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Chilliwack Free Press

VOL. 1. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS EACH CHILLIWACK, B. C., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1912 C. A. BARBER Editor and Proprietor No. 36

Geographically, Topographically, Climatically and Socially, Chilliwack is the best spot in B. C. Dr. Rutherford at Banquet.

A SHOOTING AFFAIR AT ELK CREEK

A shooting incident which fortunately did not result in loss of life occurred near Elk Creek last Friday. Thos. Bryan and Col. J. Miller were the interested parties, the former wielding the gun, a six-shooter. A difference arose between the two men as to privilege of crossing property which Bryan had leased from Jeff Harrison. Col. Miller also has property rented from Mr Harrison and to get to it he had to cross Bryan's portion. Bryan objected to this and erected a fence, and before an adjustment was affected by Mr. Harrison, Col. Miller in gaining access to his land took down the fence. At this point, it is reported, he was met by Bryan and the gun. Bryan is said to have fired three shots which missed their mark fortunately, though one of the bullets hit the heel of Sam Calbick's shoe, as he was driving along an adjacent road. Bryan was tamed by a blow over the head by Miller and in due time was taken in hand by P. C., Joseph Scott and locked up. He appeared before Magistrate McGillivray on Saturday who sent him up for trial. The prisoner was taken to Westminster by Harry Hall and the case will probably be tried at the present assize. Bryan claims he only wanted to frighten Col. Miller and that he used blank cartriges.

Social and Personal

Lincoln Ballam was up from Huntingdon for Sunday.

Wm. Dyson, of Victoria, was the guest of W. A. and Mrs. Rose, Victoria street, for a few days last week.

The monthly meeting of the Hosital Auxiliary will be held in the city hall on Monday May 13, at 3 o'clock.

Dr. Broe, Vancouver, Miss Broe, Matsqui, and Mr. Broe, of Blaine, visited the parental home here over Sunday.

Mrs. Naboth Allen of Vancouver was the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Ashwell for a few days last week.

The members of the Chilliwack Lawn Tennis Club were at home to their friends on Friday evening in the Parish hall. A very enjoyable evening was participated in by all present.

Rev. Joshua Marshall, of Montreal, who is the new pastor of the Chilliwack Baptist church, will preach his first sermons on Sunday May 12, at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome is extended.

R. S. Lennie, of Vancouver, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Goodland, returning to the City on Monday, Mrs. Lennie and children who had spent the week here returning with him.

In the report of the "At Home" held at Sardis last week, Miss Ruth Henderson was credited with a violin solo. The item should have read Miss Dorothy Henderson. Mrs. Suart kindly drew our attention to the error.

Mrs. Chester Chadsey, Mrs. Coulter, Mrs Harrison, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. G. R Ashwell are among those visiting in Vancouver this week and they will probably attend the Methodist Conference meeting in Victoria next week also.

Mr. and Mrs N. A. Webb were passengers on Wednesday to Vancouver where they will attend the wedding of Miss Eva Owen to Mr. Alfred Kincombe both of whom are so well and favorably known here. Mr. and Mrs. Webb expect to return on Friday in company with Mr. and Mrs. D. R. McLeman who will make up an auto party.

Mr. Rembler Paul, a wealthy resident of Kelowna, has made a generous offer to the board of trade of that city of the free gift of a tract of land, one hundred and sixty acres in extent, on the lake shore, for the purpose of a home for the aged and infirm of the valley. Mr. Paul further offered to erect a building and to endow it to the extent of two thousand dollars a year, the sole condition being that the government would assist in the upkeep to the extent of one thousand dollars per year. This splendid offer, which was gratefully accepted by the council, is equivalent to the gift of over one-hundred thousand dollars.

CITY ASSESSMENT REVISION

The City Council met as a Court of Revision in the City hall on Thursday forenoon last. There were some sixteen appeals entered, eight being represented before the Court. Taxes are always an intensely interesting item with a majority of people, and there were some present at the Court of Revision who gave expression to their sentiments and feelings with considerable force and tone. In the majority of cases the assessment as made by City Assessor, J. H. Ashwell, was confirmed. C. G. Bonnycastle, Catherine Elley, T. H. Moore, Annetta Barber, R. Brett, Adeline V. Cross, Adeline Ballam, Ward M White, Jean Kerr Kipp, E. J. Boucher, T. B. Henderson, F. W. Lee, Mary C. Peers, A. C. Henderson, all complained of peing assessed too high, but in each case the assessment was confirmed. W. I. Smith and C. E. Eckert appealed on three parcels, on the ground of not owing the properties.

James Gordon's assessment was reduced $770. Assessment of C. B. Reeves was reduced $50 per acre. F. W. Lee improvements reduced $400. The description of the property of T. G. Bonnycastle being lots 1 to 19, inclusive block 9 was changed from assessment on lot basis to that of acreage, five acres at $250, $3750. Exemptions; B. C. Electric, Fire Halls, City Hall, High school, Public school, church improvements only for church purposes, lots 11 and 12, block 4 Div. A. and Court House.

The total assessed value of lands is $1,800,250; buildings $937,600; total $2,737,850. Exemptions on land $123,625, buildings $106,050; total $229,675. Net assessed value of land $1,676,625, of improvements, $831,550; total net assessed value $2,508,175.

Moving to Westminster

J. Milton Orr was visitor to New Westminster Tuesday. While there he secured a position with Burton Smith, contractor, and will move his family to the Royal City today. Mr. and Mrs. Orr may return to Chilliwack in the fall. In the meantime they will be greatly missed by the Methodist in which they have taken an active interest.

Has Bought Out G. C. Carter

J. H. Turpin has purchased the tailoring business carried on by G. C. Carter and has moved his equipment to his new location. Mr. Carter will fill all orders now on hand, when Mr. Turpin will have full use of the store and shop. Mr. Turpin has developed a nice business and we wish him a full measure of success in his new and better stand.

First Class Laundrymen

Messrs. McCarty & Spinks, practical laundrymen, of North Vancouver, have taken over the Chilliwack Steam Laundry and will be ready for business on Monday May 13. There is a good plant in the laundry here and the new firm should make a success of their venture. We bespeak for them a large share of the laundry business of the city and valley.

Three Teams to Play Ball

Three teams will furnish base ball excitement for local fans, in the valley league this season, viz. Rosedale, the cup holders; Chilliwack, and Chilliwack Cubs. Hope and Agassiz will not enter the league this year. This decision was arrived at at a meeting of delegates from the different points held at Rosedale on Friday. Six games will be played by each team, making twelve games here and six at Rosedale. The officers elected were: Hon. president, S. A. Cawley, M. P. P.; Hon, vice-president, A. Lucas, M. P. P.; president W. L. Macken, Chilliwack; vice-president, Chas. Gill, Rosedale; secretary, D. E. Carelton, Chilliwack; treasurer, Gordon McIntosh, Chilliwack Cubs.

Hope street is being opened up and graded by the City Board of Works this week. The air in that vicinity has been punctured at intervals by heavy explosions incidental to the blowing of a couple of large stumps.

Born—At Chilliwack Hospital on Monday May 6, to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Theal, a daughter.

THE CITY COUNCIL

The regular session of the city fathers on Monday evening did not cause more than the regular ripple on the surface of the Municipal pond. The motion to proceed with the boulevarding and macadamizing of Gore avenue was perhaps the most important item.

Isaac Kipp applied to have Cheam avenue opened up and graded. Owing to the heavy expense necessary it was agreed that temporary improvement be made at present.

A letter from city solicitor Bowes gave the information that the city was under no responsibility to provide Norman McDonald with boxing and drainage as asked for at a previous meeting.

Confirmation of the decision of the Elk Creek Waterworks Co., to sell the system to the city at cost, plus thirty per cent, at June 30, was read, received and filled.

S. A. Cawley, M. P. P., offered a supply of Government blue books for public use, same to be placed in city hall; offer accepted with thanks.

Chas. W. Webb, Municipal Clerk, wrote to effect that Municipality would agree to pay half the cost of grading Margaret street from Charles street to Williams road, and that half of telephone account for 32 months was accepted.

A majority of the property owners on the west side of School street between Ontario street and Hodgins avenue made application for a new five foot walk. Petition was accepted and work ordered to be done.

Instructions were given to the clerk and assessor to prepare an assessment on inside properties benefited, of the cost of six feet of the Irwin property on Young road for street improvement purposes, and submit same to next meeting of the council.

The Street Commissioner, Mr O'Hearn, submitted the following figures re the cost of proposed improvements on Gore avenue under the frontage tax system: Macadamized and boulevarded, roadway twenty-two feet wide $1800, for thirty foot roadway $2350, or about $41 for each 66 foot lot, which, when spread over a period of ten years, the yearly payment would be about $6.25. Advertising and other preparations for the proposed work was ordered to be proceeded with at once.

The fire, water and light committee recommended that a telephone and fire alarm be placed in No. 2 fire hall. The report was adopted.

The assessment roll as amended for 1912 was adopted.

The Mayor and Ald. Eckert were delegated to interview the Municipal Council explaining the working of the local improvement by-law recently adopted by the city, by which local improvements are assessed to the property directly benefited, and recommend the adoption of a similar system by the municipality to provide for the improvement to streets and roads adjacent to the city limits, and allowing residents of these streets the privilege of entering into the system and benefiting therefrom.

Good Stock Company Next Week.

Williams Stock Co. will appear at the Chilliwack Opera house all next week, opening May 13, and presenting a different play each night. Although the Co. is one of the best on the road, they will play at popular prices, thus giving everyone a chance to attend. The Victoria Times in speaking of this Co. and of their opening play, "Friends," say;—"All the members of the Williams Co. proved to have a perfect mastery of their respective parts—and the ease and grace with which the production moved from moved from start to finish, betokened not only a general understanding of a high character, but an individual histrionic ability, not often found throughout a combination of players. In the role of Marguerite Otto, Miss Mildred Paige, who by the way is no stranger to Victoria, found a vehicle for the expression of her own charming personality, and by exercising it with the artlessness of art impressed herself firmly upon the minds of her audience. Everyone of the Co. are artists of ability and well worth the attention and patronage of Victoria theatre goers." "Friends," wil be the opening bill in Chilliwack

Dr. Rutherford Honored

Executives of B. C. Stock Breeders' Association and Chilliwack Farmers' Institute Banquet Dr. Rutherford at Chilliwack.

A meeting of the executive of the B. C. Stock Breeders' Association in Chilliwack on Monday was made the occasion of a complimentary banquet and welcome to Dr. Rutherford, of Chilliwack, late Live Stock Commissioner for the Dominion. The executive of the Chilliwack Farmers' Institute joined in the festivities. All met in the city hall at two o'clock where Councillor Bailey, president of the Farmers' Institute briefly outlined the purpose in view and all repaired to the Empress Hotel where luncheon was partaken of, at the conclusion of which Chairman Bailey, as toastmaster, announced the program. The first toast "Our King" was heartily responded to in the usual manner. "The City and Municipality" was proposed by D. C. McGillivray, an old timer of 50 years, in a reminiscent speech, and was responded to, on behalf of the city, by Mayor Waddington who spoke of the present development of the city and its ambitions. On behalf of the city he welcomed the members of the Stock Breeders' Association and also extended a cordial welcome to Dr. Rutherford in becoming a citizen of Chilliwack. Mr. Bailey, on behalf of the Municipality, gave a short resume of the growth and development of the municipality, dwelling on the importance of good roads, and what he considered a mistake, viz: the desire for so much sub-dividing of valuable property, which, as a result it lay unproductive. All the land should be producing.

To Mr. A. C. Wells, of Sardis, who is one of the most prominent stockmen in B. C., fell the pleasant duty of proposing the toast "Our Guest." Mr. Wells paid high tribute to the effective work accomplished by Dr. Rutherford. He paid his respects to Eastern stock men for the sharp practices engaged in during the past, to the detriment of the business and causing the spread of tuberculosis among western stock. He was strongly in favor of every herd being thoroughly tested. He said that some time ago the B. C. Government had wisely agreed to pay one-half of loss in case of affected stock, but for some reason the regulation had not been enforced, as the needs of the case demands. This inactivity, he claimed, encouraged the spread of the disease.

The presence of Mr. Wells was a pleasant surprise to all present. Mr. Wells is very popular among the stock men, as it was through his efforts that the Stock Breeders' Association was organized, and the members were delighted to see him able to attend after a lengthly confinement to his home at Sardis.

Dr. Rutherford, on rising, was given a hearty greeting. He voiced his sincere appreciation of the kindness expressed on the occasion, and the words of appreciation of his services which had been said in his hearing. He was happy to make Chilliwack his home, and although for the next year he would necessarily have to be away a good deal he was looking forward to becoming a permanent resident of the valley. Dr. Rutherford told his hearers he was a Scotchman born, leaving that bonny land thirty-seven years ago. Since then he had seen much of the world; had travelled over Canada, United States, Mexico, Europe with its world famed mountains, and the Motherland, and that in his opinion there was no country to equal Canada. British Columbia was the gem of the Dominion, while geographically, topographically, climatically and socially Chilliwack was the best spot in B. C., and he was delighted to make it his home. Referring again to his ten years of service for the Dominion, Dr. Rutherford said his work had been intelligent, well intentioned and persistent and that anything he had been able to do was the result of work—hard work. He was gratified to know that without exception the people in whose interests he labored had shown and were continuing to show their appreciatton. While residing in B. C. he would, he said, be very glad to at any time be of service to the stock breeders and kindred interests, in any thing that he might be of assistance in.

The Live Stock Breeders' Association was proposed by Jos. Thompson and responded to by A. D. Patterson and Dr. Tolmie. Mr. Patterson spoke appreciatingly of Dr. Rutherford's services, and emphasised the importance of a cow testing association, and on behalf of the Dairymen's Association extended a welcome to Dr. Rutherford and the guests of the afternoon.

A. D. Patterson, President of the Live Stock Breeders' Association, in a short speech added his testimony to the worth of the guest of the occasion, and the need for an intelligent handling of the peculiar problems which face the stockmen in various portions of B. C.

Dr. Tolmie, of the Provincial Department, paid a glowing tribute to Dr. Rutherford, having worked under him for eight years, he found him a man who possessed a wide and intelligent grasp of the work, and a strict disciplinarian, and stated that Dr. Rutherford, as a man thoroughly intended for his work in his opinion,, had no superior on this continent, and his valuable services should be retained to Canada if possible. Chilliwack was to be congratulated on having Dr. Rutherford as a citizen. He had shown the Dr. all the allurements of Victoria with a view to his residing at the capital, but that Chilliwack had won out easily from Victoria as well as from other points in B. C. Dr. Tolmie referred to the splendid improvement in the quality of the horses in B. C., as was shown at the recent horse shows in Vancouver and Victoria. The horse market on the coast was the highest priced of any point in Canada at the present time.

"The Press" was proposed by H. Webb in a few appreciative words and was responded to by C. A. Barber, of the Chilliwack Free Press.

To Hugh Hawkshaw fell the ever pleasant task of introducing the toast "The Ladies" which he did with a certain amount of Irish modesty. Dr. Hadwin, a benedict, is a good champion of the cause of the ladies and his speech was neat and witty.

Following the banquet a meeting was held at the City hall where the problems of the live stock man were discussed.

Those present from a distance were: Alex. Patterson, and Alex. Davie, Ladner; Dr. Hadwin and Dr. Tolmie, Victoria; Sam Shannon, Cloverdale; Mr. Shopland, Comox. About twenty-five local men who are prominent stock breeders and farmers were present.

To Build Home

D. R. McLeman, late proprietor of the Empress hotel, will begin the erection of a new home on his five acre plot on Woodbine avenue, early next week. Mr. McLeman likes Chilliwack so well that he will make it his permanent home.

Auction Sale of Property

The auction sale of business and residential property conducted on Saturday by Messrs. Bent & Goodland, of Chilliwack, drew a large crowd, many coming from Vancouver and coast points on the special tram. Some of the property offered changed ownership, but there were not as many sales effected as the promoters had hoped for. What was sold brought good prices.

