

Chilliwack Free Press

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CHILLIWACK, B. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1912

C. A. BARBER
Editor and Proprietor

No. 34

Thursday Afternoon will be Weekly Half Holiday in Chilliwack, Rosedale and Sardis, Beginning Thursday May 2nd

Social and Personal

Mrs. Mack visited in Vancouver on Saturday.

Miss Coote is visiting friends in New Westminster.

Mrs. R. J. McIntosh was in Vancouver over Sunday.

Mrs. A. L. Coote is visiting with friends in Vancouver.

Miss Dean is attending Columbia College, Westminster.

Miss Mowbray of Vancouver is the guest of Mrs. Bell.

Miss N. L. Gammon spent the week end in Vancouver.

Mrs. N. S. McKenzie was in Vancouver on Saturday.

Miss Kennedy spent a few days in Vancouver last week.

Mrs. E. Beale was a visitor to Vancouver on Saturday.

Miss Hebron was a visitor to Vancouver last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Shirly spent Sunday in New Westminster.

Miss Ramsay and Miss Daisy Ramsay are in Victoria this week.

Mrs. Commer of Vancouver is visiting her aunt Mrs. J. Grossman.

C. B. Wilson of Emo, Ont. is the guest of his uncle E. J. Boucher and Mrs. Boucher.

Captain Smith of Vancouver is the guest of his sister Mrs. Alex. McKenzie, Cheam.

Mrs. W. H. McCutcheon and daughter returned on Wednesday from a visit with friends in Vancouver.

Rev. Cecil Leonard and W. Morey, of New Westminster spent a few days last week with Dr. and Mrs. Henderson.

Ewart Henderson, of Columbia College, Westminster is spending a few days at the home of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Abernethy, of Vancouver, visited with Mrs. Abernethy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Henderson this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Law, and Miss Wright, of Carmangay, Alt., are spending a month with Mrs. Law's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Graham, Fairfield Island.

Mrs. George and Mrs. Bradley of Vancouver have been the guests of the latter's sister Mrs. E. J. Boucher this week, Mrs. George returning on Thursday to her home. Mrs. Bradley is still with Mrs. Boucher.

The Girl Guides participated in a drill exercise last Friday and afterwards received the first of a series of lessons in first aid to the injured to be given the Guides by Dr. Patten. Another drill and lesson will be given to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Knight celebrated their 29th "honeymoon" on Tuesday by a visit to Bellingham and other coast points. The Free Press extends congratulations and hopes that many more honeymoons will be their happy portion.

Mrs. W. G. Lillie received a large number of callers at her new home on Gore ave last Friday afternoon. Lovely spring flowers added to the attractiveness of this pretty home. Mrs. S. Carson poured tea and Mrs. W. L. Budd assisted during the afternoon.

The Women's Institute tea held at the home of Mrs. F. G. Calvert on Tuesday afternoon was a splendid success despite the rather unpropitious weather. The afternoon was spent pleasantly in sewing etc. with music, Mrs. Calvert proving to kindest of hostesses. The tea table was arranged in the colors of the Institute, yellow, green and white and looked very attractive. The President, Mrs. W. V. Davies poured tea, and Mrs. W. L. Macken and Mrs. Harry Hall assisted in serving.

Ladies; Tea will be served on Saturday at Ashwells Dept. Store. Everybody invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Gill Richards took their little son to Westminster on Wednesday for medical treatment.

Local and General

Choral Society Concert To-night.

City Court of Revision Monday next at ten a.m.

Sixteen pages is the size of the Free Press today.

H. H. Gervan was a business visitor to Vancouver yesterday.

Read what Parker has to say this week about nobby spring footwear.

School Inspector Sullivan paid an official visit to the city schools this week.

Attention! read Ashwell's Ad. page 7, for Mens and Boys suit, Bargains.

H. J. Barber and R. H. Brock were passengers to Westminster yesterday.

The right place to buy Mens and Boys Shirts, is at Ashwells; read their Ad. page 7.

Two installments of the serial "One Way Out" appears in this issue of the Free Press.

Grading on the extension of Spadina avenue to the B. C. E. R. yards was started yesterday.

