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Chilliwack Free Press

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

VOL. 1. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS EACH CHILLIWACK, B. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1912 C. A. BARBER Editor and Proprietor No. 29

Personal Mention

H. H. Gervan was in Vancouver last week.

Miss O'Hearn spent Sunday in Vancouver.

Mrs. Will. Peers is visiting friends in Vancouver.

Wm. McConnell was in Vancouver on Friday.

Mrs. A. J. Bell went to Vancouver on Saturday.

W. Logan of Vancouver spent the week end in town.

Mrs. J. Atkinson and son are in Vancouver this week.

W. B. Trenholm was a visitor to Vancouver this week.

W. G. Glanville returned from Vancouver on Saturday.

Mrs. R. O. Atkins visited friends in Vancouver last week.

J. Rankin of Vancouver, was in the city on Wednesday.

Mrs. P. B. H. Ramsay is visiting in Vancouver this week.

Miss Hebron was in Vancouver on a business trip this week.

Mrs. W. F. Ferris spent a few days in Vancouver this week.

L. J. Thomas was a business visitor to Vancouver Tuesday.

J. H. Ashwell was a business visitor to Westminster on Tuesday.

Mr. and C. H. Hatch were in Vancouver the first of the week.

T. M. Hall, of Sumas, was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

D. R. McLennan was a business visitor to Vancouver on Tuesday.

Mrs. John Leary of Fairfield Island, went to Vancouver on Sunday.

Capt. J. C. Garvie returned last week from his holiday trip to the East.

Leonard Boultbee of Vancouver, spent the week end with friends here.

B. L. Malcolm and Mrs. Malcolm visited friends in Vancouver last week.

E. D. Munn of Hart & Co., spent the week end at New Westminster.

R. Moffatt who has been visiting here for a week returned to Victoria on Monday

Mr. Skinner, Immigration Officer at Huntingdon, has been in town, this week.

City Solicitor J. H. Bowes was a business visitor to the Coast cities on Monday.

Chas. Parker, made a flying trip to Westminster returnina on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. W. H. Chadsey of New Westminster, is spending the week with Mrs. R. G. Ballam.

Miss Olive Woodworth went to Sardis on Monday to take charge of the post office there.

Mrs. A. Cruickshank of Matsqui, was the guest of Mrs. A. A. Cruickshanks for a few days this week.

The Knights of Pythias are making preparations for their annnal ball to be given shortly after Easter.

Prof. Hetherington, of Columbian college spent Sunday on the Cheam circut, in behalf of the college work.

W. E. Bradwin left this week on his regular eastern trip. He expects to be away until the beginning of June.

Capt. C. A. Gardiner arrived home from the East on Sunday and brought with him a car of fine horses

Miss Dorothy Marsden of Eburne, is visiting her sister Miss Lily Marsden at the home of Mrs. G. H. W. Ashwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner and Miss Turner of Wellwood, Man. are the guests of their cousin Mr. D. H. Day and Mrs. Day, Mary St.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bridge of Ladner, are visiting at the home of Jas. McConnell and with Mrs. Bridge's sister, Mrs. E. A. Kipp.

Mr. Shaw, and wife, of Bellingham, Wash., have taken up their residence in Chilliwack, having secured rooms on Carrol street Mr. Shaw is a surveyor and has already secured employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of Vancouver have been the guests of Mrs. James Armstrong this week. Mrs. Thompson is the daughter of Rev. Mr. Suartout, who was at one time Presbyterian minister at Camp Slough.

Mrs. J. K. Campbell and Miss Campbell of Vancouver are the guests of Mrs. R. J. McIntosh. Mrs. Campbell is a former resident of Chilliwack and her many friends are glad to see her back.

Geo. Preston, Sardis, will offer his household effects, garden tools, etc., for sale by Public Auction on Thursday next March 28. See bills for list. F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd. will conduct the sale.

Miss Polson of Victoria, is in charge of the C. P. R. telegraph service installed this week at Barber's Drug Store. Miss Polson is an experienced operator and Chilliwack will doubtless benefit much by this convenience.

Alex. Cruickshanks was a passenger to Vancouver Tuesday. He visited the Government Rock quarry at Vedder Mountain enroute and made the first shipment of rock from the new bunkers. The quarry will be operated steadily from now on.

Local Items

Boost for Chilliwack

The weather is glorious.

Work for the new High School.

L.F.Croft, at Mee Studio for photos

For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.

Read Ashwells big advt. on page ten.

Two weeks from Sunday will be Easter.

Trout fishing season opens on March 26.

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

The Free Press is comprised of ten pages to-day.

The city will file on another water works site this week.

Stock Foods—Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co.

A new light all cedar boat for sale; apply phone L 1896

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

A supply of steel girders have arrived for the new post office.

FOR SALE—Bull calf, pure bred; apply J. T. Maynard, phone L 2813.

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

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

Dressmaking and Ladies Tailoring in all branches, by Miss Northcote Nowell st.

FOR SALE—One two seated Surrey with pole and shafts; apply to H. H. Gervan.

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

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

A bunch of keys and chain were found on Tuesday afternoon and await the owner at this office.

Oh say, have you seen Stevenson's new wall papers? If not, do so. They range in price from 5cts. a roll up.

If you have some good news don't be exclusive. Let the Free Press know it too. We always want it.

W. T. Rolfe, is giving a pair of Perrin's Guaranteed Kid Gloves with every Ladies' Suit sold from now until Easter.

ROOMS TO RENT—Two newly furnished and comfortable rooms on Hope street and facing the B. C. Electric; apply to Wm. Peers.

NOTICE—Price Bros. are moving to their new ard larger premises where they will establish a Bottled Milk and Cream trade only. Phone 275.

DOG LOST—Tan collie, white spot on side of nose, short tail, and wears a leather collar. Lost about Feb. 25. Finder please communicate with John L. Bathgate, phone R 332.

W. R. Stevenson, the valley painter is now getting busy as house cleaning time is here again. Don't delay until the rush is on. Come now and select your paper and have the work done.

Wall paper, Wall paper, Wall paper—largest shipment of wall paper ever brought to Chilliwack, over three ton has arrived at the Valley Paint and Wall Paper House. Come now and make your selections.

Joseph White is the possessor of a curiosity in the way of a chicken. The bird is one of a brood hatched out last week and has three perfectly formed legs and feet. The third pedal is rather of a retiring disposition, but the chick is growing and doing well. The breed is Plymouth Rock and Mr. White thinks the bird is a rooster.

W. R. Stevenson the Valley painter and wall paper man employs the best paper hangers that can be got. It is wonderful what a transformation you can make at little expense with our new wall papers.

An item appeared in the Free Press of March 8, which gave out the impression that Harry Ballam had joined the benedicts. We understand Mr. Ballam is still numbered in the ranks of the bachelors. The Free Pree published the item in good faith, but may we be permitted to hope that Harry will soon see the error of his ways and line up with the benedicts.

The many friends of Mrs. A. D. Wheeler of East Chilliwack were much grieved on Tuesday afternoon when they learned that while on the way to attend the meeting of the Women's Institute, her horse became frightened and ran away, Mrs. Wheeler having her arm broken in the resultant mixup. Mrs. Wheeler was carried into Mrs. Walker's home and the doctor summoned at once.

Ballasting the Road.

The C. N. R. line between Chilliwack and Rosedale is being ballasted and good progress is being made with the work.

Will Meet in City Hall.

The city council will meet for the first time in the new city hall on Monday. The change will be a most welcome one.

Change of Secretary

At a recent meeting of the city school board, A. L. Coote who has been secretary for some time tendered his resignation. John Robinson one of the new members this year was unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy.

Deal Has Fallen Through.

The deal for the purchase of the Royal Hotel by J. McDade of Vancouver will not be consummated. The option expired on March 15 and Mr. Dundas has been informed that Mr. McDade does not intend to take over the proposition.

Telegraph Office Opened.

The C. P. R. telegraph office was opened at Barber's Drug Store on Tuesday afternoon and before six o'clock fifteen messeges had been taken by the operator. The rates prevailing at Westminster and Vancouver are in effect here. Chilliwack to Vancouver 25 cents, to Seattle 50 c., to Winnipeg 75c. and Toronto $1.00, for ten words. After six o'clock night lettergrams consisting of fifty words are sent at day rates for ten words.

Will Attend Church

The members of Damon Lodge No. 44, Knights of Pythias, will commemorate the anniversay of the Order in Chilliwack by attending Divine service in the Methodist church, in a body, on Sunday morning, when Rev. A. E. Roberts will deliver the address. Special music will be rendered.

Coming Musical Treat

A musical treat is in store for the people of Chilliwack in the near future, when Miss Margaret McCraney the very talented young violinist of Vancouver, will give a recital here. The visit of Miss McCraney to this city is an event to be looked forward to with much interest. Full particulars will appear in our next issue.

Baptists Extend Call

The management of Chilliwack Baptist church has extended a call to Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Montreal. It is understood the call will be accepted. Rev. Mr. Marshall is a son of Rev. R. Marshall who has been supplying the pulpit for the past few Sundays, and is highly recommended, being a successful pastor and holds a B. A. Degree. Mrs. Marshall is also a B. A. The call was wired last week and an acceptance is expected at any time.

An Unfortunate Fire Loss

Early Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pook met with the loss of their home and practically all its contents by fire. About one o'clock they were aroused by the crying of their three weeks old baby, and discovered flames shooting into their bedroom from the dining room, and had barely time to leave the house, clad only in night attire, before the structure was a mass of flames. Mr. Pook ran to the fire hall a short distance away and gave the alarm. The brigade responded promptly and were soon fighting the flames. It was a stubborn contest and the building and contents were almost a total loss before the flames were subdued. Some insurance was carried but the amount will come far short of covering the loss. The fire is thought to have started in the vicinity of a heating stove in the dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Pook were fortunate in being aroused when they were, or even more serious results might have resulted. Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Pook in their misfortune.

Pleasant Sunday Afternoon

"One of the best addresses we've had," was the verdict heard after last Sunday's P. S. A. meeting. The speaker was Principal Vance of Latimer Hall and the address was given under under the title, "If I were a Layman." Mr. Vance is a clear thinker and a forceful speaker, and his suggestions as to the duties of laymen were well received by the audience. Some humourous illustrations were used to inforce the truths expressed, and these served to brighten the address and to add force to the argument. It is safe to say that a hearty welcome awaits Mr. Vance should he return at a later date. Next Sunday afternoon the meeting will be addressed by Mayor Waddington on "Man's Duty to Man." Mr. Herb. Street, who was present last Sunday, but was unable to sing owing to lack of an accompanist, will give his solo and and the meeting promises to be of great interest.

Mr. Collin Loses Brother

The funeral took place on the 13, from 98 Dension street, of Mr. George Collin, who died on the 10th after a long and sad illness. Mr. Collin's family has resided in Beeston some 28 years, and are well known. Mr. George Collin volunteered and went to the South African war with a contingent of the South Notts. Hussars. He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct during the war. The particular incident which gained for him the coveted decoration was his holding of a body of Boers at bay, after having his horse shot from under him, until reinforcements came up. He was of a most genial disposition and was held in great esteem by all who came in contact with him and he will be missed by a very large circle of friends.--Beeston (England) Gazette. [The late Mr. Collin was a brother of T. A. C. Collin of Chilliwack.—Ed.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC MEETINGS

There will be a combined meeting of the Farmer's Institute, the Women's Institute and the Poultry Association in the Forester's Hall on Monday and Tuesday next, March 25th and 26th inst. The program to be presented will be very interesting, good speakers having been arranged for to address the gatherings on topics of interest and of present day importance.

On Monday evening at 8 o'clock an illustrated lantern lecture will be given by Provincial Fruit Instructor J. F. Carpenter.

J. H. Ashwell will give a talk on small fruit culture as practiced at Puyullup. Also Provincial Poultry Instructor J. R. Terry will demonstrate the killing and plucking of a fowl, lecturing and explaining as he demonstrates.

Tuesday there will be three sessions. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon, J. F. Carpenter will give a planting and pruning demonstration in J. H. Ashwell's orchard on Victoria street. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock H. Rive, provincial dairy instructor, will lecture on dairying. In the evening at 8 o'oclock, J. R. Terry will address the meeting on incubating and brooding chicks. At the close of this lecture refreshments will be served and a program of songs and speeches presented.

Growing of Small Fruits

Largely Attended and Enthusiastic Meeting Listened to Report of Delegation to Puyallup and Sumners on this Important Industry.

At the annual meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association of Chilliwack, held last December, the matter of small fruits was taken up and the shareholders were urged to go in more extensively for the growing of small fruits for the Cannery as well as for the supplying of the Eastern markets. At the convention of the B. C. fruit growers held in Victoria, our president, A. Unsworth, had the pleasure of meeting Senator Paulhamus, who is the president of the Puyallup & Sumner Fruit Growers' Association, and heard him give a glowing report of what the fruit growers' had done in Puyallup and Sumner. Upon the president's return from Victoria he laid the matter before the directors of the Canning Association who decided to send a delegation consisting of Messers, A. B. McKenzie and J. H. Ashwell representing the Fruit Growers' and G. I. Thornton on behalf of the Farmers' Institute to Puyallup to investigate conditions there. This delegation visited Puyallup and Sumner the fourth and fifth of March and a comprenhensive report of the delegation was given by J. H. Ashwell at the meeting on Thursday. Puyallup and Sumner are situated in a valley six miles long and three to five miles wide. Climatic conditions and soil are very similiar to those of our own valley, their season perhaps being a little earler. Land values there run about $300 per acre for improved property not set out in small fruits. Where set out in small fruits, the grower hardly wishes to set a price on it. The country for the most part is blocked off in small holdings of three to five acres, a man with ten acres being considered a big holder. These holdings are planted out in small fruits orchards, principally with blackberries, raspberries, strawberries and rhubarb. There are eight hundred growers in small fruits and rhubarb in this valley. The principal variety of blackberry grown was the "Evergreen," the "Cuthbert" and "Phenomenon." the choice in the raspberry, and the "Victoria" the choice in rhubarb. In the cultivation of small fruits the ground is laid off in blocks not more than 300 feet square. The Evergreen blackberry is planted in rows eight feet apart and eighteen feet apart and not more than seven or eight canes to the hill. As soon as the vines are large enough they are trelissed on four wires, the two upper wires carrying the fruit bearing vines, and the two lower wires, the new vines or shoots which in the fall are lowered down so as to protect them from any possible danger of frost. Raspberries are planted in a similar way the only difference being that the plants are placed two and a half feet apart in a row instead of eighteen feet, the vines being tied to upper and lower wires. Some prefer the method of training that is called the weaving method, by which the vines are bent over and brought down, under top wire and fastened there. Others prefer to let their vines grow full length, either method being but a matter of choice to the grower. We think, said Mr. Ashwell, that the allowing of them to grow to the full length is preferable, for the reason that in weaving the plant, when the vines begin to bear, the fruit will not get so much sunshine as if allowed to grow full length. In visiting the orchards there, we found various patches in a very high state of cultivation, and therein lies the whole secret of small fruit growing. The soil must be well manured and well cultivated. On one patch we visited there was grown 1184 crates of raspberries on an acre and a quarter of ground. This of course was a bumper crop but an average crop is from 350 to 400 crates of blackberries and 300 to 350 crates of raspberries. A small patch of a quarter acre produced the first year twenty-two crates of raspberries, the second year 150 crates and the third year, 146 crates, the reason for decline in third year being the drought. The Puyallup and Sumner Fruit Growers' Association have contracted this year to supply forty cars of raspberries, forty-five cars for the next year, and fifty cars for the third year at an advance of five cents a crate over last year's prices. The whole secret of success in the growing of small fruits in this valley, the speaker summed up as follows; high cultivation and co-operation among the growers. As regards prices obtained for their fruits, the average was taken on all and given as follows, for the season for the year 1911; rhubarb, two and a quarter cents a lb; raspberries $1.82 a crate, blackberries $1.34 The report of Puyallup & Sumner Growers' Association for the year 1911 showed an increase of about $90,000 in the volume of business over the year proceeding, with a shortage of raspberries to be taken into consideration, and the net profits for the year were $8,051.22 Well cared for orchards with splendid co-operation among the growers was responsible for the results. In bringing fruit to the factory it was all inspected there by an inspector and divided into four classes, A, which went to the Cannery, H. which was shipped to be delivered within twenty-four hours. M. that which would go 1,000 miles and D. that which would go any distance, some being shipped as far east as Winnipeg. Thus the standard of the fruit was kept high and comparatively no loss in attendance. Mr. Winslow congratulated Mr. Ashwell on his excellent report and spoke along the line of co-operation and the working of the land well, with the results bound to follow. The possibilities were all here, and a great many advantages awaiting the fruit grower. In answer to questions, Mr. Winslow said that the best soil, was the soil which has the most manure and the best cultivated soil produced plants freest from disease and this with heavy pruning produced plants of good vigorous health. Blackberries and raspberries were about equal in profit. Strawberries were also money makers, but harder to pick. The growers at Puyallup found that they had less trouble to procure pickers for large quantities of berries than they had for small quantities. Mr. Winslow also answered questions regarding the growing of rhubarb on a commercial basis. He told of one man at Mission, B. C., who last year made $650, off three quarters of an acre in rhubarb. There were last year shipped from Mission, fourteen cars of rhubarb at one dollar a crate, which meant to those producer about eighty cents a crate, clear. All rhubarb required was well manured soil, well drained. Beans were also a profitable crop to raise.

On motion, the government was asked to establish a demonstration station at Chilliwack, consisting of three acres, made up of one acre of Cuthbert raspberries, one half acre Logan berries, one half acre Snider blackberries, and one acre of Evergreen blackberries and also some rhubarb.

J. H. Ashwell expects to visit Puyallup and Sumner in the berry picking season to further the investigations in their methods at that place. The Cannery have already sent away an order for small fruit plants and any one wishing to procure some of these, can do so by applying to Mr. Ashwell, as soon as possible.

The Atchelitz Union Sunday School will hold a basket Social at the residence of J. H. Keith on Thursday April 4. With the committee in charge a good time is assured.

The St. Patrick's evening given by the Y. P. S. of Cook's church on Monday evening was a decided success, of course it was humorous and the musical selections were much appreciated as well as the witty jokes and recitations. Over a hundred people taxed the school room to its capacity that evening.

Barnum the hypnotist who was billed to appear here on March 11, will give his entertainment in the Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week. The postponment was caused by the action of the civic authorities at Victoria, who thought the entertainment an infraction of the city ordinances. After a trial in which much expert evidence was given, the case was dismissed, and now Barnum is suing the city for $25,000 damages.

ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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CHAPTER VI.

I Become a Day Laborer

THAT night Ruth and I had a talk about the boy. We both came back from our walk, with him more on our minds than anything else. He had been interested in everything and had asked about a thousand questions and gone to bed eager to be out on the street again the next day. We knew we couldn't keep him cooped up in the flat all the time and of course both Ruth and I were going to be too busy to go out with him every time he went. As for letting him run loose around these streets with nothing to do, that would be sheer foolhardiness. It was too late in the season to enroll him in the public schools and even that would have left him idle during the long summer months.

We talked some at first of sending him off into the country to a farm. There were two or three families back where Ruth had lived who might be willing to take him for three or four dollars a week and we had the money left over from the sale of our household goods to cover that. But this would mean the sacrifice of our emergency fund which we wished to preserve more for the boy's sake than our own and it would mean leaving Ruth very much alone.

"I'll do it, Billy," she said bravely, "but can't we wait a day or two before deciding? And I think I can make time to get out with him. I'll get up earlier in the morning and I'll leave my work at night until after he's gone to bed."

So she would. She'd have worked all night to keep him at home and then gone out with him all day if it had been possible. I saw it would be dragging the heart out of her to send the boy away and made up my mind right then and there that some other solution must be found for the problem. Good Lord, after I'd led her down here the least I could do was to let her keep the one. And to tell the truth I found my own heart sink at the suggestion.

"What do the boys round here do in the summer?" she asked.

I didn't know and I made up my mind to find out. The next day I went down to a settlement house which I remembered passing at some time or other. I didn't know what it was but it sounded like some sort of philanthropic enterprise for the neighborhood and if so they ought to be able to answer my question there. The outside of the building was not particularly attractive but upon entering I was pleasantly surprised at the air of cleanliness and comfort which prevailed. There were a number of small boys around and in one room I saw them reading and playing checkers. I sought out the secretary and found him a pleasant young fellow though with something of the professional pleasantness which men in this work seem to acquire. He smiled too much and held my hand too long to suit me. He took me into his office and offered me a chair. I told him briefly that I had just moved down here and had a boy of ten whom I wished to keep off the streets and keep occupied. I asked him what the boys around here did during the summer.

"Most of them work," he answered.

"What do they do?"

"A good many sell papers, some of them serve as errand boys and others help their parents."

Dick was certainly too inexperienced for the first two jobs and there was nothing in my work he could do to help. Then the man began to ask me questions. He was evidently struck by the fact that I didn't seem to be in place here. I answered briefly that I had been a clerk all my life, had lost my position and was now a common day laborer. The boy, I explained, was not yet used to his life down here and I wanted to keep him occupied until he got his strength.

"You're right," he answered. "Why don't you bring him in here?"

"What would he do here?"

"It's a good loafing place for him and we have some evening classes."

"I want him home at nights," I answered.

"The Y. M. C. A. has summer classes which begin a little later on. Why don't you put him into some of those?"

