arising from any conflict of management, but may more than double or triple the service, convenience and pleasure.

The automobile has been perfected and simplified to such a degree that it is more fool-proof and easier handled by any average person than almost any other similarly complicated machine. Thousands upon thousands of them are driven every day by people who know nothing more about them than how to shift the levers. Now you perhaps are thinking that, this being the case, I have been making a great stir about nothing—that anybody can run an automobile once the shifting of those levers and handling the steering wheel are learned. Quite true. If *only the "occasional" driver would* make a thoroughly good job of learning to do those things and let it go at that! But he (or she) is rarely satisfied with that.

Let us take one good example: It is generally admitted the carbureter of any automobile is adjusted at the factory so as to give the greatest efficiency. Every automobile salesman or repairman will advise against changing that adjustment—unless you know what you are about; for the reason that it takes either a great deal of experimenting or else both experience and fine judgment to properly re-adjust a carbureter which has been tampered with. Now suppose there is water in the gasoline, something which may *happen if the fuel is not properly* strained as it is poured into the tank, and some of this has got down into the carbureter. The result is, the en*gine skips, loses* power, or perhaps stops altogether. What does the inexpert driver do—he who drives the car only occasionally and has never taken the trouble to learn anything more about it than how to shift the levers and handle the steering wheel? Let us suppose he suspects the trouble is in the carbureter; usually he does not, but lays it to the ignition. But we save time and space by giving him the benefit of the doubt. What does he do? Up goes the hood, and after starting the engine (if it will start) and as it skips and runs by fits and starts, he undertakes to correct what he assumes to be faulty adjustment of the needle-valve or of the auxiliary air valve of the carbureter, although he has never *before attempted to adjust that or any* other carbureter. And instead, under the circumstances, that should be the very last thing he should do. What he should do, and could do without complicating matters, and what a competent driver would do the very first thing, would be to open the drain-cock at the bottom of the carbureter. Water or any sediment always remains at the bottom of the carbureter float chamber and can generally be drained off in this way. In fact, I might say that ninety per cent. of the carbureter troubles of the average driver, when they do occur, and that is rarely, can be disposed of by the simple expedient of draining off a cupful of gasoline from the bottom of the carbureter. Meantime, our friend who drives only occasionally has gone to the nearest telephone. And the "regular" driver will have the task of *getting that carbureter back to proper* adjustment.

My example suggests difficulty in handling the automobile; but as a mat*ter of fact it would cause the compe*tent driver no more trouble than it would be to get out of the family surrey and uncheck the family horse for *a drink* at the water-trough. The horse would acquaint an inexperienced driver with his desire for a drink by turning in to the trough and jerking his head at the check-rein; that is more than we can expect an automobile to do, I must admit.

But the average family cannot afford to choose between a high-priced car and two or three of moderate cost. So this article is written for the benefit of *the family-with-one-car. And its pur*pose is not to discourage more than one person in the family driving, but rather to point out a very simple way *of getting more service and satisfac*tion out of that one car.

Let some one person in the family—you know whom without a second's hesitancy—have entire charge of the car. Let those others in the family who want to drive be accountable to him, obey his instructions and always, if possible, leave it to him to make any necessary or desirable changes of adjustment. Under this arrangement it will be his duty to see that *at all times* the car is properly tuned up, and his privilege to say it must not be used if for any reason it needs attention. He *will soon learn to know its "bark" and* what any variation in that bark means. Then he will begin to realize the full joy of motoring, ample reward for assuming all responsibility for the good behaviour of "the family automobile."

A MOTOR-CAR ON SKIS

THERE are characteristics suggestive of the automobile, the aeroplane, the motor-boat, and the cutter, too, in the mechanical sleigh that has been manufactured in France for the Count de Lesseps, who intends to use the *machine in Canada.* As the count is an accomplished aeroplanist as well as an automobilist, and the snow craft was built to his order by *the designer of the Chauviere laminate* aeroplane propeller, it is not strange that so many features from different sources should have been combined in the attempt to produce a successful and satisfactory mechanical sleigh. The automobile hood of the body blends neatly into the boat-shaped body, which terminates in a stern with a cutter effect that carries the two-bladed aeroplane screw. There is room for two persons in the front seat, and a third passenger can be accommodated in a single seat behind them. The frame of the machine is of wood, and there are *no springs between it and* the flat, ski-like runners. The forward runners can be turned by the steering-wheel as in an automobile. A light, *four-cylinder motor of aeronautical* type furnishes the power. The forward end of the propeller shaft is connected with the rear end of the driving shaft by a chain and sprockets that reduce the engine speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute to 900 revolutions for the propeller. Instead of the usual automobile change-speed gearing there is a marine type reverse gear. For use in stopping there is a hinged bar under the centre of the body which has strong iron teeth, which can be raised or lowered into contact with the ground or ice by means of rods and a lever.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY FROM A BICYCLE

While others have been experimenting with wireless telegraph apparatus adapted for use on aeroplanes and automobiles, Mr. I. Wolff, a young inventor living in Cambridge, Mass., has been endeavoring to develop a system that can be used successfully on a bicycle. He *has succeeded in main*taining communication between his own wheel and that of an associate three and one-quarter miles away. This *communication* was obtained without a ground, for the rubber tires insulated the apparatus completely from the earth. For an aerial, he uses three double spreads of phosphor bronze wire, each 12.5 feet long, joined in one loop at the top of a 10-foot mast, which is tied to the back of the bicycle. The sending apparatus comprises an induction-coil giving a 3-inch spark, a series of Leyden jar condensers connected in multiple, a battery secured under the instrument board, and a sending key. The receiving set comprises a tuning coil of variable inductance, a silicon detector, and a receiver wound to 2,000 ohms resistance. For the aerial, a 3-wire single spread of phosphor bron.e is used. Experiments with this apparatus were conducted at night in order to avoid too much publicity. The greatest distance was obtained at the hour of 2 a.m. The assis*tant with the sending instrument rode* ahead, sending messages as he went, while the receiver managed to keep in constant touch with him.

The record for point-to-point ballooning in England was recently broken by C. F. Pollock. A distance of two hundred and forty miles was made in ten minutes under eleven hours, from Pembroke Dock gas works to Witham, Essex, England.

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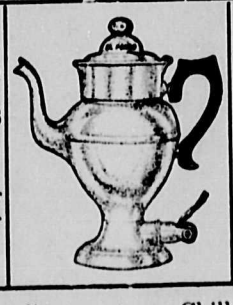

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Formerly (The New Era.)

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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.

The Public Meeting

Was a Big Success. Sewerage, High School, Drill Hall and Water Works Discussed.

The public meeting called for last Thursday night at the city hall for the purpose of discussing the money by-laws and other important matters in connection with the future and development of the city was very largely attended. Mayor Waddington occupied the chair, and in opening the meeting paid his respects to the Attorney General's department for the treatment the city had received in connection with the refusal of the department to allow the place to be used as a council chamber. The city was now independent in this respect, having a building which was a credit to the city and builders. The building, the Mayor stated, was one to be proud of, and was also a monument to the city's prosperity.

In view of the fact that the city has so splendidly endorsed the High School and Drill Hall Site By-laws it will not be necessary for the Free Press to dilate on the splendid addresses given by Chairman Barber of the School Board, C. E. Eckert and Captain Coote pertaining to these questions. Mr. Barber gave a brief review of education in the valley for the past fifteen years and dealt with the urgent need of increased facilities in the High School department, pointing out the many advantages which would be derived from the presence of a modern and thoroughly equipped institution of this kind in the city. The government assistance of fifty per cent. of the cost was an important matter and he, in common with the other members of the board, hoped, in the best interests of the important matter of education, the citizens would endorse the proposed by-law. Ald. Eckert dealt with the question of cost and the proportion payable yearly according to assessment.

A. L. Coote did not want to see the Drill Hall Site By-law turned down as the deal was a most splendid bargain for the city. The hall would have a three story front, would be of concrete construction and cost $30,000. The building would be fitted with a gymnasium, etc., and would afford a much needed rendezvous for boys from the ages of seventeen to thirty, especially during the winter months. A caretaker and instructor would be engaged and the hall conducted on approved lines. It would also be available for purposes other than military.

Mr. Cameron, of Vancouver, was present and on being introduced explained in detail the plan and system submitted to the council by him, as the best and most economical method of sewerage collection and disposal. A gravity system for Chilliwack was not practicable, hence the sewerage would have to be lifted. In this it is important that there should be no leakage. There were various systems of pumping but they were all costly both as to installation and maintenance. In his opinion the pneumatic ejector system was the best for Chilliwack's needs, whereby the sewage was automatically forced by compressed air to higher levels at the ejector stations. The system had passed the experimental stage, being in operation in seventy-two towns and cities in England and similar systems were in successful operation in Winnipeg and Chicago. The system outlined for present needs would cost about $40,000, which included the outfall works. The maximum depth of sewers would be eight feet and the minimum four feet. The disposal works would consist of a system of tanks and overflows, the affluent being carried to the river. For the system proposed one flush tank of 200 gallons capacity to discharge automatically every twenty-four hours, together with a proportion of storm and surface water would be all the water flushing required. The tanks and ejector stations were not costly. Several questions were asked and answered satisfactorily. Many who were doubtful as to the feasibility of a sewerage system for Chilliwack except at enormous cost were convinced that a system as outlined by Mr. Cameron was what Chilliwack required.