Improvements at the B.C.E.R. Depot

The B. C. Electric property is taking on a decidedly improved appearance. A general cleaning up has been effected. The centre loading track has been cleared away and a ballast train will soon be engaged in hauling filling to level the property inside of the loop. The wiring and poles are in course of overhauling and the whole plant generally improved. The increasing business demands an extra team track and this addition will be made very probably by planking a roadway along the track between the freight shed and Hope street, which would prove to be a very handy location. The station building will also secure some attention, as next week it will be in the hands of the Company's decorators. The interior both upstairs and down will be papered, painted varnished, etc. The grounds in front of the station on Young road will probably be improved and fenced in the course of of a month or so.

Meeting of Cricketers

A meeting of the Chilliwack Cricket Club was held on Tuesday evening in the office of Chas. Hutcheson & Co. S. A. Parsons presented a silver cup to the club for competition for clubs in the district between Mission and Hope. It was decided to purchase matting and other equipment for the local club and an effort will be made to form a league of clubs representing the different towns in the Fraser valley.

B. C. E. R. Staff Appointments.

Mr. Allan Purvis, interurban manager of the B. C. E. R. company, announces the following changes on the staff. "Mr. W. H. Elson is appointed superintendent of the Westminster-Vancouver interurban line, Burnaby Lake branch, Westminster city lines, including Queensboro branch and Millside extension, also company's terminals at New Westminster and interban terminus, Vancouver. Mr. E. Stirling is appointed superintendent of Lulu island and Eburne-Westminster lines and Fraser valley branch. Both these officers will have head-quarters in station building New Westminster."

Oil and the Distribution of Booklets

The Council of the Board of Trade met at the City Hall last Friday evening and discussed ways and means for the most effective and profitable distribution of the Board of Trade booklets. In addition to the booklet a small folder, for use among business men will be published. These will be of a convenient size for enclosure in business letters. Mr. Hosom of the Colonial Oil Co., was present and addressed the meeting relative to the oil prospects in the valley and the proposed plans of the company. The Council endorsed the proposal to sink test wells and arranged for Mr. Hosom to go further into the matter, the committies on Trade and Commerce, and Agriculture and Mining. Meetings of these committees were held on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Anniversary Commemorated.

The ninety-third anniversary of Odd Fellowship was fittingly observed by the Subordinate, Encampment and Rebecka lodges of the Order in Chilliwack last Sunday afternoon when the three lodges attended Divine service in the Presbyterian church. A large representation was present, the day being a beautiful one for the occasion. Bro. R. J. Douglas, of Cook's church, delivered the annual address which was based on the beautiful story of the good Samaritan and a few outstanding principles enunciated by the great Head of Brotherhood, Jesus Christ. The speaker stated that Odd Fellowship stood at the head of fraternal organizations who seek to bring about the brotherhood of man, as to numbers and for effective assistance. During the past fifty years fraternal societies had made wonderful progress, largely because the great heart of the world is lonely and wants association, and also the fact that the Church has preached the principles upheld by these Orders all down through the ages. Since the inception Odd Fellowship $340,000,0000 had been dispensed by the Order in the relief work, 4,000,000 people being benefited. In British Columbia last year $32,000 had been paid out while over $6,000,000 was spent in the relief of 2,000,000 people by the society as a whole. Besides this assistance there was the inestimable good done by the clasp of the hand of a brother, the smile of recognition and cheer. The Church and the work of fraternal societies could not be separated, the one could not take the place of the other. Earnest Odd Fellows should be good and faithful churchmen. The principles of the Order, Friendship, Love and Truth, were beautifully dealt with in Rev. Douglas' closing remarks, and altogether the address was one in which the practical, every-day application and development of the principles of good conduct and right and generous hearted living on the part of the devotees of the three links was clearly and concisely set forth. A choir of Odd Fellows and Rebeckas led the singing, Mr. S. Kelland presiding at the organ.

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ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued)

I Become a Citizen

BUT as for Dick, he was too busy with his studies, and Ruth was too glad to sit at home and watch him, to go out at night.

What spare time I myself had I began to devote to a new interest. Rafferty had first roused me to my duty as a citizen in the matter of local politics and through the winter called often enough to keep my interest whetted. But even without him I couldn't have escaped the question. Politics was a live issue down here every day in the year. One campaign was no sooner ended than another was begun. Sweeney was no sooner elected than he began to lay wires for his fellows in the coming city election, *who in their turn would sustain him* in whatever further political ambitions he might have. If the hold the boss had on a ward or a city was a mystery to me at first, it didn't long remain so. The secret of his power lay in the fact that he never let go. He was at work every day in the year and he had an organization with which he could keep in touch through his lieutenants whether he was in Washington or at home. Sweeney's personality was always right there in his ward wherever his body might be.

The Sweeney Club rooms were always open. Night after night you could find his trusted men there. Here the man out of a job came and from here was recommended to one contractor or another or to the "city"; here the man with the sick wife came to have her sent to some hospital, which perhaps for some reason would not ordinarily receive her; here the men in court sent their friends for bail; here came those with bigger plans afoot in the matter of special contracts. If Sweeney couldn't get them what they wanted, he at least sent them away with a feeling of deep obligation to him. Naturally, then, when election time came around these people obeyed Sweeney's order. It was*n't reasonable to suppose that a cam*paign speech or two could affect their loyalty.

Of course the rival party followed much the same methods, but the man in power had tremendous advantage. The only danger he needed to fear was a split in his own faction as some young man loomed up with ambitions that moved faster than Sweeney's own for him. Such a man I began to suspect—though it was looking a long way into the future—was Rafferty. That winter he took out his naturalization papers and soon afterwards he began an active campaign for the Common Council. It was partly my interest in him and partly a new sense of duty I felt towards the whole game that made me resolve to have a hand *in this. I owed that much to the* ward in which I lived and which was doing so much for me.

In talking with some of the active settlement workers down here, I found them as strongly prejudiced against the party in power as I had been and when I spoke to them of Rafferty I found him damned in their eyes as soon as I mentioned his party.

"The whole system is corrupt from top to bottom," said the head of one settlement house to me.

"Are you doing anything to remedy it?" I asked.

"What can you do?" he said. "We are doing the only thing possible—we're trying to get hold of the youngsters and give them a higher sense of civic virtue."

"That's good," *I said*, "but you don't get hold of one in ten of the coming voters. And you don't get hold of one in a hundred of the coming politicians. Why don't you take hold of a man like Dan who is bound to get power some day and talk a little civic virtue into him."

"You said he was a Democrat and a machine man," said he, as though that settled it.

"I don't see any harm in either fact," I said, "if you get at the good *in him. A good Democrat* is a good citizen and a good machine is a good power," I said.

The man smiled.

"You don't know," he said.

"Do you know?" I asked. "Have you been to the rallies and met the men and studied their methods?"

"All you have to do is to read the papers," he answered.

"I don't think so," I said. "To beat an enemy you ought to study him first hand. You ought to find out the good as well as the bad in him. You ought to find out where he gets his power."

"Graft and patronage," he answered.

"What about the other party?" I said.

"Just as bad."

"Then what are you going to do *about it?" I asked.*

"Our only hope is education," he said.

"Then," I said, "why not educate the young politicians? Get to know Rafferty—he's young and simple and honest now. Help him to advance honestly and keep him that way."

He shook his head doubtfully, but he agreed to have a talk with Dan. In the meanwhile I had a talk with Dan myself. I told him what my scheme was.

"Dan," I said, "you must decide right at the beginning of your career whether you're going to be just a tool of Sweeney's or whether you're going to stand on your own feet."

"Phot's the mather with Sweeney, now?" he asked.

"In some way he's *all right," I said.* "And in other ways he isn't. But anyhow he's your boss and you have to do what he tells you to do just as though he was your landlord back in Ireland and you nothing but a tenant."

"Eh?" he said, looking up quick.

I thought I'd strike a sore spot there and I made the most of it. I talked along like this for a half hour and I saw his lips come together.

"He'd knife me," he said finally. "He's sore now 'cause I'm afther wantin' to *run for the council this year.*"

I had heard the rumor.

"Then," I said, "why don't you pull free and make a little machine of your own. Some of the boys will stand by you, won't they?"

"Will they?" he grinned.

With that I took him around to the settlement house. Dan listened good naturedly to a lot of talk he didn't understand, but he listened with more interest to a lot of talk about the needs of the district which it was now getting cheated out of, which he did understand. And incidentally the man who at first did all the talking, in the end listened to Dan. After the latter had gone, he turned to me and said:

"I like that fellow Rafferty."

That seemed to me the really important thing and right there and then we sat down and worked out the basis of the "Young American Political Club." Our object was to reach the young voter first of all and through him to reach the older ones. To this end we had a "Committee on Boys" and a "Committee on Naturalization." I insisted from the beginning that we must have an organization as perfect as that of any political machine. Until we felt our strength a little, how*ever, I suggested it was best to limit* our efforts to the districts alone. We took a map of the city and we cut up the districts into blocks with a young man at the head of each block. He was to make a list of all the young voters and keep as closely in touch as possible with the political gossip of both parties. Over him there was to be a street captain and over him a district captain and finally a president.

All this was the result of slow and *careful study. All the workers down* here fell in with the plan eagerly and one of them agreed to pay the expenses of a hall any time we wished to use one for campaign purposes. At first our efforts passed unnoticed by either political party. It was thought to be just another fanciful civic dream. We were glad of it. It gave us time to perfect our organization without interference.

This business took up all the time I could spare during the winter. But instead of finding it a drag I found it an inspiration. They insisted upon making me president of the club, and though I would rather have had a younger man at its head I accepted the honor with a feeling of some pride. It was the first public office I *had ever held and it gave me a new* sense of responsibility and a better sense of citizenship.

In the meanwhile Dan made no open break with Sweeney but it soon became clear that he was not in such good favor as before. Although we had not yet openly endorsed his candidacy we were doing a good deal of talking for him. I received several visits from Sweeney's lieutenants who tried to find out just what we were about. My answer invariably was "No partisanship but clean politics."

When it came time to register I was forced to register with one of the two parties in order to take any part in the primaries. I registered as a Democrat for the first time in my life. I also attended a primary for the first time in my life. I also felt a new power back of me for the first time in my life.

Little by little Dan had come to be an issue. Sweeney did not openly declare himself, but it was soon evident that he had come to the primaries prepared to knife Rafferty if it were possible. Back of Dan stood his large personal following; back of me stood the balance of power. Sweeney saw it, gave the nod, and Dan was nominated.

Six weeks later he was elected, too. You'd have thought he had been elected mayor by the noise the small boys made. Rafferty came to me with his big paw outstretched.

"Carleton," he said, "the only thing I've got agin ye is that ye ain't an Irishmon. Faith, ye'd make a domn foine Irishmon."

"It's up to you now," I said, "to make a damned fine American."

It wasn't more than two months later that Dan came to me to ask my opinion on a request of Sweeney's. It looked a bit off color and I said so.

"You can't do it, Dan," I said.

"It manes throuble," he said.

"Let it come. We're back of you with both feet."

Dan followed my advice and the *trouble came. He was fired from* his job as foreman under Sweeney.

But you can't keep down as good a foreman as Dan was and he had another job within a week.

A few months later I had another job myself. I was made foreman with my own firm at a wage of two dollars and a half a day. When I went back and announced this to Ruth, she cried a little. Truly our cup seemed full and running over.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fifteen Dollars a Week

My first thought when I received my advance in pay was that I could now relieve Ruth of some of her burdens. There was no longer any need of her spending so much time in trotting around the markets and the department stores. Nor was there any need of her doing so much plotting and planning in her endeavor to save a penny. Futhermore, I was determined *that she should now enjoy some of* the little luxuries of life in the way of better things to wear and better things to eat. But the idea was taken out of me in short order.

"No," she said, as soon as she recovered from the good news. "We mustn't spend one cent more than we've been spending."

"But look here," I said; "what's the good of a raise if we don't use it?"

"What's the good of a raise if we spend it?" she asked me. "We'll use it, Billy, but we'll use it wisely. How *many times* have you told me that if you had your life to live over again you wouldn't spend one cent over the first salary you received, if it was only three dollars a week, until you had a bank account?"

"I know that," I said. "But when a man has a wife and boy like you and Dick—"

"He doesn't want to turn them into burdens that will hold him down all his life," she broke in. "It isn't fair to the wife and boy," she said.

I couldn't quite *follow her reason*ing, but I didn't have to. When I came home the next Saturday night with fifteen dollars in my pocket instead of nine she calmly took out three for the rent, five for household expenses and put seven in the ginger jar. I suggested that at least we have one celebration and with the boy go to the little French restaurant we used to visit, but she held up her hands in horror.

"Do you think I'd spend two dollars and a half for—why, Billy, you wouldn't!"

"I'd like to spend ten," I said. "I'd like to go there to dinner and buy you a half dozen roses and get the three best seats in the best theatre in town," I said.

She came to my side and patted my arm.

"Thank you, Billy," she said. "But honest—it's just as much fun to have you want to do those things as really do them."

I believe she meant it. I wouldn't believe it of anyone else, but for a week she talked about that dinner and those flowers and the theatre until she had me wondering if we hadn't actually gone. Dick thought we were crazy.

And so, just as usual, after this she'd take her basket and start out two or three mornings a week and walk with me as far as the market. She'd spend an hour here and then if she needed anything more she'd go down town to the big stores and wander around here for another hour. But Saturday nights was her great bargain opportunity. If I couldn't go with her she'd take Dick and the two would plan to get there at about nine o'clock. From this time on she often picked *up for a song odd ends of meat and* good vegetables which the market men didn't want to carry over to Monday. In fact, they had to sell out these things as their stock at the beginning of the week had to be fresh. I suppose marketing at this time of day would be a good deal of a hardship for those living in the suburbs, but it was a regular lark for her. Most everyone is good natured on Saturday night if on no other night. The week's work is done and people have enough money from their pay envelopes to feel rich for a few hours anyway. Then there were the lights and the crowd and the shouting so that it was like twenty country fairs rolled into one.

After the excitement of coming home Saturdays with so much money wore off, I began to forget that I was earning fifteen instead of nine. If Ruth had spent it on the table I'm sure I'd have forgotten it even more quickly. I was getting all I wanted to eat, was warm and had a good clean bed to sleep in, and what more can a man have even if he's earning a hundred a week? I think people are very apt to forget that after all a millionaire can spend only about so much on himself. And after the newness of fresh *toys has worn off—like steam yachts* and private cars—he is forced to be satisfied with just what I had, no matter how much more money he makes. He has only his five senses, and once these are satisfied he's no better off than a man who satisfies these same senses on eight dollars a week. Generally he's worse off because in a year or so he has probably dulled them all. Rockefeller himself probably never in his life got half the fun out of anything that I did in just crawling into my clean bed at night with every tired muscle purring contentedly and my mind at rest about the next day. I doubt if he knows the joy of waking up in the morning rested and hungry. The only advantage he had over me that I can see is the power *he had to help others. In a way I* don't believe he found any greater opportunity even for that than Ruth found right here.

For those interested in the details I'm going to give another quotation from Ruth's note book. But to my mind these details aren't the important part of our venture. The thing that counted was the spirit back of them. It isn't the fact that we lived on from six to eight dollars a week or the statistics of how we lived on that which **makes my life worth telling about, if it** is worth telling about. In the first place prices vary in different localities and shift from year to year. In fact, since we began they have almost doubled. In the second place, people have lived and are living today on less than we did. I give our figures simply to satisfy the curious and to show how Ruth planned. But no one could do as she did or do as we did merely by aping her little economies, or accepting the result of them. Either they would find the task impossible or look upon it as a privation and endure it as martyrs. In this mood they wouldn't last a week. I know that people who read this without at least a germ of the pioneer in them will either smile or shrug their shoulders. *I've met plenty of this sort. I met* them by the dozen down here. As I said, you can find them in every bread line, in every Salvation Army barracks or the Associated Charities will furnish you a list of as many as you want. You'll find them in the suburbs or you'll find them marching in line the next time there is a procession of the unemployed.