I had always heard of the Y. M. C. A., but I had never got into touch with it, for I thought it was purely a religious organization. But that proposition sounded good. I'd passed the building a thousand times but had never been inside. I thanked him and started to leave.

"I hope this won't be your last visit," he said cordially. "Come down and see what we're doing. You'll find a lot of boys here at night."

"Thanks," I answered.

I went direct to the Y. M. C. A. building. Here again I was surprised to find a most attractive interior. It looked like the inside of a prosperous club house. I don't know what I expected but I wouldn't have been startled if I'd found a hall filled with wooden settees and a prayer meeting going on. I had a lot of such preconceived notions knocked out of my head in the next few years.

In response to my questions I received replies that made me feel I'd strayed by mistake into some university. For that matter it was a university. There was nothing from the primary class in English to a professional education in the law that a man couldn't acquire here for a sum that was astonishingly small. The most of the classes cost nothing after payment of the membership fee of ten dollars. The instructors were, many of them, the same men who gave similar courses at a neighboring college. Not only that, but the hours were so arranged as to accommodate workers of all classes. If you couldn't attend in the daytime, you could at night. I was astonished to think that this opportunity had always been at my hand and I had never suspected it. In the ten years before I was married I could have qualified for a lawyer or almost anything else.

This was not all; a young man took me over the building and showed me the library, the reading-room, rooms where the young men gathered for games, and then down stairs to the well equipped gymnasium with its shower baths. Here a boy could take a regular course in gymnasium work under a skilled instructor or if he showed any skill devote himself to such sports as basketball, running, baseball or swimming. In addition to these advantages amusements were provided through the year in the form of lectures, amateur shows and music. In the summer, special opportunities were offered for out-door sports. Moreover the Association managed summer camps where for a nominal fee the boys could enjoy the life of the woods. A boy must be poor indeed who could not afford most of these opportunities. And if he was out of work the employment bureau conducted here would help him to a position. I came back to the main office wondering still more how in the world I'd ever missed such chances all these years. It was a question I asked myself many times during the next few months. And the answer seemed to lie in the dead level of that other life. We never lifted our eyes; we never looked around us. If we were hard pressed either we accepted our lot resignedly or cursed our luck, and let it go at that. These opportunities were for a class which had no lot and didn't know the meaning of luck. The others could have had them, too—can have them—for the taking, but neither by education nor temperament are they qualified to do so. There's a good field for missionary work there for someone.

Before I came out of the building I had enrolled Dick as a member and picked out for him a summer course in English, in which he was a bit backward. I also determined to start him in some regular gymnasium work. He needed hardening up.

I came home and announced my success to Ruth and she was delighted. I suspected by the look in her eyes that she had been worrying all day for fear there would be no alternative but to send the boy off.

"I knew you would find a way," she said excitedly.

"I wish I'd found it twenty years ago," I said regretfully. "Then you'd have a lawyer for a husband instead of a—"

"Hush," she answered putting her hand over my mouth. "I've a man for a husband and that's all I care about."

The way she said it made me feel that after all being a man was what counted and that if I could live up to that day by day, no matter what happened, then I could be well satisfied. I guess the city directory was right when before now it couldn't define me any more definitely than "clerk." And there is about as much man in a clerk as in a valet. They are both shadows.

The boy fell in with my plans eagerly, for the gymnasium work made him forget the study part of the programme. The next day I took him up there and saw him introduced to the various department heads. I paid his membership fee and they gave him a card which made him feel like a real club man. I tell you it took a weight off my mind.

On the Monday following our arrival in our new quarters, I rose at five-thirty, put on my overalls and had breakfast. I ate a large bowl of oatmeal, a generous supply of flapjacks, made of some milk that had soured, sprinkled with molasses, and a cup of hot black coffee——the last of a can we had brought down with us among the left-over kitchen supplies.

For lunch Ruth had packed my box with cold cream-of-tartar biscuit, well buttered, a bit of cheese, a little bowl of rice pudding, two hard-boiled eggs, and a pint bottle of cold coffee. I kissed her goodbye and started out on foot for the street where I was to take up my work. The foreman demanded my name, registered me, told me where to find a shovel and assigned me to a gang under another foreman. At seven o'clock I took my place with a dozen Italians and began to shovel. My muscles were decidedly flabby, and by noon I began to find it hard work. I was glad to stop and eat my lunch. I couldn't remember a meal in five years that tasted as good as that did. My companions watched me curiously—perhaps a bit suspiciously—but they chattered in a foreign tongue among themselves and rather shied away from me. On that first day I made up my mind to one thing—I would learn Italian before the year was done, and know something more about these people and their ways. They were the key to the contractor's problem and it would pay a man to know how to handle them. As I watched the boss over us that day it did not seem to me that he understood very well.

From one to five the work became an increasing strain. Even with my athletic training I wasn't used to such a prolonged test of one set of muscles. My legs became heavy, my back ached, and my shoulders finally refused to obey me except under the sheer command of my will. I knew, however, that time would remedy this. I might be sore and lame for a day or two, but I had twice the natural strength of these short, close-knit foreigners. The excitement and novelty of the employment helped me through those first few days. I felt the joy of the pioneer—felt the sweet sense of delving in the mother earth. It touched in me some responsive chord that harked back to my ancestors who broke the rocky soil of New England. Of the life of my fellows bustling by on the earth-crust overhead—those fellows of whom so lately I had been one—I was not at all conscious. I might have been at work on some new planet for all they touched my new life. I could see them peering over the wooden rail around our excavation as they stopped to stare down at us, but I did not connect them with myself. And yet I felt closer to this old city than ever before. I thrilled with the joy of the constructor, the builder, even in this humble capacity. I felt superior to those for whom I was building. In a coarse way I suppose it was a reflection of some artistic sense—something akin to the creative impulse. I can say truthfully that at the end of that first day I came home—begrimed and sore as I was—with a sense of fuller life than so far I had ever experienced.

I found Ruth waiting for me with some anxiety. She came into my toil-stained arms as eagerly as a bride. It was good. It took all the soreness out of me. Before supper I took the boy and we went down to the public baths on the waterfront and there I dived and splashed like a young whale. The sting of the cold salt water was all the further balm I needed. I came out tingling and fit right then for another nine-hour day. But when I came back I threatened our first week's savings at the supper table. Ruth had made more hot griddle-cakes and I kept her at the stove until I was ashamed to do it longer. The boy, too, after his plunge, showed a better appetite than for weeks.

CHAPTER VII.

Nine Dollars a Week

The second day, I woke up lame and stiff but I gave myself a good brisk rub down and kneaded my arm and leg muscles until they were pretty well limbered up. The thing that pleased me was the way I felt towards my new work that second morning. I'd been a bit afraid of a reaction—of waking up with all the romance gone. That, I knew, would be deadly. Once let me dwell on the naked material facts of my condition and I'd be lost. That's true, of course, in any occupation. The man who works without an inspiration of some sort is not only discontented but a poor workman. I remember distinctly that when I opened my eyes and realized my surroundings and traced back the incidents of yesterday to the ditch, I was concerned principally with the problem of a stone in our path upon which we had been working. I wanted to get back to it. We had worked upon it for an hour without fully uncovering it and I was as eager as the foreman to learn whether it was a ledge rock or just a fragment. This interest was not associated with the elevated road for whom the work was being done, nor the contractor who had undertaken the job, nor the foreman who was supervising it. It was a question which concerned only me and Mother Earth who seemed to be doing her best to balk us at every turn. I forgot the sticky, wet clay in which I had floundered for nine hours, forgot the noisome stench which at times we were forced to breathe, forgot my lame hands and back. I recalled only the problem itself and the skill with which the man they called Anton handled his crow bar. He was a master of it. In removing the smaller slabs which lay around the big one he astonished me with his knowledge of how to place the bar. He'd come to my side where I was prying with all my strength and with a wave of his hand for me to stand back, would adjust two or three smaller rocks as a fulcrum and then, with the gentlest of movements, work the half-ton weight inch by inch to where he wanted it. He could swing the rock to the right or left, raise or lower it, at will, and always he made the weight of the rock, against which I had striven so vainly, do the work. That was something worth learning. I wanted to get back and study him. I wanted to get back and finish uncovering that rock. I wanted to get back and bring the job as a whole to a finish so as to have a new one to tackle. Even at the end of that first day I felt I had learned enough to make myself a man of greater power than I was the day before. And always in the background was the unknown goal to which this toil was to lead. I hadn't yet stopped to figure out what the goal was but that it was worth while I had no doubt for I was no longer stationary. I was a constructor. I was in touch with a big enterprise of development.

I don't know that I've made myself clear. I wasn't very clear in my own mind then but I know that I had a very conscious impression of the sort which I've tried to put into words. And I know that it filled me with a great big joy. I never woke up with any such feeling when with the United Woollen. My only thought in the morning then was how much time I must give myself to catch the six-thirty. When I reached the office I hung up my hat and coat and sat down to the impersonal figures like an automaton. There was nothing of me in the work; there couldn't be. How petty it seemed now! I suppose the company, as an industrial enterprise, was in the line of development, but that idea never penetrated as far as the clerical department. We didn't feel it any more than the adding machines do.

Ruth had a good breakfast for me and when I came into the kitchen she was trying to brush the dried clay off my overalls.

"Good Heavens!" I said, "don't waste your strength doing that."

She looked up from her task with a smile.

"I'm not going to let you get slack down here," she said.

"But those things will look just as bad again five minutes after I've gone down the ladder."

"But I don't intend they shall look like this on your way to the ladder," she answered.

"All right," I said, "then let me have them. I'll do it myself."

"Have you shaved?" she asked.

I rubbed my hand over my chin. It wasn't very bad and I'd made up my mind I wouldn't shave every day now.

"No," I said. "But twice or three times a week—"

"Billy!" she broke in, "that will never do. You're going down to your new business looking just as ship-shape as you went to the old. You don't belong to that contractor; you belong to me."

In the meanwhile the boy came in with my heavy boots which he had brushed clean and oiled. There was nothing left for me to do but to shave and I'll admit that I felt better for it.

"Do you want me to put on a high collar?" I asked.

"Didn't you find the things I laid out for you?"

I hadn't looked about. I'd put on the things I took off. She led me back into the bed room, and over a chair I saw a clean change of underclothing and a new grey flannel shirt.

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"I bought it for a dollar," she answered. "It's too much to pay. I can make one for fifty cents as soon as I get time to sew."

(To be continued)

HIND INTERFERENCE

At a slow gait, such as a roadster often takes, there is sometimes a striking of one or both ankles by the opposite mate. This is caused by a vicious direction of the hind leg from the hip or by an inward curve of the foot from the hock or pastern joint. Since the hind legs are more loosely hung than the fore, it is more difficult to make them respond to a remedy, but a separation of the feet may be effected by a somewhat higher outside foot. In the shoe a similar effect could be had by a slightly wider outside web and a slightly longer outside heel. Again, inward curves of the motion of the foot may be modified by paring the hoof. The comparative rigidity of the fore legs makes them more responsive to small changes, but in the hind legs such corrective changes may be emphasized or increased somewhat without as much danger to the limb or foot. That is to say, twists due to a wrong adjustment are apt to cause more damage to the fore than to the hind legs.

THE LINGUIST

Sixty years ago there appeared in the newspapers notice of the dissolution of a scholastic partnership in the neighborhood of London, which was signed by one of the teachers of youth with his mark.

Disclosures of this sort do not often hit one in the face nowadays; but a Northern schoolmaster came near to falling a victim to effrontery of a somewhat similar character the other day.

Being in urgent need of a tutor, he opened up negotiations with a "master of languages" whose invaluable services were on offer in the columns of a London newspaper.

Could he speak French? the schoolmaster demanded of this paragon. Oh, yes, fluently. Had he a nodding acquaintance with Italian? Indeed, he had—was excellently well versed in it, in fact.

These answers pleased the schoolmaster mightily, but he was an enthusiastic stamp-collector, and preferred to have, if possible, a tutor with corresponding tastes; so he telegraphed the question:

"Have you any knowledge of philately?"

And back came the triumphant answer:

"Can speak it like a native, sir!"

The negotiations ended abruptly.

HORSE BREEDING AN ANCIENT ART

Horse breeding has been followed as a trade ever since animals were first domesticated, but for only about a century have stud-book records been kept of the breeding of the different families of horses. The study of types has only quite recently been taken up by men of science with a view of ascertaining the origin of the species and to differentiate their characteristics.

As a result of this study, based upon those anatomical differences and variations which have resulted from wide geographical distribution, and which probably originated in early geological times, it may be accepted that there are four families or species of horses.

The first type in this classification is the Celtic horse, found on the west coast of Norway, known as the Fjord horse in Iceland, Faeroe, Barra, and other small islands of the outer Hebrides, in northern Scotland, on the Shetland Isles, and in Connemara or northern Ireland. There has also been found a close kinship between the Celtic horse and the true Tarpan horse of Russia. The principal characteristics of this type are that, in common with the asses and zebras, it has no callosities on its hind legs, and has a black stripe the entire length of the back and through the tail. It is also frequently striped on the legs and shoulders like the asses, and is of a brown or light dun color.

Nature establishes harmonious groups of plants, trees, and animals, and, certain conditions of climate being given, certain groups of animals and plants are found associated. The small red deer of Norway was an original associate of the Celtic horse, and as this deer is related to the red deer of some parts of France and of Spain, also of Sardinia and the Barbary States, the question naturally arises whether the small ponies of those same regions, though not known only as domestic animals, may not be proven to be kindred to the Celtic horse. If the characteristics mentioned above are present in any measure it would seem to prove the point. Scientific research in this direction has not been pursued, and an inviting field is open to any one who cares to follow this subject further.

The second type of horse is the Prejevalsky, found in a wild state on the steppes of central Asia. There are a few of these in England on the estate of the Duke of Bedford, and several specimens are being bred in the New York Zoological Gardens. The Prejevalsky horse is of a red brown color with a light "mealy" nose, has a large head in proportion to his body and is "cat hammed," and less powerful than the Celtic horse. Some writers have assumed that the Tarpan and the Prejevalsky horses belonged to the same family, but this is not now accepted, on account of their marked differences, the most conspicuous of which is that the Prejevalsky has the callosities on his hind legs. In this family it usually takes the form of a narrow strip and not drop-shaped as is common with other horses.

FATHER AND SON

"My boy, what counts is experience."

The kindly father shut the door of his study and drew up to him his young son, just about to leave college.

"Yes," he continued, "it is in the light of my experience that you may hope to win, and you must therefore be guided by me. Mere knowledge—the accumulation of facts—all this is in a sense necessary, but it does not take the place of wisdom or judgment, which can only be attained by a lifetime of striving and development. My boy, do not be misled or deceive yourself with the thought that you are wiser than your elders. You must be guided by me and must learn to avoid the mistakes that I have made."

The boy, thoughtful for a moment, raised his fine young face to his father.

"Tell me, sir," he said, "have you ever, in the course of one short week, played poker, gone to the race track and dropped a hundred, been on a joy ride and smashed a farmer, drunk fourteen bottles of champagne, smoked a thousand cigarettes and fallen in love with a chorus girl?"

For some time the old gentleman was silent.

"My boy," he said at last, "I have—all except the joy ride. That is precisely why I am trying to give you the benefit of it."

HOW TO BE STRONG

Hiram, in old age, wonders why he can't do as much as he used to do. Hiram's son being away from home, he writes to him for information as to how he may regain his health. His son, being a good athlete and knowing the value of physical culture, thinks that it would be beneficial to the old man to take morning exercise, and so writes, but his imagination runs away with him at times, as follows:

"Dear Dad,—In order for you to bring back your health and be as good a man as you used to be, you should become an athlete and go through some good strong and powerful exercises. The first thing when you rise early in the morning you should give a leap in the air, hit your snout against the ceiling, and clap your heels lightly nine times together before you touch the floor. By doing this once over it will give your blood a good circulation and strengthen your nerves. It will also prepare you for the next performance which you are about to undergo.

"Give a high kick and slap your toes against the ceiling, and at the same time fall to the floor upon your head thrice. This exercise will strengthen the neck-bone, harden your head, and keep the brain in good order. After this you should hoist the lid and go out on the roof and take deep breathing exercises. Do the high comeflop. Walk off the roof as though you were walking through the air, but take good care that you fall flat to the ground on your stomach. This will strengthen your wind, develop your breast, also make you see stars. Then you should walk in and get ready for breakfast, and put up a notorious growl about the victuals and all that's on the table. This exercise will prepare you for the difficult ups and downs of this world. All of these exercises should be undergone not less than once a day for a week, and if you are alive when your week is up, you will be a healthy and able-bodied man."

IN CHINA

Ten little Manchus going out to dine,
Cook slipped the prussic, and then there were nine;
Nine little Manchus headed for a fete,
Met a bunch of rebels, and then there were eight;
Eight little Manchus—sort of royal leaven—
Palace toppled over, and then there were seven;
Seven little Manchus, using chopsticks,
Waiter swings a hatchet, and then there were six;
Six little Manchus, glad they were alive,
One of 'em was captured, making—let's see—five;
Five little Manchus locked the cellar door,
Some one found a window, and then there were four;
Four little Manchus, each on bended knee,
One wasn't needed, and then there were three;
Three little Manchus, in an awful stew—
Boiling oil composed it—and then there were two;
Two little Manchus, both upon the run,
Couldn't reach the fortress, and then there was one;
One little Manchu, all that's left of nine—
Writing out a message, meaning "I resign."

SOME FIRST TIMES WITH HORSES

By Henry Hunter

The horse was hunted and eaten by prehistoric men. Driving was practiced before riding because the early domestic horse was too small to ride.

The horse was first domesticated in Libya.

The firs. large breeder of horses recorded was King Erichthonius, the Trojan, who about 1400 B. C. was the richest man on earth and owned 3,000 mares. This king was the first, according to Virgil, to hitch and drive a four-in-hand.

Trick riding originated in Greece about 1000 B. C.

The Sybarites trained their cavalry horses to dance to music about 600 B. C.

The first allusion to wagering on horse races is found in the "Illiad" when cauldrons and tripods, the counterpart of our present day cups, were wagered.

The first famous horse trainer was Hyperenor.

The first race for horses to saddle was inaugurated at the thirty-third Olympiad in 648 B. C.—four-horse chariot races having been introduced in the 23rd Olympiad. Two-horse chariot races and races for under aged horses came later. Entries closed thirty days in advance of the meeting.

The dark bay horses with a star in forehead were common in Libya in 1000 B. C.

The first bits were made of horn, then bone, later copper, finally bronze and iron. Bits came into use about 1000 B. C.

The first horse cloths, similar to our saddle pads, were used by the Assyrians about 900 B. C. The Greek and Macedonian soldiers used them about 500 B. C.

The first mention of scythe blades on chariot wheels is writing about 300 B.C.

The first mentioned owner to start more than one horse from his stable in a race was Alcibiades, 400 B. C., who started seven chariots in one race and won first, second and fourth prizes.

The first mention of scythe blades in chariot wheels is at the battle of Cunaxa in 401 B. C.

The first saddles came into use about 500 B. C.

The first turf scribe was Simo, the Athenian, about 460 B. C. The next and a great one was Xenophon, about 400 B. C. The next, Varro, in 37 B. C. Then comes Virgil in his Georgics, then Calpurnias and Columella in the first century A. D., then Oppian and Nemesian in the third century and Apsyrtas, Pelagonius and Palladius in the fourth century.

The first horse trainer is mentioned by Xenophon.

Horseshoes, while known about 200 B. C., did not come into general use untiluntil about 500 A. D.

The first law suit over a horse is mentioned in Aristophane's comedy, "The Clouds," about 380 B. C. Trainer's bills enter into the evidence.

The first famous horse breaker was Alexander the Great, who conquered Bucephalos.

The first spurs were used about 200 B. C.

Virgil mentions a horse with a white forefoot and a forehead with a white patch.

Horses were raised in England before the Roman Conquest.

The first horse racing in England was held about 222 A. D. at Netherby in Yorkshire.

The Arabs first began to breed horses after 200 A. D. and made little progress until after 600 A. D.

Circus trick riding came into popularity about 350 A. D.

Stirrups were first used about 600 A. D.

The first regular horse auction was the Friday sales at Smithfield, outside London, in the reign of Henry II.

The first master of fox hounds was Simon de Montfort about 1250 A. D.

Heredity of white markings is first mentioned in the case of the bay charger owned by King Edward I. about 1300 A. D., that had a white stocking on its left hind leg, as had also its sire and grandsire.

The first books on horses were the manuscripts of Gyfford and Twevety about 1300 A. D.

The first trained horse was Marocco in Queen Elizabeth's time. The horse and owner, Banks, were accused of magic and burned to death.

The first rule against foul riding was made at the Chester meeting in the time of James I. Professional jockeys came into vogue then. This King was the first to organize ice racing.

In the seventeenth century witches were consulted when horses went lame.

The first wave of reform to interfere with racing swept over England in 1620. Parliament suppressed racing in 1654 and not until the end of the Commonwealth about ten years later were the restrictions removed.

The first stage coaches in 1662 were opposed by country tradesmen because they thought it would take their customers to the city.

GAMBLING IN PRISON

In certain foreign prisons the inmates are either highly favored or very ingenious. Somehow or other they do manage to obtain possession of small sums of money, with which they can purchase tobacco and other minor luxuries. Having plenty of time for reflection, they appear to have sharpened their wits to the extent of organizing not only card parties, dicing matches, and various childish games of chance, but even billiards.