The Mayor emphasized the need of sewerage for Chilliwack at once and expressed his approval of the plans submitted by Mr. Cameron. The cost was very moderate when compared with previous estimates and there was no doubt but that the system would meet local needs. A fair proportion of the cost of a trunk sewer would be assessed to the properties benefitted, so that the man on the outside would not be overtaxed for the protection given, by a removal of the sewage from the more congested districts, where even now its presence is a positive menace to the life and health of the citizens as a whole. The Mayor then took up the waterworks system and explained the situation as has been published in the columns of the Free Press from time to time. Ald. Eckert explained the financial side of the proposition. In his opinion by purchasing the system the city would secure a profit-making concern which would pay for itself, in which case the purchase would simply be a cost against the credit of the city. That the proposal to purchase is favorably considered by a majority of the ratepayers is shown by the vote on Monday.

In regard to securing the electric light equipment it was learned that afternoon that the B. C. Electric do not wish to sell as it would establish a precedent but that a reduction of rates was under consideration. The Mayor stated that he had asked Premier McBride to take up the matter direct with the London directors of the company on his present visit to England. It was also stated that the monthly revenue for light and power service at Chilliwack averaged $1250.00 per month.

The meeting was a splendid one, the council chamber being filled to capacity, and much interest was taken in the proceedings.

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C. W. HOUGHTON,
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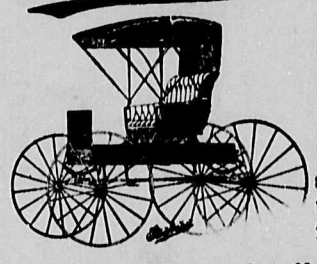

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City of Chilliwack

Notice is hereby given that the first sitting of the Court of Revision of the City of Chilliwack, for the year 1912, will be held at the City Hall, Chilliwack, on Thursday the 2nd day of May, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints against the assessment as made by the assessor, and revising and correcting the assessment roll.

Any person complaining against the assessment must give notice in writing to the assessor, of the ground of his complaint, at least ten days before the date of the said first sitting of the Court of Revision.

Dated at the City Hall, Chilliwack this 25th day of March, 1912.

J. H. ASHWELL
Assessor.

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 Htgdn.	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 Htgdn.
6.....	3.00 p.m.	4.05	6.30

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Mahogany Dressers
Chiffoniers
Parlor Tables
Music Cabinets
Parlor Cabinets

20 per cent. off for Cash

All Odd Mahogany Parlor Chairs at Cost.

Woolen Blankets, Flannel Blankets, Extra Large-size Sheets, Pillows 15 per cent off
Comforts from $1.50 to $15 at cost. Now is the time to buy these goods.

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FLOUR
"Moffit's Best"

At D. B. Hall's House
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From 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Eighty Barrels at $6.00 per bbl.
CASH

C. W. WEBB,
J. PELLY,
Assignees for D. B. Hall

A man who sits by the fire; smokes his pipe and reads the newspaper, while his frail wife carries the water and fuel, fixes up the fire to keep him warm, is not worthy of such a woman's willingness.

Local and General

Eighty barrels of flour are advertised in the Free Press to-day. Price $6.00 per barrel. See advt. for particulars.

The criminal list at the forthcoming sitting of Assize Court, which opens in New Westminster on May 7, is one of the lightest, both as to the number and nature offences, that has come before the Grand Jury recently. In all there are ten cases.

The ninety third anniversary of the order will be commemorated by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and visiting brethern, on Sunday April 28 at three p. m., by attending Divine service in Cook's Presbyterian church. Further notice of the service appears elsewhere in this issue.

The members of Sardis Women's Hospital Auxiliary are making preparations for a large "At Home" on the evening of April 30th at the home of Mrs. J. H. Suart and any one who can possibly attend this evening will find it well worth their while. A splendid program is being prepared as well as excellent refreshments being served.

Announcement is made of the fact that Washington capitalists have completed their arrangements for the construction of a sash and door factory on the Huntingdon side, states the Sumas News. The final touches were put to the deal on Monday last, when Mr. Nash, of American Mill, closed the deal for the site of the new factory, which be situated just north of the Electrical Lumber Comany's plant. The trackage facilities of this location are excellent as the spurs from both the C. P. R. and the B. C. Electric Railway are already constructed.

By-laws for the purpose of enabling the Merritt City council to borrow the sum of forty thousand dollars for the purpose of building and installing a pump and water distribution plant throughout the city, another for the purpose of raising twenty thousand dollars to to instal an electric light plant and another to secure a loan of ten thousand dollars for sidewalk construction and a fourth to raise the sum of three thousand dollars to secure the school property free of charge, will be voted on in that city on April 25.

Bee keepers wil be reminded that F. D. Todd, Foul Brood Inspector, will hold a series of Apiary demonstrations in Chilliwack district, as follows: Saturday, April 20 at Isaac Kipp's, Chilliwack: Monday, April 22, Jno. McCutcheon's, Chilliwaek; Tuesday 23 at A.E. Willis's, Chilliwack; Wednesday 24 at J. W. Fletcher's, Sardis; Thursday, 25 at Mrs. Mercer's, Rosedale; Friday Jno Chapman's, Munro. Hive construction will be demonstrated and if weather be favorable hive manipulation will be shown. Bee keepers are requested to bring along empty hives with croaked or tangled combs in order that the lecturer can show how they may be straightened and trued. Special instructions in control of swarms is to be a feature of the course.

A meeting of the Hospital Auxiliary was held on Monday April 15 with nineteen member present. The treasurer reported $126.79 on hand. Mrs. Rutherford was appointed convenor of the work committee. Mrs. Patten and Mrs. Day visitors to the hospital. The Dramatic Society has promised to give an entertainment early in June. A garden party will be held towards the end of June in the grounds of Mrs. Larter, Hope River. Mrs. Suart reported $46 on hand and an increasing number of members of the Sardis branch. They intend holding an "At Home" on April 30 at the residence of Mrs. Suart to which all are invited. Messrs Denmark & Burton have kindly promised to take charge charge of any donations that may be left in town for the Hospital.

Mr. William Sampson, often described as "The Cornishman on Fire," is well known to thousands of our readers as a fervent evangelist of the old type. There are few parts of England where his converts are not to be found. Twice many years ago, Mr. Sampson visited the West Indies with the late Rev. Alexander McAuley, and many striking scenes of conversions were witnessed during their tours. Three years ago Mr. Sampson paid a successful visit to Canada, and he proposes to go again in September next, extending his tour to the farthest West. He claims to have travelled over 700,000 miles to preach the gospel. We trust that his coming journey may be as fruitful of blessing to those among whom he labors as in the past. Many prayers will be offered for his safety and success.—Methodist Recorder, England.

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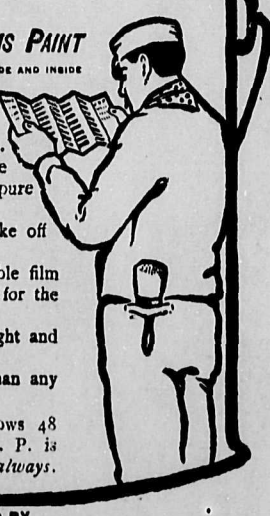

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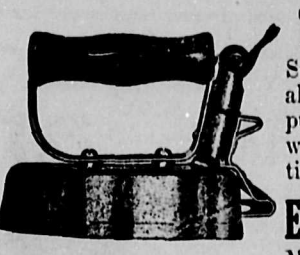

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ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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CHAPTER X. (Continued)

The Emigrant Spirit

THE fact that the boy's fellows were all of a kind was what had disturbed me even in the little suburban grammar school. For that matter I can see now that even for Ruth and me this sameness was a handicap for both us and our neighbors. There was no clash. There was a dead level. I don't believe that's good for either boys or men or for women.

Supposing this open door policy did admit a few worthless youngsters into the school and supposing again that the private school didn't admit such of a different order (which I very much doubt)—along with these Dick was going to find here the men—the past had proved this and the present was proving it—who eventually would become our statesmen, our progressive business men, our lawyers and doctors—if not our conservative bankers. For one graduate of such a school as my former surroundings had made me think essential for the boy, I could count now a dozen graduates of this very high school who were distinguishing themselves in the city. The boy was going to meet here the same spirit I was getting in touch with among my emigrant friends—a zeal for life, a belief in the possibilities of life, an optimistic determination to use these possibilities, which somehow the blue-blooded Americans were losing. It seemed to me that life was getting stale for the fourth and fifth generation. I tried to make the boy see this point of view. I went back again with him to the pioneer idea.

"Dick," I said in substance, "your great-great-grandfather pulled up stakes and came over to this country when there was nothing here but trees, rocks and Indians. It was a hard fight but a good fight and he left a son to carry on the fight. So generation after generation they fought, but somehow they grew a bit weaker as they fought. Now," I said, "you and I are going to try to recover that lost ground. Let's think ourselves as like our great-great-grandfathers. We've just come over here. So have about a million others. The fight is a different fight today, but it's no less a fight and we're going to win. We have a good many advantages that these newcomers haven't. You see them making good on every side of you, but I'll bet they can't lick a good American—when he isn't asleep. You and I are going to make good too."

"You bet we are, Dad," he said, with his eyes grown bright.

"Then," I said, "you must work the way the newcomers work. I don't want you to think you're any better than they are. You aren't. But you're just as good and these two hundred years we've lived here ought to count for something."