But give me true pioneers such as our own forefathers were, such as the young men out West are today such as every steamer lands here by the hundreds from foreign countries every week, and I say you can't down that kind, you can't kill them. I don't say that it's right to raise the price of *necessities. I don't think it is, though* I don't know much about it. But I do say that if you double the cost of food stuffs and then double it again, though you may cruelly starve out the weaklings, you'll find the pioneers still on their feet, still fighting.

It seems strange to me that men will go to Alaska and contentedly freeze and dig all day in a mine—not of their own, but for wages—and not feel so greatly abused or unhappy; that they will swing an axe all day in a forest and live on baked beans and bread without feeling like martyrs; that they will go to sea and grub on hard tack and salt pork and fish without complaint and then will turn Anarchists on the same fare in the East. It seems strange too that these men keep strong *and healthy, and that our ancestors* kept strong and healthy on even a still simpler diet. Why, my father fought battles—and the mental strain must have been terrific—and did more actual labor every day in carrying a rifle and marching than I do in a week, and slept out doors under a blanket—all on a diet that the average tramp of today would spurn. He did this for four years, and if the sanitary conditions had been decent would have returned well and strong as many a man who didn't run afoul typhoid fever and malaria.

(To be continued)

POINTS ON POULTRY

Poultry raising enables the farmer to bring into profitable use unworkable hillsides, rough rock lands, uncultivated woods and meadows, besides turning waste grains and feeds into a source of revenue. Fruit growers find their yields are larger and better where fowls have the run of their orchards because they keep the trees and bushes free from noxious bugs and insects, while the rich poultry droppings greatly benefit the soil. The gardener and dairyman have many waste products for poultry feeding, while the products can be marketed to*gether without extra expense, but often* with considerable increase over common prices.

As a purely business proposition, specialty chicken raising should not be tackled without considerable preliminary experience and a complete understanding of the requirements of the business. While there is money, pleasure, and health in a well-established and properly managed poultry farm, it, like Rome, cannot be built in a day. A plant has been made to produce a clear profit of ten to twelve per cent. in certain years, besides paying a comfortable salary to a manager, but this result was not attained until after it had passed through a good many less pleasant experiences.

The financial results people have obtained from poultry as a business range from bankruptcy to several thousands of dollars a year profit. A man must either be an exceptionally good poultryman, or an ordinary poultryman with the strategy of a financier, to command more than $1,200 a year, whether he is in business for himself of working for someone else. There are many people in the poultry business today who are making comfortable livings, and there are a few whose annual earnings amount to as high as $5,000 to $10,000, but the number of *American experts actually in the latter* class does not total a score.

Retired millionaires and wealthy people often take to chickens in later life, but if the facts are known it is not true that their fortunes have been amassed from that source. Skilful poultrymen find it comparatively easy to make more money from an investment of their own time and capital in poultry than anywhere else, but as a rule they are satisfied with a good living allowance for their labor and an additional six to ten per cent. for their investment of capital.

Another mistaken idea of a good many who want to go into the chicken business is that it doesn't require much capital. One thousand dollars is commonly supposed to be ample for a venture on a scale to make a living. Clerks and laboring people often save that amount and then think they can invest it in chickens and make a good living ever after. But it is not so.

It takes money to start properly with chickens on a large scale. A satis*factory, established poultry plant can* seldom be rented. It does not pay to erect buildings on rented land, so the only safe way is to buy a place. This may be of any size, but ten acres is the very minimum for a poultry plant to make a living. If there is room enough to raise one's own grain crops, there is a great reduction of expenses and consequent boost to the ultimate profits from the fowls.

After the expense for land come the equally heavy ones for houses, stock, and equipment, besides a margin for several thousand dollars which should be kept in the bank for use while the profits are beginning or for an emergency. Thus it can be seen that two or three thousand dollars is a minimum amount, while five thousand would be better. One could feel then that he was safe no matter what occurred, and financial worries would not be added to those of caring for the fowls.

Never go into debt to start poultry keeping, unless your ability in that direction is thoroughly well proved. Nor does it pay to buy a place and stock it on the instalment plan on the strength of expected profits. Sometimes the profits do not materialize, and when they do the interest on notes or mortgages consumes considerable.

A DICKENS' PORTRAIT

Seventy-three years ago, the Knickerbocker Magazine had this word picture of Charles Dickens in its August issue:

In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, that first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, and his eye, though not large, is bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome; an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickliness, is in repose extremely agreeable and indicative of great refinement and intelligence.

*Mr. Dickens' manners and conversa*tion, except perhaps in the perfect abandon among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humor. He is mild in the tones of his voice, and quiescent, evincing habitual attention to etiquette and the conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and, possibly to avoid the invitations pressed upon him, he does not reside in London, but with a lovely wife and two charming chidren occupies a retreat in the vicinity. He is about twenty-six years of age, but does not look more than twenty-three or twenty-four. Mr. Dickens is entirely self-made, and rose from an humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius and his industry.

HOW LONG ANIMALS LIVE

Undoubtedly the longest lived animal on earth is the whale, its span of existence being estimated by Cuvier at 1,000 years. The next largest animal, the elephant, will, under favorable conditions, live 400 years.

When Alexander the Great conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant that had fought gallantly for the defeated king, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, placed upon him a metal band with the inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found alive 350 years later.

The average age of cats is 15 years; of squirrels, 7 or 8 years; of rabbits, 7; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16. Lions are comparatively long lived, instances having been recorded where they reached the age of 70 years.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of 20 years and horses to 60, but the average of the horse is 25 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100 and stags are very long lived, one having been taken by Charles VI. in the forest of Senlis which bore about its neck a collar on which was engraved, "Caesar hoc mihi donavit."

*Whether or not this stag had actual*ly lived since the days of one of the Caesars it is impossible to say, but the evidence seems good.

Eagles occasionally and ravens frequently reach the age of 100 years and swans have been known to live 300 years. A tortoise has been known to live 107 years.

Efforts have been made to connect the rapidity of the pulse beat with longevity, but no logical conclusion can be reached, as will be seen from the fact that the pulse of a lion beats 40 times a minute; that of a tiger, 96 times; of a horse, 40 times; of a wolf, 45 times; of a fox, 43 times; of a bear, 33 times, and of an eagle 160 times. It has been impossible to count the beats of an elephant's pulse, but that of a butterfly beats 60 times to the minute.

QUEER SLIDING OUTFITS

Sometimes you see boys sliding down hill sitting on pieces of sheet iron, and sometimes they use in place of sleds barrel-staves; these, of course, with the rounded, bulging side down.

They put two staves close together, edge to edge, and then sit down on them and slide. Barrel-stave sliding is a lot of fun, but it's pretty wearing on the clothes, and it's hard to steer *this sort of sliding machine, for, the* under side of it being round, it doesn't naturally go straight, but is likely to slew around and tip the boy off. But maybe that makes barrel-stave sliding all the more fun.

A couple of boys sliding down an icy slope on barrel staves fixed their outfits up with seats on them so that they could sit up higher on them. One of these boys had an old iron saucepan with the handle gone, and the other had a flat-bottomed old iron kettle. At the top of the hill they would put their barrel-staves down on the ice and then the boy with the saucepan would put that bottom up on his pair of staves and sit on it, and the boy with the kettle would put that on his pair, and then away they'd go down the hill like greased lightning, unless they struck a hump on the way.

A LONE DOG KILLS A WILDCAT

Punch, the four-year-old hound dog owned by F. J. Steward, established an unprecedented feat recently when he *whipped full-grown wildcat* in a battle royal. H. C. R. Akin, who is the owner of the ranch which is managed by Steward, while walking across his ranch was accompanied by the hound, when the hound took up a trail which he discovered in the light fall of snow.

The trail led up to an old burned fir snag. Upon coming up with the dog Akin found that the latter had treed a wildcat. Akin was unarmed but managed to get the fierce animal where the dog could get at him. The wildcat and dog "mixed" immediately and the battle that followed was fierce. Both wildcat and dog were well-nigh exhausted when the dog, revived by another spurt of strength, obtained a hold on the cat which finished the latter after a few minutes additional struggle.

ESCAPES FROM GERMAN PRISONS

About a dozen precedents for the escape of Captain Lux from his German prison can be found in the history of the Franco-German war, and a large proportion of the heroes of them lived to become famous.

A notable case was that of General (then Colonel) Saussier, ultimately commander-in-chief of the French army, who was detained at Grandenz, in the extreme east of Prussia. It is said that he put his bolster to bed in*stead of himself, hid in an obscure* corner of the fortress until nightfall, and then, having obtained a disguise by the help of his orderly, was allowed to walk out of the main prison gate.

He crossed the frontier to Poland and returned to France by way of Aus*tria and Italy.*

General Zurlinden was another prisoner who got out of his prison at Glogan, in Silesia, on Christmas eve. He made his way in disguise through Berlin, Frankfort and Carlsruhe to Basle, a feat which was not difficult for him, as, being an Alsatian, he spoke German quite as well as his jailers.

Thirdly, we may note the experiences of M. Paul Deroulede, who escaped from Breslau, and it is piquant to recall that that vehement anti-Semite did not disdain to disguise himself as a Polish Jew. He was very nearly betrayed by a peasant whom he had bribed to guide him into Boemia; but he drew his knife with a ferocious gesture and the peasant changed his mind, with the result that M. Deroulede saw the final fights of the war as a sub-lieutenant of Turcos.

THE MISERY OF MUCH MONEY

Bill Mac Callister was the leading policeman of Xenia. He joined the Elks and became very popular with them. When the Elks gave their annual dance one year Bill was made chairman of the arrangements committee and treasurer.

The night of the dance came. The men who had been out selling tickets turned their money in to Bill. He was all cluttered up with one-dollar and two-dollar bills and silver. Bill had money in every pocket in great bales—about eight hundred dollars all told—and he didn't like to tote it round.

The band, of which Matt Kump was the manager and bass drummer, was about to begin a waltz. Matt, between musical intervals, ran a printing shop and had printed the tickets and the bills and programmes for the dance.

The first strains of the music had started and the youth and beauty and chivalry of Xenia were getting ready to glide variously out on the floor, when Bill Mac Callister strode imperiously to the middle of the room and waved his hand at Kump.

"*Matt,*" *bellowed Bill,* "come here a minute!"

Matt made signs that he couldn't, that the band was just beginning a waltz, and that he would come just as soom as the dance was over.

Bill bellowed again: "Come here, and hurry up about it."

The band stopped. The waltzing couples ceased revolving and Matt hurried over to where Mac Callister was standing. "What is it, Bill?" Matt asked apprehensively.

"Make out your bill and I'll pay it," commanded Bill.

"I'shaw, Bill, there's no hurry about that! I'll come round tomorrow. It's all right."

"Make out your bill this minnit an' I'll pay it," ordered Bill. "I just got to get shet of some of this money. I never knew till now how them millionaires feel totin' round all their cash."

HAVING HENS

There is a golden opportunity occasionally to boom a certain variety of *fancy poultry, especially* a new one, but this requires experience, capital, success in breeding and mating, and the winning of blue ribbons wherever one shows his fowls all over the country. Then record prices may be asked and received, and good profits made. But this is not the main branch of the industry; it exists mainly for people who have a hobby or fad and can afford to gratify a personal desire for the best by paying a big price for fancy chickens.

But the backbone of the poultry business, after all, lies in the commercial end of the thing, and that is what is usually meant by the bare term, "the chicken business." Millions and millions of common eggs and chickens are produced for every one aristocrat that proudly plumes himself in the exhibition hall. People must have their eggs for breakfast and their chickens to eat, and with the increasing scarcity and high price of cattle and wild game there is an ever-growing demand for good poultry and eggs. At present we *are forced to import large quantities* of these food stuffs every year, which might be produced at home at a saving to the consumer and a profit to the producer.

In this branch of the business there are always opportunities for one possessed of stick-to-it-iveness and a liking for the business. But, frankly, poultry keeping is never a get-rich-quick scheme, nor are the profits ever strictly enormous. The man who is content with a moderate beginning and a fair return on his investment of time, labor, and capital will eventually find poultry keeping all he could reasonably desire financially, besides being healthful employment.

There is no difficult or mysterious knowledge necessary for success with poultry. The "tricks of the trade" are open to all who observe and think. However, those who have failed at everything else and try poultry raising as a last resort are likely to fail with poultry as well, while those who think it is an "easy business"—merely throwing out feed and gathering eggs—need only invest in it to learn their mistake.

There is pleasure and more or less profit in a small flock of chickens for almost everyone with a little yard room and half an hour or more of spare time each day. Table scraps *and all sorts of waste materials* and time may be utilized in the management of the family flock, and the result is a reduction in living expenses with the added pleasures of a recreational hobby and of having a constant supply of good eggs and chicken meat, which is an important item nowadays.

The business and professional life of the average man is so strenuous that if not eased up by some side-line or hobby it burns up vitality too rapidly. For recreation of body and mind by interesting and healthful outdoor employment, the breeding of good poultry is supreme. For children it makes a practical nature study, keeps them out of mischief by providing light employment mornings and evenings, inculcates in them valuable business ideas, and may later assist them in completing their high school or college education.

As an adjunct to another occupation, such as farming, fruit growing, gardening, or dairying, poultry can be made to pay maximum profits, and usually the *results are more satisfactory* than where exclusive attention is given to either poultry or the other business. This is because poultry are gregarious and utilize most of the waste products of the other occupations, while they all harmonize well in production—the rush *seasons coming at different seasons of* the year—and in marketing a combination of poultry and fruit or milk or vegetables will attract many customers. This way is not a short-cut to riches, but such a business well managed will pay a good living profit and more.

It is said that the oldest investment security is the real estate mortgage, money having been loaned on land in Babylon as long ago as 4,000 years.

Back Full of Aches Headaches and Depression

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PERCHERON SOCIETY GRANTS

In the distribution of prize money by the Percheron Society of America, the following Canadian fairs are recognized: Canadian National, Alberta Provincial, Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa; Deseret Agricultural Society, Fair, Magrath, Alberta; Dominion Exhibition, Calgary, Alberta; Lethbridge and District Agricultural Society, Alberta; Edmonton Exhibition Association; Inter-Provincial Fair, Brandon; Manitoba Winter Fair, Brandon; Moosomin Agricultural Show; Saskatchewan Winter Fair, Regina; Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition. Special prizes are being offered for the present year of 1912, and it signifies a progressive step in the right direction. The Percheron breed has enthusiasm behind it, and the extra efforts that will be made this year will put the breed on an even firmer footing than it at present holds. The Percheron interests are well taken care of.

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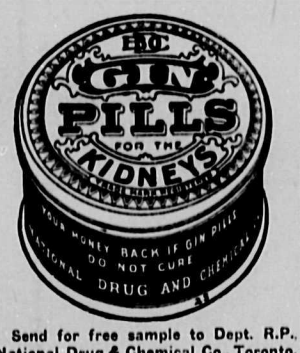

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How It Feels to Fall in An Aeroplane

(By J. E. Worthington)

Five hundred feet below the lower plane of the big Wright machine the Grand River ran, mirror like, stretching away in a broad curve to the north. The last film of nine had been exposed, the last film cover carefully crumpled and thrown down, not backward, so as not to get in the engine, and the big camera had been stowed away on the passenger's lap.

"Now for a pleasant ride back to the fair grounds," thought the passenger and he began to take an interest in the scenery direct instead of sifted through the lens of the camera.

Then—wow!!! Did you ever fall off an Episcopal church, a skyscraper, a wind-mill, or anything else high?

Standing that plane on its head so that his passenger, instead of sitting calmly in the little seat like the reserved seat in a circus, was standing up and looking that stream directly in the face, Aviator Turpin shot that thousand pound plane directly at the river.

Scared? Certainly. Who wouldn't be? You must remember that this passenger's previous experience with aeroplanes had been limited to the seven or eight minutes since he and Turpin had "taken off" from Irve Woodworth's "back forty" six miles up the river above the town.

S-w-i-s-h!!!