The dice are made with grains of Indian corn subtracted from their meals. The grains are cut or pressed into squares, and the dots are scratched upon them.

Unfortunately, however, there does not seem to be the proverbial honor among criminals, and most of these dice which have come under my observation have been ingeniously cogged by the insertion of small portions of metallic dust. In Costa Rica the cogged dice go by the name of wild beasts, the idea being that they find victims.

In the Lombroso Museum of Anthropology and crime at Turin there is quite an interesting collection of playing cards which have been manufactured in prisons. The red pips have been colored in blood, no other red paint being presumably available.

Billiards in prison seem almost incredible. The plan adopted is to build up cushions of mud on the pavement and line them with pieces of clothing, extract a stick from the bamboo beds, and roll bits of clay into balls. It does not sound very exciting, but prisoners appear to be contented persons.

Then there is the game of the knife. It seems that in certain foreign prisons every convict contrives to keep a knife up his sleeve, probably obtaining it from a visitor. Having half opened it, that is to say at a right angle, he throws it at a mark on his bed or table, and points are counted according to his success. If he hits the bed or table at all it counts one, two inches from the mark counts two, one inch three, and the mark itself counts five. Games are usually a hundred up.

Then there is the fly game, which is much safer, because there is no need to dread the visits of warders. The players place pennies or halfpennies in front of them, and win when a fly lights on their coins. They are allowed to smear them with sugar or portions of their food in order to attract the flies. When these allurements are not available, they cover the coins with saliva as a bait. In the absence of coins, prisoners will sometimes sit side by side with their dinners in front of them, and the first fly decides which prisoner shall eat both dinners.

The dust collected from numerous vacuum cleaners has proved to be a valuable fertilizer, and its sale has become a regular business in Paris.

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For more serious burns, too, it is unequalled. Mr. John Johnston, of 734 South Marks Street, Fort William, a moulder in Copp's Foundry, says: "Some time ago I burned the top of my foot severely by dropping some molten iron from a ladle I was carrying. A large hole was burned through my shoe and into the top of my foot. I was taken home, and Zam-Buk was applied to the burn directly. It was surprising what relief this balm afforded. The burn was so deep and so serious that it required careful attention, but Zam-Buk prevented other complications arising, and as it was daily applied, soothed the pains and allayed the inflammation. In the course of two weeks the hole burned in my foot had been quite healed."

Mr. W. B. Gibson, of Belleville, writes: "We have tried Zam-Buk often on cuts and sores, and I think there is nothing that can equal it."

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies, eruptions and chapped places, and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

"The piano we sold you," said the merchant, "was it satisfactory?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Cumrox. "We've had it tested and it's all right. My daughter and three music teachers tried out all kinds of Wagner on it, and it stood up in a way that shows regular tunes won't be any strain at all."

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Brent Good

Malibran the Great

A strange race were the Garcias. Several of them made large figures in the history of the stage, and the women of the family played a large part in the lives of more than one man. They were alike not merely in their immense artistic gifts and in their personal attractiveness, but also in a curious ebullience of vitality, which filled every stage with their disturbing presence. This intense vitality acted differently with them; in some cases shortening, in others prolonging their lives. The father of them all died before he was fifty, while one of his sons celebrated, mid universal esteem, his hundredth year here among us, where he had found his home. Similarly, the Garcia who was ultimately known as Madame Viardot lived to something like ninety, and lived every hour of that long spell of life. She worked for hours daily, teaching her pupils at high fees; and one night, going to bed in her usual robust health, passed away in painless sleep. She had traversed many storms and profoundly influenced many lives, but in the midst of it all she retained her own superb serenity. Gounod loved her; Theophile Gautier remained her adorer to the end of his days. Her home was that of Turgeneff for more than a score of years before his death. For her he forgot Russia; for her he ceased to visit the many relatives and the millions of friends and admirers he had among his own people. Many of his critics even say that his realization of Russia ceased to be really Russia because of the influence she exercised not only over his heart, but also his mighty intellect. But mid them all, great as they were, one Garcia stands out supreme—she whom the world knows and remembers as Malibran.

It is due mainly, of course, to her supreme talent, but a good deal of it must be ascribed to her tragic fate. She was one of those whom, according to the old saying of Greek lore, the gods loved; for she died young. Here is the epitome of her life as set forth in the preface to this interesting memorial of her: "At the age of five she was on the stage, at seventeen she married, at twenty she was famous, at the beginning of her twenty-ninth year she died, after passing beyond the bounds of public enthusiasm, and filling the world with the tale of her achievements." This pithy story tells the whole tragedy. But poor Malibran began the hard struggle of life early if she had to leave her glory very soon. Her father, Manuel Garcia, was born in Seville towards the close of the eighteenth century. He was a dynamic man. He was a singer, composer, stage manager—above all, teacher. He had exhausted the possibilities of Spain while he was still young, and sought in Paris a larger stage. Paris, so hospitable to real artistic genius, took the Spaniard to its arms at once, and soon he was infusing into the chorus of the Opera some of his own infectious enthusiasm. People spoke already of his "Andalusian fury"—an apt phrase which accounts for something in the history of himself and his greater daughter. His wife was also an actress of great talent, and thus Marie Malibran was born almost in the green room. Her birth took place in Paris within a few weeks of the arrival of her father there from his native Spain, and she always claimed to be a Parisian and a Frenchwoman. Garcia, like most of his class, was a nomad, and the child was transferred when she was but three years old to Italy. In that far-off period the children of the stage had to help in the making of bread for the household at a pathetically early age, as some of the survivors of that dead epoch could tell us to-day when they recount the story of their youth—Mrs. Kendal and Ellen Terry among others. It was in Naples that Marie Malibran made her first appearance. This was a solitary appearance, for immediately after she gave herself up to the serious study of music. Two French musicians, who had gained the travelling scholarship known as Grand Prize of Rome, anticipated her future greatness, and devoted themselves, with true artistic comradeship, to the development of her talents. Already, indeed, she was a remarkable child, for she could speak French, Spanish, and Italian with fluency. After another visit to Paris she arrived in London, and she added a perfect knowledge of English to her other accomplishments.

Her father then settled down for a somewhat prolonged stay in Paris, and here it was that her real education began. He was a splendid teacher, but he was terribly severe one. One day two musicians, walking near the house of the Garcias, heard agonizing screams. One said to the other with a smile: "It's only Garcia beating his daughter to teach her to get her beats and thrills right; don't be frightened."

Malibran thus learned her business in blood and tears, but she did learn it. It was at a London theatre—the old King's, in the Haymarket— that the girl had her first great triumph. She had been playing subordinate parts and was an understudy, when a series of accidents gave her her opportunity, and she had to appear in one of the many operas which have sought to interpret the divine music of "Romeo and Juliet." Even at this early stage she had to learn some of the glories and the miseries of professional life. The old stager who was playing the part of Romeo confined himself at rehearsal to a very simple rendering of his part—reserving his chief effects for the night and the public. But when he tried his little trick he found the precious girl ready for him; she also burst, after his example, into various dazzling trills, and even improvised. Amid the thundering of applause which greeted her daring effort she felt a hard pinch on her arm with the word "Minx!" whispered in her ear by the enraged rival. Then she went to America with a brilliant engagement, accompanied by her father. There are innumerable stories of the mercilessness with which that terrible father compelled her to work at short notice. The restless fit, however, came on him again, and he went to Mexico, leaving his daughter in New York behind him. It was a perilous position for one so young and so successful and so unhappy. For any refuge was welcome from a taskmaster so severe and so dreaded. "The precise facts," says our author, "leading up to the marriage are somewhat obscure, because it was contracted in America, and it is rather difficult to ascertain them exactly. This much is known; that Francois Eugene Malibran, a French banker, has established himself in New York; fallen in love with Mlle. Garcia; and that she, despite the tremendous disparity of age (he was forty-five and she seventeen), did not reject his proposal. There were, it is said, two reasons. The first is, that, in spite of the success she had attained in America, she had fallen temporarily into a strange dislike for the stage—which she was afterwards to love, almost to dote upon—and that the first result of the new union was to make her abandon a career she for the time being loathed."

This pleasant dream was soon falsified. For whilst taking up a new life, and leaving her father to gain a husband, the poor girl had only effected a change of misery, as she too soon apprehended. In reality, and despite her great attractiveness, it is said that Malibran, in making his suit for her, had his eye on business, and on nothing more, aiming at the dowry of $10,000. If we can go by all that has been said on this topic, the position of this so-called banker, which everyone believed to be very prosperous and secure, was, on the contrary, in most desperate straits. The $10,000 enabled him, for the moment, to put off his creditors; but only a few months later his credit had vanished and he was declared insolvent.

Thus was Malibran thrown back again upon her art. It was unfortunate for her personal happiness, but without this calamity in her domestic life she never would have attained her glory. It is seldom that glory is ever attained except at the loss of something else in life. Malibran returned from New York to Paris, spent some little time in retirement, awaiting events and offers that she could accept; and finally making a single appearance in opera, at once captured Paris, and sent it crazy in honor of her gifts, her beauty, and her misfortunes. From that time onward Malibran had no further difficulties in her artistic career. Every country and every great city fought for her.

It was in Italy, of course, that she excited enthusiasm to its highest pitch. There are illustrations of this enthusiasm which are scarcely credible. Take, for instance, an occurrence at Milan—Malibran was singing in "Norma." At the end of the second act there burst forth a storm of applause. It went on and on till at last a full quarter of an hour elapsed, and still the shouting showed no sign of stopping. The authorities were shocked, and the chief constable called upon the audience to stop. They went on more furiously than ever. Then the mayor was called in, and he at last threatened to stop the performance, and then only did it come to an end. "Perhaps the first time," comments the chronicler, "that police measures have had to be employed to stop an artiste being applauded."

It was soon after this tremendous triumph that Malibran heard suddenly of the death of Bellini. She had achieved some of her greatest successes in his operas, and she was personally acquainted with him, and the two were attached to each other. The event made a painful impression on her. She must have been something of a visionary, as most artists are, for she made the sinister and sadly-realized remark, "I feel I shall soon follow him." She did, for she died just a year afterwards.

Simple and Sure.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is so simple in application that a child can understand the instructions. Used as a liniment the only direction is to rub, and when used as a dressing to apply. The directions are so plain and unmistakable that they are readily understood by young or old.

FILLING OLD MINES WITH SAND

Old worked-out mines are often highly dangerous. When they are almost forgotten the ground above them will sometimes cave in, with disastrous results. It is not an uncommon thing in an old mining district to see a house, or even part of a town, that has been wrecked by dropping into an unsuspected and long-abandoned tunnel beneath. The ordinary preventive method used in American mines is more or less extensive timbering, but this is never perfectly safe, and even with regular oversight it remains a constant menace. A method used in European and Australian mining districts is the filling of abandoned workings with sand—a somewhat expensive method to start with, but justified by the fact that, once done, no further thought need be given to it, as it has practically become once more a part of the solid crust of the earth.

The workings of what is known as the Shamrock mine, in Westphalia, are filled with sand. These workings are about 1,900 feet deep, and the sand is carried 1,500 feet horizontally from the shaft underground and deposited; at another mine it is carried a horizontal distance of over 3,300 feet. At the Myslowitz colliery, 3,000 tons of sand were daily sent down into the mine for stope filling. In this mine one coal seam is 8 to 21 feet thick, and another 28 to 37 feet, indicating that sand-filling is applicable to large as well as small stopes. The sand is obtained from a bank 20 ft. thick and 1,500 ft. long, steam shovels being used to load cars, which are hauled to the points of discharge by steam locomotives. There are two boreholes, one 780 feet deep, the other 1,100 feet. From the foot of these holes the sand is distributed to the stopes.

At a colliery near Liege, Belgium, the sand is sluiced down with water through six-inch pipes. At one coal mine in Silesia 7,500 tons of sand and debris are sent down daily to fill the stopes.

In Western Australia, mill tailing is sent down into the mines through shafts from the surface. The sand is distributed by means of a belt-conveyor placed on an old level running over the stopes to be filled below. Sand-filling has been practised in the Western Australian mines for the last fourteen years, so may be said to have there passed the stage of experiment. The cost is stated to be about 20 cents per ton of ore extracted, which certainly compares favorably with the most economical employment of timber in American mines.

If it is run in wet, the sand will settle and some water will rise to the surface of the sand and may be drained or pumped away, while some of the water will surely leak away through crevices in the bulkhead and even in the rocks. Anything that could cause a mud-rush must be carefully avoided.

AMERICANS OF EARLIEST DAYS

In considering the civilization of the earliest Americans we are apt to underrate their ability and progress because they achieved so much less than our own ancestors in Asia and Europe. We must remember, however, that the ability of a people is measured not merely by the things which it achieves, but by the opportunities which it possesses and the difficulties which it overcomes. Through some happy accident our forebears not only chanced upon the discovery of iron, but dwelt in a land where the cattle were capable of being domesticated and used as beasts of burden such as the fierce buffalo could never become. There, too, the wild plants included those extremely useful species, wheat, barley, and rice, much more widely adaptable and useful than the corn and beans of America.

Consider for a moment what iron means to us. Where should we be if every scrap of metal should suddenly be taken away? Suppose, too, that we had no cattle, no sheep, no horses, and no domestic animals of any sort except the dog. How long would it be before we should be naked, and should be fighting for the veriest rags to keep out the cold airs of winter? How we should fight for every scrap of food, like veritable beasts! The strong, the sly, or the crafty would survive; the rest would miserably perish. Our vaunted culture would vanish into thin air before the inexorable primitive needs of food and shelter. We should scour the mountains for flint, we should bruise our hands in clumsy attempts to chip stones into tools, and we should be filled with delight when we found a stick of wood well shaped for killing rabbits.

Yet in the past how much the first Americans accomplished! Without iron or any other metal they hewed caves and images from the softer rocks, or broke hard sandstone into symmetrical blocks for the construction of dwelling-houses. They felled large trees and made them into beams, they cut pathways in the face of the cliffs, built houses of many storeys, tilled the land, and did all manner of household tasks, such as grinding grain, weaving cloth, and making pottery. They raised their structures to a height of three or even five storeys without the help of a single implement which we would call a tool, and after a thousand, or perchance two thousand, years some of their walls still stand. Crude as their achievement was, it was, if anything, greater than ours, for they lived in the dawn of civilization. Who can say how the history of the world might have been altered had some accident disclosed the use of iron to America as well as to Asia?

MEAT IN TROPIC WILDS

Sometimes there would be a wild hog, sometimes wild turkey, or a big, black bird very much larger and more delicious in flavor; but it was the monkey that was the standard diet for many days. With seventeen able-bodied appetites in the outfit, the noon hunt was a necessity, and monkey the most accessible game. If there ever seemed to be a trifle too much, the Tacana crew would rouse themselves during the night and have additional feasts, until by dawn the supply was gone. On sand-bars they would forage for turtle-eggs, and every day they usually collected a bushel or two of these. But it was monkey that furnished them with the greatest delicacy and the keenest pleasure in the hunt.

Though monkey-shooting was necessary and there was for the moment the thrill of skilful shooting, yet the element of pathos dominated.

A clean shot stirs no thought, but to wound first, as must happen in many cases, gives a queer little clutch at the heartstrings that can never be shaken off. The little monkey, the frightened, hopeless agony of death stamped on its tiny, grotesque features, dabbles aimlessly with little twigs and leaves, stuffing them at the wound; sometimes it feebly tries to get back among the branches that make his world, and, as you approach, there is never any savage snarling stand where he meets extinction with the cornered heroism that seems for the moment to balance the scene. Instead, he pleads with failing gestures of forlorn propitiation, and with hoarse, cooing little noises, for the respite that would be far less merciful than the coup de grace.

GATHERING RUBBER IN SOUTH AMERICA

Slowly the days passed, and it was with the most cheerful emotions that we at last picked up the first signs of the frontier toward which we were working. It was only the shack of a lonely rubber-picker, and the poorly made hut was bare to the verge of destitution. Near by there was an uncultivated patch of rice, corn, yuccas, bananas, and some tobacco-plants. Under the cane bunk was a pair of primitive rubber shoes, made of the pure rubber mixed with a little gunpowder, and smoked on a block of wood roughly hewn to the shape of a foot. In one corner were a few brown bolachos of rubber, which would be valued at twelve to fifteen hundred dollars in the market, but for which the picker would receive from his patron not enough to free him from debt for his past and future supplies, meagre as they are.

As we tied up to the bank, he and a boy helper had just gathered the rubber sap, and were busy smoking it. A huge tin basin was half full of a white fluid that looked for all the world like a rather chalky milk; before it, in a little pit, was a tin arrangement something like a milk-can with an open top out of which poured a thin, blue, hot smoke; and above the pit was a frame on which rested a round stick that held a globular mass of yellowish rubber previously smoked and cured. The round stick was rolled over the basin, a cupful of new rubber was ladled over the mass as it was rolled back into the smoke, and there held and manipulated until the whole surface was thoroughly smoked. In the thin, blue smoke it at once turned a pale yellow. Layer by layer the bolacho is built up with each day's gathering of the sap, and months after, when it is cut open and graded, the history may be read in the successive layers; this day's sap was gathered in the rain, the paler, sourer color showing that water had trickled down the bark and into the little cups; the dirt and tiny chips show that this day was windy; and there, in the darker oxidization of the layer, is revealed the fact of a Sunday, a fiesta, or a drunken rest before the succeeding layer was added.

As the batalon of the patron makes its trip for collection, sometimes nothing will be found but a gummy residue of burned rubber, a rectangle of black ashes where the hut had been, and near by the broken and mutilated remains of the picker; for the feeble trade-gun is only one degree better than the enemies with which the rubber-picker has to contend. In such an event the patron curses the savages and, when these losses become too frequent, may return on a punitive expedition; for labor is scarce in these remote districts, and the loss is economic, not sentimental.

Farther down the river is the barraca of the patron, a large clearing in the forest back from the bank of the river. Here survives feudalism, and justice is administered according to the rough standards of his submissive domain. Somewhere you will find the stocks, with the rows of leg-holes meeting in a pair of great mahogany beams. A pile of chain-and-bar leg-irons lie in a near-by corner, and a twisted bull whip hangs from the thatch above. In an open, unguarded shed beyond was piled thirty thousand dollars' worth of rubber—it is only a fraction of the crop—awaiting shipment, and in the early moonlight we sat with the patron himself, a barefooted, cotton-dressed overlord who was scarcely distinguishable from his own debt-slaves. And he, in his turn, was in almost hopeless debt to the commission-houses, who hold him by their yearly advances in trade.

SUING THE SURGEONS

A Parisian surgeon has been served with notice of an action which terrifies him.

It is not the damages, which will undoubtedly be heavy, but the fact that his professional reputation is at stake which makes the case so terribly serious for him.

It appears that a railway porter was brought into the hospital with an affection of the right arm which necessitated an operation. On recovering from the anaesthetic, the unfortunate patient was horrified to discover that it was the left arm, the sound one, which had been cut open.

There was nothing for it but to submit to a second operation, but for the blunder from which he has suffered the man is suing the surgeon.

All men make mistakes at times, and surgeons, being but human, make a few of the many blunders that are made.

Some little time ago an English lady doctor was sued by a former patient because, during an internal operation, a tiny sponge had been left behind in the wound, and had afterwards to be cut out.

But this was nothing to the blunder made by the French doctor who operated on a woman and accidentally left three yards of bandages within her body. The mistake necessitated another very severe operation in order to extract the dressings, and the lady recovered a thousand dollars damages.

Another similar case comes from Lyons, where an operator lost a ring during his work, and found that he had left it inside the cut which he had made in his patient's abdomen.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

HAS A CORN ANY ROOTS?

Judging by the pain they cause they have roots, branches and stems. Easily cured, however, if you apply Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Always safe, always prompt, and invariably satisfactory. Forty years of success stands behind Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

WINCHESTER

Shotgun Shells

"Leader" and "Repeater" and

Repeating Shotguns

make a killing combination for field, fowl or trap shooting. No smokeless powder shells enjoy such a reputation for uniformity of loading and strong shooting qualities as "Leader" and "Repeater" brands do, and no shotgun made shoots harder or better than the Winchester.

THEY ARE MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Hearing of the efficacy of the Rontgen rays for the removal of superfluous hairs from the upper lip, a lady applied to a qualified doctor for treatment. He operated three times, but, instead of removing the poor lady's mustache, the only result was that the skin of her face turned red and her lips swelled badly.

She thereupon brought an action for damages, and was awarded the sum of $75.

A case which had a completely different ending was reported not long ago from Paris. A well-known physician had a patient with a bad case of appendicitis. It was decided that an operation would probably prove fatal, so he tried the external application of ice. This treatment proved successful, and the man's life was saved.

But as a result of the ice remaining so long in contact with the skin a local gangrenous growth was set up, and the patient ungratefully brought a suit against the doctor for $10,000 damages. He declared that the doctor had been guilty of negligence in not ordering flannel to be placed between the ice and the skin.

The court, on the other hand, decided that the doctor was not responsible.

One of the most extraordinary blunders ever made by a medical man has resulted in a man named Early bringing a suit for heavy damages against an American doctor living in Washington.

Early was a worker in a pulp mill, and noxious fumes caused an illness which made his hands, feet and face swell and become discolored.

He went to a doctor to ask what he had better do, and in the course of the consultation jokingly remarked, "It isn't leprosy, doctor, I hope."