Ladies attend Ashwells Spring Sale in Northway Garments; it starts Saturday April 27.

Norman Richardson, of McBride Junction, Vancouver Island, was a visitor in town this week.

R. H. Love, Wm. Topley, Bruce Ryder and James Jones, were among Wednesday's passengers to the coast.

G. H. Franklin manager of Fraser Valley line of the B. C. Electric was an official visitor to Chilliwack on Wednesday.

J. McDade, of Vancouver, is moving his string of race horses from the city to his ranch lately purchased from Wm. Hornby.

Gordon Stacey, who has been paying teller in the Merchants Bank here for some months has been transferred to New Westminster.

C. S. Smith's new store at Sumas was opened on Tuesday. Mr. Smith expects to work up a good trade there, a cash business only to be transacted.

Jas. Robertson is erecting a large warehouse on the trackage opposite the public school, for storing building material. The B. C. E. R. will construct a spur to the warehouse.

High cost of living is being reduced. Buy your Groceries at Ashwells. Fresh Creamery Butter 40cts; Breakfast Bacon 20cts. lb; Ham 19cts. lb; 5 lb. Lard 75cts; Juicy Navel Oranges, 15cts. Doz.

S. A. Parsons, the clothing and gent's furnisher, has a large announcement on page 16 of the Free Press to-day. Read it, for it contains important news for all buyers of men's wear.

W. B. Trenholm announces a retiring sale of furniture and furnishings. His whole stock is placed on market at prices that spell a big saving to furniture buyers. See large posters also page advt. in Free Press to-day.

J. O. M. Thackery, of Pilot Mound, Man., has purchased five acres on the Banford road from H. H. Gervan. F. J. Hart & Co. Ltd., negotiated the deal. Mr. Thackery will erect a home on the property and take up residence in the valley.

Mr. Keith and family have arrived in the valley from New Brunswick and will make their home here. Mr. Keith has purchased eighty acres of the Raine & Carmichael ranch on the Chilliwack Central road, and is a brother of J. H. Keith of Lickman.

On Sunday afternoon the members of Excelsior Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F., and the members of Ruth Rebecca Lodge No. 4, and visiting members will attend divine service in the Presbyterian church at 3 o'clock, Bro. Rev. R. J. Douglas delivering the address. The members will meet in the hall at twenty.

The Parson's Cup

The silver cup donated by S. A. Parsons, the Fit-Rite clothier, for competition among the cricket clubs of the valley has arrived and is a beauty. The cup stands on an ebony base, is suitably and nicely engraved, and is gold lined. The cup will be competed for by clubs representing Mission, Abbotsford, Sardis, Rosedale, Agassiz and Chilliwack.

Fair Dates to be Changed

The announced visit of the Duke of Connaught and party to the coast cities on Sept. 19 to 23, interferes with the dates of Chilliwack fair and it is probable the latter will have to be changed. Last year it will be remembered, the Dominion election interfered to some extent. An effort will be made to have His Royal Highness and suite visit the fairest spot in the Fraser valley, Chilliwack during their stay at the coast.

Eighteen Confirmed

Bishop Neil McNeill of Vancouver was a visitor to the valley on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. After being met at the landing by a splendid band of about fifteen pieces comprised of Indians from the nearby reservations, service was held by the Bishop at the reservation. On Thursday morning three services were also held at one of which about eighteen candidates were confirmed, the Bishop returning on Thursday evening to Vancouver. This was the first visit of Bishop McNeill to the reservation.

"At Home" At Sardis

The 'at home' under the auspices of the Sardis Women's Hospital Auxiliary on Tuesday evening next at the home of Mrs. J. H. Stuart promises to be a most successful and pleasing affair. Those who will contribute to the program are, Miss Barr, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carmichael, Dr. Patten, Mr. Robt. Carmichael, Mrs. C. A. Barber, Misses Dorothy and Ruth Henderson, Mr. S. Kelland, Miss Stevenson, Miss Carrie Knight, and Miss May George, of Vancouver. The program begins at 6 o'clock. Refreshments.