Down the machine shot. Probably Turpin was looking for a smooth place to land. As for the passenger he thought a soft spot would be better but said nothing. Before he had time to voice his thoughts or, indeed, think many of them, even, the planes came to an even keel again, the headlong descent was stopped, the machine took a sideways swerve toward the bank of the stream—six hundred feet wide here—and the fall became a long, steady, downward slant toward the earth.

"Rats!" thought Mr. Passenger. "He's just trying me out. There's nothing wrong."

The manoeuvre, now the passenger could think again, had been much like that seen the day before which Turpin called the "ocean wave." Putting on an appearance of masterly calmness, the passenger looked at the aviator. Incidentally he noted that all the paint had been worn off where his hand grasped the stout wooden brace. Some grip. He did not seem alarmed. Levers in hand he was slanting slowly toward the earth, a soggy, sedgy stretch of swamp along the river with just a fringe of hard ground close to the bank of the stream.

But the ground came nearer and nearer, and it became apparent that a landing would be made. By this time the machine was within thirty feet of the ground and headed at such a long slant that it was certain there would be no "hitting" the ground. Not knowing anything was wrong and seeing no reason to be scared, the passenger did not grab the stanchion again.

Lightly and easily the biplane's skids and wheels took the earth, only to leap a little from it as the aviator "felt" the ground exactly as the driver of an automobile feels a sand road. Again it settled, skimming over the ground, jumping a two-foot ditch, finally running along through the sedge and mud of the swamp until it stopped in a foot of water.

Here is where it becomes necessary to take off one's hat to the Great American Kid. He possesses the "get there" facility. Before the machine had fairly stopped three of him popped out of the reeds like frogs, though the spot is one of the most inaccessible near Grand Rapids, and made inquiry, after their style.

"Hello, fellow! Whadja come down for?" they wished to know.

Turpin was very kind. "Because our engine stopped and we could not stay up," said he.

"Huh!" said one kid.

Apparently he did not think well of the explanation. But it was on the passenger's ears that the words "engine stopped" fell the most forcibly.

It was Mr. Turpin's job to run the engine and the possibility of its stopping had never once occurred to Mr. Passenger. No great thought occurred to him. Isn't it odd that great thoughts are better thunk—shall we say—on the ground?

"Gosh," said he, "that was some fall, wasn't it?"

"Indeed it was," said Turpin. "You've had an experience not one passenger in a thousand gets. But how would you like to come down eight thousand feet that way?"

Frankly, the passenger could see no reason to try it. He reflected that as yet terminal facilities are somewhat imperfect in the airship game. As he and Turpin plowed through the marsh dragging the plane back on to dry land, this thought was greatly strengthened.

Down the river came a couple of lads in a motor boat. Pretty soon two others who drove as near as possible in an auto joined the crowd. The aviator lifted the lid off several things about his machine and peered into its "innards." Finally he plucked out a small piece of the vitals and handed it over to the boat man.

"Here you are, Mr. Motor Boat Man," said he.

A broad grin overspread the amphibious one's face. "Gee, I've had the same trouble myself," quoth he.

Being told what ailed the air bird, the auto men also smiled and opined that they, too, had been bothered the same way. Don't tell me that there is no affinity between those who trust themselves to gasoline engines, whether on air, land, or water.

The trouble? The spark plug in the second cylinder had become flooded with oil and burned out. Very simple, but the passenger was glad he hadn't learned it in the air. He feared he might have been tempted to get out and walk.

"What is the sensation," has been asked many times.

Highly exhilarating, is the only answer.

It is no wonder that aviators, intoxicated with the wine of the high air, should take chances that sooner or later send them toppling back to earth. There are people who cannot look from a second story window without being dizzy, but those who have never been afflicted in this way will not be affected by an aeroplane journey, provided they have confidence in the driver. If not, don't go. Why worry?

Except for the sensation already described there is really not so much sensation in the air as there is in getting into it. Your guide and mentor gives you directions as you climb into the seat—and it is an acrobatic feat to get past the wires and braces, too.

"If you feel the need of hanging on, hold to this brace or this wire," says he. "On no account take hold of this lever and whatever you do, don't touch the cord above your head. That stops the engine."

Waving at the crowd is also interdicted because of an accident that happened. The mayor was Turpin's guest. Anxious not to miss a chance, the mayor waved his hands at admiring constituents as the machine rose into the air.

"Of course he pulled the cord and stopped the engine," said Turpin, in disgust. "We came down in a flutter for we were not out of the fair grounds. Knocked over a 'hooch' tent, narrowly missed hitting people in the crowd, and came near getting killed."

In consequence there is one aviator who has cut out the waving of hands as the plane goes skyward.

The directions given, the machine rattled off across the field. At twenty miles an hour across a fallow field many bumps are discovered that were not noticed before. An aeroplane is not rigid like an auto and it begins to seem as if the thing will bump itself to pieces before it takes the air.

Then, before one knows it, the ground has gone and you are—GOING UP!

MODERN DANDIES

More than a century has gone since the last of the Macaroni laid aside his coat of mixed silk, his pink satin waistcoat, white silk stockings with pink clocks, and pink satin shoes with large pearl buckles. The dandy of the twentieth century does not strut on red-heeled shoes, with his clouded cane dangling from his wrist, like the beau of the Restoration; nor does he adorn his shirt-bosom with the fine Mechlin lace, and leave a wake of perfume behind him as he swaggers along Pall Mall, like the "pretty fellow" of early Georgian days.

But though he may cut a less resplendent figure than his predecessors in the world of dandyism, he is none the less a splendid creature, with a proper sense of his personal charms and their adornment.

His wardrobe is a thing for the ordinary man to marvel at, and, in costliness and variety of fine raiment, might make most brides blush for their trousseaux. His shirts alone are a wonder in themselves in their stacked dozens, of the daintiest cambric and many-hued as Joseph's coat—shirts of pink, daintily patterned with white flowers, blue shirts, buff shirts, shirts of olive-green, and, most beloved of all, of dark purple.

His handkerchiefs are of the most fragile and fine cambric, each bearing his cipher embroidered in the corner in exquisite stichery, or inlet in the form of guipure lace. His tie-pins dazzle the eye with their pearls of pink and purple and black, each a flawless and costly gem. His vest-buttons for evening wear, with studs and cuff-links to match, are marvels of enamels, garnets or mother-of-pearl enshrining rare jewels.

He has watches for all times and seasons of wear—one for evening, another for town wear in the daytime, a third for shooting, a fourth for hunting, and so on. And his hats and suits in their infinite variety, for every conceivable occasion, would make many a lady of society green with envy.

And what shall we say of his corsets, which dower his figure with an elegant waist; or, if he is no longer young, of his array of wigs and toupees, eyebrows, and eyelashes, which give to sixty or seventy the facial comeliness of the twenties?

He wears few jewels, but he has caskets full of them at home which would not shame a society belle at the height of her career of conquest. And he is a greater connoisseur of delicate perfumes than the dandy of Queen Anne's day who, before he promenaded in the park, deluged himself, from flowing peruke to gold-clocked stockings, with musk, civet, or orange-flower.

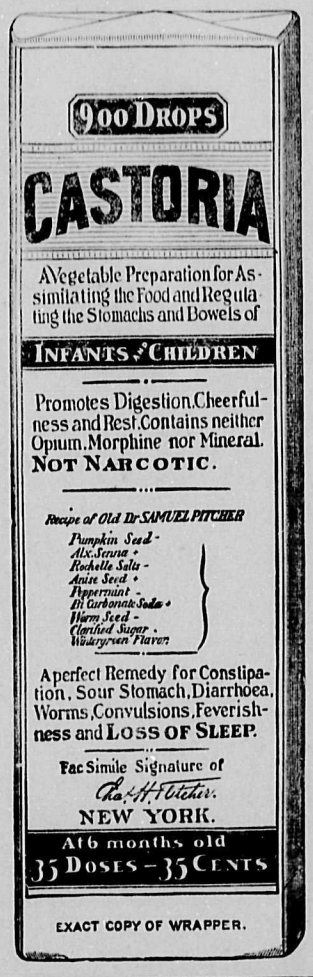
Our modern dandy, however, is more discriminating and less prodigal. He affects sachets, carries a tiny phial of his favorite perfume in his waistcoat pocket, and with a silver sprinkler sprays his lingerie before he puts it on.

Nor, we may be sure, is he any less careful of the beauty of face and hands. In his dressing-room you will find such an array of toilet lotions and cosmetics as would excite envy in many a female breast. Nor is he by any means content with such home treatment as pomades and creams and toilet-waters place at his disposal. He has his own face specialist, to whom he pays periodical visits at so many guineas a time, for steaming, massaging, and other mysterious processes for restoring the smooth texture and the complexion of youth.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of expert chemical experiments, undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption, by destroying the germs that develop these diseases, and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of this Syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected Colds. A trial, which costs only 25c. will convince you that this is correct.

Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: *First*—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless: *Second*—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food: *Third*—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ills., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."

Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."

Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."

Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."

Dr Wm. J. McCrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every nome."

Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."

Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

GENUINE **CASTORIA** ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

If he has a tendency to baldness and the usual lotions fail to stimulate growth, or if he is troubled by hair in undesirable places, he has recourse to the beauty-doctor, who, for a substantial fee, will remove the latter or induce a luxuriant growth of the former with the aid of electricity. The electric spark will equally remove any pimples with which too generous living has disfigured his face, or—if massage fails—the wrinkles with which envious Time threatens his youthfulness.

Our dandy must, of course, pay regular visits to his manicurist at a guinea or more a visit; for he may be prouder of his delicate hands and filbert nails than any debutante of her cream and roses. He must also devote part of every day to physical exercises, under expert guidance, in order to keep his too solid flesh in decorous subjection and to retain the supple and elegant figure of his younger days.

If he pours perfume into his morning bath, who shall find fault with such an effeminate extravagance? He can well afford it; and, at any rate, cleanliness is a virtue we cannot cavil at. And if he crowns all his costly care of his precious person with an annual month at some foreign spa—well, he probably needs all the help he can get from it in order to keep his place in the ranks of masculine beauty.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIS WATCH

The chauffeur watches his motor, the machinist watches his machine, but few give a thought of the little timekeeper running night and day, ready to answer to the first appeal.

If instead of running backward and forward the balance-wheel ran straight around, like the wheel of a wagon, it would run a distance of twenty miles a day, and in three years it would cover a circuit representing the circumference of the globe. Running ten hours a day at a speed of twenty-eight miles an hour, a locomotive would take eighty-nine days to traverse the distance covered by the wheel of the little watch in three years. The watch is fragile and very weak; the locomotive is strong and powerful. But the locomotive is oiled several times a day and at short regular intervals it receives a thorough examination. It is kept in working condition. The watch is never given oil to use according to its running needs. When finished and put in its case, oil is grudgingly applied to its working centres; and, thus provided for its incessant labor, it is put upon the market to run until constant friction brings it to a condition where it can run no longer. Not so long after its run begins all that is volatile in its lubricant evaporates and all that is not volatile thickens and hardens to clog its delicate springs.

Three voiceless prayers, pathetic appeals of crying need, are sent out incessantly by the hard-worked slave of man—one for less careless handling, another for a closer covering for its mechanism, and a thirsty plea for the lubricant that no one but the watchmaker knows how to give. Let man be just. His watch is at his mercy; it is the servant within his gates. Let him not rap it upon the shell to rid its internal organs of their obstacles nor seal its vitals in quest of dust. If the locomotive demands a quarterly over-hauling, why not the watch? Its pivots are set in jewels so thin that a shock shatters them; let them be split even at one point and every turn of the wheel is a rasp. Man has no servant more untiring, more devoted, or less cared for than the object generally appreciated only according to the show made by its case.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

To Men Who Live Inactive Lives.—Exercise in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedentary occupations and the inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

The tea industry in central Formosa will be increased at the expense of the sugar industry. Already farmers who ave been growing sugar cane are turning to tea culture. The special reason for this change is the high price of tea this season and the low price of sugar north and central Formosa is becoming cane. The cultivation of oranges in an industry of increasing importance.

Mrs. Tom Thumb, the widely known lilliputian, has been on the stage for fifty-four years, and is still vivacious and young in spirit. She has visited nearly every country in the world, and has met all the Presidents of the United States who were in office during her stay in America. She is in private life the wife of Baron Magri. Her first husband was Charles S. Stratton.

Relieves Asthma at Once. If you could read the thousands of unsolicited letters received by the makers from grateful users you, too, would realize the remarkable curing powers of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. All cases, incipient and chronic, are benefited by this great family remedy, and many of them are cured. Why suffer or experiment with worthless preparations when the genuine Kellogg's can be purchased everywhere.

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

are new and entirely different from ordinary preparations. They accomplish their purpose without disturbing the rest of the system, and are therefore the ideal laxative for the nursing mother, as they do not affect the child.

Compounded, like all NA-DRU-CO preparations, by expert chemists. If unsatisfactory we'll gladly return your money.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them 24

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

WALL PLASTER

The "Empire" Brands of Wood Fiber, Cement Wall and Finish Plasters should interest you if you are looking for the best plaster board.

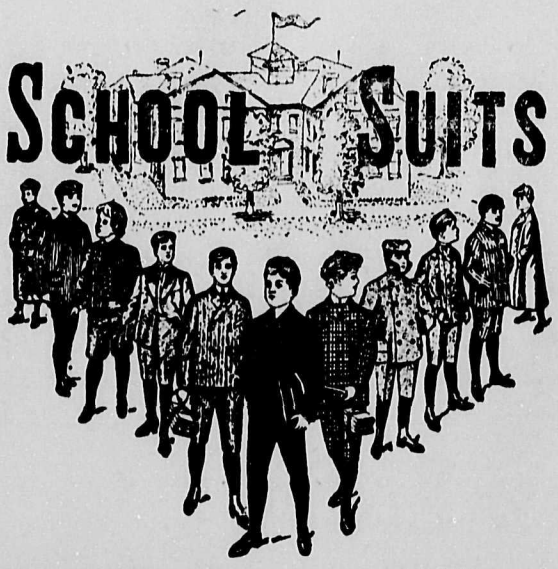
Write today for our specification booklet.

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Parson's Store

Clothing and Furnishings



Hart Block Chilliwack

ORCHARDISTS

The Fraser Valley Nurseries

LTD., ALDERGROVE, B. C.

HAVE THE FINEST

HOME GROWN NURSERY STOCK

Including Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Small Fruits, and Ornamental Shrubbery.

For Full Particulars, write
RICHARD McCOMB,
General Manager,
ALDERGROVE, B.C.

LIVE District Agent WANTED

H. C. POOK

Successor to WM. ARCHIBALD

HEATING AND SANITARY ENGINEER

STEAM AND HOT WATER FITTING

BATHROOM FIXTURES A SPECIALTY

Estimates Given

WELLINGTON STREET

Phone 58 P.O. Box 265

POLES WANTED!

If you have any Cedar Poles for sale, cut last Fall or Winter, please communicate with Mr. Beer, Light & Power Dept. re dimensions and specifications etc., at once.

B. C. Electric Ry. Co. Ltd.

CHILLIWACK FREE PRESS

Formerly (The New Era.)

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertising rates made known on application to the publisher.

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

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

C. A. BARBER, Publisher and Proprietor.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

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

The commission form of government was adopted in Everett, Wash., at a special election last week by a majority of 63.

Most men have enough ability. They're merely wanting in grit. They demand a guarantee from Fortune. They try to keep books without a debit account. It cannot be done.

Citizens should now see that their premises are in clean, neat looking trim. Let every citizen do something, even if it be only a little, to add to the appearance of the street he lives on, by looking well after his own premises.

Boost for everything which will improve Chilliwack as a city and a place to reside in and the valley as regards production and returns on investment of labor and capital and a place for comfortable home making.

An ocular demonstration on the part of the new water wagon would have been a pleasant feature on business streets on Monday and Tuesday. The old one sallied forth on Tuesday afternoon, and while it was not overloaded with passengers the contents had the required effect upon the dusty streets.