The doctor left him and locked the door. After a while he came back with another doctor. They examined Early and sent him away in an ambulance, under guard of two soldiers, who informed him that no one would be allowed to come near him.

He wrote to his wife and gave the letter to the doctor, who said, "I will tell your wife what is in this letter, for nothing you handle will ever be touched by human beings again."

He had been condemned as a leper, and it was not till a year afterwards that his wife managed to prove that his disease was nothing of the kind.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

Headaches — nausea — indigestion — muddy complexion — pimples — bad breath — these are some of the effects of constipation. The mild, sensible, reliable remedy is

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

They contain the latest discovered and best evacuant known, which empties the bowels without the slightest discomfort and without disturbing the rest of the system. Constantly increased doses are not necessary. 25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 25

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

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Plaster Board takes the place of Lath, and is fireproof

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Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Optical Department

Our Optical Parlor is now open, under the charge of a sight Specialist, All work guaranteed. If you have eye trouble see our specialist at once.

Engraving of all kinds done on the premises. All goods purchased engraved FREE.

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We have just opened up the most beautiful line of Wall Papers we have ever carried.

To look at them you would think them high priced papers, but when you come to price them you'll find them remarkably low.

We can sell wall papers right because we buy right. We handle the goods of only the best maker and charge only a reasonable profit. Such beautiful papers and such values will surely induce you to decorate several rooms this Spring.

Come and see them. Look for our window display.

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W. R. STEVENSON

MILITIA DEFEATS BANKERS

A very hard fought game took place at the Agricultural Grounds last Saturday, when the Militia and the Bankers met for the first time in a league match. In the first half the militia had the best of the play and S. Hubble scored for them about 20 minutes after the start. The first half ended with the score 1-0 in favor of the Militia. The Bankers started the second half with a hard rush and Jacks scored the equaliser. The game continued very even until about ten minutes from full time, when Arnold Jackson scored a very fine goal for the Militia. The match ended with the score 2-1 in favor of the Militia. The teams were: Militia: E. Hubble; Kerr, Nicholson; Orr, Patchell, H. Jackson; Unsworth, Chettle, S. Hubble, Houston, A. Jackson. Bankers: Clyne; Atkinson, Round; Bird, Dunsford, Flood; Ross, Ford, Dunsford, Jacks, Adams. The standing in the league is now:

Team	Won	Lost	Points.
City	3	0	6
Bankers	1	2	2
Militia	1	2	2
Coqualeetza	1	2	2

On Saturday first the City and the Bankers meet in a league match at the Agricultural grounds. Kick off three p.m. sharp.

THE BOY SCOUTS

At the ordinary meeting 1st. Chilliwack Baden Powell Scouts, the Scout Master, T. A. C. Collin advised the meeting of the possibility of the Seymour scouts of Vancouver paying the city a visit at Easter time and camping with the local boys for a few days. The Seymour Troops are noted for their fine band and general proficiency, and their visit would be most interesting and instructive. Further information re programme and arrangements will be given next week after receipt of letter from the Seymour scouts. Capt. Coote, Rev. Douglas and Rev. Roberts were at the meeting also Scout masters Abbott and Woodworth. "God Save the King."

The Boy Scout Movement is one of the greatest and most expanding influences of the new century. The real live boy is a unit of pent up energy. In the past when that energy was properly directed its possessor was a good little boy; if *that energy was misdirected* he was a very bad little boy. The Boy Scout idea aims at furnishing a useful objective for this pent up energy by harnessing the force known as the small boy and diverting it to a channel which will yield a dividend of entertainment to the small boy and a dividend in useful citizenship to the state. As a result both sides will be the gainer.—Ottawa Citizen.

INSTITUTE MEETING OF SPECIAL INTEREST

The regular meeting of the Women's Institute was one of more than regular interest this week when the members of the Matsqui Institute to the number of fifteen were the guests of the Chilliwack Institute. Coming on the twelve tram the guests were met at the depot by a reception committee who brought them to the Knights of Pythias hall where the daintiest and most inviting of lunches awaited them, after which the president of our home Institute, Mrs. W. V. Davies acted as toastmistress for the following toasts:

The Queen—Proposed by Mrs. W. V. Davies, president of Chilliwack W. I. and responded to by all in the singing of "God save the *Queen.*"

Our Homes—Proposed by Mrs. Bradley, Chilliwack, responded to by Miss Cruikshank, Matsqui.

Our Institutes—Proposed by Mrs. A. H. Mercer, Chilliwack, responded to by Mrs. Wright, Matsqui.

Our Guests—Proposed by Mrs. C. A. Barber, Chilliwack, responded to by Mrs. Alexander, president of Matsqui W. I.

The Gentlemen--Proposed by Mrs. Siddall, responded to by all in singing "For They are Jolly Good Fellows."

At three o'clock, after being welcomed by Mrs. Boucher in a few happy words, the Matsqui ladies took charge of the program, which consisted of a piano solo by Miss Alexander, a most excellent paper by Miss Bessie Cruikshank on the Laws of B. C. pertaining to the government of Women and Children, two much appreciated vocal selections by Miss McLagan and a paper by Mrs. Hargett on the Educating of our Girls. The president of the Matsqui Institute thanked the Chilliwack members for their kindness and for the pleasant time spent. Mr. Fred Chadsey closed the program with a short talk on Spring Gardening. Afternoon tea served by the program committee brought a very successful and well planned afternoon to a close.

Properties Sold

Thirty-five acres on McKenzie road changed ownership last week, W. J. Glanville selling to W. E. Chapman of New Westminster. A lot in Princess Park Sub-division owned by Alf. White, was purchased by John Turvey Both sales were made by the Chilliwack Land and Development Co.

New Livery At Sardis

Messrs. Webb Bros., of Sardis, commenced the erection of a livery, feed and sale stable 32x60 feet at Sardis on Monday. The building will be two story, and covered with rock face metallic siding. The barn will be equipped with driving horses and buggies, and besides a general draying and teaming business will be conducted.

An Important Sale of Stock.

In another column will be found an important list of horses, cattle, pigs, implements, etc., the property of Blanchfield Bros., on Priarie Central road, which will be offered to the highest bidder on Wednesday *March 27. Particular notice should* be taken of the horses and cattle, which have been carefully selected. Amongst the cattle are ten Holsteins which were raised by Capt. James Erskin of Eburne and are choice stock. Remember the place and date. F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., are the auctioneers.

A Fine Herd of Cows Offered.

Special attention is directed to the auction sale of horses, cows, implements, etc., to take place on Tuesday March 26, on the farm of J. Wentworth Hill, on the Camp Slough road, five miles from the city. In the list as published elsewhere in the Free Press to-day will be found a herd of exceptionally fine milch cows, amongst which are some No. one grade Holsteins. Look up the list for particulars and be sure and attend the sale. F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., will wield the hammer.

Extensions to Water System

The Elk Creek Water Works Co., under the able management of E. A Kipp has started on the season's extensions of the system. About 3,000 feet of pipe has already been laid, including 1,000 feet of eight inch pipe from Mountain View to the C. N. R. station site, where the railway company will erect a tank of 40,000 gallons capacity to supply the locomotives. A half mile of three inch pipe will be laid on the Gibson road; 1200 feet four inch pipe on the Stevenson road; 4,000 feet of three inch pipe on the McConnell road; 1200 feet of four inch pipe on the Reeves road, 2700 feet of three inch pipe on the Yale road east of Rosedale and 12,000 or 1,500 feet of short sections in the city, will be laid as soon as as the work can be done. The company expect to lay between twelve and fifteen miles of water pipe during the season, which is another evidence of the growth and progressiveness of the valley.

Death of Mrs. T. F. Watson

"The many friends of Mrs. T. F. Watson will be shocked to hear that after ralling from a severe attack of pneumonia, she succumbed to a relapse. While in Southern California she caught a heavy cold, which developed to pneumonia upon her return. The late Mrs Watson was a member of Wesley Church and during her fifteen year's residence in Vancouver has been closely associated in all branches of Christian work. She was especially interested in the W C. T. U and Mission work She was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs John McNeil and was born at Stratford, Ontario, on August 31. 1859. In 1883 she was married to T. F. Watson in Winnipeg. Mr. Watson and two children survive, Charles F. Watson of Toronto University and Mrs. J. McAleese of North Vancouver. Two sisters of Mrs. Watson are in Vancouver, Mrs. Stephenson of Winnipeg, and Mrs. Orange. Her son Charles arrived a few days ago from Toronto and was at his mother's bedside in her last hours. Mr. T. F. Watson will remain with his daughter in North Vancouver. The funeral took place from Wesley church on Monday at 2.30 p m. to Mountain View cemetery. Very many Vancouver friends will sincerely regret the death of Mrs. Watson. Her friend knew her as bighearted and kind, and her work in Christian charity in Vancouver was notable."—Vancouver Province Mrs. Watson was well known to many in Chilliwack having visited here at different times, while her son, Rev. C. F. Watson, resided in the Valley for some time. Fred Chadsey, a personal friend of the latter, attended the funeral on Monday, returning home Tuesday.

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

For Sale

Remington Typewriter, good condition $30 cash. Piano, good instrument for learner. $60 Cash. May be seen at McManus' Jewelery and Music Store

Democrat, nearly new, may be seen at Adamson & Compeau's livery barn. $75 cash. Bargain.

ALF. WHITE.

Public Notice

NOTICE is hereby given forbidding all persons from dumping logs, cans, or other debris along the public highways or in running streams in the Municipality of the Township of Chilliwhack.

By Order of the Council,

C. W. WEBB, C. M. C.

Public Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that on or before April 1st all yards and vacant lots *must be cleaned up and refuse of* all kinds removed. Upon failure to do so the Health Inspector will order same done with costs.

J. W. DERBY,
Health Inspector.

28-3

Vancouver City Market

Main Street, Vancouver

This market is operated by the City as a means of bringing the producer and consumer together. You are invited to send your produce. We handle everything from the farm, (excepting milk.) By consigning your produce to the City Market you will get the best prices, sharp returns, and very prompt settlements.

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The Tin Lee Steam Laundry Co. has succeeded the Chilliwack Steam Laundry Co. The previous schedule of prices have been considerably reduced.

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Easter Chicks

Easter Rabbits

Easter Dyes

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Easter Cards and Booklets

Easter Chocolates and perfumes

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We have a new and up-to-date plant with the latest methods for all kinds of Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing. Expert help for all branches.

Special attention will be given to all Mail and Express orders from Chilliwack and the Valley. We solicit a trial.

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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.	8.55	9.45

Eastbound—

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

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

FREIGHT SERVICE

Lve. Chilliwack 5.00 a.m.) Daily Except
" Vancouver 7.00 ") Sunday

All passenger trains handle Express.

COMMUNICATIONS

Opinions expressed under this head are not necessarily the views of the Editor.

"IF I WERE A PREACHER"

Mr. Editor:

Since the "man on the street" has been preached at without right of reply so long he evidently appreciates the P. S. A. where it may be said the pews may answer the pulpit. Such being the atmosphere exception was taken to the astounding claim that God had given to a certain individual some $45000 of an "unearned increment" as John Stuart Mill terms it or what has come to be called upon the street rise in land values on real estate. In the lecturer's reply we were pleased to hear his avowal of speaking acquaintance with the science of political economy. Now, Mr. Editor, if this science means anything at all for a people it must mean the "square deal" or the science of living equitably together. And yet the lecturer boldly claimed equity for the private aquisition of a trifle of $45,000 of unearned land value. That this method of getting wealthy is legal, legal as law can make it, is freely admitted, but that it is moral is strenuously denied. For one to get something for nothing "unearned increment" involves another giving something for nothing. A wrong is done. To acquire is one thing to earn is another. Why did this friend of the lecturer, acquire $45,000, thus easily, simply because the established order of things, the "system," made him the a beneficiary of special privilege, private law passed for the benefit of the individual as againing the community, the whole of the people. These special privileges being but the outcome of arrogance and greed on the one hand, ignorance and helplessness on the other. When the people were asleep these manacles were rivetted upon them. These laws are man-made laws pernicous man made laws, every one of them, and yet in the face of the moral economic awakening, a minister of the Gospel invites an audience off the street to calmly inform it that God gave $45,000 of an "unearned increment" to some favorite. Small wonder under such circumstances that bearded men cease to be churchmen to become "men on the street." Since the world began there has of course been the globe and man upon it. Since civilized history began some, not all, of the sons of men have owned the earth to charge rent, economic rent, and collecting "unearned increment" for its use. But according to the lecturer when the recipient of this gift from the community had whacked up as it were with the church equity was satisfied. Never a word that this $45,000 should not have been legally appropriated. Never a word that this sum should have been left in the pockets of the people. If additional proof were needed that God is truly a God of love is it not found in the fact that He does not arise in his wrath and give some of his self elected vice regents down here on earth a back handed slap for the blasphemy they utter and the monster they make Him out to be. Does not history teach many instances that God has been dragged in to sanctify every foul deed the heart of man could conceive. Chattel slavery went down when morality questioned its legality. Ownership of land carries with it ownership of men. If I for instance own an island from which say 50,000 human beings cannot escape do I not virtually own those human beings. So long as they are fools enough to acknowledge my title to this bit of earth so long am I in position to take everything less the bare living, and thus mount up my "unearned increment," and is not this planet an island so to speak from which man can not escape. But evidently the lecturer is unable to get his ear close enough to the ground to hear the on coming march of the "Eternal Verities," which shall demand that the "unearned increment" of land values shall not go to batten and fatten landlordism. But a short 65 miles away, Vancouver for instance, the single tax, so far as applied already questions the morality of existing land tenures. Therefore since the lecturer dwells, I understand, in that city, I would respectfully suggest that he add to his knowledge of political economy to the end that when next in Chilliwack he may use his eloquence to condemn the private ownership of "unearned increment."

Respectfully,
F. LATUS.

The matter of forming a company of militia in the district is under consideration and is likely to mature very shortly. What with police and fire protection, a water company and a company of militia we shall be going some. W. E. Bradwin of Chilliwack who purchased some 300 trees from D. H. Nelson some time ago, was in Abbotsford on Monday last and gave an order for 135 more trees to be delivered this spring, and stated that he intended to send down for a large number again this fall. This speaks well for our local nursery.—Abbottsford Post.

It is learned from a reliable source that engineers are now in the field surveying a route for the Port Mann extension of the B. C. E. R. Fraser Valley line, and while the line is not definitely located, tentative plans show a route which in addition to taking in Port Mann, will shorten the present line to Chilliwack by about ten miles. As now projected, the line will branch off from the Chilliwack line just north of the South Westminster station, and following the hillsides will run into Port Mann on a one per cent grade. From Port Mann, the line will take a southeasterly course to Tynehead, thence to Port Kells, finally joining the main line at Langley Prairie. G. H. Franklin, superintendent of interurban lines, on being interviewed, denied any knowledge of the projected extension. The information that the surveying party is in the field, however, comes from a reliable source.—Columbian.

The third annual tour of Canadian teachers will be under the auspices of the Dominion government and the Departments of Education of British Columbia, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Nova Scotia, and probably Alberta. Mr. Fred J. Ney of the Department of Education of Manitoba will conduct the tour, the itinery of which will include visits to a large number of famous spots of the Old World The party made up of the teachers from the provinces named, will leave Winnipeg on July 2nd, and sail from Montreal on July 5th. In England they will visit many places of interest and arrive in London on July 15th. On July 16th, they will attend the Imperial Conference of Teachers at Caxton and the next day will sail for Egypt, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said and Cairo will be visited en route. On the return from Egypt stops will be made at Port Said, Naples, Marseilles, Paris, Lyons, Dijon, Troyes and Versailles. The party will sail from Liverpool for home on August 25th.

The preliminary steps towards the formation of a Lodge of the I. O. O. F. have already been taken and the matter is well under way. All Odd Fellows in Abbotsford and district who wish to join the new Lodge should send in their names at once. Mr. Geo. Clark is acting as secretery pro tem.—Abbotsford Post.

About the first of May the C. P. R. will inaugurate a daylight train service from Vancouver to Banff, Alberta. The train is to be composed entirely of Pullmans and observation cars for the benefit of holiday seekers and will stop during the night at Sicamous Junction. This should prove a very popular innvoation and should secure a large traffic among holiday makers.

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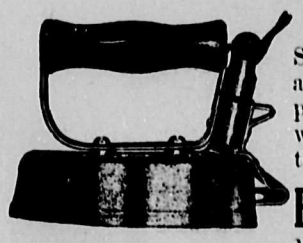

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The Labor War in England

Great Britain is beginning to breathe freely once more. She has looked for a moment into the abyss of anarchy; she has all but fallen to it. Now that the danger seems for the time being to have passed, now that the life of the nation is slowly resuming its normal ways, there is everywhere apparent a sense of prodigious relief. It may be a little premature. Nearly a week has passed by since the threatened and partially realized strike of all the railwaymen in Great Britain was averted by the deft interposition of the government. Yet I have only to take up this morning's papers to see that all is still far from being well. From many and widely separated parts of the kingdom come reports of rioting and unrest, of renewed strikes, of difficulties in carrying out the terms of peace; Liverpool remains in a state of semi-siege and dare not yet relax a single one of its military precautions; in Manchester trade is at a standstill; the dispute on the London docks is still only partially settled; a district of Wales is convulsed by an anti-Semitic outbreak of a kind unknown in British history for centuries; and one great railroad system between London and the north is still almost completely paralyzed.

But while there is thus plenty of ground for anxiety, and while, even at the best, some months will probably be needed before the industrial earthquake we have recently witnessed has wholly subsided, the feeling is that the main danger-points have been successfully passed. The upheaval while it lasted was sufficiently serious. It will be long before the British people, with all their remarkable gift for forgotting, cease to remember the second and third weeks of August, 1911. They were made to feel something of the effects of a war in which the British fleet had been worsted. They saw the Metropolis brought within measurable distance of starvation, thousands upon thousands of tons of food rotting on the docks, and as unattainable as though they were on another continent, the prices of all kinds of provisions doubled and even trebled in a week, the means of getting about the city suddenly diminished by one-third, owing to the shortage of petrol, goods piling up in the station yards without a chance of delivery, bullion conveyed from the Bank of England in taxis and private motor cars to evade the detection of the strikers; perishable food, urgently needed, convoyed from the depots to the markets under armed and mounted police and military escort; newspapers driven down to their last day's supply of paper and at their wits' end how to effect delivery, the East End a daily and nightly scene of battles between strikers and police, a quarter of a million people thrown out of work, the whole transport service of the city violently abolished, soldiers occupying the railway stations, special constables enrolled by the thousand, and all London in imminent peril of being cut off from railroad communication with the outer world. They saw the great port of Liverpool paralyzed, a fortnight pass by without a single consignment of goods leaving the docks or depots, except under a powerful convoy, the transatlantic steamers compelled to cancel their sailings, and all the strikers and hooligans in the city in frequent and bloody collision with the police and soldiery. They saw similar scenes enacted in Manchester, Newcastle, Sheffield, Bristol, Hull, Swansea, and a dozen other ports and manufacturing centres. They saw finally an attempt to bring to a total stoppage the entire railroad system of the country, an attempt that failed in its main object—two-thirds of the railway employees remained faithful to the companies throughout—but that disorganized traffic everywhere, paralyzed it in certain districts, threatened the end of all industrial activity, and was accompanied by not a few sinister acts of sabotage and destruction. It seemed for a while as though all labor had broken loose and was combining in an assault upon the very framework of society, as though some sudden madness of violence and pillage had descended upon the masses, as though all social obligations were being thrown to the winds.

It is impossible to go seriatim into the grievances put forward by so many different grades and classes of workers in so many different trades all over the country. To attempt to do so would only end in confusion. All I can hope to achieve is to bring out the principal features of an industrial upheaval unprecedented in British history. First of all it may, I think, be said with some assurance that what was at the bottom of the whole turmoil was a money question and not a political or a class question. Here and there it was complicated by a demand for the recognition of this or that trades union, but, speaking generally, one may say that through all the many divisions of the transportation buisness the main point at issue was one of hours and wages. The stevedores, the lightermen, the coalporters, the carmen, the goods porters, the dockers, the various grades of railwaymen, all asked for improved conditions of labor in time or cash or both. The cabled reports of American comment on the strikes indicate that in American opinion the British working classes are, generally speaking, underpaid, and that the demand for higher wages was therefore justified. So far as the dockers and their allied groups are concerned I shall say that American opinion was right; but I am more doubtful in regard to the railwaymen, and would urge that to take "averages" of salaries in a service where something like a third of the employees are boys is a highly fallacious proceeding, especially when no account, or insufficient account, is taken of the permanence of railway employment, the provision of free cloths and uniforms, the special superannuation, pension, insaurance, benevolent, educational, and accident funds, the free passes at holiday time, and the facilities thrown open to the employees for acquiring cottages and allotments at prices that hardly return two per cent. to the companies. In Great Britain, as in the United States, to enter the service of a railroad is to capture one of the prizes of the labor market, and no company ever has the slightest difficulty in filling all its vacancies. Indeed, while the demand for higher wages undoubtedly operated with many sections of railwaymen, what caused the attempt at a general strike was rather resentment over the dilatory workings of the Conciliation Boards set up by Mr. Lloyd-George in 1907 to settle all internal disputes, coupled with the determination of the trades unions to secure recognition. There were of course many other contributing influences of a more general description. Labor in England, as elsewhere, growing yearly more mechanical, grows yearly more bored. Of late years, too, it has been worked upon by the golden promises held out by the government of a new social era. It was never more conscious than now of the inequalities in the distribution of wealth and opportunity and it has begun to see that many of the measures adopted by the Legislature for the special benefit of the working classes carry with them considerable disadvantages. It is right, for instance that employers should compensate their workmen for accidents and injuries; but when the result is legalizing the principle of compensation is to make it difficult for a middle-aged workman either to keep or find a job, can it be said that labor as a whole is greatly benefited? Another and more immediate cause of the strike was undoubtedly the excessive heat. Nothing like it has been known in England for a generation or more. We have all been wilted, irritable, inclined to be lazy, still more inclined to magnify our grievances and complain of our lot; and I have a good deal of sympathy with any one doing manual work under an almost tropical sun, living in a festering, sweltering slum, who feels the temptation to lay off for a while and vary the routine of life by cracking a policeman's skull. It is quite probable that if we had a normally cool and rainy August the discontent would either not have come to a head or would have taken a far milder form.