Secured Lillooet Lands

The Chilliwack Land and Development Co., has closed a deal for about 12,000 acres of choice land in the Lillooet country. T. J. Polley, one of the firm has spent the past few weeks in the Lillooet and is enthused with what he saw. He took a number of interesting photographs showing the features of the land and rancher's homes. Mr. Polley expects to return north again shortly. If you are interested in the new country being opened up by the G. T. P. a visit to the office of the above company will repay you.

A First Class Man

J. L. Stark of Vancouver arrived in town this week to take charge of the Dominion Express and C. P. R. Ticket Department in F. J. Hart & Co. Ltd. Mr. Stark is a thoroughly experienced man in these departments coming direct from the C. P. R. ticket office at Vancouver and being formerly engaged in the work at Revelstoke. Patrons of the C. P. R. will now be able to make complete arrangements from this office in Chilliwack for any place or distance with satisfaction. Mr. and Mrs. Stark spent some months in Chilliwack last year and are now taking up their residence permanently.

Meeting of Members To-morrow

The members and officers of the Chilliwack Agricultural Society are urgently requested to meet at the city hall on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock to discuss plans and ways and means in connection with the annual exhibition. The officers are desirous of making the fair this year the biggest and best yet. To do this they must have the support and co-operation of the membership. J. T. Maynard, who is the right man for the work, has enrolled five hundred members this year. The officers backed by five hundred members, should make the fair a winner for 1912. Your presence, suggestions and plans will be welcome on Saturday.

Advertising is the life of business.

Offer For Waterworks

City Council Submits Price for System. The Sewerage Question. Licences and Nuisances.

Complaints re savage dogs, rooting and troublesome pigs, howling calves, flooded property, and an unfair system of business license were some of the matters brought before the city "trouble shooters" on Monday evening. There were other items such as a new bridge on Young street, the wharf telephone, an acre of rock, the improvement of Gore avenue, waterworks and sewers, while H. T. Goodland wanted to get up through the roof of the city hall, not to view the magnificent panorama, but to hoist the recently purchased flag in its proud position to flutter in the balmy and gentle zephyrs which float over and in the vicinity of the civic monument of Chilliwack's prosperity and stability.

The Chilliwack Poultry Association asked for the use of the city hall for a meeting on Saturday, April 4. Referred to Mayor with power to act.

The co-operation of the Council in seeking assistance for the China Relief fund was asked. Received and filed.

The Canadian Highway Association sent an invitation to the Council to be present at the ceremony of driving the first post of the Highway at Alberni on May 4. Received and filed.

Mrs. M. C. Hall presented a bill for \$100 damages to her property by water from Wellington street being drained onto her lot. The Mayor reported that he had interviewed Mrs. Hall and would also take the matter up further. The letter was received and filed.

Frederick W. Lee wrote complaining of an unruly dog, the property of Mr. Dickie, stating that the canine was an annoyance to him and asking the council to intervene. The doggie and his annoying propensities and the communication were referred to the city dog catcher.

A letter was read from I. Kipp, and Wm. Knight was heard regarding what they considered as an unfair license, in that Kipp's mill and the Chilliwack planing mills were asked to pay a license while the Chilliwack Cannery was exempt. It was pointed out that the cannery people did only a wholesale business and was exempt under the by-law. Mr. Knight thought that those who do manufacturing from raw material should be exempt. Ald. McGillivray thought that the license did not encourage manufacture. Alderman Carleton thought the case cited unfair, but that it was hard to know just where to draw the line. Ald. Gervan thought that all should pay or none. Ald. Goodland and Eckert concurring. The matter was left to the Mayor and Clerk to report at next meeting.

W. J. Laughlin the building inspector addressed the Council on the matter of street allowances granted contractors and builders and asking for information as to what regulation the council wished to adhere to in the matter, and also asking for the support of the council in the enforcing of regulations. The Council decided that the regulation width of street, periods of time, etc. must be adhered to and these would be sustained by the Board.

A report was received from the Municipal Council relative to the construction of a new bridge over Hope river on Young street and the grading of Margaret street between Hazel and Charles streets. The city will have the work done, the municipality to bear half the cost in each case. Tenders for the bridge must be in by April 29. The bridge is now closed to vehicle traffic. It was also thought best to have the bridge built before high water. The approximate cost will be about \$1,000.