The boy lifted his head at this.

"You make me feel as though we'd just landed with the Pilgrims," he said.

"So we have," I said. "June seventh of this very year we landed on Plymouth Rock just as our ancestors did two centuries ago. They've been all this time paving the way for you and me. They've built roads and schools and factories and it's up to us now to use them. You and I have just landed from England. Let's see what we can do as pioneers."

I wanted to get at the young American in him. I wanted him to realize that he was something more than the son of his parents; something more than just an average English-speaking boy. I wanted him to feel the impetus of the big history back of him and the big history yet to be made ahead of him. He had known nothing of that before. The word American had no meaning to him except when a regiment of soldiers was marching by. I wanted him to feel all the time as he did when his throat grew lumpy with the band playing and the stars and stripes flying on Fourth of July or Decoration Day.

I urged him to study hard as the first essential towards success, but I also told him to get into the school life. I didn't want him to stand back as his tendency was and watch the other fellows. I didn't want him to sit in the bleachers—at least not until he had proved that this was the place for him. Even then I wanted him to lead the cheering. I wanted him to test himself in the literary societies, the dramatic clubs, on the athletic field. In other words, instead of remaining passive I wanted him to take an aggressive attitude towards life. In still other words, instead of being a middle-classer I wanted him to get something of the emigrant spirit. And I had the satisfaction of seeing him begin his work with the germ of that idea in his brain.

In the meanwhile with the approach of cold weather I saw a new item of expense loom up in the form of coal. We had used kerosene all summer, but now it became necessary for the sake of heat to get a stove. For a week I took what time I could spare and wandered around among the junk shops looking for a second-hand stove and finally found just what I wanted. I paid three dollars for it and it cost me another dollar to have some small repairs made. I set it up myself in the living room which we decided to use as a kitchen for the winter. But when I came to look into the matter of getting coal down here I found I was facing a pretty serious problem. Coal had been a big item in the suburbs, but the way people around me were buying it, made it a still bigger one. No cellar accommodations came with the tenement and so each one was forced to buy his coal by the basket or bag. A basket of anthracite was costing them at this time about forty cents. This was for about eighty pounds of coal, which made the total cost per ton eleven dollars—at least three dollars and a half over the regular price. Even with economy a person would use at least a bag a week. This, to leave a liberal margin, would amount to about a ton and a half of coal during the winter months. I didn't like the idea of absorbing the half dollar or so a week that Ruth was squeezing out towards what few clothes we had to buy, in this way—at least the over-charge part of it. With the first basket I brought home, I said, "I see where you'll have to dig down into the ginger jar this winter, little woman."

She looked as startled as though I had told her someone had stolen the savings.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

I pointed to the basket.

"Coal costs about eleven dollars a ton, down here."

When she found out that this was all that caused my remark, she didn't seem to be disturbed.

"Billy," she said, "before we touch the ginger jar it will have to cost twenty dollars a ton. We'll live on pea soup and rice three times a day before I touch that."

"All right," I said, "but it does seem a pity that the burden of such prices as these should fall on the poor."

"Why do they?" she asked.

"Because in this case," I said, "the dealers seem to have us where the wool is short."

"How have they?" she insisted.

"We can't buy coal by the ton, because we haven't any place to put it.' She thought a moment and then she said:

"We could take care of a fifth of a ton, Billy. That's only five baskets."

"They won't sell five any cheaper than one."

"And every family in this house could take care of five," she went on. "That would make a ton."

I began to see what she meant and as I thought of it I didn't see why it wasn't a practical scheme.

"I believe that's a good idea," I said. "And if there were more women like you in the world I don't believe there'd be any trusts at all."

"Nonsense," she said. "You leave it to me now and I'll see the other women in the house. They are the ones who'll appreciate a good saving like that."

She saw them and after a good deal of talk they agreed, so I told Ruth to tell them to save out of next Saturday night's pay a dollar and a half apiece. I was a bit afraid that if I didn't get the cash when the coal was delivered I might get stuck on the deal. The next Monday I ordered the coal and asked to have it delivered late in the day. When I came home I found the wagon waiting and it created about as much excitement on the street as an ambulance. I guess it was the first time in the history of Little Italy that a coal team had ever stopped before a tenement. The driver had brought baskets with him and I filled up one and took it to a store nearby and weighed into it eighty pounds of coal. With that for my guide I gathered the other men of the families about me and made them carry the coal in while I measured it out. The driver who at first was inclined to object to the whole proceeding was content to let things go on when he found himself relieved of all the carrying. We emptied the wagon in no time and the other men insisted upon carrying up my coal for me. I collected every cent of my money and incidentally established myself on a firm footing with every family in the house. Several other tenements later adopted the plan, but the idea didn't take hold the way you'd have thought it would. I guess it was because there weren't any more Ruths around there to oversee the job. Then, too, while these people are far-sighted in a good many ways, they are short-sighted in others. Neither the wholesale nor co-operative plans appeal to them. For one thing they are suspicious and for another they don't like to spend any more than they have to day by day. Later on, through Ruth's influence, we carried our scheme a little farther with just the people in the house, and bought flour and sugar that way, but it was made possible only through their absolute trust in her. We always insisted on carrying out every such little operation on a cash basis and they never failed us.

Ruth's influence had been gradually spreading through the neighborhood. She had found time to meet the other families in the house and through them had met a dozen more. The first floor was occupied by Michele, an Italian laborer, his wife, his wife's sister and two children. On the second floor there was Giuseppe, the young sculptor, and his father and mother. The father was an invalid and the lad supported the three. On the third floor lived a fruit peddler, his wife and his wife's mother—rather a commonplace family, while the fourth floor was occupied by Pietro, a young fellow who sold cut flowers on the street and hoped some day to have a garden of his own. He had two children and a grandmother to care for.

It certainly afforded a contrast to visit those other flats and then Ruth's. Right here is where her superior intelligence came in, of course. The foreign-born women do not so quickly adapt themselves to the standards of this country as the men do. Most of them, as I learned, come from the country districts of Italy where they live very rudely. Once here they make their new quarters little better than their old. The younger ones, however, who are going to school are doing better. But taken by and large it was difficult to persuade them that cleanliness offered any especial advantages. It wasn't as though they minded the dirt and were chained to it by circumstances from which they couldn't escape—as I used to think. They simply didn't object to it. So long as they were warm and had food enough they were content. They didn't suffer in any way that they themselves could see.

But when Ruth first went into their quarters she was horrified. She thought that at length she was face to face with all the misery and squalor of the slums of which she had read. I remember her chalk-white face as she met me at the door upon my return home one night. She nearly drove the color out of my own cheeks for I thought surely that something had happened to the boy. But it wasn't that; she had heard that the baby on the first floor was ill and had gone down there to see if there was anything she might do for it. Until then she had seen nothing but the outside of the other doors from the hall and they looked no different from our own. But once inside—well, I guess that's where the two hundred years if not the four hundred years back of us native Americans counts.

"Why, Billy," she cried, "it was awful. I'll never get that picture out of mind if I live to be a hundred."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why the poor little thing—"

"What poor little thing?" I interrupted.

"Michele's baby. It lay there in dirty rags with its pinched white face staring up at me as though just begging for a clean bed."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Matter with it? It's a wonder it isn't dead and buried. The district nurse came in while I was there and told me,"—she shuddered—"that they'd been feeding it on macaroni cooked in greasy gravy. And it isn't six months old yet."

"No wonder it looked white," I said, remembering how we had discussed for a week the wisdom of giving Dick the coddled white of an egg at that age.

"Why the conditions down there are terrible," cried Ruth. "Michele must be very, very poor. The floor wasn't washed, you couldn't see out of the windows, and the clothes—"

She held up her hands unable to find words.

"That does sound bad," I said.

"It's criminal. Billy—we can't allow a family in the same house with us to suffer like that, can we?"

I shook my head.

"Then go down and see what you can do. I guess we can squeeze out fifty cents for them, can't we, Billy?"

"I guess you could squeeze fifty cents out of a stone for a sick baby," I said.

The upshot of it was that I went down and saw Michele. As Ruth had said his quarters were anything but clean, but they didn't impress me as being in so bad a condition as she had described them. Perhaps my work in the ditch had made me a little more used to dirt. I found Michele a healthy, temperate, able-bodied man and I learned that he was earning as much as I. Not only that, but the women took in garments to finish and picked up the matter of two or three dollars a week extra. There were five in the family, but they were far from being in want. In fact Michele had a good bank account. They had all they wanted to eat, were warm and really prosperous. There was absolutely no need of the dirt. It was there because they didn't mind it. A five-cent cake of soap would have made the rooms clean as a whistle and there were two women to do the scrubbing. I didn't leave my fifty cents, but I came back upstairs with a better appreciation, if that were possible, of what such a woman as Ruth means to a man. Even the baby began to get better as soon as the district nurse drove into the parent's head a few facts about sensible infant feeding.

I don't want to make out that life is all beer and skittles for the tenement dwellers. It isn't. But I ran across any number of such cases as this where conditions were not nearly so bad as they appeared on the surface. Taking into account the number of people who were gathered together here in a small area I didn't see among the temperate and able-bodied any worse examples of hard luck than I saw among my former associates. In fact of sheer, abstract hard luck I didn't see as much. In seventy-five per cent. of the cases the conditions were of their own making—either the man was a drunkard or the women slovenly or the whole family was just naturally vicious. Ignorance may excuse some of this, but not all of it. Perhaps I'm not what you'd call sympathetic, but I've heard a lot of men talk about these people in a way that sounds to me like twaddle. I never ran across a family down here in such misery as that which Steve Bonnington's wife endured for years without a whimper.