A prominent feature of the crisis has been the testimony it has borne to the increasing solidarity and interdependence of labor. A strike formerly, and, as a rule, was confined to a single section of a single industry and was directed against a single employer. The other sections in the same industry, or the same sections working for other employers, were neither dragged into the struggle nor felt any call to participate in it. If the stevedores struck against one of the dock companies, other stevedores in the service of other and possibly neighboring dock companies might still remain at work without incurring reproach or running the risk of being violently intimidated; and because the stevedores struck that was no reason why the lightermen and carmen should follow suit. A strike used thus to be a strictly localized affair. Trouble on one railroad did not necessarily imply trouble on all railroads. The porters, again, might strike while the signal-men and engine-drivers would remain faithful. But we have learned once and for all from the recent convulsions that those easy, haphazard methods are obsolete. Labor nowadays is far better organized and far more alive to the value of unity and cohesion. The result is that we have seen men, with admittedly no grievances at all, leaving their work and throwing down their tools in order to show their sympathy with their fellow-laborers who had struck for some definite cause. We have seen a strike not of sections or groups, but of whole industries. We have seen the principle enforced that no one section or group could return to work until all sections and groups had been satisfied. There is no necessary connection between dockers and railway men. But both are engaged in the business of transportation, and at Bristol the phenomenon was witnessed of dockers, whose demands had been complied with, refusing to go back to work because a small majority of them could not work while the railway men were out on strike. In the same way the troubles at the London docks have been greatly prolonged because all sections, or almost all, hung together and would not resume work so long as any section remained unappeased. In the same way, again, the men employed by different railroad companies have struck not because they had any grievance of their own, but because men employed in other capacities and by other railroads had struck. This is a very significant development. It means that a strike against particular employers quickly turns into a strike against the community at large.

Another feature of the disorders was the extent to which picketing was carried on by the strikers with a view both of coercing the faithful to come out and to preventing the employment of "scab" or "blackleg" labor. "Peaceful" picketing is permitted by British law. That is to say, a striker may "peacefully" persuade a non-striker to leave work. But in practice it was found all over the country that this legal permission resulted in the grossest and most violent intimidation and was, indeed, one of the main causes of the turmoil in the streets and of the continuance of the strikes. The question is one of infinite difficulty wherever industrialism exists. On the one hand, a man who desires, and is willing to take, a vacant post ought, it is said, to be free to do so, and all the power of the state should be exercised to prevent his liberty to choice and action from being taken away. On the other hand a man who steps into a job vacated by a laborer on strike is committing, from the standpoint of the working classes, the crime of crimes. Between these two attitudes, when it comes to a struggle, there is little room for compromise. It depends on the force each can command which side wins. This brings me to the part played by the government throughout the whole trouble. It was eminently firm and eminently pacifying. Hardly one of the innumerable disputes that broke out was composed without the intervention of the experienced and universally trusted officials of the Board of Trade. They worked untiringly and with wonderful success, and the advantage accruing to the nation from the possession of a corps of gentlemen who are acquainted with the technical details of nearly all industries and who are past masters in the art of ingeminating peace between workmen and employers was never more magnificently demonstrated. At the same time the government did not rely on negotiations alone. It took a decided stand on the necessity of keeping the railroads of the country working to insure the conveyance of the mails and food supplies. It backed up the police when their conduct was attacked in the house and the press. Above all, it called out the military. One had almost begun to fear that the more robust virtues had been swallowed up in the flabby, vote-hunting sentimentation that is swamping British public life. But the government, radical though it be, showed that face to face with a crisis it knew how to meet it. From first to last it used no less than fifty thousand soldiers in repressing riots and guarding the railways, and if the necessity had arisen it would have used four times as many.

There are two other points worth dwelling on. The first is that the Labor members of parliament were as much surprised as the rest of the public by the extent and violence of the industrial unrest. They did not originate the agitation nor could they control it. So far as it was the work of any one person, the Labor leaders who have always been bitterly opposed to the action of the Labor M.P.'s and to the whole policy of labor representation in Parliament, and who believe that for the working classes there is only one really effective weapon — the universal strike—were responsible for it. This may mean, though I do not think it will, that the same sort of derision which already exists in France will declare itself in England, and that labor will be split up between those who favor parliamentary agitation and those who favor "direct action. The "direct actionists," as they call themselves, have at any rate given a startling display of their power, and in doing so they have shown incidentally that the majority of the Labor M.P.'s are entirely out of touch with the special section of the population they profess to represent. The second point which the disorders have strikingly emphasized is that "collective bargaining" which used to be considered the strongest point in trade unionism is now fast becoming impossible, because the rank and file of trade unionists refuse to follow their leaders or to be bound by any agreements entered into in their name. It was one of the express conditions of the railroad settlement of 1907 that there should be no strike until 1914. Nevertheless there has been a strike. Similarly when the terms on which the trade union leaders and the railroad directors had patched up a truce a few days ago were made known, they were repudiated by the men in one railroad centre after another. The same thing happened in the case of the various interests affected by the trouble at the docks. The phenomenon of strikes taking place against the advice of trade union leaders, of men rejecting the terms of peace concluded on their behalf by their own executive, and of lawlessness, inexperience, and in discipline triumphing in the councils of trade unionism over responsibility and common sense, is perhaps the most sinister development laid bare by the recent disorders. Unless it is checked it must infallibly bring trade unionism clattering to the ground.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A man can change his name when he grows up, if an unkind parent has weighted him with something like "Gataere Majuba Buller," as at least one child was christened during the Boer war. But a horse! Well, a horse can only kick, but his name sticks.

The appearance of a blue-blooded baby foal on this earthly sphere immediately sets sportsmen thinking out a suitable name. The ideal name is, of course, a clever combination of those of the sire and dam, a name that will automatically indicate the youngster's pedigree.

Many horses get their names in quite a haphazard way. For instance, One Away was so called because the son of the owner had a habit of calling this expression out loudly every time he gave a miss at billiards.

Many owners, too, have a craze for alliterative names, and these generally find favor with the public. Among them may be recalled Tommy Tittlemouse, the last mount of the most famous of all jockeys, Fred Archer. Then there were those well known horses, Pretty Polly and Blink Bonny.

Some years ago everyone was talking about Lord Abington's Pot-8-O's, a horse which won a number of races, and was sire of two Derby winners.

Lord Abington offered one day, when on a visit to his trainer, one of the stable boys five shillings if he could spell the name "potatoes"—which he had previously fixed upon—correctly The boy was puzzled for a minute, but taking a piece of chalk, he scrawled on the corn bin "Pot-8-O's," which so amused his lordship that he altered his own spelling to suit the stable boy's as well as giving him the five shillings for his ingenuity.

Quarrelsome lovers may take a tip from the naming of Reconciliation, whose sire and dam were Love Wisely and Sulks! Another cleverly named horse was Chestnut Sunday, by Bushey Park and May Race. It will be recalled that May is the time for the Londoner's visit to see the gorgeous chestnuts in flower in Bushey Park. Mr. John Corlett, the well known newspaper owner, christened one of his horses Let Go the Painter. The sire was Velasquez, named after the great Spanish painter, and the dam was Torpedo so an apter name could hardly have been chosen.

His late Majesty King Edward VII. was very particular about the christening of his horses. That famous horse, Diamond Jubilee, was so named at the express wish of Queen Alexandra, in commemoration of the jubilee of Queen Victoria. King Edward's first Derby winner, Persimmon, received its name by a simple combination of those of his sire and dam, St. Simon and Perdita II.

The late Duke of Devonshire was responsible for a clever name when he chose Burgundy, out of Isinglass-Burgonet. Caruso—the horse, not the singer—was a colt, whose parents were St. Frusquin and Melba.

But nowadays horses get names that they need not, as a rule, be ashamed of. In the past, however the most ridiculous names were foisted upon the long-suffering animals. Here I Go With My Eye Out was an extraordinary one familiar to racegoers of a past generation. Doncaster, which won the Derby, was the sire of Bend Or. Before he carried off the classic race, he had the extraordinary and ridiculous name of All Heart and No Peel.

SELFISH MAN

Man and selfishness are considered synonymous, and no one worries much about it but the immediate victims. Yet why should this unlovable trait be winked at when masculine?

A selfish woman is an abomination; so is a selfish man, but he is not made to realize it. Instead of deploring the selfishness of men, fight it. This may mean ructions, but it will polish up masculine manners.

Men are not born selfish, and it is the fault of some one else that a nice man becomes inconsiderate.

Who is to blame? Generally every one with whom the boy comes in contact. It is not the heathen parent only who is puffed with pride over the man-child. No girl baby ever causes the unctuous voice in which a young father says, "My son!" Even the mother has a longing that the first-born be a boy.

What follows? Spoiling. He is treated like a special being, though he may be trained to actual obedience. Less is required of him, more is excused him, because he is a boy. No wonder he exacts attentions as a right.

When the cook leaves, does brother wash dishes? Not he. He is at the ball field or at ease in a hammock while sister must put her hands into the greasy dishwater.

And the odd part of it is that, while little sister may murmur at her ungenial task, may even sulk or storm, she does not demand that little brother help.

The mother is to blame here. Why should housework be considered derogatory to boyish dignity? Why should a man let a delicate young wife work alone whenever the cook is out? He wouldn't if the boy had been taught to handle broom and duster, carpet beater, and even dishwater every time the cook left.

Custom may be responsible for this form of selfishness, but the new mothers must override this bad custom. When a wife takes a hand it is too late; selfishness is secure.

If mothers only realized that they were training their sons for unhappiness they would take more pains to make them thoughtful. Half the unhappiness in marriage is caused by a selfish husband.

One girl who visited in the home of her fiance a month before the wedding broke her engagement. She loved the man, but not enough, she said, to be the slave to him that his mother and sisters were.

If in a family any one must give up, make sacrifice, it should be the boy of the house. Girls are not so easily spoiled; it is their nature to lavish attention on loved ones, and they will not make worse wives for expecting unselfishness in a husband.

A man will not be a prig because he can think of his mother and sister. He'll make a much better husband and father than if he cultivated his muscles and brain and let his heart be atrophied with selfishness and the tradition that a man shouldn't help in the house.

BREEDING BUTTERFLIES

The business of raising butterflies is proving profitable to several persons in this country and abroad. Costly specimens are grown to satisfy the whims of collectors, and these earn fat prices for the breeder. When the "butterfly man" grows a phenomenon he occasionally doubles, triples, or even quadruples his income. One rare species is that having threads of black or chestnut over a white or yellow wing, each specimen bringing from $50 to $80. Speaking generally, however, more profit is in the common than in the rare varieties. A butterfly which is white everywhere but at the neck is favored; this sells in enormous quantities at ten cents apiece, sixty cents per dozen being paid for the worms, and forty cents per dozen for the eggs. The buyers are mostly students or directors of colleges where natural history is taught, and their orders are, in comparison with those of the collectors of rare kinds, frequent and large. As the principal food of the butterfly is the nettle, violet, or heart's-ease, the outlay is at no time expensive. The principal care lies in the cultivation of the worms. The best of these are kept in glass cages or in cages of fine copper wire, securely closed; but others live on garden shrubs covered with muslin sacks which are so arranged as to be unfolded like an umbrella held top down. This is important to avoid mutilating branches or losing worms. The cages are put on a table the legs of which are encased in tubs of water as a precaution against preying insects. Portable winter quarters for the growth of plants for "the stock" to feed on, are furnished by a wash-tub filled with earth and plants, covered by a table-top with a hole cut in the centre, and surmounted by a glass case.

The grower has to study times and seasons in renewing his specimens; then he proceeds to paint on the bark of trees what serves as a sugar-trap. This is a mortar composed of sugar, dregs of honey, rum, beer, and essense of pear, boiled. The trap is a vertical line about the length and width of a yardstick, three feet from the ground, where the butterflies come to feed at nightfall, and upon stormy and very dark nights by preference.

The hunter provides himself with numerous small boxes, with willow tops. A man with a dark lantern accompanies him, and the light must be suddenly projected upon the sugared area and as nearly as possible concentrated on the fringe where the feeding is going on. Managed in this way, the butterfly seems at no time able to get away. The hunter holds his box so as to catch the object he is after without injuring its wings. He sometimes visits a hundred trees a night and reaps a rich harvest.

THEFTS FROM THE LOUVRE

In the window of the Paris Journal office is an ancient Phoenician statuette bearing a painfully modern inscription to the effect that it was stolen from the Louvre on May 7. As it has been identified by the curator of the Louvre, we are justified in believing the whole of the story told by the polite and communicative thief, who regrets that out of the many articles taken by him from the galleries this is the only one that he is able to restore.

The Journal wishes it to be understood that it is not prepared to purchase everything that has been stolen from the Louvre. It has neither the money nor the storage space for such a purpose. Its original offer was a reward of $10,000 for the "Gioconda" and "no questions asked." This offer produced a letter from the thief of the statuette, who was willing to restore it at his own price, and as the proprietors of the Journal thought that it would make a good object lesson they paid the money and put the statuette in their window. The unnamed and unknown thief says that he began to steal from the Louvre in March, 1907. It was simplicity itself. It was so easy as to be tame and monotonous. It was like taking candy from a baby. He made a good deal of money by it, and so paid a visit to America. And on his return he decided to start a little museum of his own, being a man of aesthetic sensibilities. But to his consternation he found that he had competitors. Most of the accessible and portable objects had already been taken, but nevertheless he acquired a female bust nearly as big as himself and the Phoenician statuette. It took him twenty minutes to get away with the bust under his overcoat, and now that the "Gioconda" has been stolen he foresees that there will be combinations in restraint of trade and that he must abandon his idea of a private collection or else acquire it in some other way. And in confirmation of his story there in the Journal window is the Phoenician statuette identified by the curator as the property of the Louvre.

ANCIENT BUILDINGS IN DECAY

Among the many ancient buildings in Vienna which are fast falling prey to the modern builder is one of particular interest to the medical faculty. It is situated in the Weihburggasse, in the heart of the old city, and dates back to the fourteenth century. It was then the House of the Medical Faculty, and in it took place the first legal dissection of a human body in central Europe. Emperor Frederick had decreed for the purposes of medical science a human body might be cut open only once in five years. An Italian physician, Galearo of Padua, brought the art of anatomy to Vienna, and performed the first dissection in this house on February 12th, 1404. The work continued eight days, and after it was ended all the participants joined in a high mass for the soul of the departed.

Further dissections took place in the fifteenth century, but only five in vienna, in the year 1418, 1444, 1452, 1455 and 1459. Until 1452 only male bodies were allowed to be dissected. In that year, at the urgent request of the faculty, a female body was permitted to be dismembered. It happened in May of that year that six women had been condemned to death, and the burgomaster gave the body of one of them to the faculty. The dissection took place on May 19 in the old house now being torn down. Deacon Johannes Zeller was the lecturer, and the prosecutor was the Surgeon-Master Jakobus. Eighty years later the old faculty house passed into the possession of the church.

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quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . . . 25 cents

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The Rayo is made of solid brass, nickel-plated; also in numerous other styles and finishes. Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick.

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NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

They contain the latest discovered and best evacuant known, which empties the bowels without the slightest discomfort and without disturbing the rest of the system. Constantly increased doses are not necessary.

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

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

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

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for 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 and selling of his grain, than he does this season.

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

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

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

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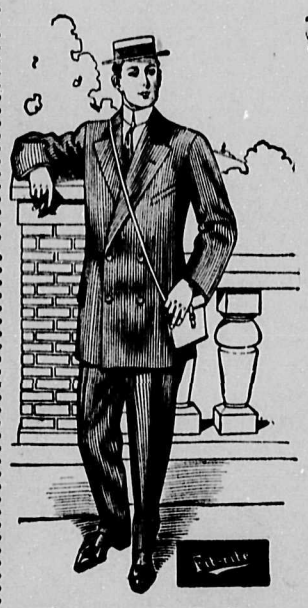

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Formerly (The New Era.)

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertising rates made known on application to the publisher.

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

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

C. A. BARBER, Publisher and Proprietor.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

To escape criticism, say nothing, do nothing, be nothing.

There is no way of improving a place as much as by encouraging *good merchants, good schools* and live churches, and, too, good people to settle among you, and this cannot be done unless you spend your money at home.

Canada's fisheries are claimed to be the most extensive of any in the world. Last year the catch amounted to $30,000,000 of which less than $4,000,000 was contributed by the inland fisheries and all the rest was from sea fisheries.

Mr. Rummel of the B. C. E. R. stated to the delegation from the City Council which visited Vancouver last week that the approximate cost of electric lighting equipment, both inside and outside the city to be $49,000 or $50,000.

About the quietest coming event in Chilliwack is the Provincial Election on March 28. While politicians throughout many parts of B. C. are pouring forth streams of oratory, Chilliwack's political aspirants are pursuing the even tenor of their way.

If the length of time required to construct a temporary sidewalk in front of the Post Office property can be taken as an indication of the haste in the erection of the new post office, there won't be any building records for speed broken in that quarter.

It is the intention of the City Council to submit a money by-law for the construction of a trunk sewer, in conjunction with the High School by-law, if at all possible. Plans for the construction of a trunk sewer are expected to be complete at an early date, when the Council believe they will have an efficient system at a minimum cost to lay before the people.

We publish, in another column, a letter from Mr. Latus in which he criticises Principal Vance for a statement made at last Sunday's P. S. A. meeting. As we understand it Mr. Vance was not dealing with matters of political economy but was merely using the incident to illustrate the danger of a man keeping to himself, and for his own use solely, the money that came to him through the rise in real estate values, or through business. The virtue of generosity was being extolled, there was no thought of arguing the question of "unearned increment." The applause which greeted the reply of Mr. Vance to Mr. Latus' question, as given at the meeting, showed that the audience viewed the matter from Mr. Vance's standpoint.

The Government assistance toward a Regimental band is stated to be $140 a year and uniforms. The instruments of a defunct regimental band at Victoria are available at a price of about $340. A move is now on foot to procure the instruments and form a Regimental Band. With this in view Capt. Coote, President of St. Thomas Band, is in Victoria this week. Should the effort to organize along these lines prove successful the City Council will no doubt help the proposal by giving a fair share of financial assistance. A city of the size and importance of Chilliwack should be able to maintain a musical organization of this order which would rank among the best in the province. Here's hoping the Chilliwack Regimental Band becomes a reality.

In investing $500 in publicity through the avenue of the Board of Trade, on Monday evening the city council made a wise and much appreciated move. The legitimate and judicious advertising of the conditions and resources of the valley is an investment that brings grist to the mill of every resident of the valley, and as this is the case the expense should be met proportionately by all. The only equitable means is by making payment out of the general revenue. The subscription scheme has been worked until it has become a skeleton. The same men, and often those, who through bigness of heart, can ill afford such a drain on their finances, are always those who are "hit up" for donations of all kinds and descriptions. Men, who because they happen to have a place of business and a sign are a special target for donations of every conceivable kind, while men of means who share in the results and benefits, living elsewhere than on the business streets, are seldom asked to contribute. This condition imposes a burden on the business man that is manifestly unfair. We hope that in this item of the cost of publicity through the Board of Trade that the business man will only be taxed his proportion. We were pleased to note that the Municipal Council gave $300 for the same purpose, and hope to see it increased to $500. There are none who have benefitted quite so much financially from the influx of new people to the valley, as the owners of farm lands and it is only reasonable that all should be favorable to payment of a full share of the cost of an important and remunerative expenditure, such as this undoubtedly is.

Educational matters in Chilliwack should engage the thoughtful attention of the people of the valley at the present time, and as a result of that consideration those on whose shoulders have been placed the responsibilities in this highly important phase of our community life, should receive the unstinted support of the people whose best interests they are endeavoring to serve. We have reference to the program which the city school board has mapped out, included in which is a new four-roomed high school and equipment. With considerable judgment and foresight the board has secured an option on an exceptionally fine site known as the "Kipp Orchard" on Yale road at $6,000. The Provincial Department of Education has promised $24,000 toward the erection of a $40,000 high school. The city council will submit a bylaw at an early date to raise $25,000 to complete the amount necessary. To any one who is acquainted with the situation locally it is clear that a new high school is an absolute necessity. The present building is inadequate to the increasing needs. At present only 45 per cent. of the available students are accommodated. The public school is also crowded and the present high school building will have to be utilized for public school purposes. Those who realize the importance of education, and that should include everyone, should take this matter up in earnest and bring it to a successful issue.