The Mayor reported that the B. C. Electric was not desirous of selling or leasing the lighting and power equipment at Chilliwack, but had visited the officers of the company and asked for a reconsideration of the matter.

H. W. Hall, secretary of the Fire Brigade, presented a report of 194 hours service at practice and

fires, which was referred to the Fire, Water and Light committee.

The Hospital presented a bill of \$46.50 for treatment of a patient placed there by the Board of Health. Referred to the Board of Health.

W. B. Trenholm asked for \$1.50 over contract price for the table used by the Council Board, owing to same costing him more than the contract called for. In view of the amount of business given Mr. Trenholm the Council thought the contract price should be adhered to.

A bill for telephone charges at the wharf was presented. It appears that the service has been maintained by the two councils as a convenience to citizens, but a continuance of the service under present circumstances was left to the new alderman, Mr. McGillivray to look into and report.

Ald. Carleton brought forward a motion providing for a By-law governing the planting of trees and boulevarding of city streets. If this work is not provided for as covered under the General Local Improvement By-law passed a few weeks ago, a separate by-law providing for this necessary and important work will be drawn up.

The reckless driving of automobiles, motor-cycles, etc., through city streets was warmly discussed. The practice constitutes a grave menace to the public, particularly so in a city laid out as Chilliwack is. The Chief of Police will be asked to enforce the provincial law governing the rate of speed.

The clerk was instructed to write the President of the Elk Creek Water Works Co., stating that the city was now prepared to purchase the plant at its present cost price plus a bonus of thirty per cent, and asking for a prompt reply.

A ditch in a bad state of repair on the B. C. E. R. property interferes with the drainage of portions of the city property and the company will be asked to have ditch cleared of obstructions.

Jos. Peers appeared before the council asking for relief from certain nuisances in the forms of pigs and calves on the property of Mr. Levard. The pigs persisted in visiting his garden at any hour, while calves exercised their youthful vocal chords continuously, until the nerves of those within the block were almost at the breaking point. The doleful bawling monotony and the loss of sleep, worked unnecessary hardships on the nearby residents. The council thought such nuisances should be abated at once, and that pigs should not be kept within the city limits. Ald. Goodland was delegated to have the nuisance abated at once.

Ald. Eckert reported that he had secured an option on acre of rock at Little Mountain, from the owner Mr. Beldam, for \$300. The acre would furnish the city with rock for many years to come and the council decided to purchase the acre at that price. Last year \$250 was paid for half an acre containing a great deal less rock in proportion.

Ald. McGillivray wanted to know how much of the \$10,000 drainage loan was left and where the money had been spent. Some \$500 remains but no one present seemed to know where the \$9500 was spent. The information on this point was an absent quantity.

Ald. Goodland thought the Board of Works should meet for the discussion of city work and expenditure and that Road Supt. present a written monthly report. The idea met with the approval of the rest of the council and the second Monday evening each month set was apart for this purpose.

Ald. Gervan reported that his trip to Portland was futile as far as securing a team of trained horses for the fire hall was concerned. He had also visited Seattle but none were for sale there. He had picked up a few ideas about street grading and roadmaking. Roadways in residential streets were constructed thirty feet wide the balance of the hundred or sixty-six feet being utilized as boulevards and sidewalk, and he thought it was time Chilliwack had adopted some more modern plan of street construction. Out of the discussion which followed, Ald. Eckert moved that the Street Commissioner submit a statement the probable cost of macadamizing and boulevarding Gore avenue from Young road to Williams road, the roadway to be thirty feet wide, and to be paid for

under local improvement By-law. Bonds of \$1000 each by D. H. Carleton and T. E. Caskey were accepted bonding D. E. Carleton as treasurer and collector.

The sewage question was by no means killed by the vote against it recently, as it bobbed up serenely on Monday evening. No definite action was taken but it is likely that a modified plan of a trunk system will be prepared to cost \$30,000 or \$40,000, and will be submitted to the people about three or four months hence.

The securing of a team temporarily, for the Fire hall was left with Chairman Carleton of the Fire, Water and Light committee with power to act.

To Divide Municipality

Agitation to Divide Chilliwack Municipality in Two. Advocates of the Change Claim it Would Benefit All Concerned.