(To be continued)

IF TOO FAT, WALK; IF TOO LEAN, WALK

It may sound absurd to make the statement that walking will reduce adipose tissue in the excessively fat man, and that the thin man will gain weight through the same agency; but such is indeed the case. Take two men, one excessively fat and the other extremely thin, and start them on a walking regime. Have them increase the distance daily till they are each making ten miles; continue this six months, and what do we find in the way of a change in their physical make-up? We observe that the fat man has lost weight; the symmetrical outline of his muscles is observed, and he walks with more ease and grace than when he started. The lean man has gained weight, he has a brighter eye and clearer countenance, and his general appearance indicates more vigorous life. The reason the fat man has lost weight and the lean man gained it through walking is due to the fact that it responds to two physiologic necessities. The heavy man's system is overcharged with fat, and vigorous walking eliminates and burns it. In the thin man's system there is an urgent need of a stimulus capable of arousing the digestion and assimilation to increased activity, and this stimulating agency is found in fast walking. This exercise increases the appetite, and when more food is assimilated it naturally follows that the weight of the body will increase. Walking, therefore, becomes a shorter cut to health for the overfat man and he who is under weight by bringing both to a normal condition.

The prevailing tendency for persons in middle life is to take on flesh, and the best exercise for persons at "this time" of life is walking, because it eliminates the likelihood of strain and is performed in the open air. Those in middle life and elderly people need all the oxygen they can get. Walking keeps one young and supple. Mr. Weston, the veteran walker, claims that "walking properly will not only develop and maintain health in young men, but it will in addition rejuvenate middle-aged men, and give old men a new lease on vigorous life." "I have known," he continues, "scores, even hundreds, of persons who have put back the clock of time twenty, thirty, even forty years, by taking a course of Nature's cure-all, viz., walking."

Horace Greeley called walking two hundred or three hundred miles in a calm, clear October one of the cheap, wholesome luxuries of life, as free to the poor as to the rich. He said his forty-five miles in a day over rough roads would be equal to fifty miles of good roads. What would Horace Greeley say if he could see the condition of our crowded trolley cars to-day when we realize that he said almost a century ago, "The railroads have nearly killed pedestrianism, and I regret it."

"MISS NANCY" BALFOUR

Ireland, in a turmoil that was almost revolution, called for a strong hand. Men were shot from behind hedges week after week, and it was openly stated that the next Secretary who dared to cross the Channel to take up his residence at Dublin Castle would meet a violent death. Into this welter of agitation and bloodshed Lord Salisbury inducted "Miss Nancy," otherwise Mr. Arthur Balfour. Ireland convulsed itself. The Nationalists wept for joy and the Loyalists wept tears of disappointment. It was like sending an infant into a den of ferocious lions. It is almost needless to say what happened. "The silken-skinned sybarite whose rest would be disturbed by a crumpled rose-leaf," the "mollycoddle," "the pampered darling of a perfumed drawing-room," lost no time in metamorphosing himself into "Bloody Balfour," "the murderer," the "plug-ugly," "the devil's right hand man," "the bludgeoner." Violence grew less under his government. Murder disappeared from the land. He stamped out rapine. He brought peace and justice into an unhappy country; and "Miss Nancy" disappeared forever. Throughout all those trying years the fearless spirit of the young aristocrat glowed like a beacon for the maintenance of the union. He never quailed. Against him were giants, a dozen at a time—Gladstone, Morley, Parnell, Redmond, Dillon, Sexton, Biggar—and he beat them all off day after day. Later came the violent assaults of his old friend Lord Randolph Churchill, fierce, self-assertive, now going rapidly down the abyss which ended in madness and death. It was a savage epoch. Lord Randolph fought his former colleague like a tiger, and through it all Balfour remained serene and forceful. And in this crucible was formed the new character. The halting speech was altered. His debating power rose day by day until he emerged a master of rhetorical fence. As Churchill went down, as Gladstone receded, Parnell, Biggar, one by one faded, the young Minister rose to great heights, until in the end he was the most powerful man in England. From that day to this there has never been a man who has dared to suggest that Mr. Balfour was either a weakling or a coward. Every day in Ireland he carried his life in his hands. For months he walked about the country, courageously holding up his head, facing dangers that confront men only in war time. He never faltered, and he carried out his work of pacification, and when he returned to take up office in England he was a changed man.

AND WHAT OF WALKING

There are so many ways advocated for the walker by writers and so-called health-culturists that one is apt to become confused. Walk with the foot almost flat, so that the weight of the body at each step is distributed over the entire sole of the advanced foot. The heel should touch the ground first, not the ball of the foot, or "tiptoe," as many writers suggest. The feet should point straight ahead, or nearly so. Do not attempt to stiffen the knees in military style, but let them give somewhat with each step. Let the arms swing naturally at the side; do not held them at the chest; and take a moderately long stride. Keep the chest well expanded.

If you do considerable walking, you need not worry much about the correct way, because in order to cover ground rapidly one will strike the ground with the heel first, and in a long walk one who toes out will observe that there is an ever-increasing tendency to point the foot straight ahead. The posture of the body is an important factor while walking.

The proper care of the feet is also an important matter. Never begin a long walk in new shoes or Oxfords. New shoes should become adjusted to the foot before a long walk is taken, or they will chafe and cause blisters. The shoe should fit properly; it should be of ample width across the toes. The best shoe is one with a thick sole and a soft upper, lacing a little above the ankle. The foot, like the human brain, has its individuality and should be accordingly clothed. See that the stockings fit your feet snugly, so that no wrinkles will cause blisters and the abandonment of your walk.

When on tours lasting several days, wash the feet well at night and rub the legs and feet with alcohol. Do not open blisters during the day, but wait till night and give them proper treatment. Take a five or ten minute rest occasionally. A short halt before beginning a steep ascent gives one fresh strength and lowers the respiration. An occasional slow trot for a quarter of a mile sometimes rests one. Harry Chester, the pedestrian, claims that up and down hill travelling rests one, as different sets of muscles are employed from those used while on the level country. "If the pedestrian has to descend a hill," says Mr. Weston, "I advise that he do it backwards. This may sound curious, but it is the outcome, nevertheless, of much experience on my part. By so doing he avoids much of the jar that is inseparable from the face-forward position, and at the same time he uses comparatively little 'brake power,' this being practically eliminated by the backward pose of the body."

The clothing in the summer-time should be light in texture and color. Dark clothes absorb and retain more of the sun's rays than the lighter clothes. After a long walk, and when perspiring freely, never ride in an open street car or sit under an electric fan. If you are sitting around, with the clothes wet from perspiration, put on an overgarment or sweater to prevent catching cold. In case of sprains of muscles or tendons the best treatment is rest and hot applications. Elevation of the injured leg is also effective in reducing inflammation.

WOODPILE WISDOM

The autumn, after the leaves have fallen, is without question the best time to cut timber. Even the small limbs of a tree cut at that season will harden like bone. But if cutting is done in early winter, which is undoubtedly the best available time, it is all right to pile in the woods, building single piles rather high and well propped to hinder falling over, and as much as possible kept up from the damp ground. But if wood-cutting is delayed till early springtime, which to many seems most suitable, because then the days are longer and the saw cuts faster when the sap is flowing, there is danger of the wood souring and slight decay starting before the drying-out process is complete. This is almost certain to be the case if the woods are thick and shady, as they ought to be. It pays under such conditions to haul the wood as split, and pile in the open in double piles about six feet high. If time can be found to store such wood in the wood-shed in early fall, it will be in as nearly perfect condition as one could ask for. Cured or seasoned in this manner, the product is much superior to ordinary good wood, even the white wood of beech being scarcely less valuable than maple. There is nothing like a wood-shed for storing firewood after it has been seasoned outside for three months or more, but it is just as well that the cracks of the building be not battened. Getting an armful of wood where there is a roof overhead and the snow kept out is not the same kind of chore that it is to dig it out of the drift outside.

BUILDING THE BARN

In these days of concrete floors, sanitary water systems, modern steel stanchions, stalls and mangers, the most important thing of all is often overlooked, that of the arrangement of the stable.

In designing a stable, there are several very important things to be considered, and of these, possibly, the farmer's pocketbook is the greatest, for, be it known, the arrangement can be made to meet with approved modern methods, and still be kept at a medium cost.

The health of the stock must also be considered, and the convenience of feeding and tending.

In considering the first, the farmer's outlay, namely, having the cattle facing towards the centre, or, on the other hand, toward the outside of the building, the majority of writers claim that the latter is the better; and so it is, if the ventilation system is not designed to suit, but, from an economical point, heading stock towards the centre is certainly the one to be used. A system of ventilation for this arrangement costs no more than any other, and fewer and lighter ceiling timbers may be used, and no trusses, as required on the upper floors. The girders, resting on the shoulder posts of the stalls, come under the most heavily-loaded section of the building, and insure it against settlement.

In the other arrangement, these shoulder posts are near the outside of the stable, and leave the heavy centre span unsupported, requiring heavy timbers, girders and trusses, which ultimately sag and strain the whole building, if it be of timber-frame construction.