Grand Forks Conservative Association is asking the Dominion Government for a striking clock and bell on the new $45,000 post office in that City. Chilliwack Association would do Chilliwack a lasting favor by following the lead of Grand Forks and have a clock and bell provided for our new post office. These additions would improve the appearance of the building and would be very useful.

A great deal has been said and written about the growth and development of North Vancouver. Building permits for that city for April are told forth to waiting thousands by a Vancouver World cartoon as amounting to $59,685. The modest little city of Chilliwack can boast the same month of over $52,000, an amount which lines up very well with the figures of the progressive city of North Vancouver.

The passage way now granted the citizens of Chilliwack by a generous postal department reminds us of the flood at the time of Noah. The animals go in two by two, if they are not over average size, and all going in the same direction, the average man does a sort of checker movement to escape collisions and landscape millinery. The department allowed an enclosed passage three feet wide, but the contractor added another foot to the munificent(?) proportions designated by the postal people. However we may be thankful that we do not have to gain access to the post office from the lane at the rear or through the basement (?) !

The City Council in pushing forward a modern scheme of street improvement, under the local improvement by-law, as outlined for Gore avenue, between Young road and Williams road, is stepping out in the right direction. The grading of roadways on residential streets to a width of fifty feet or more is a big mistake. A great deal of extra labor and expense is required, the drainage is poorer, and the up-keep is expensive, while from a point of beauty, it is a dismal failure. A great, wide expanse of clay or weeds, almost flat, and always muddy in wet weather, certainly is not a thing of beauty or usefulness. Thirty feet is ample for road purposes, and the balance boulevarded, treed and kept clean, is a system of street improvement which should appeal to anyone who gives a few minutes thought to the subject. Those who have lived where this plan has been adopted have not the slightest hesitancy in the matter. The frontage tax plan of payment is equitable and fair and is unverisally adopted by all progressive towns. The results obtained under the new system are brighter, cleaner and neater streets, which in turn develop a civic pride and interest among citizens which spells success. If Chilliwack citizens want to see the city grow, they must first of all do a little cultivating along the live of progressive citizenship.

Hon. T. P. Mabee, chairman of *the Canadian Railway Commission* and regarded as the most expert man on the bench either in Canada or the United States in knowledge of transportation laws, died at Toronto on Monday following complications after an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. M. McSween, of Vancouver, a former resident of Chilliwack, was a business visitor to the city this week. Mr. McSween intends leaving about June 1st on a trip to Alberta and Saskatchewan, having been appointed to attend the sessions of the Presbyterian General Assembly to be held in Edmonton.

CLASSY SUITINGS

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

J. H. TURPIN

Wellington st. Opp. Opera House

Sole Agency House of Hobberlin, Limited

BULL FOR SALE

Pure Bred Holstein Bull, fit for service. From Imported stock.

J. BELLAMY, phone F 106

FOR SALE

Registered Percheron Mare, 4 years old, weight 1600 lbs. Will consider trade for work team. Apply to

H. CRAIG, Ford Road, South Sumas.

WANTED TO RENT

Small ranch with good house and orchard, for six months, with option of purchase at end of term. Send applications to Miss C., c'of Free Press, Chilliwack.

DO YOU WANT A HOME

If you are in need of a nice, roomy, six-room bungalo at good values, you can satisfy your needs by addressing the owner

BOX 94, Chilliwack.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Established 1864

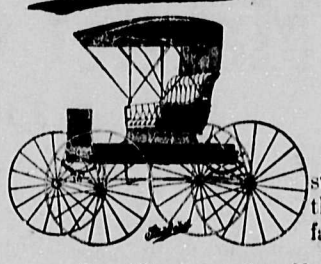
Paid up Capital and Reserve $11,400,000

We give special attention to Savings Accounts. One Dollar only is necessary to open an account, interest allowed at highest Bank rate and added twice a year. No delay in withdrawals. Two or more persons may open a joint account and either party can withdraw money.

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

Studebaker Buggies

Of Comfort and Quality



The STUDEBAKER stands for the best in the art of buggy manufacture.

See Them at Our New Warehouse

Our lines of Implements for spring work are complete

Cultivators **Potato Planters**
Harrows **Plows, Etc.**

For Farm Power our Gasoline Engine will Interest YOU.

Chilliwack Implement & Produce Company.

Pre-Emptions

Who wants 160 acres of Fine Land?

within five miles of new railroad, where the adjoining land is held at from $15 to $20 per acre now, and will be double that price inside of three years. We have located a tract of over 10,000 acres, covered with willow, poplar and pine, with occasional patches of open country. Get full information about this from our office. This land will all be taken early this Spring, so hurry. Call at our office this week.

Chilliwack Land and Development Co. Ltd.

Box 109 Phone 178 Chilliwack, B.C.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD DOOR CHEAP?

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

The Prices Range From
$1.75 to $2.15

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

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

Chilliwack Planing Mills

EXCURSION RATES

To All Points in Eastern Canada and United States. Accommodation Reserved Either by Rail or Steamship. For Tickets and Information Apply to

F. J. HART & CO., Ltd.

Agents For the Canadian Pacific Railway and Dominion Express

Don't Miss the Mark!

Cash, Easy Terms or Exchange.

We have in the prosperous City of Chilliwack a large lot and block, Stores, Rooms and Opera House, corner Wellington and Main Streets and about 2 1-2 acres on Wellington St., a beautiful residential site, which we will sell for part cash, balance easy terms or will exchange for farm lands or improved or unimproved property in Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster or in the vicinity of these cities. We also have 32 acres near Chilliwack, choice land on same terms.

If this interests you write to us for particulars.

R. D. RORISON & SON LTD.

330 Drake St. Vancouver B. C.

Market Gardeners, Farmers, Etc.

DON'T FAIL TO READ!

Our stock of all kinds of bedding plants, including cabbage, cauliflowers, tomatoes, etc. cannot be surpassed. All grown in cold frames, strong and hardy and all produced from the very best strains. Write for our retail catalogue and ask for our special prices to Market Gardeners, Farmers, Etc. in quantities of five hundred or over.

Our stock of roses, shade trees, holly, flowering and evergreen shrubbery and herbaceous plants will satisfy the most asthetic.

We supply on short notice up-to-date cut flower design work, wreaths, boquets, etc.

Royal Nurseries Ltd.

OFFICE 330 DRAKE ST. **Phones, Seymour 5556 and 5557** **VANCOUVER, B. C.**

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.

JOHN McMILLAN
Manager.

R. A. HENDERSON, C.E. & M.E.
ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS
B. C. LAND SURVEYOR
Rooms 10 & 11, Westminster Trust Block
CHILLIWACK, B.C.

JOHN H. CLAUGHTON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC
Westminster Trust Building
CHILLIWACK, B. C.

NOTICE

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.

JARVIS DYE WORKS
428 5TH AVE. W., VANCOUVER

British Columbia Electric Ry.

PASSENGER SERVICE

Westbound---

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

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

Eastbound—

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

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

FREIGHT SERVICE

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

All passenger trains handle Express.

FRESH CREAM

20 CENTS PER PINT

Fresh Bottled Milk and Cream delivered daily to any part of the city

Order for Morning Delivery.

PHONE 275

PRICE BROS.
City Dairy

ROLLER RINK

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

JAMES O'HEARN

Chilliwack Electric Co.

House Wiring
Fittings
Fixtures

J. H. Patterson
Proprietor

Wellington St., opp. Opera House

Public Notice

CITY OF CHILLIWACK

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

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

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

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

By order,
BOARD OF HEALTH.

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

Numerous Items of Business are Disposed of. Gravel Pit Purchased.

Acting Reeve J. A. Evans presided over the deliberations of the Municipal Council meeting on Saturday afternoon, in the absence of Reeve P. H. Wilson.

J. T. Maynard requested additional grading on Margaret street between Charles street and Williams road. The property owners on the Municipal side of the street agreed to pay $3.00 per lot toward the cost. The request was granted.

Messrs. Evans and Bailey were appointed to examine the South end of Lickman road beyond the tram line with power to have same repaired as soon as possible and report at next meeting.

Reeve Evans was delegated to have culvert graded on John Orr property, and also to have bridge repaired on Young road at earliest possible date; also to have Municipal Engineer place stakes on Adams road.

The offer of Geo. Watson to accept $100 for opening up of Schubert road to Carter road; same to be cleared thirty feet wide and made passable for wagons was accepted.

Coun. Brett was allowed to have the Nevin side road repaired at the upper end at a cost of $75 and two boxes of powder.

The Council accepted a plan of road presented by Mayor Waddington across G. Clarke's property Young road.

The Board of Works was authorized to let contract for gravel on Camp Slough road near the Breakwater road, also on the Chapman road and the Casselman road on Thursday May 16 at two p. m.

The refund of $2 road tax to Lincoln Webber for 1910 was authorized.

The Clerk was authorized to purchase two Fresno scrapers, six slush scrapers and one road plow.

Clerk was instructed to have published the instructions of Fire Wardens that all the roots, logs, stumps, etc., dumped into the sloughs must be burnt or Government will burn same at owners expense.

J. W. Creelman and others petitioned re opening of South Sumas ditch. Clerk was instructed to write Wm. McLeod that the the Council would bear one third of expense for clearing out the ditch on the South Sumas road the road to remain as at present.

Clerk was authorized to offer Mr. Beldam $75 per acre for four acres at the north end of the Prest road, twenty rods on either side of the Prest road and sixteen rods deep. Also to communicate with the Northern Construction Co., to ascertain if the Council could secure gravel on their cross roads and at what price.

Council agreed to pay $1050 to S. A. Cawley, M. P. P., for three acres of gravel on the South Sumas road on part of lot 262 group 2.

The rate by-law and trunk road improvement by-laws were finally passed.

W. A. Blow was granted wire for east side of road.

The finance committee reported on accounts amounting to $1784.45 and these were ordered to be paid, and the Council adjourned to meet on May 18, at two p.m.

The Fraser Rising

The C. P. R. river steamer docked at the upper landing on Monday evening for the first time this season. The Fraser river has been rising gradually during the past two weeks. It is however nine inches lowerer than on this date last year.

Mining on Chilliwack River

The following despatch appeared in the Columbian of Saturday:—The Chilliwack river and lake mining district, with the claims on Mount Baker and on Red Mountain, this season will witness more progress in mining than ever before, is the opinion of Ed. Allison, who is outfitting forty pack-horses to transport supplies from this place to the Silicia and Baker claims. For the past several weeks, prospectors have been going into that district by both the Glacier and the Baker trails, and development work in the big mines is being pursued with more vim than for seven years. In the Red Mountain mines, in which Judge Scott of Seattle is a big shareholder, milling and separation is to be undertaken this spring. A large 20 stamp mill has been shipped and is now being released from bond at Sumas. It will be conveyed from there to Sardis on the B. C. E. R. and from there packed by Mr. Allison to the Scott mine on Silicia Creek. The distance in is 25 miles, and the packing and handling of the heavy machinery will entail a lot of work. The location of the Scott mine is just across the international boundary line in the State of Washington. The stamp mill will have to be located on this side of the line in order to get the water. This fact has led the mining men on the Canadian side to view it with satisfaction as it will bring business their way, and give many of the small mine owners a chance to mill their ores. As the Mount Baker trail, which follows the Chilliwack river, is the only accessible way to the mines on the Silicia side the business men of Chilliwack will benefit by the mine development also. The want of good trails is a handlicap to many of the mine owners. Mr. Allison, who is thoroughly acquainted with that district, claims that a very small outlay of money would help matters much.

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

We Repair Watches

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

REG. E. BROADHEAD

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

An A1 INVESTMENT

33 acres on McSween Road two-thirds cleared and the balance easy clearing. First class soil for mixed farming.

Price $250 per acre. Terms to Suit

Adjoining Property has been sold for $400 per acre.

Chas. Hutcheson & Co.

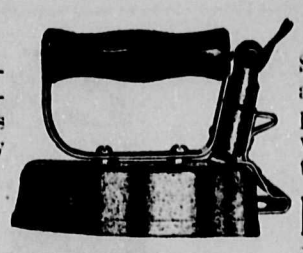
REALTY AND INSURANCE AGENTS **CHILLIWACK**

USEFUL AND ACCEPTABLE

Household Articles

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

El Stovo
The stove which boils your kettle quickly



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

El Perco
Makes delicious coffee in at few minues.

Hotpoint

Phone 257 **S. PUGH** *Chilliwack*

Experienced mothers say Zam-Buk is best for children's injuries and skin troubles, because:

It is herbal—no poisonous mineral coloring.

It is antiseptic—prevents cuts and burns taking the wrong way.

It is soothing—ends pain quickly.

It heals every time.

Just as good for grown-ups.

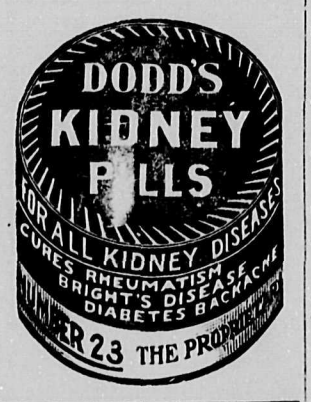
Sold at all stores and druggists.

Zam-Buk

A few weeks ago several commercials were travelling in a train to the north, and had to change at a roadside station far from any sign of refreshment. One of the number whiled away the time by chaffing the solitary porter. time, when the porter's turn came. He had been at this game for some

"I say," asked the funny commercial, "what made them build the station so far away from the village?"

"I don't know," replied the porter gravely, "unless they thought it would be more convenient to have it down here near the railway."



ARE YOUR 'CORNS TENDER?

Why keep them—why suffer when cure can be had in twenty-four hours by using Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor? Its healing balm and soothing qualities relieve the pain in a few hours, the hard kernel of the corn is dissolved away. Absolute satisfaction in a 25c bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor.

Well, Well!

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 10. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

That Reminds Me

STRANGER—What a dear child! How tenderly she kisses her sister's hand.

Willie—Kiss nuthin'! Her sister is packer in a candy factory.

* * *

Gruff customer (looking up from the menu cards)—Have you brains?

Timid waitress (confused)—No, sir. That's the reason I'm working here.

Jonah entered the whale

* * *

Husband—I won't say marriage is a failure, but some are more fortunate in what they get than others.

Wife—You are quite right, dear; for instance, you got me, but I—got only you.

* * *

Marks—Would you marry a woman lawyer?

Parks—No, indeed. The ordinary woman can cross-examine quite well enough.

* * *

When an Irish County Court was about to open its session recently the discovery was made that the court crier was absent. A substitute was provided, and the court had hardly taken up a case when a breathless messenger-boy dashed in with a telegram from the absent official. The missive was handed to the judge, who read:—

"Wife's mother died last night. Will not be able to cry to-day."

* * *

Hostess (after a very meagre dinner): "And when are you going to dine with us again?"

Mr. Jolly: "At once if you like."

* * *

Magistrate: "What! Do you mean to say that your husband struck you, and he a physical wreck?"

Mrs. Maloney: "Yes, yer honor; but he's been a physical wreck only since he struck me."

* * *

Reggy Deswelle (to his tailor)—"Weally, I think I have been very patient with you. I promised again and again to pay you, but if you keep on bothering me I simply won't promise any more."

* * *

"The widow promised to give me her answer tomorrow. I don't see how I can sleep tonight."

"Go to sleep and don't worry, old chap; *she told me when I introduced* you to her that she was going to marry you."

* * *

Father (to his daughter's suitor): "I have sad news for you. I am ruined! I have lost everything!"

Suitor: "Console yourself, dear sir, with the thought that you are now in *no danger of losing your daughter.*"

* * *

Travelling Tragedian: "Much of a house at Podunk?"

Hamfatter: "Very small."

Travelling Tragedian: "Much applause?"

Hamfatter: "Well, a dog in the stalls wagged his tail."

* * *

A schoolboy, asked to write an essay on cats, made the following amusing and original statements:—

"Cats that's made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats are known by their queer purrs; these are called Purrsian cats. Cats with very bad *tempers is called Angorie cats.* Sometimes a very fine cat is called a Magnificat. Cats with very deep feelings is called Feline cats."