Everybody in the town had been suffering from colds, with the result that the doctors were sadly overworked. One medical man, who had not been to bed for two nights, was called out again to an old lady who had been suffering from pneumonia. On arriving at the patient's bedside, the doctor inclined his ear to her chest, and asked her to count, so that he could test her breathing. Alas! the poor man was so fatigued that he fell asleep at the post of duty, and it seemed but a minute later that he awoke, and heard the good dame, husky of tone, but determined, solemnly reciting: "Ten thousand and seventy-six, ten thousand and seventy-seven!"

Work on the interior of the new Bank of Montreal building is progressing.

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CYPHERS INCUBATOR

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The heating disc for general light cooking.
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F. J. HART & CO., Ltd.

The Chilliwack Specialists

YOU CAN'T CURE CATARRH BY SWALLOWING DRUGS

Cough Syrup, Tablets and Sprays Sicken the Stomach But Don't Reach the Germs of Catarrh —Hence Their Failure to Help.

To cure an ailment in the throat or chest, to rout out Catarrh or Asthma, it is essential that the medicine be conveyed direct to the affected parts. This is why no other remedy has achieved such world-wide success as Catarrhozone, which alone can be breathed in one second to every air cell in the breathing organs. The healing vapors of Catarrhozone mix with the breath and descend through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, to the deepest air cells in the lungs—all parts are saturated with the rich piney essences that ease, heal and cure.

Catarrhozone has entirely displaced the old-fashioned remedies, such as cough syrups, sprays, tablets, and sedative powders. It contains none of the opium, chloral, and drowsy narcotics so commonly found in liquid cough and catarrhal remedies.

COULDN'T BREATHE—"CATARRHOZONE" CURED

"No one ever contracted a more obstinate attack of nasal catarrh than I suffered a month ago," writes Mr. G E. Root, a well-known resident of Bridgetown, W.I. "My head ached terrifically, I sneezed about every three minutes, but still my nostrils were entirely closed and I couldn't breathe through them. Ten minutes inhaling Catarrhozone gave me a little relief, so I continued to use Catarrhozone every hour, and before the day was out I had improved. Catarrhozone quickly cured me. I am well ever since."

There is no remedy as certain and safe as Catarrhozone, but being a good remedy it is imitated. Beware of the substitutor. Large Catarrhozone lasts two months, price $1.00; smaller sizes 25c. and 50c. All reliable dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

A Wheeling, West Virginia, lawyer says that he has heard many queer verdicts in his time, but that the quaintest of these was that brought in not long ago by a jury of mountaineers in a sparsely settled part of that State.

This was the first case for the majority of the jury, and they sat for hours arguing and disputing over it in the bare little room at the rear of the court-room. At last they straggled back to their places, and the foreman, a lean, gaunt fellow with a superlatively solemn expression, voiced the general opinion:

"The jury don't think that he done it, for we allow he wa'n't there; but we think he would have done it ef he'd had the chanst."

In view of the rapid disappearance of the herds of elephants which formerly roamed in Africa, and the limited number of those animals remaining in Asia, attention has been called to the enormous supply of ivory which exists in the frozen tundras of Siberia, and which it is thought, will probably suffice for the world's consumption for many years to come.

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

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

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278 Rupert St. Winnipeg, Man.

That Reminds Me

She (at the football match): "I think I'm beginning to understand it."

He: "That's good!"

She: "Is that the referee standing in the goal?"

* * *

The Victim: "If you call this time to-morrow——"

The Canvasser (hopefully): "This time to-morrow, sir?"

The Victim: "Yes—I shall be out."

* * *

Young Lady of the House: "You know we are going to have a dance in a couple of weeks, and you will have to show what you can do."

Prospective Cook: "Shure, mum, Oi can only dance the polka an' the Scottish reel, but Oi'll do the best Oi can."

* * *

"How did you ever come to marry, old man? Thought you'd determined to stay single?"

"I had; but I was introduced one day to a girl who had determined never to marry, and our thoughts seemed to harmonize so completely that—well, we married each other."

* * *

One of the worthies in a Fife village happened to be working in his garden with a very small spade, when a neighbor came on the scene and remarked, "Man, Jamie, that's a gey wee spade ye're working wi'. Ma laddies have bigger spunes for suppin' their parritch wi'."

Without glancing up, "Jamie" replied, "Ma mannie, I dinna winder at it when I see their father's mouth."

* * *

The conductor touched the passenger on the shoulder. "Ticket, please," he said.

The passenger was one of those facetious persons you sometimes encounter in your travels.

He winked at the man sitting next to him, held out his ticket to the conductor, and at the moment the latter was about to take it he pushed out his forefinger instead.

The conductor seized the finger, punched a bit out of it absent-mindedly, and passed on.

* * *

"What is he so angry with you for?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. We met in the street, and we were talking just as friendly as could be, when all of a sudden he flared up and tried to kick me."

"And what were you talking about?"

"Oh, just ordinary small talk. I remember he said, 'I always kiss my wife three or four times every day.'"

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'I know at least a dozen men who do the same,' and then he had a fit."

* * *

Pat O'Shaunessy had been told by the doctor that he could live but a few hours, and his wife and assembled relatives and friends asked him whether there was one last wish he would like to have gratified?

"There is," said Pat, "I'd like to hear the village band play once again."

Accordingly the village band gathered. When at last it had played, "Say Au Revoir But Not Goodby," and had taken its own departure, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, kneeling at her husband's bedside, asked:

"Can ye die aisy now, Pat?"

"Yis," replied Pat. "I can die aisy now. Hell has nothing worse than that."

* * *

Reginald de Koven told at a musicale in Chicago a story in praise of modesty.

"A group of tourists," he said, "in *Bonn visited Beethoven's house. One* of the tourists, a girl of twenty or so, sat down at Beethoven's piano and played the 'Moonlight Sonata' none too well. Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano! When the girl had finished she rose and said to the old caretaker:

"'I suppose lots of famous musicians *have been here and played on this in*strument?'

"'Well, miss,' the caretaker answered, gravely, 'Paderewski was here last year and his friends urged him to play, but he shook his head and said: 'No, I am not worthy.'"

* * *

The librarian was in a severely critical mood.

"Too many books at the present time," he said, "are written solely to sell. Their authors try to make us think that they are producing literature, but they can't fool us. They only fool themselves. The men might produce literature if they would just put a little more sincerity into their work, but, as it is, they remind me of Jake McMasters.

"'You're workin' very hard today, Jake, me son,' said a friend. 'How many hods o' mortar, in the name of heaven, have ye carried up that ladder since startin' time?'

"'Hush, me lad,' said Jake, with a wink. 'I'm foolin' the boss. I've carried the same hodful up and down all day, and he thinks I'm workin'.'"

* * *

There is an aged darky who has a stand outside one of the Washington markets, where he disposes of the produce that he brings from Virginia several times a week. Not long ago he delivered a pair of dressed chickens to one of his customers. She was in the kitchen when the chickens were brought in, and, womanlike, shivered a bit when she saw the headless fowls.

"I should think you'd never have the heart to cut the heads off those innocent chickens," she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"I does hate to do it, ma'am," said the darky, "but I manages to git around it in a way."

"How?"

"I chops de chickens off de heads."

* * *

Evidently the local bank had been party to an embarrassing incident, for, over the cashier's wicket, in fresh black letters, hung the following, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother, but not a Stranger's Check."

* * *

A German general, on inspecting his troops at the close of the war, addressed them thus:—

"Now, my children, we can once more get seriously to work. The pastime of war is at an end, and drill must go on regularly as heretofore."

* * *

"Gil Tedge showed me his new book last night, and asked me what I thought of it."

"Is it good?"

"No. The only attractive thing about it is the design on the cover."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said I thought it was bound to succeed."

* * *

Great Lawyer: "I am tired to death!"

Sympathetic Wife: "You look tired. What is the matter?"

Lawyer: "I've been making my speech for the defence for three days now; and, tired or not, I'll have to go on with it tomorrow and perhaps the next day."

Wife: "Can't you cut it short?"

Lawyer: "Not until the jury have had time to forget the evidence against my client."

* * *

A party of Fife miners were on a trip to Edinburgh recently, and one of them got a little the worse of liquor and had the misfortune to lose the train home.

He wandered about the city till a late hour. Arriving at the Castle, he commenced hammering at the gates.

"Who goes there?" shouted the sentry on duty.

"Jock Brown," replied the miner.

"What company?" asked the sentry.

"Fife Coal Company," was Jock's reply.

* * *

Addison Mizner, the well-known New York first-nighter, told, at a studio supper, a prominent business *man's experience.*

"A chandelier fell in the night in his house," explained Mr. Mizner, "and in the morning at breakfast he said to his wife with a laugh:

"'What did you think, my love, when you heard the chandelier fall in the dead silence of the night?'

"'I thought, darling,' his wife answered, 'that you had been detained on business again and were getting upstairs as quietly as you could.'"

* * *

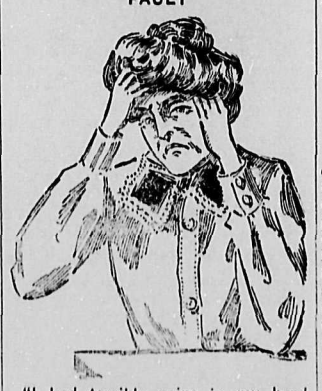
The teacher had given them a poser that day. In the grammar lesson the question had come up as to whether a hen sets or sits. Telling the children to find out the next day, the teacher dismissed the question until later. The children asked their parents, they discussed it pro and con, and the whole neighborhood was interested. Then some one put the question to Uncle "Billy" Lawson.

"Well," ventured the old gentleman, "that question ain't bothered me much so far. What has always been queer to me is, when a hen cackles, has she laid or lied."

No Asthma Remedy Like it.—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is distinctly different from other so-called remedies. Were this not so it would not have continued its great work of relief until known from ocean to ocean for its wonderful value. Kellogg's, the foremost and best of all asthma remedies, stands upon a reputation founded in the hearts of thousands who have known its benefit.

DIZZY HEADACHES CURED IN ONE NIGHT

IF TROUBLED WITH HEAD-FULLNESS, RINGING NOISES, SPECKS BEFORE THE EYES, THE STOMACH IS AT FAULT



"I had terrible pains in my head. My appetite faded away and when I did eat anything it disagreed and made me very sick for hours after each meal. The active pains in my stomach and the dizzy headaches I had to endure almost set one wild Sometimes attacks came on so severely that I had to go to bed. I *would feel so worn, depressed and* utterly miserable, that for hours I wouldn't speak to my family. My system was poisoned with wastes and nothing helped me till I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Without this grand system-cleaning remedy I would be sick, but each day brought me better health and spirits. I was cured and made strong, ruddy and healthy looking as one could wish, and will always use and recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"MRS. B. C. CURRAN,
"Westport, P.O."

Thousands who are in an ailing, low state of health need nothing else but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure blood disorders, pimples, rashes, bad color, biliousness, liver, stomach and kidney troubles. Mild, certain and safe. Beware of imitations and substitutes. 25c. per box or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Shiloh's Cure
STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE. 25 CENTS

A youthful attorney from New England, who hung out his shingle in a North Dakota town, was for a time hard put to make a living there. He was continually exercising his wits to the utmost to see that "nothing got away from him."

One morning, as he sat in his office waiting the coming of a man who had promised to pay a certain fee, there came a summons for him to go to court. Before departing, he placed this notice on his office door:

"Out for an hour. Will be back soon. Been gone thirty-five minutes already."

FEEDING FLAVORS TO FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Feeding fine flavors into meats is easy. Not so with vegetables and fruits. Breeding new or more intense flavors into them is a much more complicated and expensive process, requiring years of hybridizing and selection. Fortunately there is an endless variety to choose from. While the ruthless slaughter of game is steadily reducing the number of animals available for the table, the governmental and private variety-makers are adding every year to the list of culinary vegetables and fruits. A century ago there was only *one grape, "the wretched fox-grape,"* that found its way to our markets. There were then no cantaloupes, no tomatoes—for which there is so astonishing a craving in thas country—no rhubarb, okra, cauliflower, egg-plant, head-lettuce, asparagus, artichokes, or many of the other vegetables now listed in the catalogue of our seedsmen.

While we have now a much greater variety, most of the vegetables and fruits we eat are capable of great improvement in succulence and flavor, and it is in this direction, even more than *in the creation or importation of new* kinds, that the way of progress lies. The future of eating lies largely in the hands of the men who are giving our vegetables and fruits "a college education," as Mark Twain would say. The greatest of these is Luther Burbank, who is likely to become the patron saint of epicures. The horticultural expert, Professor Bailey, of Cornell University, after remarking in one of his books that in 1892 there were 878 varieties of apples offered for sale by nurserymen, expresses his doubts if one *of them was the result of an attempt to* produce a variety with definite qualities. Now, it is right here that Burbank differs from most other experimenters who have given us new or improved varieties. While they trusted to chance, he had in his mind in advance what he wanted and, like Edison, kept on experimenting till he got it. He has produced, to cite his own words, "several millions of new fruits . . in the constant effort to eliminate faults and substitute virtues." Only the very best of these, of course, were saved for *further improvement. He has created* some entirely new fruits, such as the plumcot, the ancestors of which were a wild plum, an apricot and a Japanese plum; but of even greater gastronomic importance is the improvement he has effected in the flavor of many familiar fruits and vegetables by selection and hybridizing. The Burbank potatoes, for instance, have a richness of flavor as agreeable and unique as his Patagonia strawberry, which can be freely eaten by those with whom the ordinary acid berries disagree. His new varieties of *cherries, plums, prunes, and diverse ber*ries are equally tempting to epicures. While Mr. Burbank also breeds for size, beautiful color, form, and keeping and shipping qualities, he puts flavor at the head of the list, knowing that without it the other qualities are a delusion. He would never have sent to the market certain showy, but insipid apples, pears, and peaches.

Plant-breeding for the benefit of epicures is now being carried on on a large scale by private growers and also by Government experts, among whose most *notable achievements are the tangelo* and the citrange, the one a combination of grapefruit and tangerine, the other of the common sweet and the trifoliate orange. Burbank, who has shown what seeming miracles can be accomplished in this direction by breeding, for example, the odor of a Parma violet into a scentless calla, urges plant-breeding on all who have the opportunities therefore, because of the fascination of the work, its benefits to health, and the possible useful results.

With the Horses

The same kind of interference that occurs in trotters—namely: the injury sustained by hind and fore on the same side—takes place in the pacer between the fore and hind of opposite sides, hence the name cross-firing." Inward curves of motion are generally at the bottom of such interference, and only by closely observing the angles which the feet make on the ground with reference to the general straight line of motion of the horse can we arrive at anything like the real cause and a probable remedy. Besides this there may exist an excessive approach of the fore and hind in their motion from side to side; that is, there is too much roll from side to side in the pacer's motion. In the trotter the hind feet are usually wider apart than the fore feet, while in the pacer the fore feet usually are farther apart than the hind feet. Now a good many defects in either gait are due to an excessive separation of the hind in the trot and to an excessive approach of the hind in the pace. Another common fault in speedy horses is an excessive forward extension of the *hind legs, and this, together with the* above defect, produces aggravated cases of speedy cutting and of cross-firing. Whether such interference can be remedied depends largely upon the possibility of bringing these distances between the feet back to the normal, which can be done provided the fault of an open or close locomotion behind is not a matter of a faulty construction or conformation of the hind quarters. In all excessive approach of fore and hind feet and their consequent interference we should not entirely work on the hind feet, but should also consider the fore feet as being somewhat responsible for too great a backward extension and vicious curves of motion. For instance, trotters that paddle and pacers that hit their knees are both subject to such an interference with the hind feet. The remedies for cross-firing are mainly obtained by modifying the inward curves as in the previous defects discussed, and by controlling or rather by developing the hind action by shoes that bring about slightly more elevation and backward extension of the hind legs.

* * *

The fundamental idea underlying all the remedies for the defects in gait is to counteract the wrong direction of motion by a correction which has more or less the effect of sending the leg in an opposite direction. The directions taken to inside or outside are due to either a badly leveled hoof or to a crooked leg, and the directions forward or backward depend on the length of toe and the angle of the foot. It is much more difficult to control the side *motions than it is to restrain or in*crease the forward and backward extensions of the legs, because of the rigid position of the joints. All equine locomotion is, however, very complex and what hinders the straight directions of the legs will also more or less influence the extensions of the legs. In all our endeavors for the improvement of a gait we need a lot of time in order to allow the tendons, ligaments and muscles to accommodate themselves to the changes made. Hurry and many changes following close upon each other are *not only dangerous but will cause much* confusion both in the mind of the horse and of the man. Again, remedies are either permanent or temporary, and an analysis of the subsequent gait becomes necessary in order to find out definitely whether they are to be continued or abandoned. When the defect in gait can be laid to a structural fault of the leg, shoulder or hip, due to a faulty direction of the joints, and therefore also of the intermediate bones, a remedy may become permanent to counteract that direction, but if a defect was *acquired through faulty leveling of the* foot or wrong shoeing, a correction either in the paring of the hoof or in the shape or the weight of the shoe will soon remove the bad habits acquired. In such a case the remedy will again have to be adjusted to the resulting change so that no damage be done by retaining the original remedy too long. In other words, by such a correction a gradual change was brought about in the tissues of the muscles and tendons, and as these tissues supply the necessary strengthening, the gait will be changed for the better. In all such investigations of faulty gaits some sort *of proof is at all times necessary to* show the origin of the defect and the effect of the applied remedy. Without such a proof in black and white as the various measurements of the distances between the four feet furnish one can never be fully convinced of the correctness or the effectiveness of the remedy.

* * *

A vicious outward direction of the cannon bone due to a wrong or oblique articulation of the knee joint will result in the "toeing out" of the foot itself. The "pointing" of the foot here consists of the toe's direction being in a line departing from the straight line parallel to the general line of motion of the horse. That is to say, the foot will travel in an inward curve toward the other leg. The remedy lies in widening the distance between the two fore feet by slightly raising the outside half of each foot, *and by causing an easy breakover on* outside toe of shoe. For that purpose the outside web of the shoe may be beveled or rounded and a bar or two calks may be set toward outside toe. This outside breakover will somewhat force the foot to "toe in" slightly, thus counteracting the outward direction before observed and usually resulting in a much reduced curve toward the inside. The angle of the foot as it is set down on the ground is not so outward and the breakover appears on the soil as coming less at the inside and more at the outside of the toe proper. Making the shoe a little wider or even heavier on the outside will bring about less sinking in and hence a more elevated position of foot, and a roll on the outside toe and toward heel will also help the intended breakover there. The simple principle involved in such a case is the reduction of the inward swing of the curve resulting invariably from a breakover at the inside of the toe. Of course in all cases the paring of the hoof is the first thing to attend to, and here the lowering of outside toe, leaving the outside heel, and again lowering the inside heel and leaving the inside toe, will in itself aid in giving the foot and leg a better direction. These manipulations require delicacy and unless such is applied the changes had better be made in the shoe itself after trimming the foot down to a perfect level.

SHE STRUCK AT ROOT OF TROUBLE

MRS. COMEAU CURED HER KIDNEYS WITH DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

And her Heart Trouble, Backache and other ailments disappeared—Says she owes her good health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Petit Rocher, Gloucester Co., N. B., January 22—(Special). — When Mrs. Pierre I. Comeau, a well known and highly respected resident of this place, cured her kidney disease, her heart trouble and other aches and pains also disappeared. She cured her kidney disease easily and quickly by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My heart troubled me all the time," Mrs. Comeau states; "and I feared for the terrible results that might follow. My limbs would swell, my back ached and I was always tired and nervous.

"These symptoms led me to believe that kidney disease was the root of all my troubles, so I turned to Dodd's *Kidney Pills. Before I had finished* the first box the swelling was gone, my back was well and my heart no longer troubled me. I am now in the best of health, and I owe it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Always strike at the root of the trouble. And in nine cases out of ten all women's troubles start with the *Kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney* Pills are woman's best friend.

Useful Around the Farm

"Enclosed please find one dollar for which please send me two large 50c. bottles of Nerviline. It is a remedy that I do not care to be without. It is especially good around the farm for man or beast. The worst neuralgia it cures at once. For a cold, sore throat or chest affection, nothing is better than Nerviline.

(Signed "Richard Hamlyn,
"French River, Ont."

Get Nerviline to-day. Sold by all dealers, in 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Maclyn Arbuckle has a country place and likes to regale his friends at the Lambs' Club with wonderful stories of farm life, and whenever he begins to talk on this subject is always assured of an interested coterie of listeners. Recently he began a discourse on his favorite subject. "But," he concluded, *"during the last summer a large num*ber of my hens stopped laying." Marc Klaw "fell." "What was the cause?" he anxiously inquired. Mr. Arbuckle smiled and answered nonchalantly: "Automobiles."

Many inherit weak lungs, and as *disease usually assails the weakest* point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup is cheap and good.

WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

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

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for 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 and selling of his grain, than he does this season.

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

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

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

THOMPSON SONS & CO.
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS
703 Y Grain Exchange Winnipeg

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Duping the Magistrate

(By John J. Freschi)

"You will soon become callous; all magistrates do!" prophesied a well-meaning friend—an amateur sociologist and settlement worker. He said it regretfully. "The constant parade of erring mankind before the magistrate," he expounded, "invariably blunts his capacity for sympathy with human misfortune. You will become a skeptic. Your consideration of human frailties will cease to be analytic and become purely mechanical."

As a young law student frequenting the courts, I held the same idea. It prevails generally. Now I know that where justice errs once through judicial carelessness and severity she errs a hundred times through misdirected sympathy and leniency.