The ventilation may be effected in several ways, and will be efficient as long as the system tends to discharge pure breathing air at the centre of the stable and draws the foul air towards the sides and away from the breathing zone. A system bringing the pure air in below the floor, through tile pipes, and discharging through spray-like openings at each animal, will answer, if the foul-air outlets are situated along the outside wall, behind the stock. Another method is to bring the fresh air in at the sides and conduct it across the ceiling to the centre, in galvanized-iron pipes, using the same system of foul-air outlets as spoken of for the previous method.

Some will raise the objection that all the animals' breath will mingle and any of the above ventilation systems be breathed over and over again, but will keep the air from hanging in one place to be breathed again, as it is always travelling back past the bodies of the animals, and away from the mangers.

In the matter of feeding, the centre passage has any other way "beat a mile," as all chutes from above are in centre of barn, and it saves hauling the greater part of the fodder to the side chutes. The silo and feed-room may be built at the end of the building most convenient to the stock.

The convenient litter-carriers that are on the market at present make the removal of the manure a light job, and the track may circle from one door to the other, running over and dumping into a conveyance to carry the manure away to the fields, or can run into the manure shed and across from one side to the other, in the stable.

POTATOES SCARCE IN THE STATES

Replies to enquiries made by the United States Bureau of Statistics among growers and dealers in the principal potato-growing sections of the United States indicate that, on January 1st, 1912, about 33.1 per cent. of the crop raised in 1911 for market—in the sections investigated—was in the hands of growers, and 8.6 per cent. in the hands of dealers, as compared with 40.2 per cent. and 10.9 per cent. respectively on January 1st, 1911; and 41.2 per cent., and 9.9 per cent., respectively, on January 1st, 1910. The total potato crop for the United States in 1911 was 292,737,000 bushels; in 1910 it was 349,032,000 bushels, and in 1909 it was 389,195,000 bushels.

Assuming that the same proportion of the potato crop is marketed each year, it is estimated that on January 1st growers held 31.3 per cent. less than they did on January 1st, 1911, and 41.4 per cent. less than on January 1, 1910; while dealers held 34.3 per cent. less than on January 1st, 1911, and 36.3 per cent. less than on January 1st, 1910. In other words, with a total crop in the past year about 16 per cent. smaller than in the preceding year, and about 25 per cent. smaller than two years ago, the stocks on hand January 1st appears to be about 32 per cent. smaller than a year ago and 41 per cent. smaller than stocks on hand two years ago.

EGGS FOR HATCHING

In early spring, if eggs are not gathered very soon after being laid, they become so chilled that they will not hatch. A poor hatch may be caused by saving the eggs too long before setting them. Eggs hatch better by being set very soon after gathering them, but, if it is necessary, in order to obtain a sufficient number for the incubator, to keep some of them ten days or two weeks, they should be turned at least every other day, and every day would be still better, and kept some place where the temperature is about sixty degrees.

Often, at the close of a hatch that is anything but a success, we find, on breaking some of the eggs remaining, chicks just ready to break the shell, but, for some reason, they died before emerging therefrom. Many different explanations have been given for chicks dying in the shell, and various causes may be responsible for the untimely deaths. Often, at some critical time during incubation, the temperature in the egg-chamber runs up so high that the vitality of the embryos is so weakened that many of them have not strength to get out of the shell. Opening the machine and keeping it open too long at a time, when chicks are hatching, often causes the death of unhatched chicks; and, because of such opening of incubator doors, many a would-be good hatch has turned out a failure. It is very natural for one to want to see how things are working out behind those incubator doors, but we should restrain our longing and cultivate patience.

SEVENTY-THREE LIONS

Dr. Johnston, eldest son of Gen. P. P. Johnston, president of the National Trotting Association, has returned to New York from Africa, where he went with Mr. Paul Rainey, and where he killed thirteen of the seventy-three lions killed by the expedition. The growers of livestock had loudly protested against the damage done by lions in that district and had threatened to use poison, when the officers of the government gave Mr. Rainey and his party permission to shoot in the territory. The farmers were much pleased at the way the ranks of the prowlers were thinned. The largest number of lions slaughtered in one day was sixteen. The American dogs were of great service in revealing the whereabouts of the big game. Dr. Johnston was chased by a big wounded lion, but being something of a runner, escaped the savage beast. The fur of animals shot in the hot belt of Africa is not to be compared with that of the frozen regions, and Dr. Johnston prizes more highly the Polar bear skins secured by him in the previous Rainey expedition.

DIARY OF THE DAMNED

The Turkish government promises a publication of unusual interest in the shape of the diaries of Sultan Abdul, playfully called the damned. And yet they are not diaries in the ordinary sense of the word, since this interesting miscreant never wrote anything, not even his name. His signet served all purposes. But he saved everything that was written to him during thirty-three years and stowed it away in one of the 500 boxes of manuscripts that were brought to light. These manuscripts are made up of every conceivable sort of report, whether from his high ministers or the meanest spy in his employ. They are said to be the most amazing record of diplomacy, duplicity, cowardice, and cruelty that has ever been preserved. And it was preserved with unusual care. It was known to be in existence, but the most careful search after the Sultan's downfall failed to find it. Then the prisoner himself was asked to solve the mystery and he did so. There was a secret door in his bedroom known only to himself and opened by an ingenious electrical contrivance, and in this hidden chamber the boxes were found. But it seems that even Abdul Hamid had something that distantly resembled a virtue. He was passionately fond of reading, but only books of the most trivial kind, and yet he rejected with contempt anything that was obscene or indecent. He preferred novels that dealt with cruelty or murder.

During the year 1911, forty warships were launched in the British navy. These included eight super-dreadnoughts, carrying 13.5-inch guns; two protected cruisers, two unarmored cruisers, twenty-three torpedo-boat destroyers, and five submarines. These ships aggregated 221,000 tons, and will cost, when completed, over $86,000,000.

LAUGHS WITH JOY! NO MORE INDIGESTION

MONTREAL MAN SO ILL, THOUGHT HE WOULD DIE OF STOMACH DISORDERS

Just read what Mr. Larose says of the curative powers of Dr. Hamilton's Pills:

"I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for five years. I suffered so much that I could hardly attend to my work. I was weak and lost all courage. I enjoyed no rest until I decided to follow your treatment. To my great surprise I immediately began to feel better. I am now using the second box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and I feel so well that I want to tell you that I owe this great change to your famous pills. I recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills to every person who is suffering from dyspepsia." Your grateful servant D. R. Larose, 338 Joliette St., Montreal, P.Q."

All who have weak stomachs, and those who suffer from indigestion, headaches, biliousness, can be perfectly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Successfully used for many years, mild and safe, 25c. per box, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

AROMATICS AMONG THE ANCIENTS

Priests in Egypt, who were the sole depositaries of science, knew the secret of aromatic substances and prepared them themselves. Egyptian perfumes acquired great celebrity, especially those made in Alexandria. Reserved originally for religious rites, perfumes subsequently became of current use among the wealthy classes. During banquets they were diffused through the halls and were burnt in profusion. The Israelites during their sojourn in Egypt adopted the use of aromatic substances primarily for religious purposes and afterward for personal usage. The Greeks, who loved elegance, were especially addicted to the use of perfumes, and they taught their secrets and usage to the Romans, who were not content to use merely the perfumes of the Orient—aloes, myrrh, incense, and nard—they also made perfumes similar to those of the present day—scents of lilies, lavender, roses, and thyme.

IMPERIAL PROVINCES

Few people realize what an extraordinary country in point of size we live in. The Province of Ontario, until now, has been 228,000 square miles in area, almost exactly the size of the German Empire in Europe. The present addition, from the partial division of Keewatin with Manitoba, will add 146,000 square miles, or a territory somewhat larger than Austria, making a huge state of 375,000 square miles in extent, larger than any European country except Russia.

Manitoba from being the "postage stamp" province, becomes a great territory of 240,000 square miles, many a thousand square miles larger than Germany.

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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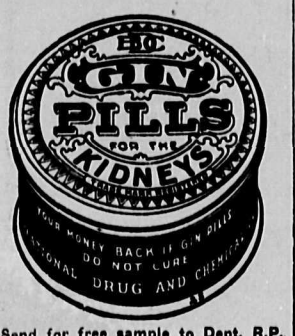
That is a barbarous way of treating corns—dangerous, too. Any corn, bunion or callous can be removed quickly and painlessly by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Putnam's Corn Extractor, mark the name. Safe, prompt, painless. Sold by druggists. Price 25c.



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How Opportunity Found Hays

Not watching the clock when he was clerk in the general passenger department of the Gould lines put Charles M. Hays, now head of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, on the first rung of the long ladder which he has climbed since he left his home in Rock Island, Ill., to get a job at St. Louis. Hays didn't even know where to look for the clock.

In the beginning of big business in railway history, a big man named Talmage was made vice-president and general manager of the Gould lines, with headquarters in the offices of the Wabash road at St. Louis. Mr. Talmage wanted a young man for the post of confidential secretary. He had his own way of choosing assistants. Down in the passenger department all the clerks were young. He went there to look them over and found all but one either chatting or watching the clock. To this one he crossed over and asked the time. There was no answer. Leaning his hand on the desk, Mr. Talmage repeated the question. The clerk came out of his pre-occupation and looked up with his pen in the air.