* * *

The new millionaire's banquet table was spread, and the guests were about to be summoned.

"Are you sure there are no reporters present?" *anxiously asked the host of* the butler.

"I've made certain of it, sir."

"Then go out and get a few," rejoined the host.

* * *

Wealthy Man (to beggar): "No, I shall not assist you, and you needn't envy me my riches. With all my wealth *I'm wretched, for I'm a martyr to in*digestion."

Beggar: "Well, guv'nor, I've 'eard a lot about indigestion, but I've never 'ad the chance of 'aving it. All I arsks is, guv'nor, gimme the chance!"

* * *

Farmer's Son (who has just returned from his annual visit to Glasgow): "Aye, mither, an' *I bocht a bairometer* —it tells you when it's gaun tae rain, ye ken."

Mother: "Weel, that's what I ca' uncalled-for extravagance. What dae ye imagine a maircful Providence gaed yer faither the rheumateesm for?"

* * *

'I want you to tell me plainly, doctor," *said the man with the fat Gov*ernment position, "what is the matter with me."

"Well, sir," answered the old doctor, leaning back in his chair and looking at his beefy, red-faced patient, "you are suffering from underwork and overpay."

* * *

He could write a comic article that
would make you fairly roar,
And his after-dinner speeches were
with humor brimming o'er;
But when left to mind the baby his
resources were dispelled,
And the funnier he tried to be the
more the baby yelled.

* * *

A couple of visitors from a rural district were in the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons trying to recognize their member on the floor.

"I can't distinguish him," said one, after a hopeless visual observation.

"Of course not," was the honest reply. 'He can't even distinguish himself."

* * *

"*Do you mean to say,*" said Wemys, "that you have never discovered a redeeming feature in an habitual criminal?"

"Yes, I did once," admitted Briggs.

"Ah, I knew it!" cried Wemys, triumphantly. "No one is all bad. What was it? Love of home? Kindness to animals? Love of children?"

"No," came the uncompromising reply; "it was a pawn-ticket."

* * *

"This is the original water wagon!" he exclaimed.

Herewith none wondered that he remained aboard only three days.

* * *

Michael Casey, a politician in San Francisco who has been in office and on the city payroll for many years, was addressing a meeting of his fellow-citizens. It was a labor meeting. "You men must know," spouted Casey, "that you are the roots and trunk of our great municipal tree, while we who represent you in office are merely the branches on that magnificent tree."

"Thrue for you, Mike!" piped a man in the back of the hall. "But did ye ever notice all the fruit grows on the branches?"

* * *

Spendthrift Son—Dad, I've ordered an aeroplane and I expect to fly many times next summer.

Father—Then you'll pay for the thing yourself; there'll be no flies on me.

* * *

Cook—Why didn't you come last Monday for yer dinner?

Beggar—Why, I heard that you were washing and your mistress was doing the cooking.

* * *

When the man who had been hit by the automobile at last opened his eyes a sigh of relief went up from the crowd.

"It's a wonder you weren't killed," said one of the bystanders. "You're *luckier than most of the fellows who* get hit."

"I certainly am," replied the victim, rubbing his bruises. "I got his number just before he struck me."

* * *

"I am pleased to meet you again," he said.

"Thank you," replied the lady, who *had once been his wife.*

"How are the children?"

"What children?"

"Ours."

"We never had any."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. It was very stupid of me I mistook you for someone else."

STOPS A COUGH IN ONE NIGHT

CATARRH AND WEAK THROAT NOW CURED WITHOUT SWALLOWING DANGEROUS DRUGS.

By Breathing the Soothing, Healing Vapor of Catarrhozone All Throat and Catarrhal Trouble is Quickly Cured.

It's simply wonderful to think how quickly a bad throat or catarrh can be cured with Catarrhozone. Its rich balsamic vapor is carried along with the breath into the innermost recesses of the lungs, bronchial tubes, and chest, making it impossible for the germ of any disease to live. Thus soreness in the chest is at once alleviated—phlegm is loosened and ejected from the throat, old-standing coughs are removed.

"I suffered from an arritable, weak throat for three years. I had a severe cought, pain over the eyes, constant bad taste in my mouth, and noises in my ears. It was chronic catarrh. Nothing gave permanent relief till I used Catarrhozone. In one hour it relieved, and in a few weeks drove all trace of catarrh from my system.

"TIMOTHEUS A. SALMON.
"No. 6 Lopez Street, Kingston, Ja."

REMEMBER THIS—You breathe Catarrhozone and it will cure any throat, chest or bronchial cold. Large size, guaranteed, costs $1.00, and lasts two months; smaller sizes, 25c, and 50c. Beware of imitations and insist on "CATARRHOZONE" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

With the Horses

Would the stallion you have selected to breed your mares to this season pass an examination by a competent veterinarian for soundness? If not, make a new selection.

* * *

A draft mare that would be a desirable breeder is lost to the breeding business when sold to do the work of a gelding in the city. Think what such sales mean to the industry. The entire country needs more good horses. There is no way to get them save by the breeding of the good mares to desirable sires. Do not sell the mare. Keep her and breed her this season.

* * *

General-purpose horses are in fair demand, but let no owners of mares think it advisable to cross heavy and light breeds in order to produce this class of animal. There will be enough misfits for this demand if no cross-breeding is resorted to. There is no greater folly in the breeding business than violent crossing. Once decided to raise colts, raise either drafters or light colts, not a combination of each, with the type of neither.

* * *

Spring is approaching, and with it the rush of work common to the season. No more strenuous time is experienced by the horse than that which follows his long period of comparative idleness. Give him as much exercise daily as possible, also as much light work as you can. It will be a benefit in hardening him for the steady spring plodding. Feed must also be increased. A thin horse gets thinner during the sowing of the crop, and, while a fatter animal will lose flesh, he has more reserve energy, and his constitution is not nearly so likely to be injured.

* * *

Few people realize the remarkable advance in the price of horses which has actually taken place during the past decade. Canada's horse trade has surely shown a steady, yes, rapid, rise, as far as values are concerned, when we consider that, as shown by J. H. *Grisdale Director of Experimental* Farms for the Dominion, in reviewing the horse trade on Toronto market for the past twelve years, at the recent live-stock convention held in Ottawa, heavy-draft animals in 1900 brought an average of $150, general-purpose horses $125, and drivers $160, and in 1911 heavy-drafters brought an aver*age of $325, general-purpose $250, and* drivers from $350 to $400 each, it must be conceded that the horse, despite the rapid advance made by motor cars and other means of transportation, has not only held his own, but has grown in favor. The increase in value being, as it is, so great, practically eight per cent. in all classes combined, also indicates that the class of horse offered for sale must be to some extent, at least, improving. It cannot but be gratifying to horse-breeders to know the real status of the market, as compared with a few years ago. Every province in the Deminion needs horses. The Maritime provinces are just awakening to the importance of the industry, and, where there were only two or three heavy draft stallions in Nova Scotia in 1900, there are now nearly one hundred. Quebec is just commencing the breeding of Clydesdales, Percherons and a few Belgians. Over $7,000,000 worth of horses were imported from Ontario into Manitoba in 1910, and $3,000,000 more was expended by the latter province in purchasing horses in the United States. The other prairie provinces have, with their great amount of land still to be settled, practically an unlimited market for draft horses. British Columbia has a strong demand for both draft and light horses of the most approved type. Do these conditions indicate that the horse business is likely to decline? Nothing augurs better for home-breeding than the high market prices and the scarcity of the right kind of animals. We need more good horses and fewer culls. There seems to be no reasonable doubt as to the future of the business, and owners of good mares can do nothing better than to select early a desirable sire with which to mate them and breed as many as possible.

PRODIGIOUS MEMORIES

A blind man who for many years sat with an open Braille Bible in the market-place of a Midland town in England, and who died lately, was the *possessor of a prodigious memory.* So long had he read the Scriptures aloud in this public place that he had become quite independent of the touch of his sensitive fingers on the raised type.

He was often put to the test, and if a chapter in the Bible were mentioned to him, without turning to the place, he could begin to recite it, making no *pause or mistake. As far as the New* Testament was concerned he could also generally quote any verse to which reference was made, and could recite the Gospels from beginning to end.

Another old lady in the north of England was equally familiar with the Methodist Hymn-book. If the number of a hymn were mentioned, she could *invariably recite the words with which* it commenced, and in many cases could repeat the hymn from the first line to the last verse. Furthermore, if the first line of a hymn from this collection were mentioned she could at once supply its number in the book. Indeed, if every copy of the Methodist Hymn-book had been destroyed, this old lady could have gone far towards restoring it from memory alone.

This same remark applied also to the poet Browning with respect to many of the plays of Shakespeare. It is an unthinkable thing that every copy of these plays should ever be lost, but if such a thing had happened Robert Browning could have rewritten a good *many of them, word for word, as well* as the greater part of "Paradise Lost."

Macaulay had a wonderful memory. At twelve years of age he knew by heart every word of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and the greater part of "Marmion." When he was quite a tiny child he paid a call with his father, and, being left alone in a *room, found the famous "Lay" open on* the table. When he got home he sat down and repeated to his mother as much of the poem as she would listen to. When in his twelfth year he took up a newspaper in which were two poems, which he very soon learned by heart. He never thought of them again until forty years afterwards, when he *suddenly recalled them to mind,* and repeated them as though he had learned them the day before.

Richard Porson, the wonderful classical scholar, had a prodigious memory. He went to Eton at an early age, but he had little or nothing to learn there, for he already could repeat word for word the whole of Horace, Virgil, the Iliad, as well as very considerable portions of Odyssey, Cicero, Livy, and many other classics.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, who afterwards became president of the Royal Academy, was not only one of the greatest English portrait painters, but was in addition the possessor of a marvellous memory. His father was the landlord of the Bear Inn, Devizes, which was on the coach road to Bath, and by the time "little Tommy" was five years old he would say to the ladies and gentlemen who stopped for their meals at his inn, "Here's my son. Will you have him recite from the poets or take your portraits?"

This was no idle boast, for he could do either with equal facility, and could roll off reams of Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, not only correctly as far as the words were concerned, but with the proper emphasis and good elocutionary power.

Everybody knows that Gladstone had a wonderful knack of lengthy and exact quotation, and could quote whole pages of Homer, but it is not so gener*ally known that his great rival Disraeli,* the Earl of Beaconsfield, was also the possessor of a wonderful memory.

At a dinner party someone was lauding Gladstone's memory when Disraeli remarked that the feat was a mere trick, and in order to prove his point asked for the loan of any book. The Earl of Derby's translation of Homer *was handed to him. He retired with it* for an hour, and then, returning, repeated from memory the first book—backwards!

Lord Randolph Churchill had a system of memories which enabled him to execute marvellous feats of memory.

SHOUT THE NEWS FROM THE HOUSETOPS

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE SUFFERING WOMEN

Mrs. Savard Tells How They Cured Her Kidney Disease From Which She had been a Sufferer for Many Years.

St. Simeon, Doriel, Charlevoix Co., Quebec (Special).—Only those who have suffered know the blessings of perfect health. The joy that it brings into their lives makes them want to shout the good news from the housetops. They want other sufferers to know the road to health. Such is the case with Mrs. Alfred Savard of this place.

"I have been a sufferer for many years with Kidney Disease," Mrs. Savard says, "Reading an advertisement telling what Dodd's Kidney Pills had done for a similar sufferer I decided to give them a trial. Six boxes cured me completely."

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mrs. Savard they have done for thousands of other sufferers in Canada. The daily papers tell of cures made by them every day. They always cure Kidney Disease and Kidney Disease is the cause of nine-tenths of the troubles from which women suffer.

For Frost Bites and Chilblains.—Chilblains come from undue exposure to slush and cold and frost-bite from the icy winds of winter. In the treatment of either there is no better preparation than Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, as it counteracts the inflammation and relieves the pain. The action of the oil is instantaneous and its application is extremely simple.

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

NERVILINE
Swift Cure for Croup

"Last year two of my children were taken with croup. They coughed something dreadfully, and were too sick to eat anything. I applied Nerviline to the throat and chest and gave it internally, also. I also got the children to inhale 'Catarrhozone.' No remedy could have worked more satisfactorily. I can recommend mothers to use Nerviline; it's a fine liniment."

(Signed) "Mrs. F. E. Knechler,
"Harriston P.O."

It was said that after a single perusal Lord Randolph could recite the whole list of advertisements in the "Times." This feat was also accomplished more than once by that famous humorist, Theodore Hook. It was also said that he could repeat in their proper order the names of the shopkeepers in any *thoroughfare, however long,* after walking down the street and scanning them once.

TRYING FOR TREASURE

Next month the much-advertised Tobermory Galley Salvage Company, *of which the Duke of Argyll is the* president, is to begin its quest for the famous galleon Florencia, of the Spanish Armada, sunk in Tobermory Bay, it is believed, with vast treasures, including "thirty millions of cash." What the denomination is no one knows certainly, but the total is in any case large. Thus far, however, it is the novelists who have drawn most profit from the legend; Stevenson turned it to good account in "The Merry Men."

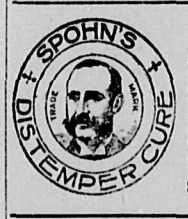
Shiloh's Cure
STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

THE BEST PRESERVATIVE OF LEATHER YOU CAN FIND.

Dealers Everywhere

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited



COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 dozen, of druggists and harness dealers. Cut shows how to poultice throats. Our free booklet gives everything. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—fifteen years. DISTRIBUTORS: All Wholesale Drug Houses.

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

INTERNATIONAL
3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT

We Positively Guarantee

That a 25-Pound Pail of

International Stock Food

Will Save You $7.00 worth of Corn or Oats

Because it promotes digestion and assimilation, and enables you to cut down the grain ration 15% to 25% and still get better results. This saving of grain represents a saving of good hard cash to you.

WE WANT YOU TO FEED 100 LBS. AT OUR RISK

It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied. See our dealer in your town or write us for particulars. Mention this paper and the stock you own and we will send you a litho, size 16x22, of our three champion stallions.

International Stock Food Co. Limited, Toronto

WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

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

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

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

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

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

THOMPSON SONS & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

703 Y Grain Exchange Winnipeg

DICKENS' WOMEN

WOMEN READERS NOT THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC OF DICKENS' ADMIRERS—HIS WOMEN CHARACTERS NOT HIS BEST

IF it is really true (as that excellent Dickensian, George Gissing, always maintained) that women have never been among the most enthusiastic of Dickens' admirers, the reason may perhaps be found in the very simple fact that Dickens himself was no very sincere or sympathetic admirer of women. With the intuitive instinct of her sex, a woman knows soon enough when a man is in love with her, and she knows equally surely when he is only simulating love; you cannot deceive a woman about the one great business of her life. Now, Dickens fills his stage with women, and some of them are heroines, with whom he simulates the tender passion, yet only very rarely does he convince his reader that love is of the essence of the game. His greatest successes in feminine character are not successes of heroism. There is no Cordelia in the pages of Dickens, no Imogen; no, nor any Rosalind, either. Where Dickens creates a real female character, he creates it principally in a vein of criticism and satire. His undisputed triumphs are women like Sairey Gamp and Mrs. Gargery—women before whom others of their sex may well turn away in dissatisfaction and distress. His heroines take no abiding place in the great gallery of the immortals of fiction.

Dickens, it is true, wrote in a very bad time for heroines, for the convention of the early Victorian period was pretty hard upon women. In those forgotten days of "prisms and prunes," a nice girl was expected to be "nice," but she might not be much else. Esther Summerson, the autobiographic heroine of "Bleak House," is an exact example of what men persuaded themselves in the 'thirties and 'forties that they ought to like and to choose for a life's companionship. She is typical of a large class of Dickens' women—the "little" women, very shy, very humble, and altogether abnormally good, talking like a copybook and smiling like a mechanical doll. On one occasion only does Dickens contrive to raise the type into something real and human, and in Dora Spenlow he pictures a little wife, silly, indeed, and childishly incompetent, but adorably lovable and winsome. When she stands Jip in the corner, on the top of the neglected cookery-book, and with the sweetest little mouth in the world entreats her husband not to be a "cruel, cross old boy any more," who is there, with the heart of a man, but would be content to forget the raw veal and the leathery pudding! Yet, even when for once he is more than half in love with his heroine, Dickens cannot avoid pointing out Dora's defects for fear that the reader should miss them. The "Little Blossom" note—the "child-wife" motive—is always being struck, and Dora's creator, knowing that the child who petted Jip so foolishly would make but a foolish mother, denies her the joy of a cradle and of another little Dora to carry her mother's eyes and curls into a second generation. She makes way for a practical, business-like housewife, and Dickens' cynicism in judging feminine character prevails once more over his innate sentimentality.