There is an agitation on just at present which may result in the forming of two Municipalities of the now Municipality of Chilliwack. As proposed the division will be about Little Mountain and the Municipalities would probably be known as those of Chilliwack and Rosedale. The arguments put forth for such a division are that each part of the now Municipality of Chilliwack would receive more and better attention, some of the more distant parts of this Municipality now claiming they are not getting their full share of the money expended on roads, etc. This is a warm question at the present day in town and valley both and more will probably be known of the movement next week.

Auction Sale of Property

Arrangements are being made by Messrs. Bent & Goodland, real estate agents, for a big auction sale of industrial and residential sites comprising the property lying between Young road and Yale road inside the city limits. A special excursion will be run over the B. C. Electric from Vancouver to accommodate outside buyers. J. J. Miller will be the auctioneer and the date of the sale is May 4. Read the half page announcement in the Free Press to-day.

Bayliss-Russell

A quiet wedding took place at the Presbyterian Church on Saturday afternoon, April 20th, when Miss Ella Bayliss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bayliss, of Promontory Flats, Sardis, was married to Mr. Charles Robert Russell of Chilliwack. Rev. Mr. Douglas officiating. The happy couple left on the six tram for Bellingham and the Coast cities on a two weeks honeymoon, after which they will return to make their home in Chilliwack.

Three Corners Contest

Chilliwack Valley has been divided off into three districts for prize exhibits at the Fall Fair the first comprising of land north of the Trunk road from Chilliwack to Sumas, the second and third to be divided by the Veider road one being east and the other west of that line. It is thus hoped to stimulate greater rivalry between opposing districts in their efforts to show how much and how well they can produce different products. A hundred dollars will be divided up for prizes in this competition.

Free Press Printing Pleases.

W. H. McEwen left yesterday to take up land in the northern interior.

Alterations in the post office building afford increased space in the waiting room.

E. J. Boucher is the latest addition to the local real estate firms. His office is on Westminster street east.

John Turner has been appointed Captain of the Fire Brigade No. 2, and will be assisted by a good company of men.

Leut.-Col. Boulbee is the third party selected by Messrs. E. Duthie and J. Howe Bent in the arbitration proceedings re widening of Young street at five corners.

What Followed a Cut

A Magistrate's Wonderful Experience With Zam-Buk

Mr. J. E. Arsenault, a Justice of the Peace, and stationmaster at Wellington, on the Prince Edward Island Ry., has had a wonderful proof of the healing power of Zam-Buk. He says:

"Four years ago, I had an accident. I slipped in the station and fell on a freight truck, sustaining a bad cut on the front of my leg. I thought this would heal, but instead of doing so it developed into a bad ulcer and later into a form of eczema which spread very rapidly and also started on the other leg. Both legs became so swollen and sore that I could only go about my work by having them bandaged. My doctor said I must stop work and lay up.

"After six months of this trouble I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. I tried all the salves, liniments and lotions I heard of, but instead of getting better I got worse. "This was my condition when I got my first box of Zam-Buk. Greatly to my delight that first box gave me relief. I continued to apply it to the sores and day by day they got better. I could see that at last I had got hold of something which would cure me, and in the end it did.

"It is now over a year since Zam-Buk worked a cure in my case, and there has been no return of the eczema or any trace of it."

Such is the nature of the great cures which Zam-Buk is daily effecting. Purely herbal in composition, this great balm is a sure cure for all skin diseases, cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, blood-poisoning, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, cuts, burns and bruises. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price.

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

SOME ARE FURNISHED

The office of the Criminal Identification Bureau at Ottawa has records, finger-prints, and photographs of no fewer than 5,500 murderers and thieves. For a young country this is really splendid.

When Your Eyes Need Care

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

STAMMERERS

can be cured, not merely of the habit, but of its cause. The Arnold Institute has permanently restored natural speech to thousands—is doing it to-day. Write for full information and references to THE ARNOLD INSTITUTE, BEHLIN, ONT., CAN.