"I beg your pardon. Did you speak to me?"

"I merely asked the time. That was all," said Mr. Talmage.

The lad looked around three sides of the room and finally found the clock on the fourth.

"Eleven-fifty," said he, and went on with his work.

"Thank you," said Mr. Talmage, and went away. Next morning the clerk who had to search for the clock was in a new place, at the big man's elbow. He grew up in association with this big railway man and others and became a big man himself. Just now he is one of the very biggest.

His name is Charles Melville Hays. He is at the head of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific railways, a continuous line crossing Canada from ocean to ocean, through the greatest of all woodlands in the East and opening in the West a new grain field more than a thousand miles wide, capable of feeding white bread to all the people of this earth.

The spirit that possessed him that faraway morning when Mr. Talmage asked the time has moved him ever since. He is a dreamer of high dreams, with power to make his dreams come true. He has the genius of hard work.

In his room in the Grand Trunk Building at Montreal there is no clock. Being human, he does not question the ultimate supremacy of time, but he gets all there is out of every hour as it goes, and has no toleration for a clock watcher.

"These people," he says, "know only two stations on the line—Sundown and Payday." The only admonition he ever bestows is "do a thing and do it quick." To transport things is the whole purpose of a railway, and transportation cannot wait. Things have to be done quick. Mr. Hays has been doing them that way all his life. Otherwise he never could have done so much. But nothing he does is unconsidered. He has the gift of prompt perception and the instinct to act swiftly upon what he perceives. How much this coordination has had to do with his long career as a creative and constructive force in railways is a minor question, since it would involve no more than the training qualities that were themselves in-born and not acquired. But the power is there and he never fails. It is nowise in conflict with his own statement of what he believes to be the most valuable asset a railway man can have: "The genius of railroading lies in patience; in the ability to see and hear all sides of a subject or a controversy, and then explain why you can't do what the other fellow wants."

His engagement with Mr. Talmage brought him the difficult labor of reorganizing the decrepit Wabash system. He was not long confined to secretarial labors. Talmage was one of the keenest traffiemen of that day. Within a very little time he had discovered in his young assistant a genius of his own kind, and promptly set him about tasks respondent to his gifts. A year or so later one of the big men of New York was going over the line in a discouraged state of mind and met Hays.

"You are a bright young man, Mr. Hays," said he, "but you never will live to see this tangle straightened out."

That bodeful prophecy was reversed in the event, for his thirty-seventh year found the "bright young man" vice-president and general manager of a rehabilitated and profitable Wabash system.

Before his fortieth year he had taken up another hopeless looking job. He had resigned from the Wabash and accepted a five years' contract with the old Grand Trunk, as general manager. He found the property almost in the article of death, dilapitated and underequipped, managed from London by cumbersome, antiquated methods, and heavily in debt. Within the contract term he had completely reconstructed it, wiped out a costly and obstructive working organization, put an effective one in its place, and brought the line up to the American standard of equipment and service. At its close he assumed direction of the Southern Pacific and the way that happened is a little story by itself.

Collis P. Huntington had only recently passed away. The Harriman interest had begun to rise in power and a new head was needed for the great rail empire Harriman was building. The achievements of Mr. Hays with the Grand Trunk indicated him as the man for the place, but he knew nothing about that. He was going down Wall Street one day early in 1901 when someone stopped him with a hand on his shoulder. He turned and recognized a Southern Pacific director.

"We have been trying to locate you, Mr. Hays," said this gentleman. "You have just been elected president of the Southern Pacific to succeed Mr. Huntington."

Mr. Hays briefly expressed his willingness and went on about his errand.

Sixty days later, Mr. Harriman had secured control of that system. The twain could not agree. Mr. Harriman's operations were not in tune with the doctrine that a railway should be run by a railway man by the light of his own experience and knowledge and to that doctrine Mr. Hays firmly adhered. There was disagreement and Hays resigned before the year was out.

As soon as this was made known, the Grand Trunk directors got together and by unanimous vote elected him vice-president and general manager.

"I accept," said Mr. Hays.

On January 1st, 1902, he took up his new duties. There was no ceremony. He simply went to work. He had planned the road to the Pacific and to that project he applied his energies at once. Then and there began the rise of the system to its present colossal proportions, and the working out of his dreams to span the continent and gridiron Western Canada with branch lines. For almost two years now he has been president, the first American to hold that position.

Few men have had either the imagination to conceive, or the ability to do so vast a thing, involving an outlay so enormous. But it is practically done. Another year or so will see through trains from Moncton and Montreal running into Prince Rupert.

Mr. Hays is now in his fifty-fifth year, rugged and hale, with many more useful years before him. Into thirty-eight of those he has lived through he has crowded more than would be satisfactory life work for a good half-dozen unusual men. He has kept his health by following the simple rule of never riding or driving when he can walk. The foretime presidents of the Grand Trunk drove in state to their offices, with footmen to open the carriage doors. Mr. Hays foots it. He does not own even a motor car.

Memory recalls one other great man who gave such a reply as Mr. Hays would give to a man who asked him how he contrived to get through so much work. That was Sir Walter Raleigh. "When I have a thing to do," said Sir Walter, "I go and do it."

ROOTS FOR HORSES

Most farmers readily realize the importance of some succulent substance in the ration of the cattle and sheep, but they do not seem to think it important in horse-feeding. Roots are generally relished by the idle horses during the winter months, and they are valuable in keeping the animal's system in tone. They have a more or less laxative effect, and, when fed in moderation, aid the animal's digestion to a marked degree. Their actual feeding value is not high, yet they contain some of the constituents necessary for the maintenance of animal life. Prof. Henry, in "Feeds and Feeding," cites some experiments carried on by Boussingault, the great French farmer chemist. In extensive experiments, this investigator found:—

That 280 pounds of cooked potatoes, mixed with cut straw, are equal to 100 pounds of meadow hay.

That 350 pounds of carrots cannot quite replace 100 pounds of meadow hay.

That artichokes were greedily eaten by horses, which thrived on them, 30 pounds of sliced tubers taking the place of 11 pounds of meadow hay.

That 400 pounds of Swede turnips are about equal to 100 pounds of meadow hay.

It will be seen from the foregoing that, aside from their value as a system regulator, roots have a real feeding value for horses. With hay at present high prices, a few roots could be fed to advantage. Swede turnips, even at ten cents per bushel, would compare very favorably with hay at from $18 to $20 per ton. At this price the equivalent of a ton of hay in turnips would only be about $13.34, and ten cents per bushel is a fairly high price for turnips.

Of course, roots should never be made the foundation of a horse's ration, but a large turnip or two smaller ones, given once a day, are generally found profitable during the winter months. Potatoes are too expensive this winter to be economically used in any quantity for live-stock feeding purposes, but carrots, perhaps the most relished of all roots by horses, could be fed to good advantage.

WHAT IRRIGATION DOES?

The United States was settled first in the humid East where a luxuriant natural growth bespoke productivity. Nearly every acre the pioneers cultivated yielded rich returns—two heads of grain were grown where a blade of grass grew before, luscious fruits or pliable fibres were substituted for bitter shrubs, and the well-watered acres teemed with material for food and clothing; settled later in the subhumid interior and semi-arid West, the returns were still richer—the pond-gemmed prairies smiled into marvellous harvests, while under irrigation a hundred heads of grain replaced the blade of buffalo-grass and a hundred head of kine grazed where an antelope or two wandered before—and diverted thought from the inadequate rainfall. How different the course of empire had the Pilgrims landed at the Golden Gate instead of at Plymouth Rock, and the Cavaliers in San Diego Bay instead of on the Chesapeake, and both learned early the vital value of water and the relative worthlessness of mere land!

For, advancing inland from the Atlantic coast, the settlers merely fixed more firmly the simple standards of humid Europe in which water, like air, is accepted without thought or measure, as a bounty of Providence, and only the land and its appurtenances—natural and artificial products above the minerals below—are objects of consideration and measurement and property-right. Were these standards just—as they are still purblindly viewed by many—the adjustment of industrial relations might perhaps be postponed some generations; for 2,000,000,000 acres peopled to the density of Belgium—some 640 per square mile—would sustain a population of 2,000,000,000, and Uncle Sam would still be rich enough to give farms to millions more. Unhappily, the standards are fallacious; and lands habitable and productive under existing conditions are virtually exhausted.