Indeed the inimitable "Boz" is much more himself when his satirical sense of woman's weakness is given full rein. Having left the "child wife" Dora to an early resignation, he revives her in Flora Finching with all her frailties and frivolities broadened and intensified by maturity.

"Flora, always tall, had grown to be very broad, too, and short of breath; but that was not much. Flora, whom he had left a lily, had become a peony; but that was not much. Flora, who had seemed enchanting in all she said and thought, was diffuse and silly; that was much. Flora, who had been spoiled and artless long ago, was determined to be spoiled and artless now; that was a fatal blow."

Here at last we have the unmistakable Dickens touch—the trade-mark of the inimitable Boz! The milk-and water heroines were his concession to the custom of the time, but with the eccentrics he comes into his own, and glories in a pageant of satirical caricature. He excels himself in his portraits of foolish women; they are of the essence of his genius. Sometimes they are mad women, like poor, pitiful Miss Flite, or grim, foreboding Miss Havisham; but oftener they are not actually insane, but merely weak-minded to the verge of idiocy. Conspicuous among them limps Mrs. Nickleby, a veritable masterpiece. She is the last expression of what a woman might become, fifty or sixty years ago, for lack of education. She has developed like a weed running wild. She has no ideas, but a magnificent wealth of words, and she is always certain, as all idiotic people are, that everything she does, or has done, is entirely wise and right. You cannot converse with her, for she never listens and is incapable of answering a question. She just maunders on her witless way, full of confidence in herself, and full to overflowing of meaningless strings of words!

But Mrs. Nickleby and her class are, at least, not vicious, and Dickens, as he creates them, rather laughs at them than scolds. Against another class—the termagant and tyrannical wife—he raises his voice to the screaming point, as though in an access of personal detestation. In the early part of his life, spent in surroundings of lower middle class privation, Dickens, no doubt, saw many of these women to peculiar disadvantage. In the threadbare lodgings in which he began life he had a fine chance of observing the more violent class of landlady, such as Benjamin Allen suffered under in the person of Mrs. Raddle—always with her arms akimbo, always scolding, the terror of her lodgers and her unfortunate husband. Mrs. Raddle, however, is viewed upon the humorous side, and Dickens was not always so gentle. His books positively teem with vitriolic pictures of the bullying wife, from Mrs. Varden and Mrs. Sowerberry to Mrs. Snagsby and Mrs. Gargery. This last, indeed, is the most unwomanly of the bunch, for she is blessed with the kindest, most chuckle-headed husband that ever formed the butt of a wife's evil tantrums. Or, perhaps, tantrums is not so much the word, as a heavy, impenetrable pall of ill-humor; for when Mrs. Gargery was not actively "on the rampage," she was ominously, menacingly sulky.

One wonders whether Mrs. Gamp treated her spouse so badly—probably not, for there is a certain coarse geniality about Mrs. Gamp which must have made her a moderately amenable, although a sluttish and alcoholic kind of wife. Of all Dickens' studies of low-class women, she stands out conspicuously as the most masterly. There is something almost Shakespearean about the portraiture, allying her with Mrs. Quickly, and the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." Her married life presents a sufficiently lurid picture. With a husband who tried to pawn his wooden leg to get liquor, and a little son who contrived to cheat his father by gambling with the coppers he had obtained for the same wooden leg—("every individgle penny that child lost at toss or buy for kidney ones")—it is an elevating little family circle for the administration of the district visitor! Yet Mrs. Gamp is saved from squalor by her humor, and, above all, by her invention of Mrs. Harris, the imaginary good angel who exists only to bear testimony to Mrs. Gamp's own excellent qualities. By virtue of that invention she might take her place among the lady novelists of her day, and indeed there are not many lady novelists living at this hour who could invent half so real a character.

But the very mention of lady novelist recalls us to the outstanding characteristic of all Dickens' portraiture of women, and emphasizes his ingrained lack of sympathy with the more delicate and human qualities of womankind. Indeed, Dickens was no "lady's man," and no quiet student of the feminine heart. He had a very theatrical sense of life, and his idea of relaxation from hard work was to be in the company of a huge party of men friends, playing romping games all over the house, declaiming his newly written manuscript aloud, and greeted by a chorus of praise as "The Inimitable!" He loved that name, and dwelt upon it in hundreds of letters to his cronies. "The Inimitable!"

But by his own fireside no man can be "The Inimitable." There he must give up playing a part, must resign a perpetual demand for sympathy and praise, and try to live other people's lives as well as his own. The only way to understand women is to stand aside and let them bear witness to themselves. And this is just what Dickens could not do. His splendid and exuberant generosity, continually overflowing in material benefits, stopped short at the obliteration of sex; he could never subject his own predominant individuality to the influence or the remodelling of the feminine touch. The women of his books who live are the women at whom he laughs or the women whom he despises. The woman whom he tries to persuade himself that he loves are lay figures, labelled, but inanimate. Dickens, in fact, never understood the true meaning of womanhood at all. He saw women as good little housewives, good little mothers, and capable managers; but upon the larger issues of life he never saw them, never appreciated their opportunity and power. Of the complete companionship of equal minds he had no conception.

Probably, as the years went by, he himself appreciated this loss of sympathy more than any other. As his restless spirit wore itself out in a whirlwind of relaxation which was no rest, he felt more and more the need of some "citadel of the mind," some continuing city of sympathy and repose. Often he wondered what ailed him; but the critical reader of his books can diagnose the malady at once. For, in the secret places of the soul, Dickens, "The Inimitable," the friend of all men, the universally acclaimed, was absolutely solitary and alone. Of the perfect comradeship of kindred souls, the unfailing union of sympathies in harmony, his life knew nothing. And so his books knew nothing of it, either.

CULTIVATING TROUT

The first cultivators of trout were the Chinese, whose food consists largely of fish found in fresh water. The Romans during the decadence of the Empire also practised fish culture, but it is really to the monks of the Middle Ages, who had an eye to appetizing food during the feast of Lent (when they were forbidden flesh), that we owe the beginnings of an industry now much improved upon in Germany, England, and France. Nevertheless, in no country has it been carried to so high a degree as in New Zealand, where trout may be obtained weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds apiece. In order to grow trout successfully healthy spawn is essential, running water, protection against natural enemies, convenient food, and, after a certain time, provision against the contingency that some of the trout may eat the others.

Before the eggs are hatched, usually in numbers of hundreds of thousands, they are collected in series of incubator boxes through which runs a stream of water pure and reasonably cold. Great care must be taken that rats or other animals that devour eggs be not allowed to enter. The process of development covers a period of from five to seven weeks. The first change to be observed is the elongation of the egg, and then two dark spots, which are the future eyes, appear. Another red mark begins to show where the heart will be. This changing form begins to move. If at this time the little egg is taken hold of the heat of the hand will soon loosen the shell. But it is best not to precipitate events. Scarcely have the fish left the eggs when they begin to resemble somewhat the spawn of frogs. They carry in the abdomen a transparent sac in which is contained food enough for several weeks. After a few weeks this sac disappears and the fish begin to move slowly, looking for food.

It is at this time that amateurs are most apt to lose the result of their labor, for it is extremely difficult to feed the fish. The natural food of little trout is mollusks or small insects such as are found in seaweed or aquatic plants, but it is also well to furnish them with eggs chopped very fine or well-pounded liver or other meat.

The incubators must always be scrupulously clean; they should be entirely gone over every two days at least, and at the time the little fishes lose their abdominal sacs it is a good thing to sweeten the running water. Even with the greatest care possible, out of thousands of eggs it has been found possible to raise only two or three dozen trout; and the dead must be at once removed from the incubators. Of course, if equally convenient in all cases, a pond is about fifty times more serviceable than an incubator, but the water in the pond must be in some way renewed, preferably by zinc pipes. Best of all is a brook of sufficient depth, but so arranged as to keep the fish in constant view either by an iron partition or a board which will prevent the fish from slipping under.

If the place where the fish are being kept is near the sea so much the better, because then it is an easy matter to obtain the little mollusks and other small animals of an aquatic nature for the necessary food.

The trout-growing industry is not a mere pastime, but a very lucrative business if well managed. Large business is done with city markets and with those deputed by the authorities to repopulate rivers with fish. In the latter case, if the fish have been kept hitherto in ponds, temporary change to tanks may be desirable. Then the water to which they have been accustomed should be gradually diluted with water from the river so as to prepare them for the destined change.

FORETELLING FOR THE CZAR

A change of fortune-tellers at the Russian court usually portends events as important as a change of chancellors or prime ministers elsewhere. Russia has her statesmen, but they are for external consumption only. The real power behind the throne is not the premier, but the particular Sludge the Medium whose incantations have made the strongest appeal to the hagridden mind of the Czar. There has been a long heirarchy of these demented creatures, half idiot and all knave, and many a political move that the world supposes to have originated in the minds of Russian statesmen has actually found its genesis in the tippings of a table or the vagaries of a planchette. For many months past the favorite medium has been Iliodor, the "mad monk," who defied the Holy Synod and defied it successfully, and who travelled about the country on a crusade of massacre against the Jews. No one could stop the wretch or oppose him so long as the Czar believed that his was the voice of Heaven. But now Iliodor has fallen, not because the Czar has come to his senses, but because a new charlatan has appeared upon the stage whose mutterings and incantations are more impressive and more novel. The new charlatan is Gregory Rasputin, an illiterate Siberian peasant about forty years old, who looks like a drunkard and probably is one, who has a vast knowledge of the Bible, and a certain aptitude for saying mysterious nothings in an original way. Menshikov, one of the editors of the Novoe Vremya, says that Rasputin is a natural philosopher coming from the depths, almost illiterate, but well learned in Scripture, who talks about religion like a gramophone and who is endowed with natural enthusiasm. Menshikov says that "there was something absurdly wise in his enigmatic words," but further inquiry seemed to show even less desirable traits. His attitude toward women was by no means saintly, and his whole character seemed to deteriorate under his changed fortunes. That his influence over the Czar was already supreme is shown by the fact that the issue of the Novoe Vremya containing this sketch was at once confiscated by the police, and the Novoe Vremya is usually in favor in court circles. But surely there was never such a spectacle as this upon earth. That an empire should be badly governed is no new thing. That an empire should be governed by a hierarchy of spiritist mediums is reserved for the twentieth century after Christ.

STATUE OF INGERSOLL

In the presence of a splendid gathering of many thousands of people, rich in the love in which his memory is held, the statue of Robert G. Ingersoll was recently unveiled in Peoria, Illinois.

Eugene F. Baldwin, as president of the Ingersoll Monument Association, opened the exercises with an address. He told of the Robert Ingersoll of long ago, the dear, ardent, impassioned youth, his heart warm with love for humanity, his brain aflame with genius, his spirit always poised for flights. He told in glowing terms of the story of a noble and triumphant life. He said in part:

"No more fitting time than this month, with its promise of a bountiful harvest, could be selected to pay a tribute to the memory of the greatest apostle of liberty.

"Born in Dresden, New York, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, as he himself says, he 'ate of the bitter crust of poverty.' No one of the present generation has any appreciation of the condition of things that existed in this country at the time of Ingersoll's birth. There was no freedom for man, woman, or child. The scowl of Jonathan Edwards rested like a pall upon the whole community. Man was a despot. Even little children were brought under the ban. . . . Woman was the slave of man. She had not rights that her husband was bound to respect; and as for doubters, to hesitate was to be lost, to doubt, to be damned.

"When Ingersoll was only eight years old, he listened to a sermon upon 'Everlasting Punishment.' Even then his mind revolted at the dogma. He said, 'That religion is a lie, and if that is God I hate him.'

"Ingersoll's father was an orthodox clergyman. He preached the Presbyterian idea, but his soul revolted against the effort to throw the shadow of the cross athwart the path of the slave. This made him a marked man. His wife, before Robert was born, circulated a petition asking for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. It is impossible to conceive the contempt felt for a man who held this idea, and Ingersoll found it hard to get a charge. He wandered from one place to another, only as soon as it was found that he was in favor of freedom, to lose his congregation. Finally the family strayed into Illinois.

"The details of Robert's life here are too well known to need recital. He speedily occupied a high position at the Peoria bar, and was nominated for Congress on the Democratic ticket in 1860. He rejected with scorn the idea that any part of the territory should be devoted to slavery. He challenged Judge Kellogg to debate, and in that debate he delivered the most tremendous excoriation of the peculiar institution that the people ever heard. When war broke out, he raised a regiment and went to the front, was captured, paroled, and came home. Thereafter he devoted himself to sustaining the cause of the Government. His efforts in this particular were worth an army to the Union, and when the war was over he was made attorney-general of the state.

" . . . His friends begged him to conceal his sentiments. They pictured to him that he might be governor, United States senator, and perhaps president if he would simply hold his tongue. Otherwise, they assured him, the whole force of society would be turned against him; he would lose his law practise, his power before juries and courts, and would be deliberately choosing a life of poverty. To his eternal honor be it said, he never blenched; and shortly afterwards he himself was astonished to find that the great, popular heart of the people was with him. Finally, in 1876, he was chosen to nominate Blaine, and his reputation as a great national orator was then firmly established.

"His genius steadily ripened as he grew older. The years found him looking upon life with a wider vision and a broader scope; nor, did he fancy that his talents absolved him from the ordinary laws that bind men in amity. He was an example of all the domestic virtues.

"He looked every subject squarely in the face; considered it from every point of view. He loved the truth; he would not deceive himself. He believed in truth, not simply for himself, but for others. More than anything else, he made it his life's work to think right and to do right. You cannot think right without liberty. You will find today that the religion taught in the churches is more liberal, more kind, and more spiritual than before; and this great change, while it has come about gradually, while it has been the result of evolution, is preeminently the work of Ingersoll."

WRONG MR. ROOSEVELT

The Equitable Life Assurance Society, sad to relate, has issued some vital statistics that seem to run counter to Mr. Roosevelt's views on race suicide. It is, of course, unfortunate for the statistics as well as for the assurance society, and perhaps neither of them will survive the collision. These statistics show that the birth rate and the death rate stand in certain fixed relations, and that when one of them rises or falls the other rises or falls also. Taking the figures for Germany alone from the long tabulated list we find that in 1881 the birth rate was 37 and the death rate 25. In 1901 the birth rate was 35 and the death rate 20. In 1908 the birth rate was 32 and the death rate 18. Why this should be so, why there should be any connection between the birth and death rate may be left to sociologists and others who know everything, but it seems to be one of those mysteries that not even a Sunday supplement scientist can wholly solve. But evidently it is so. The following European countries show decreased birth rates and proportionally decreased death rates: Great Britain, Denmark, Norway, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Netherlands, France, Switzerland, and Italy. The only countries in which the birth rate has increased—and therefore the death rate, too—are Bulgaria and Ceylon. Exceptions to the rule are Jamaica, European Russia, and Japan. From Mr. Roosevelt's point of view it would seem that Bulgaria and Ceylon are the only really enlightened countries of the world and that America and Europe are on that steep declivity that leads to national extinction.