CANADA BEATS THE UNITED STATES

MORE HONORS FOR GIN PILLS

Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A. "Having taken two boxes of your excellent GIN PILLS, they relieved me so much that I am quite satisfied with the results. I gave an order to my druggist about three weeks ago to send me some more. Nothing has come yet and I had to borrow a box from a lady friend who is also using GIN PILLS. I have none left and am sending you \$1.50 for three boxes which I would ask you to send at once as I am not quite so well when I am without GIN PILLS."

AGATHE VANESSE.

Gin Pills must be good when people in Massachusetts send all the way to Toronto to get them. There is nothing like Gin Pills—nothing just the same or just as good. Don't accept substitutes if you value your health and want to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Trouble, or Rheumatism. Insist on having Gin Pills. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. R.P., Toronto.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Gout, Ven. Gout and Rheumatic Joints, Sprains and Bruises respond quickly to the use of ABSORBINE, JR. Always pain and inflammation. Mild and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed. In all cases, successful in other cases, why not in yours? ABSORBINE, JR. is sold in 15c and 30c bottles of 10c and 20c. W. F. YOUNG, P.O. Box 210, Montreal, Can. Also furnished by Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; the National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary, and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver.

FURS

Trappers, Dealers, in any kind of furs, cannot afford to dispose of their collections without first obtaining our prices sent upon request. Remittance forwarded day goods received. Express and mail charges on all shipments paid by us. Canada's Largest Fur Operator. Your correspondence solicited. John Hallam Toronto

NA-DRU-CO Ruby Rose Cold Cream

A toilet delight, with the exquisite fragrance of fresh roses. Makes chapped hands smooth and soft and keeps them so. Preserves the most delicate complexion against exposure to the severest weather. Try it—you'll certainly appreciate it. In 25c. opal jars, at your druggist's. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 154

His Mother

Dr. Russell Kelso Carter

I.

The weary, thirsty, dusty regiment struggled painfully up the steep foothills of the Algerian mountains, in pursuit of the most daring predatory band that had ever foiled the best men France could send against a foe. Robert, the Colonel, sat his stumbling horse as erect as ever, but even his iron strength felt the fatigue of the forced march. A poor, battered private soldier slipped on the rocks just ahead, and came sliding back right to the feet of the horse. The officer reined sharply, uttering a stern "Hey!" Rising to his feet the soldier saluted, saying: "Pardon, Colonel. This is not la belle France."

The line struggled on, but the Colonel's thoughts were far away. A little village in fair Provence; the vines clustering round the cottage doors; the young men and maidens gathering about the well; the children playing gaily in the road. Away up on the hillside a handsome chateau. Out of a framing of flowering vines a clear-cut, aristocratic face surmounted by a white pompadour looked down upon him. "Ah!"

The private soldier had fallen again in the way. He was hardly able to stand. The Colonel glanced along the line. Men were dropping to the ground from sheer exhaustion. It was no use. Human flesh could stand only so much. Camp was pitched for the night.

When all was in order, the sentries properly posted, and a few vedettes thrown out in the direction of the enemy, the Colonel entered his tent with a word to the guard to wake him in four hours. Then he fell across his pallet and slept the sleep of the dead. Just before the time elapsed shots were heard on the mountain. The sentry entered the tent and shook the sleeping officer.

Rising stiffly, the tired Colonel was soon in the saddle making a tour of the camp. Far up the gorge, where the vedettes had been posted, he came upon a soldier huddled against a rock, his gun lying by his side. An attending sergeant bent over and examined the prostrate man.

"Dead?" queried the Colonel, hoarsely. "Asleep, Colonel," replied the sergeant, roughly shaking the unfortunate sentinel.

With a great effort the miserable man regained his feet. A lantern held near revealed the lines of weariness in his face and the pallor of exhaustion. One faltering hand rose in salute. The iron Colonel spoke sharply: "Jacques Rideau?"

"Jacques Rideau, Colonel."

"Did you hear the shots?"

"Shots? No, Colonel, I heard none."

"Did you see the enemy pass your gorge?"

"No, Colonel."

"What were you doing?"

"I? Mon Dieu! Colonel, I was in Provence. I saw nothing, heard nothing—but my mother's voice, as she looked out from the vine-clad cottage."

"Under guard!" commanded the Colonel, cutting off any further words.