The magistrate does not harden. On the contrary, he becomes super-susceptible to the fear of misjudging, of arbitrary harshness. True, after he has been duped a few times, severity of demeanor may seem to grow upon him. This is often but a mere subterfuge intended chiefly to deter those who would play upon judicial credulity. Unfortunately, it fails of its intent.

So recently that the recollection still smarts, a young girl was brought before me. She had been arrested in the company of fallen women well known to the police. The charge against her was the usual one. The detective testified unequivocally as to her unlawful actions on the streets.

Now this young girl was pretty and refined in appearance and demeanor. Her sobs and lamentations were pitiful enough to soften the heart of a court clerk. It was all a horrible mistake! She had become acquainted with the women at a matinee, not suspecting their true character.

It is a serious thing to place an ineradicable stigma upon a young woman who may be innocent; and the manner of this girl was convincing. So, instead of sending her to jail forthwith, as I might have on the evidence, I continued the hearing that she might send for her family.

Thus the white-haired lady came to court. She was of the type that your heart goes out to—the visualization of your ideas of benign motherhood. Her hair was severely parted, her black dress radiated respectability, her soft, anguished eyes peered through old-fashioned spectacles.

Tremulously, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, she explained that she was the prisoner's mother. Amid a storm of sobs she declared that there had been some awful mistake. Her little girl accused of this awful crime!—this loving child who scarcely ever left her side? Her old heart was broken! Give her her darling to take home and protect from the cruel world!

Sentimental reasons aside, there was this to be considered—that even if the girl had deceived her old mother and made a first misstep she would be immeasurably better off in the care of this loving, watchful old woman than in prison among the dissolute of her sex.

And now I am waiting—yes, waiting patiently for the day when that saintly old mother or her innocent darling child shall come before me again!

A probation officer has given me grounds for such a hope. Himself deeply affected, he, with benevolent interest, did some further investigating. Too late, he unearthed some illuminating facts.

First, he learned that the young girl had been in the clutches of the law several times before. Second—and this was the poignant sting—he discovered that the saintly, white-haired "mother" was not her mother at all, but a notorious siren of earlier days who at intervals now worked the sympathy game, and I strongly suspect that she had appeared for many "innocent daughters." The uplifting "home influences" to which the girl returned, it transpired, was a notorious resort, said to be one of the most degraded in New York.

It might be argued that one or two such experiences should put the magistrate on his guard. They do so far as similar cases are concerned. But the most successful games are never similar. Always it is something new to take you unawares and jog your bump of sympathy; and what makes the trickster successful so often is that in the ceaseless, hurried grind to keep the court docket clear, it is impossible for the magistrate to investigate each case exhaustively.

It must not be concluded that all these schemes are intended to secure leniency. Indeed some of the choicest and most ingenious ever leveled at a magistrate have an entirely different motive.

Into the Night Court one evening there stalked a tall, middle-aged man of beneficent appearance. He looked to be what he said he was, a student of sociology and a worker for the uplifting of unfortunate humanity. His tongue was silvery, his manner sincere. He secured a seat beside the magistrate, from which vantage point he viewed the proceedings with sorrowful interest. It was Saturday night and the many drunken prisoners seemed to affect him particularly. The sad shaking of his head and his ejaculations of pity were incessant.

Then suddenly he seemed overcome by pent-up emotion.

"Your honor," he said, hoarsely, "this affects me terribly. It is horrifying to contemplate these human beings going lower and lower in a path that will inevitably lead to their destruction. They are victims of a malady; they cannot resist temptation. Fining them or sending them to jail does no good—will never do any good. They should be treated as sick men, not punished as criminals. The whole system should be reformed. Ah, if one could only find the way!"

Here he paused to wipe away a furtive tear; and the magistrate, whose own personal views were rather in accord with this reasoning, bent his ear receptively.

Presently the philanthropist started as though smitten by a sudden inspiration. "There is a way!" he ejaculated. "A way to demonstrate the truth of this theory—to force it home to our lawmakers. And your honor can be the one to help in a great cause for humanity. Uptown there is a noted doctor who has studied the drink evil and who has discovered a way to cure most drunkards. I have heard of his success. Within the next few days pick out ten of the worst cases of drunkenness that come before you and put them in my charge on probation. I will see that they get this medical treatment, and I will guarantee to pay all the bills."

Suffice to say that my colleague did exactly as almost any magistrate would have done. Within the next few days he sorted out six or seven particularly "horrible examples" and turned them over to the benevolent gentleman. A comfortable glow of righteousness exalted his honor. He spoke modestly, though frequently, of the part he was playing in the great experiment.

And then, alas, on the following Sunday the bomb burst with the appearance of some highly illuminating advertising in all the newspapers. Dr. So-and-so, who "positively cured the liquor habit," was the perpetrator. His method, he boasted, was admittedly so infallible that the authorities, after investigation had accorded it official recognition. As proof was the fact that Magistrate So-and-so was even now sending confirmed drunkards to his institution in order that they might be restored to self-respect and usefulness.

The result of magisterial benevolence in this case was not widely dissimilar to that which followed the visit of a certain playwright to a downtown court one afternoon. The letter of introduction he bore, which set forth that he was in search of local color, secured him a welcome from the magistrate. He drank in the proceedings with obvious interest.

It was on the threshold of winter, which not only produces a heavy crop of vagrants, but at the same time influences their commitment for periods that will assure them escape from exposure and starvation. The playwright descanted with pitying philosophy upon the social and economic system of our vaunted civilization which denies strong and willing men work and offers them no alternative but imprisonment.

"Your honor," he said, finally, "this touches me. If you will impose light fines upon these offenders, I will pay the fines and guarantee to secure them employment. I will bind myself to support them until they get work."

It cost him $15 for fifteen thankful men; and, before he left, the playwright submitted to an interview with the admiring court reporters. The following morning every paper in town carried a praiseful story of the benevolence of So-and-so, whose latest play, treating of the hardships of the lower classes, was then running at the —— theatre. And what of the promised work for these men? Simply this—with the press work thus properly launched, it was a mighty telling bit of advertising to have those fifteen saved vagrants parading up and down Broadway with banners advertising the attraction in question.

Perhaps the most subtle and effective game that ever came to my attention had to do with a young woman arraigned on the charge of shop-lifting. She was lady-like, dressed in clothes that had been costly but were beginning to show signs of wear, and, what was most convincing of all, she told her story without tears and protestations of innocence. Her demeanor, rather, was of defiant hopelessness, and this accorded with her explanation.

She had stolen the few trifles, she admitted, because she was desperately in need of money. We could send her to jail, she didn't care. In fact, she would be glad; her agony would be over. Then she gave a dry sob. Laura would be taken care of anyhow! Laura, she went on, would have to accept public charity now; and it was best because she, the prisoner, hadn't been able to provide for her.

Much magisterial bewilderment. "Who is Laura?"

Then came the pitiful explanation, the more convincing because there was no striving for effect. Laura was her sister. They had come to New York to earn their living, and Laura had been taken sick, and then this one had lost her position. Their money had given out a week ago; luckily the room rent was paid in advance, but there was nothing for food or medicine. And so, in desperation, the prisoner had gone out, determined to sell her soul, if necessary, in order to spare her loved sister suffering.

The address she gave was a few blocks distant, and a court officer was dispatched to investigate. He came back convinced. There was a girl in bed in a miserable room. There were empty medicine bottles about, and she was trying to eat some stale bread dipped in milk and crying for her sister.

Of course the self-sacrificing heroine, after making restitution and upon the complainant's request, went free, this being possible because the shop representative, who was coughing suspiciously, not only declined to prosecute, but also promised the prisoner immediate employment.

Less than a month later, two shoplifters were brought before the same magistrate. One of them was the heroine, the other the invalid Laura, now radiant and buxom. They had been nabbed together, so that there was no forlorn sister at home to lay the onus on. It has always been a puzzle how they set the original scene so effectively, unless it was that one at a distance saw the other arrested and hurried home to her prearranged role.

It might seem impossible that a robust young man should offer such plausible excuses for begging that he could work upon the emotions of a seasoned magistrate. And yet it is often done. One case in particular comes to mind.

The prisoner was well dressed and intelligent and his story was pitiful and probable. He was the victim of a trickster, he said. A stranger had engaged him in Chicago, charged him an employment fee, and sent him to New York to work as a chauffeur. There was no position for him, he found, and as his money was all gone he had been begging to get enough for food and lodgings to sustain him until he could find an opportunity to work his way back home to his young wife.

Letters seemed to bear out his statement, and his manner was so unaffected and convincing that the magistrate dismissed the complaint, gave the sufferer a couple of dollars, and told him to come back later and he might be able to direct him to employment.

"He'll never come back," said a pessimistic court attache. But he was mistaken. The youth did come back a couple of days later—in the clutch of a policeman. He had stopped the magistrate in the street, and, not recognizing him, had begged for money, telling an entirely different yarn calculated to wring sympathy from a sphinx.

It is not alone the low class offender who attempts to impose upon the court. For instance, there was the slick game of the automobile scorcher which not only effected his own discharge, but set a new pace in the bizarre excuses which the speed fiends are forever advancing.

"See here!" he shouted truculently, presenting a card, "I am a physician. I was on a sick call where a few minutes might mean the life of my patient. And, sir"—this to the officer—"if that child dies, you shall be held responsible."

He was discharged under suspended sentence and hurried out, not perceptibly mollified. The papers had the story next day, of course, when forward came the physician whose name had been used, declaring he knew nothing of the incident. The first story gained wide publicity, but the correction did not. Thus for weeks afterward there was a constant supply of strange-looking physicians arrested while on emergency calls, who found their stories more or less direful in result to themselves.

They still tell of a resourceful Irishman of bibulous propensity, who, over a period of months, continued to hoodwink the different magistrates sitting in an eastside court. He was paid every two weeks and as regularly used to get rip-roaring drunk, which invariably landed him in the police station. Always he was tearfully penitent; and always close at hand there was a snivelling boy of about ten with a child little more than a baby, also snivelling in sympathy.

"If ye sind me away, Judge," the man used to plead, "or fine me heavy, it's the childer, here, as'll suffer—thim and the poor wife at home with the sick baby."

Invariably he promised to reform, invariably he was discharged by the sympathetic court, and invariably he was back again in two weeks.

Then one morning, immediately after he and the offspring had trooped out, there arose a terrific uproar in the hallway. Investigation showed the boy stamping about, crying, and also cursing, in a veritable whirlwind of fury. The erring father, he bellowed, was trying to sneak off without paying him his money. This led to the illuminating disclosure that the "father" was not his father at all—was, in fact, a bachelor who boarded in the neighborhood. He had permanently retained the youngster to come to court whenever he was arrested, and as a fee for the boy posing with his little sister as the prisoner's offspring, he had been paying a quarter each time.

The mother and child combination in the courts is not a new thing by any mean and yet seldom does it work so potently as in a case I have in mind. The prisoner, a young woman with a babe in her arms, had been arrested for begging. As she sobbed out her tale everybody in the court-room began to sit up and fish for a handkerchief. It was the story of a scoundrel who had deserted his young wife and baby. There was no roof over her head; for two days she had been without food; the baby had survived only because it nursed at her breast. She had begged, yes, that she might get a crust to sustain herself and thus keep life in the babe. She wanted to live for its sake, otherwise she would have sought rest in the river.

The magistrate frankly mopped his eyes and proposed a collection. Almost everybody in court fought to get to the hat. That poor woman carried away enough money to keep her a month.

A week later a woman vagrant was brought into a different court to which this magistrate had been moved. She tugged a child of five by the hand; she was befuddled with drink. It was the same woman, but her heartrending story was different. This time the sum total of her collection was a workhouse sentence.

These cases, offered as proof that imposition is practised with some degree of success, prove, too, that the welispring of mercy does not run dry in the heart of the magistrate. He is human; stories of misfortune that play upon the heart of the layman have their effect equally upon the judge. It is far better, one must admit, that those who preside over our tribunals of law should—even at the risk of being duped occasionally—reflect sympathy rather than cynical scepticism.

So, after all, though it smarts at the time to be exploited, the magistrate can always soothe his rasped feelings with the thought that it is better to err toward mercy than toward undue harshness.

THE JUDGMENT OF LA PARISIENNE

The annual prize of $1,000 that was won last year in Paris by Mlle. Auloux's "Marie Claire" has this year been awarded to M. Louis de Robert's "Roman d'un Malade." It is a curious feature of the award that the jury must be composed of women, presumably that the women's view may be expressed. But it was made evident that the jurywomen were not insusceptible to male influence. The award to M. de Robert was speedy and unanimous, and the jury then set themselves to the more accustomed occupation of tea and toast. Suddenly from the inner depths of a voluminous muff appeared the corner of a sheet of yellow notepaper, and there is only one literary man in Paris who uses yellow notepaper, and that is Pierre Loti. If the lady who thus divulged her secret had supposed that she was the only one to be favored with a canvassing letter in aid of M. Loti's friend she was speedily undeceived. Sheets of yellow notepaper made their appearance upon every hand, and it became evident that M. Loti had left nothing to chance and that he had made this appeal to every member of the jury.

CRYSTAL GAZERS

There are people, as is well known, so peculiarly endowed that if they look steadily into a crystal, a bowl of water or any substance with a reflecting surface, they are able to perceive in it pictures of persons, places and other objects, and frequently with great distinctness. The common tendency has been to look upon this ability as indicative of some superhuman action.

As soon as scientists began to scrutinize crystal hallucinations it was noted by them, nine times out of ten, the images in the crystal represented memories in the seer's mind, albeit perhaps memories of occurrences only subconsciously experienced. So true is this that we find one member of the Society of Psychical Research, a lady who has deliberately cultivated the gift of crystal gazing for the purposes of scientific investigation, often having recourse to the crystal to recover forgotten memories of more or less importance to her—names, addresses, etc.

When she is successful the desired memories come in the form of vivid hallucinations, the name or phrase of which she is in search appearing in the crystal in bright letters against a dull background. Or the desired information may be conveyed by means of a picturesque symbolism, as in the following instance:

"One day I had been seeking a medical prescription which I had failed to find among my papers. After looking in many places, likely and unlikely, I concluded it had been accidentally destroyed, and dismissed the matter from my thoughts. Some hours later, without having consciously thought of my search meanwhile, I was occupied with the crystal, which, after presenting me with one or two pictures, suddenly showed a paper which by its color and general appearance I recognized as the one in question.

"On further inspection, however, I observed, without being able to read the words, that the prescription was in the handwriting, not of my doctor, but of my friend E. As I have never yet found any crystal vision to be absolutely without meaning, or deceptive in any particular, I resolved to follow up this indication in the only way which occurred to me, and finally found my lost prescription accidentally folded within one of E.'s letters, where it had remained, I have reason to believe, for more than four years. I may add that E. is a very frequent correspondent; that this particular letter had been preserved quite by accident, and that there was no possible connection of ideas, either of time or place, between the two documents."

Nothing could illustrate more impressively the tenacity of the human memory. It is clear that the crystal gazer, Miss Goodrich Freer, perhaps in a wholly absent-minded way, had slipped the lost prescription into her friend's letter, where it had lain for years without her having any conscious remembrance of the fact. None the less, in some obscure recess of her mind, she retained a distinct memory picture of its hiding-place; and in due course, her conscious search having stirred into activity the subconscious recollection, this memory picture was projected for her as a symbolical hallucination.

FLAVORED BY FEEDING

Most animal foods can be improved by feeding desirable flavors into them. Kongo chickens fed on pineapples are said to be a morsel fit for the gods. Canvasback and redhead ducks, which feed on the "wild celery," are now for millionaires only; but "celery-fed" barn-yard ducks are appearing in markets, which shows that the lesson is being learned. Grouse are best in blueberry season, and the flavor of all game varies with its feed. The well-known poultry expert, T. F. McGrew, says that some who grow turkeys for a fancy market give them chestnuts and celery-seed during the last few weeks of fattening. Such feeding, he adds, imparts a pleasant flavor, which makes the meat worth from nine to twelve cents a pound more in the market than that of ordinary turkeys. Yet "to grow the best is quite as easy and but little more expensive than to grow the poorer grades, and the profit gained is almost double.

Here is a fact of tremendous importance, economic as well as gastronomic. It implies that if the principles set forth in this article were applied by all those who raise animals for the market, families of moderate means would be able to eat the choicest meats, for the fancy price would go down while the fancy flavor would remain. The old Roman epicures knew that fine flavors could be fed into animals. Lucullus and Apicius had avaries in which thrushes and blackbirds were fattened for their tables on a paste made with figs, wheaten meal, and aromatic grains; but such things were only for the very rich. What we want, and will promptly get if we insist on it, are delicacies for the million.

There was an Irishman who lined up his family of seven gigantic sons, and invited his caller to look at them. "Ain't they the fine boys?" inquired the father. "They are," agreed the visitor. "The finest in the world!" exclaimed the father. "And I nivver laid violent hands on any of them except in self-difinse."

Ghosts? If Not, What

Some years ago an Illinois physician, Dr. J. G. W. Entwhistle, living in one of the Chicago suburbs, was hurrying one morning to catch a train for that city. As he crossed a street he saw approaching him an acquaintance, once well-to-do, who had ruined himself by drink. Dr. Entwhistle, glancing at him as they met, noticed that his clothing was torn and his face bruised, and that there was a cut under one eye. He noticed, too, that the other kept looking steadily at him with a "woe-begone, God-forsaken expression." Had he not been in such a hurry he would have stopped and spoken to him, but as it was he passed him with a nod.

At the station Dr. Entwhistle met his brother-in-law, and said, while the train was drawing in:

"Oh, by the way, I just saw Charlie M., and he was a sight. He must have been on a terrible tear."

"I wonder what he's doing in town, anyway?" commented the brother-in-law.

"I suppose he was going to see his wife."

"Not a bit of it. She won't have him around."

Then the subject was dropped, and nothing more was said about it until after they had reached Chicago. Both men, as it happened, had business at the Grand Trunk Pacific Hotel and went directly there from the train. They were met by a mutual friend who had a copy of the Chicago Tribune in his hand.

"Hello," he greeted them. "Did you know that Charlie M. is dead? Here is a notice in the paper, stating that his body is at the morgue. He was killed in a saloon fight. The paper hasn't got the name quite right, but from the description it's Charlie sure enough."

"But he can't be dead," said Dr. Entwhistle, aghast, "for it was only a few minutes ago that I met him on the street in Englewood."

Nevertheless, it turned out that Charlie M. was dead, and that his body had been taken to the morgue several hours before Dr. Entwhistle thought he saw him in the Chicago suburb. Moreover, on inquiry it was learned that the clothes worn by him when he was killed and the marks on his face "tallied in every particular with the description given by the doctor."

Quite a similar experience occurred to Harry E. Reeves when he was choir master at St. Luke's church in San Francisco. On a Friday, about three in the afternoon, Mr. Reeves was in an upstairs room at his home. He had been working on some music. Wishing to rest for a few minutes he threw himself on a lounge, but almost immediately an unaccountable impulse led him to get up again and open the door of his room.

Standing at the head of the stairs he saw Edwin Russell, a member of his choir and a well-known San Francisco real estate broker. Russell had promised to call on him the following day to look over the music for Sunday, and Mr. Reeves' first thought was that he had come a day earlier than intended. He advanced to greet him, when, to his amazement and horror, the figure on the stairs turned as if to descend, and then faded into nothingness.

"My God!" gasped Reeves and fell forward.

A door below was hastily opened, and two women and a man ran to his aid. The women were his sister and niece, the man was a Mr. Sprague, a relative by marriage of the vicar of St. Luke's. They found Mr. Reeves seated on the stairs, his face white and covered with perspiration, his body trembling.

"Uncle Harry!" cried the niece. "What in the world is the matter?"

Reeves was in such a panic that he could hardly speak, but he managed to reply:

"I have seen a ghost!"

"Whose ghost?" inquired Mr. Sprague, with a skeptical smile.

"The ghost of Edwin Russell."

Instantly the smile left Mr. Sprague's face.

"That's strange," said he, "that's very strange. For as these ladies will tell you, I came to consult with you regarding the music of Mr. Russell's funeral. He had a stroke of apoplexy this morning, and died a few hours ago."

Consider also this statement by the Reverend C. C. McKechnie, a Scotch clergyman:

"I was about ten years of age at the time, and had for several years been living with my grandfather, who was an elder in the Kirk of Scotland and in good circumstances. He was very much attached to me and often expressed his intention of having me educated for a minister in the Kirk. Suddenly, however, he was seized with an illness which in a couple of days proved mortal.

"At the time of his death, and without my having any apprehension of his end, I happened to be at my father's house, about a mile off. I was leaning in a listless sort of way against the kitchen table, looking upward at the ceiling and thinking of nothing in particular, when my grandfather's face appeared to grow out of the ceiling, at first dim and indistinct, but becoming more and more complete until it seemed in every respect as full and perfect as I had ever seen it.

"It looked down upon me as I thought, with wonderful expression of tenderness and affection. Then it disappeared, not suddenly but gradually, its features fading and becoming dim and indistinct, until I saw nothing but the bare ceiling. I spoke at the time of what I saw to my mother, but she made no account of it, thinking probably it was nothing more than a boyish vagary. But in about fifteen or twenty minutes after seeing the vision a boy came running breathlessly to my father's with the news that my grandfather had just died."