THE BORGIA MURDERS

One could fill page after page with accounts of the so-called Borgia murders. But the circumstantial evidence is as a rule frivolous. There is, however, reason to believe that an attempt was made upon the life of the Cesare Borgia's father which is so diabolical as to be worth setting in the opposite scale. The Countess Sforza-Riario sent a letter to the Vatican. This letter, before being enclosed in a hollow cane, was infected with poison. There happened to be a loathsome infectious disease in the city of Forli about that time. So the letter was laid upon the body of a man suffering from it. The letter was intercepted, and the plot discovered. Also, if we turn to the chronicles of the period, poison-rings were a usual possession, and their use by no means confined to the Borgia family. Indeed, the term "Suspicion of venom" was as usual a formula at an inquest as our own phrase "Accidental death." The worst crime attributed to Cesare was that of the murder of his sister, Lucrezia, for whom he had a profound affection. When Lucrezia was eighteen she was married to Alfonso of Aragon, who was a year younger than herself. Two years later the young husband, who was now the father of a boy, was wounded by assassins upon the steps of St. Peter's. He recovered so far that his enemies found it necessary to strangle him in bed. The story got about that Cesare, filled with jealousy that a husband should come between him and Lucrezia, had hired murderers, as did Macbeth. And Lucrezia herself, a lovely, golden-haired girl, with all the lure of Spain added to the smouldering charm of Italy, also was a victim of these murder tales. We cannot know. Whether the beautiful lips of Lucrezia and the heart of Cesare were venomous, or whether the poison lay rather in the tongues of their accusers, remains a mystery. Another is that of the death of Giovanni Borgia, Duke of Gandia, Gonfalonier of the Vatican. Like all mysteries, the crime was laid at Cesare's door. Having slain his brother-in-law it was only natural, said public opinion, that his brother would be the next, and for the same reason. Cesare and Lucrezia were inseparable, so Giovanni must have made a third, when two are company. True, it was not an age wherein life was sacred. But I will quote two instances which suggest that Cesare's instincts were generous and brave, even when they were barbarous. Cesare laid siege to Forli, and took prisoner the very woman who, it was alleged, had tried to poison his father by means of the infectious letter:

Cesare received and treated her with the greatest courtesy, and, seeing her for the moment destitute, he presented her with a purse containing two hundred ducats for her immediate needs. Under his escort she left the castle, and was conducted, with her few remaining servants, to the Nomaglie Palace to remain in the Duke's care, his prisoner.

How he conducted his campaigns and spent his life can be read at leisure in this interesting book. But one cannot help quoting an instance of how this scion of the Bull, true to his crest, entered the lists as a matador:

On June 24th, at a bull-fight held in Rome—the Spanish tauromachia having been introduced from Naples, where it flourished under the Aragon dominion—he went down into the arena, and on horseback, armed only with a light lance, he killed five wild bulls. But the master-stroke he reserved for the end. Dismounting, and taking a double-handed sword to the sixth bull that was loosed against him, he beheaded the great beast at one single stroke, "a feat which all Rome considered great."

This act seems more in keeping with Cesare's character than does the series of stealthy crimes that corrode his memory.

TARAKA, THE MAORI

The true Maori lives in his curiously-carved and painted hut, but even the older men are led at times to join in the life upon a sheep-run. Taraka was one of these, and had in his mental outlook a curious blend of old and new. There were occasions, it is true, when the tranquility of Taraka's life were rudely broken into. The week that immediately preceded a race meeting in the neighborhood was invariably characterized by an absent-minded attention to the sweet potato plot, and by a slender catch of eels altogether unworthy of his prowess as a fisherman. It was a week of strange dreams, moreover, that succeeded each other with a surprising regularity. It was remarkable, too, that the significance of each grew more emphatic as the period of the races drew nearer. When Taraka approached of a morning, the glow of mysterious excitement in his eyes, it might be taken for granted that he had had a dream. In his sleep, perhaps, he had seen a grey hen swallowing some wonderful grain, the like of which he had never seen in his waking moments, since it was of all colors. Now a grey horse was entered to run in the first race on Tuesday, and the rest of the field were of all colors. What greater proof of the coming result could there be than this vision? The money must go on the grey! Further revelations, dealing with the remaining races were wont to follow. Dream objects, from a bush owl to a turnip-top, were hauled remorselessly forth from their slumberous region to serve in the practical light of day as material guides and portents towards the "spotting of a winner."

Apparitions there are in plenty, and, as the Maori will tell you, they haunt both the gloom of the bush and the still inland waters. On the eve of the great eruption of 1886, Sophia, the Maori guide, saw a phantom war-canoe with its ghostly crew steal silently across the waters of Lake Tarawera by night. Then there is the charmed island of Mokoia, that earthly gem set in the midst of Lake Rotorua, where the shades of the famous Hinemoa and her lover, Tutanekai, may occasionally be seen. In Maori legend pure and simple it is the wizard who plays the greatest part—the wizard who accomplishes marvels, especially of the physical order. Magicians such as these it is who have transposed the body of a mountain itself, or have caused the water of a lake to rise until they inundated and buried beneath their liquid weight for ever some village whose inhabitants had insulted them, wittingly or otherwise. The majority of these gentlemen—whose personalities, by reason of their extremely matter-of-fact, though superhuman deeds, do not provoke anything beyond a languid interest—appear to have been of too aggressive a disposition to have made their presence as neighbors desirable. They would seem to have abounded more especially in the Thermal district, and are no doubt responsible for the presence of a considerable quantity of geysers and eruptions! Picnicking at the "hot springs" is to the healthy as interesting an occupation as is bathing there for the invalid. The baths are an important government institution. No doubt in the old days they were a source of healing and a means of simple cookery, as well as a well-spring of lore and legend.

In a case where a spell has been worked, and the victim—literally and metaphorically—cursed to death, the proceedings have been these. A sign and the message have been sent to the victim, and the latter, from the moment of their reception, considers that his spirit has begun to pass from his body. He calls his relatives and friends about him, and they, equally convinced as to the inevitable end, surround him with lamentations and tangi (weeping). Thus they await the end, and it is said that they do not often wait in vain. Witchcraft of this order—whether potent in actual practice or not—rings strangely in these days of the commonplace, yet the Tohungas still represent a force to be reckoned with by the Maoris. Marvellous it is, too, how this atmosphere of the magical end of the supernatural has blended itself with that of the up-to-date colonial town—the bush township, with its telephones, its freezing works, and its butter factories. To peruse a local paper and to find within its correspondence columns a question by a maori—not improbably the Tohunga himself—as to the legality of the art is sufficient to make one rub the eyes in wonder.

The Maori is a sportsman, but does not take kindly to the restriction and routine of regular civilization. He can accept the rules of the game, but life must not become too like work. The necessary interference with his personal convenience that the life entails is, to his mind, out of proportion to the emoluments received in exchange. If he be not free to spend an hour or so at the river in pursuit of eels—those delicacies so dear to his palate—or to discuss matters in general with a crony over a sociable but lengthy pipe, there is surely something wrong with a vocation that permits not these very modest luxuries. No, let him return to the congenial pah or to his solitary rapu hut, and when he meets a man let him do so on terms of equality, free from the sense of servitude; even if through his retirement he sacrifice some extra comfort. But when bush-pork is to be had for the killing, eels for the catching, and puha, or nettle, is ready at his hand to be plucked and boiled, what more could a reasonable Maori expect? So it is that, usually after an extremely short tenure of domestic office, the disillusioned one vacates his place, a sadder, if not a wiser man.

HAD HELPED HERSELF

She was a fair-haired lady, an actress by profession, and dainty withal. Her head was covered by a concoction in keeping with her general make-up. Briefly, her headgear consisted of a bowl-like foundation, from which protruded plumes mounted on slender wires. She sauntered into a theatre, and took her seat to witness the great piece, "Ashamed of Her Brother."

Ah! someone tugging at her hat. Loftily and haughtily she turned. "Does my hat annoy you?" she asked.

"Not at all," replied the girl behind her.

The footlight favorite thought for a time. She feared she had been ungracious, and, like Dick Whittington, she turned again. "Perhaps my plumes interfere with your view?" she suggested, more amiably.

"Oh, no, thank you," replied the self-possessed young woman; "I've bent 'em back."

COCKNEY

There are not wanting authorities who rise to the defense of the Cockney speech, as was evidenced a year or two ago when the London County Council passed a resolution recommending measures that would drive the dialect from the schools of the English capital. Then appeared a certain Mackenzie MacBride, who put forth various pamphlets and a book to show that Cockney is no modern dialect or corrupted form of the King's English, but that it has an ancient and honorable lineage running back for nearly a thousand years.

Mr. MacBride points out that when the individual "who was born within the sound of Bow Bells" says "thet" for "that," "benk" for "bank," and "byliff" for "bailiff" he is guilty of no corruption of the English language, inasmuch as these pronunciations have obtained not only in London, but in Kent and Surrey for hundreds of years.

In like manner are justified "abaht" and "ahtside" for "about" and "outside." It is further contended that many Londoners have been laughed out of these ancient and excellent pronunciations, and Mr. MacBride earnestly urges them not to change their speech by reason of any uncalled-for animadversions against it.

Whether Mr. McBride be correct or not in his contentions, the fact remains that Cockney has survived for many centuries in the midst of speech that is deemed more cultured. It is a curious fact that in the Bahama Islands, which were settled more than two hundred years ago by Londoners, the Cockney dialect is as strong as it is in Cheapside.

GAS FROM INDIAN CORN

Maize is put to many and important uses which are interesting and relatively little known. The marrow of the stem is utilized, like the cocoanut, for cleaning the hulls of ships and in the manufacture of explosives. The spindles, after the grain is shaken out, constitute a white carbon, valuable as a combustible in prairies and in other places where there is little wood; for this purpose they command an excellent price. It was in considering this use that a chemist hit upon the idea of utilizing them for the manufacture of illuminating gas. Here were quantities of stalks being burned up as waste matter oftentimes, thus liberating oxide of carbon of incalculable value.

A society was formed to conduct experiments, with encouraging results. Various retorts were charged with straw and stalks and a gas was obtained which, after being purified by water, had a caloric potency equal to if not greater than ordinary gas. The cost of production was found to be below that of the gas in common use, especially in those parts of the world where maize is grown, the stalks being available for next to nothing.

The carbon liberated by the burning stalks can be utilized in still other ways by chemists: it may constitute an inexpensive lubricant for agricultural machines and is available as a fuel. Its abundance and high calorific potency speak for themselves regarding the relative cheapness of this substance for the purposes named.

A train which left Bolivar in South America for a neighboring town three years ago has just arrived. The distance covered was 120 kilometers, and the reason for the delay was a storm which derailed the train, killed most of the passengers, and ripped up such a goodly portion of the railroad line that the company owning it was forced into bankruptcy. About six months ago an American engineer undertook the reconstruction of the road and brought the long-delayed train to the point for which it originally started.

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Yet what kind of Fence you want. Sure Mike! An X or Z Lawn Fence. And buy it at

Maynard & Murphy's

Lawn Mowers and Rollers
Garden Wheel Hose

Maynard & Murphy
MAIN STREET CHILLIWACK

Local Items

Advertise in the Free Press.

L.F.Croft, at Mee Studio for photos

For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.

The post office is now lighted by electricity.

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

Thos. Knight was a visitor to the coast on Tuesday.

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

Stock Foods—Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co.

J. W. Hill of Camp Slough, left last week for California.

J. T. Henley was a business visitor to the coast Tuesday.

Trenholm's big clearing sale continues; See advt. on page 8.

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

John McDonald was a business visitor to the coast this week.

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

See Smith's specials for cash at Sumas store. Advt. in this issue.

Don't forget that Thursday afternoon of each week is a half holiday.

Fred. Hart made a business trip to Vancouver returning Monday afternoon.

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

D. P. Dunn, manager of the B. C. E. R. Substation is in New Westminster this week.

Quite a number of local sports took in a ball game at Sumas city on Sunday afternoon.

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

The Williams Stock Co, will present a change of program each night next week in the Opera house.

E. Duthie, manager of the Bank of Montreal, was a business visitor to Vancouver the early part of the week.

The Free Press is issued Thursday forenoon to permit the staff having the benefit of the weekly half holiday.

The weekly half holiday last Thursday was generally observed, and will be even more generally observed to-day.

W. A. McMinn, of Melville, Sask., has been transferred from the Merchants Bank at that point, to the branch here,

If you did not witness "Patience" at the Opera house Wednesday night, don't miss the performance this Thursday evening.

The regular monthly meeting of the Chilliwack Merchants' Association has been postponed to Wednesday evening of next week.

Thos. Knight has purchased a couple of lots on Cheam avenue from Isaac Kipp and will erect a new home at an early date.

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

At a meeting of the Municipal School Board held on April 30, a new wire fence was ordered for the front of East Chilliwack school, and accounts amounting to $1378.00 passed.

Ranchmen and others are reminded that fires must not be set without permission from the Fire Warden, between May 1, and Oct. 1. A heavy penalty is attached to an infraction of this regulation.

Miss Hoyle, the Milliner, has received a large consignment of new milllinery for the summer season. Many delightful and smart effects are shown, in this stock of pretty summer millinery.

Among the passengers to the coast on Monday were: S. A. Cawley, M. P. P., M. M. Cruickshank, Andrew Ferguson, D. H. Day, Wm. Ennis, A. A. Cruickshank and J. E. Harrison of Popcum.

Mr. Wm. Sampson, the Cornish Evangelist, who has been conducting special services in the Odd Fellows' hall nightly during the past couple of weeks, will conclude his labours here on Sunday evening next. The meetings have been well attended, the hall being crowded to capacity on Sunday evening. Mr. Sampson extends a very hearty welcome to all to attend the services during the balance of this week and Sunday.

Chilliwack men who are serving on the juries at Westminster Assizes this week are: Grand jury—Davis Henry Day and William F. Forsyth, Petit jury—Osmond H. Ditch, Geo. A. Dolmony, Charles A. Finney, Harry R. Davis, Andrew A. Ferguson, Henry Fairall, William Ennis, and Charles H. Downham.

Free Press Printing Pleases.

SMITHS SPECIALS

—FOR—

South Sumas Store

Purity Flour per sack	$1.90
5 Roses ,,	$1.90
Royal Household ,,	$1.90
New Zealand Creamery Butter, lb	40c
Wild Rose Pure Lard	
3 lb pails	60c
5 lb pails	95c
10 lb pails	$1.75
Ajax Breakfast Bacon per lb	23c
Ajax Hams per lb	21c
Pure Maple Syrup	
1 quart cans	45c
2 quart cans	90c
Granulated Sugar	
18 lb sacks at	$1.30
100 lb sacks at	$6.80

This Stock is all Strictly Fresh and First-Class Goods.

We sell for cash only and by comparing prices you will find ours the lowest.

A. J. Round, who has been collection clerk in the Bank of Montreal for some time has been transferred to Merritt. On Saturday evening Mr. Round was the guest at a banquet given him by his young men friends.

"No business man in any town should allow a newspaper published in his town to go without his name and business being mentioned somewhere in its columns," says an exchange. This applies to all kinds of business—general stores, dry goods, grocers, furniture dealers, manufacturing establishments, automobile dealers, mechanics, professional men and, in fact, all classes of business men. This does not mean that you should have a whole or half or even a quarter of a page ad. in every issue of the paper, but your name and business should be mentioned if you do not use more than a two line space. A stranger picking up a newspaper should be able to tell just what business is represented in town by looking at the business mentioned in the paper. This is the best possible town advertiser. The man who does not advertise his business does an injustice to himself and his town. He is the man who expects the newspaper to do the most free boosting for his town. The man who insists on sharing the business that comes to a town but refuses to advertise his business is not a valuable addition to any town. The life of any town depends upon the live wide-awake and liberal advertising business men.

Chilliwack Steam Laundry

Yes! Your Laundry Will Come Back to You Clean

We will open for business on

Monday May 13th.

Our wagons will call for and deliver all parcels.

Laundry received up to Friday noon for Saturday Delivery.

Satisfaction Guaranteed - - - "We're all White"

McCARTY & SPINKS

Chilliwack Opera House

WILLIAMS STOCK COMPANY

One Week, Commencing

May 13th.

Different Bill Each Evening
Opening Bill Will Be

"Friends"

Prices, 25, 35 and 50 Cents
Plan at McManus Jewelry Store