II.

The court-martial was brief. The evidence was straightforward and conclusive. Jacques Rideau, a vedette on duty, was found asleep on his post. Taking advantage of his fault, the enemy had almost gained possession of a point from which a successful attack was comparatively easy.

In defence there was only the prisoner's story. This was drawn out by persistent questioning, for the poor fellow appeared to have no hope, and no desire to battle for his life. He was tired; yes, he was so weary he had fallen twice before the Colonel. But he had slept two hours before being called to go on post. He remembered watching the dim outlines of the hills and the fleecy clouds in the sky. Did he try to keep awake? Certainly. He paced about. He held his gun at arm's length till it dropped. He pinched himself many times. He swung his arms about. He remembered falling down beside the rock. He called on his pride to save him from disgrace. Yes, he did all that. But it was no use. He lost all memory, thought, consciousness. There was no valid excuse; he knew that well. He was very sorry to bring disgrace upon his uniform. He hoped the Court would believe him. That was all he could say.

The finding of the Court was "Guilty of sleeping on post in face of the enemy." The sentence was "to be shot at noon."

III.

The iron Colonel directed the sergeant of the guard to do any favor possible for the prisoner. Then he went to his tent and slept two hours, and partook of a meagre breakfast. While so engaged a bearer of despatches arrived and was at once conducted to the Colonel, to whom he delivered the precious packet. Among several official documents the Colonel found some private letters which, with stern devotion to duty, were left to the last. A smile forced itself across his rugged features as he opened a letter directed to himself in a delicate hand—a letter from the aristocratic lady with the white pompadour away off in far Provence. As he read the lines softened in the strong face, and he found it necessary to clear his vision more than once.

"Your mother is so proud of you, my dear, dear son. Many times I hear your name, always with honor and respect, frequently with admiration. A real soldier, like his father, they say. How it warms my old heart!"

The Colonel rose to his feet, stretched out his arms violently, and swallowed hard. Then he walked to the door of the tent, turned, and sat down again, the letter in his hand.

"It is good, my dear son, that you have no worry concerning me. My competence is ample. Even if—I am only forcing myself to write it—

you should not come back to me—the good God forbid! There is nothing to think of. I have money and friends, and a close relative or two, like dear little Anna. Ah! I am sure even the Colonel, with his grand air, will smile at that name."

"Ah!"

The Colonel sighed sharply, then crushed the precious letter in his hand as the sergeant stood at the door.

"What is it?" he demanded, rather harshly.

"This letter, from the prisoner, Colonel."

He took it mechanically, the sergeant standing rigidly at attention while he read it. It ran thus:

"Colonel, pardon, I mean not to intrude. I have no excuses to make. No, not that. The law is hard, and bends for no man. But, Colonel, there is one thing. The sergeant said I could have anything reasonable. Maybe this is not reasonable. One can only tell by asking.

"When one is facing death there is no time for many things; but, Colonel, it seems only a step to beautiful Provence, and the little village where, pardon me, Colonel, we two were boys together; you and I. The street by the well is not long, but it seems, Colonel, as if it holds more beauty than any street on earth, even in great Paris itself. There is the little school, where the big boys bullied me once, till a bigger boy, Mr. Robert, came and helped me beat them. There is the widow Brevard's store, where we used to go for tea and sugar; and, oh! so many places that the heart remembers.

"The tiny cottage, Colonel, at the turn of the street; the cottage with the yellow jasmine growing on the porch, and the flowers in the window in winter; the cottage with the scrap of a garden behind it on the hill. And there, in the porch, her knitting in her hand, I see my mother. Pardon me, Colonel, but when I see her in my mind's eye, then, then it does seem hard that I must die at noon.

"But I ask no different sentence. I know the discipline must be as it is. But I think of my mother, Colonel, and it comes into my head, what is she thinking of her son just now?"

The iron Colonel turned himself so as to present his back to the sergeant, standing there stiffly at attention. Then he read on.