Of a somewhat different order, but even more remarkable, is an experience reported by an Englishwoman whose name, for reasons that will become obvious, it would be improper to give. With her husband she had recently moved into a fine old mansion surrounded by a charming park, with a broad stretch of lawn between the trees and the house. The place had for many years been the home of a family of ancient lineage.

One night, shortly after eleven o'clock, when Mrs. M., as I shall call her, had gone up to her bedroom, she thought she heard a moaning sound, and some one sobbing as though in great distress. Mr. M. was away from home, the servants slept in another part of the house, and she was quite alone except for a friend who had come to keep her company during her husband's absence, and to whom she had said good night only a few moments before. But being a courageous woman she resolved to make an investigation and soon located the sound as coming from outdoors. Tiptoeing over to a window on the staircase landing she raised the blind and cautiously peered out.

Below, on the lawn, in the pale glow of the moon, she saw an amazing scene. A middleaged man, stern of face and wearing a general's uniform, was standing menacingly over a young girl who, with hands clasped in anguish, was on her knees before him. At the sight of his hard, unrelenting expression, Mrs. M.'s one thought was not of fear for herself but of pity for the unfortunate girl.

"So much did I feel for her," she said in narrating the affair, "that without a moment's hesitation I ran down the staircase to the door opening upon the lawn to beg her to come in and tell me her sorrow."

When she reached the door the figures of the soldier and the girl were still plainly visible on the lawn, and in precisely the same attitude. But at the sound of her voice they disappeared.

"They did not vanish instantly," Mrs. M. explained, "but more like a dissolving view—that is, gradually. And I did not leave the door until they had gone."

Months afterwards, when calling with her husband at a neighboring house, she noticed on the wall the portrait of a distinguished-looking man in a military uniform. At once she recognized it.

"That," she told her husband, in an undertone, "is a picture of the officer I saw on the lawn."

Aloud she asked:

"Whose portrait is that?"

"Why," replied her host, "it is a portrait of my uncle, General Sir X. Y. He was born and died in the house that you now occupy. But why do you ask?"

When she had told the story, her host explained:

"What you say is most singular. For it is an unhappy fact that Sir X. Y.'s youngest daughter, a beautiful girl, brought disgrace upon the family, was disowned and driven from home by her father, and died broken-hearted."

FIVE MINUTES WITH THE CONSONANTS

It is a beautiful legend of the Norse land. Amilias was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chestnut treekjn, his village smithoghjken stood. He the hot iron gehammered and sjhod horses for fifty cents all round please. He made tin hjelmets for the gjodds and stove pjipe trousers for the hjeroes.

Mimir was a rival blacksmith. He didn't go in very much for defensive armor, but he was lightning on two-edged Bjswords and cut-and-slash svjcutlasses. He made chyjeese knives for the gjodds, and he made the great Bjsvsstnsen, an Arkansaw toothpick that would make a free incision clear into the transverse semicolon of a east iron Ichthyosaurus, and never turn its edge. That was the kind of a Bhjairpin Mimir said he was.

One day Amilias made an impenetrable suit of armor for a second-class gjodd, and put it on himself to test it, and boastfully inserted a card in the Svenssku Norderdjraviskjkanaheldespiytdenskgorodovusaken, saying that he was wearing a suit of home-made, best chilled Norway merino underwear that would nick the unnumbered saw teeth in the pot metal cutlery of the ironmongery over the way. That, Amilias remarked to his friend, Bjohnn Bjrobinssson, was the kind of a Bdjueckk he was.

When Mimir spelled out the card next morning he said, "Bjjj!" and went to work with a charcoal furnace, a cold anvil and the new isomorphic process, and in a little while he came down street with a sjword that glittered like a dollar-store diamond, and met Amilias down by the new opera house. Amilias buttoned on his new Bjarmor and said:

If you have no hereafter use for your chyjeese kjnife, strike!"

Mimir spat on his hands, whirled his skjword above his head and fetched Amilias a swipe that seemed to miss everything except the empty air, through which it softly whistled. Amilias smiled and said "go on," adding that it "seemed to him he felt a general sense of cold iron somewhere in the neighborhood, but he hadn't been hit."

"Shake yourself," said Mirmir.

Amilias shook himself and immediately fell into halves, the most neatly divided man that ever went beside himself.

"That's where the boilermaker was away off in his diagnosis," said Mimir, as he went back to his shop to put up the price of cutlery 65 per cent. in all lines, with an unlimited advance on special orders.

Thus do we learn that a good action is never thrown away, and that kind words and patient love will overcome the harshest natures.

"I don't feel able to do any work on my novel today," said the writer to his wife. "I have a fever, and my brain is sadly muddled."

"In that case I wouldn't try to write, dear," coed the sympathetic spouse, don't attempt any brain work today."

A New Discovery

Machela, Nature's Scalp Tonic, the only remedy ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp. Has a record for growing hair—95 cases out of 100. Price for complete home treatment, $1.00. Sold and guaranteed by H. J. Barber.

UNRESERVED

AUCTION SALE

Under instructions from

MR. J. WENTWORTH HILL

of Chilliwack, B. C., we will sell by public auction on his farm, situated on the Camp Slough Road, 5 miles from Chilliwack; ½ mile west of Munro on

Tuesday March 26, '12

commencing at 1.30 p. m. sharp, the following described

Horses, Cattle, Implements etc.

Horses—1 Mare, 10 years old, weight about 1400 pounds, sound in every particular and a No. 1 farm horse; 1 Bay Mare 9 years old, weight about 1350 lbs; 1 Hackney 2 year-old colt.

Cows:—

Nos.
1 5 year old cow with calf at foot
2 6 year old cow with calf at foot
3 4 year old cow with calf at foot
4 5 year old cow, due on or about 26th.
5 3 year old cow, due in October
6 4 year old cow, due in June
7 3 year old cow, due in October
8 3 year old cow, due in September
9 3 year old cow, due in October
10 4 year old cow, not bred
11 7 year old cow, due in April
12 6 year old cow, not bred

This herd is comprised of an exceptionally fine picked lot of milkers, and amongst which there are some No. 1 grade Holsteins.

Heifers.—3 Two year old heifers. 2 Yearling calves

Pigs:—1 Registered Berkshire Boar

Poultry:—Four dozen Hens

Grain:—A quantity of wheat

Implements:—1 light wagon, 2 plows, 1 scraper, 1 spring-tooth harrow, 1 Milne Stumping Machine, also block and tackle, Stumping outfit almost new; 1 Root Pulper, 1 Straw Cutter almost new, 1 Sharples Cream Separator, 650 lbs. capacity, about 2000 shingles, fence posts, chains and other articles found on all well epuipped farms.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums of $25 and under, cash; over that amount 3 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes bearing interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum.

F. J. Hart & Co. Ltd.
AUCTIONEERS

AUCTION SALE

Under instructions from

Blanchfield Bros.

We will sell by public auction on their farm at Chilliwack, situated on the Prairie Central Road and commonly known as the east half of the Hawkshaw Farm, on

Wednesday Mar. 27th.

Commencing at 11.30 sharp, the following described High Class

Dairy Cows, Choice Clyde Horses and Yorkshire Hogs

Horses:—1 Clyde Mare 7 years old, weight 1600 lbs., 1 Clyde Mare 7 years old, weight 1600 lbs., with foal to Royal Citizen; 2 yearling colts sired by Carless and well matched; 1 driving mare, 5 years old; 1 general purpose horse 8 years old; 1 two year old colt, by Ora Wilkes jr. 2, 12¾.

Cattle:—24 choice milk cows, most of which will be fresh by date of sale, 15 of these are select Holsteins, 2 registered, 1 choice Jersey, fresh, balance good dairy cows.

Pigs:—3 Yorkshire brood sows, with pig to thoroughbred boar; 26 pigs from 2 to 4 months old; 1 thoroughbred Birkshire boar.

Poultry:—5 Geese, 3 Ducks and 100 Hens.

Implements:—Lumber wagon nearly new, 1 Stanhope buggy; 1 side-spring road wagon; 1 Fleuery plow, new; 1 set iron harrows; 1 M H. Cultivator; 1 set heavy work harness; 1 set single harness 1 set heavy single driving harness.

Feed:—10 tons of hay and 3 tons of oats, 6 tons of seed potatoes.

Fuel:—20 tons of birch and alder wood.

Furniture—Kitchen stove, table, chairs and dishes; dining room set, consisting of table, chairs, buffet, all oak; parlor furniture and rugs; beds and bedding.

Terms:—All sums of $25.00 and under cash, over that amount three months credit on furnishing approved lien note bearing interest at 8 per cent. per annum.

Note:—We wish to call especial attention to the horses and cattle, they have been carefully selected by the Messrs. Blanchfield Brothers, who are good judges of dairy cattle. 10 of the Holsteins were raised by Captain James Erskin of Eburne and are choice.

Lunch will be Served

F. J. Hart & Co. Ltd.
Anctioneers

CHILLIWACK'S EASTER STORE IS READY

With a Splendid Display. Now is your time to select your Easter Dry Goods, Dresses, Northway Tailored Suits, Helena Blouses, Neckwear, Fowne's Gloves, Empress Shoes, Men's Bench Tailored Suits, Easter Neckties, Hats, Shoes, Etc.

Easter Dry Goods at Ashwell's.

Easter Neckwear.

Styles of the hour. You can select from our elegant display of Jabots, Lace Collars, Side Frills, Dutch Collars, Neck Bows and Neck Ruffs, which is the best line in Chilliwack in price, range and style. From..... 25c to $3.50

Easter Fabric and Kid Gloves

Bought direct from Fownes, the largest Glove makers in Europe. Superior quality, Dye and Finish, best workmanship. We have the most complete line in Chilliwack. Compare prices.

D & A Corsets

Be sure and see our samples. We can Fit you. Buy a new pair to wear with your Easter Dress. Prices from, per pair..... 75c to $6.00

YOUR

Ribbons, Laces, Embroidery

for Easter. You will find satisfaction as well as saving in buying these lines from us. We buy in large lots direct from the makers

Your Dress Goods, Silks and Easter Trimmings

Be sure and see our wide assortment before having your Easter Dress or Suit made. We assure you the right goods at right prices.

Easter Blouses, Dresses and Tailored Suits at Ashwell's.

You can select from the magnificent range we stock in the above lines

Blouses, in Helena and St. Margaret Make

We are sole agents for both these famous brands.

White Lawn Blouses

Good lawn, fine lingerie styles, nicely trimmed with Lace and Embroidery, and made right in every detail.

Lace and Net Blouses

for Easter, Embroidered net panels, Lace trimmed sleeves, Puffed cuffs and collars. Latest styles.

Silk Blouses

in White Cream and Black for Easter. We are sure we can please in quality and price.

Northway Ladies' Hand Tailored Suits

New styles, new effects, well made, tastefully trimmed and carefully finished. We advise an early selection for best choice. Prices range from **$15.00** to **$32.00**, and no two suits alike.

Lingerie Dresses

Carefully selected line, in Lawns, Batistes, Marquisettes and all-over Embroideries. Many with modish Val. and Cluny trimmings, in Latest Styles. Prices are right.

Easter Shoes for Women Children and Men at Ashwell's.

In "Empress Quality" Shoes

for Women, you have the pick of the best brand of Women's Footwear. The styles we offer—the pick from 200 Travellers Samples. Prices range from **3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50** to **$5.00** Pr

In "Empress Quality" Oxfords and Pumps

you have a splendid range to choose from, all sizes, and prices from 2.00, 2.25, 2.50 to $4.00 Pr.

The "Kingsbury Quality" Shoes for Women

We stock the latest styles, all sizes, and prices range from 2.50 to $4 Pr.

The "Kingsbury" Oxfords for Women

We are Chilliwack agents for this line. Our stock is complete with all sizes. Prices from 2.00 to $3.00 Pr

Children's Shoes

We are sure that we can fit the children, and our prices are reasonable

Men's Shoes

Be sure and examine our range of Fine Shoes at 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 to $5.50 Pair.

Men's Working Shoes

All sizes, from 2.50 to $7.00 Pair.

Easter Bench Tailored Suits for Men & Young Men at Ashwell's.

Our Clothing is of the Highest Grade Workmanship

and Design, at $10.00 to $25.00 per Suit. Between these two price extremes, we show the choicest effects in Fancy Worsteds, Diagonals and Serges, for both conservative and extreme tastes. Be sure and see our BENCH-TAIRORED Clothing before buying elsewhere.

Boys' Clothing

We take our pick from Three Makers of Boys' Clothing. Our range of styles is the best—our prices the lowest. Be sure and see our stock before buying elsewhere.

Spring Hats

in Felt and Straw. Our range of styles is complete. We buy direct from the makers in England and the United States, that's why our prices are the lowest in Chilliwack. Examine our styles and compare prices.

Easter Neckties

You have the choice from the latest styles in New York. Our prices are

25c, 35c, 50c, 65c & 75c.

Fresh Groceries at Saving Prices.

To make the last two weeks in March a record of our 42 years in business we offer the following Special prices:—

Kellog's Corn Flakes	10c Pkg.
National Cream Sodas	30c per Tin
Huntley & Palmer's Riched Mixed Cakes	20c lb.
Molasses Snaps	10c lb.
Mixed Candy	12½c lb.
Creamy Chocolate	15c Pkg.
Jersey Cream	10c per Tin
Fancy Olives	30c Pint
Shelled Walnuts	40c lb.
Sweet Corn	2 Tins 25c
Peas	2 Tins 25c
Large Tomatoes	15c per Tin
Asparagus	25c Large Tin
£ Coffee, Fresh Ground	45c lb.
Imperial Coffee, Fresh Ground	35c lb.
£ Tea	40c lb.
	3 lb. Tins $1.15
	5 lb. Tins $1.75
Nabob Tea	40c lb.
Navel Oranges, sweet and juicy	15 for 25c up to 40c per doz.
Cooked Ham, machine sliced	35c lb.
Breakfast Bacon, machine sliced	25c lb.
Whole Hams	20c lb.
Sliced Ham	25c lb.

Come early and leave your order for Easter.

EASTER GLOVES
FOWNE'S MAKE
IN KID, SILK & LISLE.

ASHWELL'S DEPARTMENTAL STORE

EASTER NOVELTIES
SEE
WINDOW DISPLAYS

CITY COUNCIL HOLDS AN IMPORTANT MEETING

All the members of the city council were present at a regular session on Tuesday evening.

R. J. McIntosh appeared before the council re the re-surveying of the property on Reece avenue, and asking permission to proceed with the work, as all the parties concerned were agreeable. Permission given.

Jack Cook made application for position as cook at the quarry at $50 per month. This matter was left to the chairman of board of works.

Quotations of $47 per ton for water pipe f. o. b. Chilliwack was received from the Canadian Iron Corporation Co., Ltd. This would amount to about $2.00 per foot. Received and filed.

A letter was read from the Immigration Department regarding the influx of undesirables to the valley via the Mt. Baker road and other points. It is possible that an officer of the department may be stationed at Chilliwack temporally.

Cawley & Carmichael made application for insurance on new fire hall and also on city hall, and stated rates.

D. McGillivray wrote making request for an increase of salary from $50 per month, the present amount, to $65 per month, as Police Magistrate. This matter was referred to the Police Commission.

The Abbotsford Timber & Trading Co., asked that orders for lumber given the Company, designate as to what lumber is to be used for, and where. This would assist in keeping the monthly statements more clear. Received and filed.

A letter was read from the Indian Inspector Bryne stating that Indians would sell gravel to the city at 15 cents per cubic yard or 22½ cents per load. The same was received and ratified.

Architect Thos. Hooper reported city hall complete according to plans and specifications and asked city to take over the building, and complete payment of accounts. The accounts were laid over until next meeting. The council arranged to visit the property on Tuesday morning

The city school board appeared before the council and made request that city council to submit a by-law to raise $25,000 for High school purposes, $6,000 for a site and $19,000 for building and equipment. It was stated that the Government had agreed to give $24,000 toward the erection of a $40,000 High school. The old High school building would be necessary for public shool purposes at an early date, as a fifth room would be necessary. The old property could be sold by the board or turned over to the city. The board asked for the co-operation of the city council in the submission of the by-law. The council had no alternative according to Statute but submit the by-law which will be presented to the people at an early date. The delegation also asked for privilege of holding meetings in city hall.

The agreement as to arbitration re purchase of portion of Irwin property by the city at the corner of Young road and Westminster street for street purposes, was read. The arbitration proceedings will be in accord with the Municipal Clauses Act. The award will be submitted to the ratepayers.

Mayor Waddington on behalf of the delegation to meet the Elk Creek Water Co. at Westminster, reported that the meeting was not very satisfactory. The company wanted too much for the plant, together with a thirty per cent bonus and nothing allowed for depreciation. The committee was not favorable to the purchasing of the system on the terms asked, and the matter will be left in abeyance in the meantime.

The all important question of sewerage was again discussed. Mr. Cameron of Vancouver, an authority on the subject was in town last week and went over the ground. In his opinion a system can be installed at a much lower cost than any thus far proposed. Eight feet would be the greatest depth necessary at any point, and he proposed an out fall plant close to city limits and an over flow from there to the Fraser river.

The Mayor reported that the Medical Health Officer had a case of a sick man who recently came to Chilliwack, which required immediate attention. The Mayor, Chairman of board of health and Health Officer were appointed a committee to take the matter up and deal with it.

The painting of the new fire hall and fence was left to the chairmen of the fire, water and light and board of works committees, with power to act.

Messrs. A L. Coote and H. Waddington as a delegation from St. Thomas Band asking for a grant toward the purchase of new instruments and maintenance of the organization. The council gave the request favorable consideration, and pending information regarding the establishment of a regimental band, the matter was laid over.

The subject of a grant to the board of trade for publicity purposes was again brought forward and after some discussion the sum of $500 was voted to this important phase of the development of the city and valley.

Chairman Goodland made a motion that the sanitary by-law be amended to provide for the engaging and payment of a city scavenger, which was carried. Amendments will be presented to next meeting.

The finance committee reported on accounts amounting to $62,926.14

CHILLIWACK CREAMERY ANNUAL MEETING

Some thirty odd patrons and shareholders of the Chilliwack Creamery Assn. Ltd., gathered in the Odd Fellow's hall, Chilliwack on Monday afternoon, March 18 to hear the report of the creamery's operation for the year 1911. President E. D. Barrow occupied the chair, and following upon the reading and approval of the minutes of the previous meeting, the financial report for the year closed, was given.

The report showed that while exceptionally high prices had been paid for cream and milk, viz: 37.7 for cream and 44.6 for milk, a deficit showed as a result of the year's business; such deficit being brought about by the increased cost of hauling and handling of milk as compared with the hauling and handling of cream, and a direct loss due to stuff, paid for sweet, going sour in transit and being sold as sour in Vancouver.

Notwithstanding the result of the year's business, the Association is by by means discouraged. As a matter of fact they are now carrying out a plan of enlargement of plant which includes the installing of a 24 ton ice making machine and an evaporating pan for handling of skim milk, and the profits from these other lines, such as the manufacture of ice cream and the sale of bottled milk, will return profits that will effectually wipe out any deficit and enable the Association to pay the highest possible price for butter fat.

Following the unanimous election of the old board of Directors, Mr. W. K. McLeod, Creamery Manager, gave a highly instructive address on the care of milk and the treatment of cows. Mr. McLeod dwelt particularly on the necessity of milk being cooled immediately after being drawn from the cow, and to show how this is done he had brought with him an individual farmer's milk cooler. This cooler consists of a large number of sanitary tubes so arranged, one above the other, that milk will flow over them from a supply tank at the top while a current of cold water is passing through the tubes. The operation of the cooler is very simple and the results obtained immensely beneficial to the keeping quality of milk. The price of the cooler (not more than $30.00) brings it within the reach of every dairyman and many are availing themselves of the opportunity to purchase through the Association. The Secretary will receive orders for coolers and if it is desired the pavment may be spread over the season to be deducted from the monthly cream cheques. Mr. MacLeod expressed the hope that every dairyman would equip himself with a cooler before the hot season set in.

The question of butter fat tests and the conditions effecting same were also exhaustively dealt with by Mr. MacLeod and in closing his remarks he expressed a desire to come into personal contact with any patron having a grievance, whether in regard to test or anything else. The meeting adjourned at five p. m.

Don't miss the fruit, poultry and dairy meetings on Monday and Tuesday next.

Wanted—A well broken driving horse, about 120 pounds; apply to Chas. Kerr, Cheam, phone R 82.

Seed Potatoes for Sale—The English Epicure, a very early variety and exceptionally good keepers; apply H. Proctor, phone F 286.

You want to plant out Small Fruits. Already orders have been placed for 3,000 plants. **Do it today. See J. H. Ashwell** Secretary Chilliwack Cannery.

On Thursday next Geo. Preston of Sardis will offer his household effects etc., for sale. See bills for list. F. J Hart & Co., Ltd, will conduct the sale.

Fruit growers, poultry and dairy men should not fail to take advantage of the excellent program to be given on these important subjects in the Foresters' hall on Monday evening and at three meetings on Tuesday next. The program is published elsewhere in the Free Press to-day.

For Sale

Half acre, corner, with new modern six room house, chicken house, 140 feet, B. C E. R. trackage, fenced, and in the city. For futher particulars, apply

T. WOODWARD,
City.

For Sale

A few tons of first-class hay $10 a ton in my barn. M H. Walker, Sardis, Box 30. (Opposite Jas. Bailey's) Bailey Road, Sardis.