In truth —as we are just learning—productivity and even habitability are not attributes of land in itself so much as measures of the water with which the land is supplied. Irrigation has reclaimed many millions of acres; it has improved agricultural methods and enormously increased crop yields; it has raised standards of production and of the social and civic organization depending on ample production of the staples of life; yet best of all, it has stirred realization of the paramount place of water among resources and led to its quantitative measurement as the basis of living. Under irrigation, twenty-five acre-feet—one foot of water covering twenty-five acres—of water properly distributed, will sustain a family of five for a year; the best results follow its application on five acres of land to an aggregate of five feet in depth as needed during the season. At this rate the population would indeed be one per acre, or 640 per square mile, in terms of land; but it is justly measured only as one for each five acre-feet of the water which alone renders land productive. Now the annual rainfall of mainland United States—the sole original source of the fresh waters—is barely 5,000,000,000 acre-feet; it averages hardly two and one-half feet—30 inches—over 2,000,000,000 acres. So the greatest possible population for the States, measured by the highest standards of primary production, would not exceed 1,000,000,000—a number which at the current rate of increase will be reached in three centuries, or when the span since the landing at Jamestown is doubled.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

RAINFALL—NORMAL AND OTHERWISE

Over the humid section the mean annual rainfall ranges from about twenty-five inches in Minnesota to fifty-five in Mississippi, and more than seventy in the southern Appalachians, averaging some forty-eight inches, or four-fifths of that required for full productivity. In the state of nature found by settlers, the surface slopes, the rainfall, and the vegetal cover—generally forests on the uplands and grasses on the plains—were adjusted to a natural balance in which the rains and melting snows soaked into the soil, mainly to be used in plant growth or to reappear in springs and seepage forming clear streams—of which the "blue Juniata" of the ballad was a type; the residue saturated the subsoil and underlying rocks, forming a reservoir available for plant growth during droughts—a store estimated as equivalent to twenty-five feet in depth of water or more than six years' rainfall within the first hundred feet of the surface. Such was the land on which development was started and shaped—a land well watered by moderate rainfall and accumulated moisture, generally well drained by clear streams, and rendered fertile through by-products of vegetal growth gathered during the ages.

This natural home for a people, however, was sadly abused by short-sighted and over-greedy clearing and farming. With deforestation of slopes, the storm waters ran off over the surface instead of sinking through spongy duff and humus into the soil, and the clear and steady streams became torrents during the storms and ran low or dry between—it is the brown Juniata now, though only part of its watershed is cleared. With hasty, profit-seeking tillage, the natural protective covers was removed, the rich mulch and humus were dissipated, and much of the rain flowed from the fields in turbid floods, always taking the cream of the soil and often eroding gullies, instead of soaking into the subsoil to feed growing plants and maintain the store of ground water. The shrinkage of agricultural capital through the drainage of the ground water reservoir was long neglected, albeit attested in the falling of springs by which most pioneer homesteads were located, in the frequent necessity for deepening wells, and in the gradual drying up of brooks, as settlements advanced; it is best measured by the lowering of water in wells. In Michigan during an average period of eighteen years 794 wells lowered 2.2 feet, in Minnesota during fourteen years 920 wells lowered 3.45 feet, in Iowa during twenty-one years 1160 wells lowered 3.6 feet, or a mean of 1.8 feet each decade; of late the depletion of the store is increasing the danger of droughts, with loss of crops in the country and water-famine in towns. As the forests and fields were skinned in response to the demand for products attending the growth of the secondary and incidental industries, these, too, added to the abuse of the country; culm heaps became eyesores, coke ovens poisoned the air was gaseous waste, sewage polluted the shrunken and torrent-ridden streams, and factory towns were often foul blots on the fair face of nature.

LARGE GLASS SAND DEPOSIT

For a distance of over twenty-five miles along the tracks of the Virginia & Southwestern Railway in southwest Virginia is exposed a deposit of exceptionally pure and hard white sandstone, known in the United States geologic follos as the Clinch sandstone. Beginning at Mendota, on Clinch Mountain, this great deposit stretches along the railway, crossing it at Mocassin, and lying always within one to two miles of the right-of-way. The deposit varies in thickness from a few feet to 500 feet in many places.

About one miles west of the town of Mendota this sandstone is at present being quarried on top of the mountain. The product is conveyed to the railroad by means of an incline, the empty cars being carried up the slope by the descent of the loaded ones. At the railroad it is crushed into fine sand and pulverized by a mill. Water power is plentiful in the section and costs practically nothing.

Analyses of the sandstone at this point shows the pure silica content to be from 99.64 to 99.75 per cent. of the rock. On account of this exceptional purity this should be an excellent grade of glass sand, and, on account of its whiteness, a fine material for the manufacture of sand lime brick.

A Ready Weapon Against Pain.—There is nothing equal to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil when well rubbed in. It penetrates the tissues and pain disappears before it. There is no known preparation that will reach the spot quicker than this magic Oil. In consequence it ranks first among liniments now offered to the public and is accorded first place among all its competitors.

TEMPERATURE REGULATION OF THE BODY

In an article in Cosmos, A. Acloque discusses the various means by which warm-blooded animals regulate their temperature. Particularly in the case of man it is observed that, in the first place, the amount of food ingested varies with the season, the appetite being keener in winter than in summer. In consequence of this, a greater amount of heat is developed by the oxidation of food material during cold than during warm weather. In addition to this, the absorption of oxygen is in winter increased by more active and deeper respiration and by increased muscular activity. Under the influence of cold the naso-constrictor nerves cause the superficial blood vessels to contract, thus reducing the area of warm blood exposed to the cold outside temperature, and thereby diminishing the loss of heat by radiation. These are physiological effects, outside of the control of our will. They are, of course, supplemented in civilized man by reasoned actions in the choice of suitable clothing and shelter. In the case of animals, this latter factor is to some extent replaced by special physiological provisions, such as the growing of a special winter coat. As regards the opposite aspect of temperature regulation, namely, the provision against undue heat, there are also a number of expedients by which the organism meets the demand of the situation Among these is perspiration and evaporation of water from the surface of the lungs. Such evaporating moisture absorbs, in the process of evaporating, its latent heat, which is thus withdrawn from the organism. The secretion of perspiration may amount to as much as 400 grammes (12 ounces) per hour. This secretion is regulated outside of the control of the will by the vasomotor nerves. The amount of moisture emitted by the lungs varies from 300 to 600 grammes per hour. About 15 per cent. of the total energy liberated in the organism is on an average excreted through this channel. The respiratory rhythm is accelerated through nervous mechanism as the temperature rises. This gives rise to a condition known as thermic polypnoea. This phenomenon is not very obvious in the case of man, but everyone is familiar with it, for instance, in the dog, panting on a hot day or after a brisk run.

Faultless in Preparation.—Unlike any other stomach regulator, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of long study of vegetable compounds calculated to stimulate the stomachic functions and maintain them at the normal condition. Years of use have proved their faultless character and established their excellent reputation. And this reputation they have maintained for years and will continue to maintain, for these pills must always stand at the head of the list of standard preparations.

Sores from Elbow to Fingers

Zam-Buk Worked a Miracle of Healing

Reverend Gentleman Fully Corroborates

Miss Kate L. Dolliver, of Caledonia, Queens Co., N.S., says: "I must add my testimony to the value of Zam-Buk. Ulcers and sores broke out on my arms, and although I tried to heal them by using various preparations, nothing seemed to do me any good. The sores spread until from fingers to elbow was one mass of ulceration.

"I had five different doctors, and faithfully carried out their instructions. I drank pint after pint of blood medicines, tried salve after salve, and lotion after lotion; but it was of no avail.

"My father then took me thirty miles to see a well-known doctor. He photographed the arm and hand. This photograph was sent to a New York hospital to the specialist; but they sent word they could do nothing further for me, and I was in despair.

"One day a friend asked me if I had tried Zam-Buk. I said I had not, but I got a box right away. That first box did me more good than all the medicine I had tried up to that time, so I continued the treatment. Every box healed the sores more and more until, to make a long story short, Zam-Buk healed all the sores completely. Everybody in this place knows of my case and that it is Zam-Buk alone which cured me."

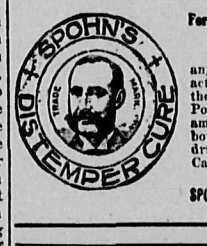
Minister corroborates.—The Rev. W. B. M. Parker, of Caledonia, Miss Dolliver's minister, writes: "This is to certify that the testimonial of Miss Dolliver is correct as far as my knowledge goes. I have known her for a year and a half, and her cure effected by Zam-Buk is remarkable."

Wherever there is ulceration, blood-poison, sores, cold-cracks, abscesses, cuts, burns, bruises, or any skin injury or disease, there Zam-Buk should be applied. It is also a sure cure for piles. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. per box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse cheap and harmful imitations and substitutes.

A BANANA PLANT DISEASE

A disease of the banana tree appeared for the first time in Trinidad upon the "moko" variety, according to M. Rorer, and is now spreading so much that it is attacking other varieties such as Musa paradisiaca and M. Sinensis. In this disease the leaves become yellow and then dry up and fall off. Within the fleshy parts of the leaf are formed numerous cavities which then increase in size and cause the death of the plant. When the diseased parts are cut, the vessels are seen to be of a brown color, and it is observed that they are full of bacteria. When the plant is but slightly attacked it still lives, but the fruit cannot ripen, and becomes brown and rots. M. Rorer observed the bacteria which cause the disease, and this he names bacillus musae. While engaged in inoculating it upon various banana plants, he found that the M. textilis was hardly affected by it, and the action was limited to a few of the plant vessels.

Wretched from Asthma. Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal bodily trim and mental happiness.



For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic, Shipping Fever and Catarrhal Fever

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings, and is a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and $1 a bottle; $6 and $11 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures."

DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

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 water 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 such 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 selling of his grain, than he does thi sseason.

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 makng 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

If in Doubt "Where to Buy" Remember

The Ashwell Stores cannot afford to have dissatisfied Customers

Some New Empress Shoes

FROM TORONTO DIRECT TO THIS STORE

The stock is now replete with everything that is wanted for Spring and Summer wear. All sizes from 2½ to 6½ prices

$3.00 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 $5.00

AHRENS SHOES FOR BOYS

You'll find good strong, neat appearing Shoes. Made of solid leather from heel to toe. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5.

SCHOOL SHOES FOR GIRLS

We make a Specialty of These. Let us Show you Our Samples. Fit and Wear guaranteed.

Visit Our Shoe Department
See Our Display

Another Sensation in Grocery Prices

For Saturday and Monday

Toasted Corn Flakes Fresh and crisp, pkg	10c
Navel Oranges Nice and Juicy, doz	15c
Stat Sardines, 2 tins Very small fish	25c
Large Cans Apricots California Fruit	30c
£ Tea, the best at per lb 3 lb $1.15, 5 lb $1.75	40c
Timothy Seed, per pound	25c
Red Clover "	32c
Alsyke Clover "	28c
Dutch Set Onions "	20c
Multiplier Onions "	20c

Crockery Sale

Cups and Saucers, per doz.....90c
A Dinner Set for.....$7.50
A White Chamber Set for.....$1.85
Glass Lamps for,..... 25, 40, 50, 65 and 75c each

See Our Windows!

Men's Stylish Suits On Sale

We have exerted every effort to excell in Men's Suit Values. The advantage of big buying for cash has been brought to bear. Our variety of patterns include **Browns, Greens** and **Greys,** not forgetting the best of value in **Blue Serge.**

Our prices of

$12.50, $15.00 and $19.00

Cannot be equalled in America

MEN'S LIGHT WEIGHT UNDERWEAR

50c., 60c., 75c., for Shirts or Drawers.

STRAW HATS FOR MEN AND BOYS

We would advise buying early to secure best selection.

PRICES FROM 15c to $3.00

Northway Costumes On Sale

GREY SUMMER TWEED COSTUME

Trimmed with Black Military Braid and Soutache. Satin lined Coat. Size 36. Sale Price

$21.00

FAWN FLECKED TWEED COSTUME

Trimmed with Powder Blue Broadcloth. Silk lined Coat. Size 34. Sale price

$22.50

BLACK SERGE COSTUME

Plain Man Tailored. Satin lined Coat. Size 42. Sale price

$25.00

Come and choose Early from our New Spring Stock.

See Our Windows!

CHINA NEST EGGS 30c doz.
CHICK FEED 5 cents a pound
It Makes 'em Grow

ASHWELL & SON

NORTHWAY MAN TAILORED COSTUMES $15.00 TO $30.00

1819 1912

I. O. O. F. NINETY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

Members of Excelsior Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F. are respectfully requested to meet in the I. O. O. F. Hall on

Sunday, April 28

at 2.30 p. m. for the purpose of attending divine service in the

Presbyterian Church at 3. p. m.

in commemoration of the Ninety-Third Anniversary of our Order by Public Thanksgiving to Almighty God for his manifold mercies to us as individuals and as an Order.

Members of Ruth Rebecca Lodge No. 4., I. O. O. F. and visiting Members of the Order are respectfully invited to attend.

J. N. Short Noble Grand — **Wm. Dusterhoff** Secretary

CLASSY SUITINGS

The size and quality of the showing — the boundless assortments of all the new styles in suitings, in the richest imported fabrics that we are showing this season from the House of Hobberlin, Limited, will command your full attention. We want you to come in and look over the entire range while the lines are still unbroken.

J. H. TURPIN

Wellington st. Opp. Opera House

Sole Agency House of Hobberlin, Limited

We Repair Watches

Clocks, and Jewelery in First Class Style. Engraving and Optical work attended to promptly and correctly. A trial solicited.

REG. E. BROADHEAD

We do engraving on the premises. 2nd door from Empress Hotel

Local Items

L.F.Croft, at Mee Studio for photos

For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.

Crockery Sale—See Ashwells advt. page 8.

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

Capt. Gardiner was a coast visitor on Saturday.

Roy Nelems was in Vancouver on business this week.

Jas. Turvey was a visitor to Vancouver on Tuesday.

Jos. Scott was a visitor to Westminster on Monday.

Take Shorthand lessons. Terms easy. Phone F. 255.

Capt. Garvie was a passenger to Vancouver yesterday.

See W. B. Trenholm's advt. in the Free Press to-day.

A. Cupples was a business visitor to the coast this week.

W. R. Shirly was a passenger to Vancouver on Sunday.

Stock Foods—Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co.

J. H. Pook was a passenger to Vancouver Wednesday.

H. E. Page was a visitor to Westminster on Sunday.

L. F. Croft was a business visitor to the coast on Saturday.

J. Milton Orr was a visitor to Vancouver last Thursday.

Electric Photo Studio for the smile that don't come off.

WANTED—An experienced waitress at the Harrison House.

If in doubt "Where to Buy" read Ashwells advt. page 8.

W. Ogilvie, of Vancouver, visited his home here over Sunday.

Leonard Boultbee of Vancouver spent Sunday in Chilliwack.

Telephone 49 for all express and dray work; City Transrer Co.

For Sale—Three good cows, in fresh. W. N. Stringer, Sardis.

Ice cream in all the popular forms and flavors at Johnson's.

Some new Empress stoves at Ashwells; see their advt. page 8.

J. Howe Bent was a business visitor to Vancouver on Tuesday.

Men's Stylish suits on sale at Ashwells. See their advt. page 8.

W. T. Rolfe, takes eggs in exchange; highest price paid for them

H. J. Barber was a business visitor to Seattle over the week end.

Another sensation in Grocery Prices' See Ashwell's advt. page 8.

Don't forget to call 49 for express and dray work. City Transfer Co.

Jos. Peers has sold an acre of land on Reece avenue to E. J. Hopkins.

M. Woodworth is the new motorman on the morning passenger tram.

WANTED—A young girl to help with up stairs work at the Harrison House.

Mayor Waddington was a business visitor to Vancouver on Wednesday.

Operator Sully of the B. C. Electric was a visitor to Westminster Sunday.

W. E. Davies and M. Stewart of Vancouver spent the week end in the city.

S. S. Carleton paid a short business visit to Westminster on Thursday last.

Ladies! attend the Northway suit sale at Ashwells--see their advt. on page 8.

J.T. Wilkinison has been in Westminster and Vancouver this week on business.

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

K. Unwin of Winnipeg has been in the valley this week, investigating the prospects.

A new four ton platform weigh scale is being placed in the B. C. Electric freight shed.

Court for the revision of the provincial voters' list will be held at Chilliwack on May 6.

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

Board and Room—Good board and room may be had with private family; apply at this office.

Dr. Rutherford arrived from Ottawa on Friday evening and will make his home in Chilliwack.

J. D. Taylor, M. P., came up from Westminster to resister his vote on the By-laws on Monday.

City Transfer Co. have their office with the Chilliwack Land and Development Co., on Young street.

Peter Malcolm, of Vancouver, spent Sunday at the home of his father A. Malcolm, Hasel street.

WANTED—A young girl about fifteen or sixteen at the Harrison House to learn dining room work.

Elwyn Cawley has accepted a position in the Dominion Land Registry office at New Westminster.

J. H. Ashwell was in Westminster on business in connection with the Chilliwack Cannery on Wednesday.

G. H. W. Ashwell, of Ashwell & Son, was a business visitor to Vancouver on Wednesday evening's tram.

The city assessment is now open for public inspection in the clerk's office in the city hall, during office hours.

S. D. Tretheway of the Abbotsford Timber & Trading Co., was a business visitor to Huntingdon on Monday.

H. H. Gervan left on Sunday to attend a big sale of horses at Portland, and may purchase a fire team for the city.

M. B. Short, a former employee of Chas. Parker, the Fit-Reform Clothier, is again a member of Mr. Parker's staff.

City Transfer Co. handles Wellington coal, the best in British Columbia. also wood, and delivers to any part of the city promptly.

Public Notice

CITY OF CHILLIWACK

Notice is hereby given that hereafter all garbage and refuse will be removed by the City Scavenger.

The Scavenger will make regular calls, and merchants householders, restaurants, hotels, etc., are requested to place their garbage in a proper receptacle and place in a convient place for its removal. All vacant lots upon which refuse has been deposited, must be cleaned up and the scavenger will remove such refuse.

A schedule of charges proportionate to the amount of garbage or refuse to be removed has been arranged, and a City Collector will be appointed No payments must be made except to this official

Scavenging other than that provided by the City must be at the expense of the person desiring same.

By order,
BOARD OF HEALTH.

Notice of Dissolution

The partnership heretofore carried on as Stewart & Chadsey is dissolved as and from the First day of April, 1912. All liabilities of said partnership will be paid by Peter Stewart and all accounts due the firm will be collected by him.

Dated this 2nd day of April, 1912.

Witness J. H. Bowes — ROY CHADSEY, PETER STEWART

SPECIAL

For This Week Only

Tilden Gurney's Souvenir Range No. 9-18 with high closet and reservoir, only

$58.00

Call and Inspect this Range

Washing Machines

New Century $11.00 — Pastime $13.00
Mortar Washing Machine $19.00

These machines are the best on the Market for satisfaction and durability

N. A. Webb

HAD TO TAKE IT ALL BACK

TOO BUSY INSIDE putting machinery together and setting up buggies to do it.

Had to Get Off the Road!!

but when you are in town call and see them, you will save money by doing so. We have a hit in Wire Fencing in every line.

See Our Specials in Lawn Fencing.

When Building Build the Best

MAYNARD & MURPHY

ELECTRIC PHOTO STUDIO

Photos Day or Night. — Developing and Printing.
Ground Floor — Adjoining Opera House