"There is just one thing, Colonel, that I dare to ask. Maybe it is impossible, but I will ask it. Mother has a little cottage, and the tiny garden, and a very small stipend that goes with it. She can live on it;—just live. Yet it is enough, and often we thanked God together that she would not want if I fell in the wars. And when I remembered how old and feeble mother is becoming, there was always a warm place in my heart, for had she not enough? The tiny garden gives her food, and the cottage shelters her grey head from the storms, and the stipend pays the taxes, and a little over for the few things she needs. Thank God!

"But now, Colonel, the law is hard and bends for no man. All that came to me from my father's brother, whose name I bear. It all stands in my name. True, I made a will when I enlisted, and it is all for her, every sou for mother. That is well. But, Colonel, if I die for a crime, though it be a military one, if I die thus, under the law my property reverts to the Government. A felon, a criminal, cannot make a will; he is nothing; he is dead already when sentence is pronounced; he can leave nothing, for he has nothing. And my mother! Mon Dieu! Colonel, my mother!"

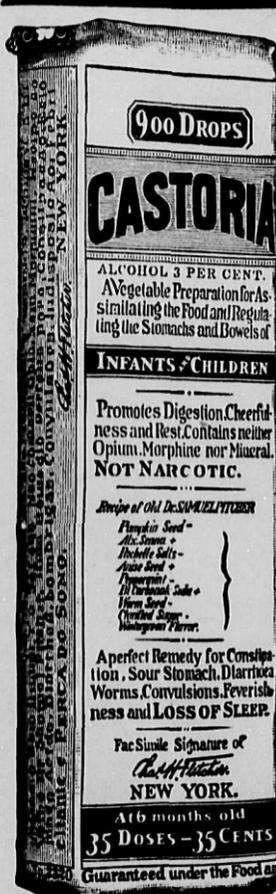
"The law is hard, hardest to the poor. From him that has little it takes away he more. And it has no heart; no mercy. Mother will be beggared; an outcast from her little home; thrown into the street as the cold weather is coming on. Colonel, what is it to a man to stand up and be shot? That is nothing. But to think of one's mother, the mother that nursed him and cared for him, starving on the street, dying in some deserted place beside the cold, winter river. A man cannot stand up to that. It is too much.

"If only it could be that my mother should write to me and say, 'Do not worry, my son; for I have a competence; I have friends; there is Hortense to be with me.' Colonel, do you remember the rosy young Hortense at the well with her pail? How sweet she was! But she is dead these three years. That is why I enlisted, Colonel. I never told it before. Yes, that is why!"

The erect figure of the Colonel swayed slightly where he stood. His left hand crumpled the other letter, the letter from the aristocratic lady with the white hair; the lady who had home, and money, and friends, even if he never went back to her alive and well. He swallowed hard again, and read on to the end.

"There is just one way, Colonel, just one way. If the enemy had shot me from behind the rocks, it would be well. Mother would have the house, and the garden, and the stipend; all her very own, to the end of her life. If I am executed at noon she has nothing, nothing in the world. Mon Dieu! Colonel, if you love your mother, send me a revolver and a bottle of wine. Maybe it is no use to ask it, but with all my heart I ask. I could not help sleeping any more than I could help falling if shot in the heart; but I make no excuses. The discipline is strong. It must be, I know. And the law is hard, so hard it cannot bend for a poor man. Colonel, send me the revolver and the wine. If I die before noon I am no felon. The will holds. The house and garden are hers. Mother is provided for. It will be good, even in another world, for a man to remember he did all he could for his mother, who helped him so much when he was feeble. Mon Dieu! Colonel, help, this once; not for me, but for my mother!"

The iron Colonel's hand trembled strangely as it picked up a revolver lying on the table. For an instant his



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keen grey eyes gazed piercingly at the weapon, as if measuring its powers and possibilities. Twice he turned it over, seeming to weigh it in his hand, pressing his lips firmly together and knitting his brows in deepest thought. Suddenly he took a decided step towards the subaltern, and partly extended his hand with the weapon. AS he did so the other hand struck against a chair-back, and the letters fell to the floor. As he stooped and picked them up his eyes fell upon the words in the first letter.

"Your mother is so proud of you, my dear, dear son."

The Colonel laid the revolver on the table in its former position, twisted his

moustache fiercely, and said, in a low, even tone, very different from his harsh voice of command, as he indicated the wine and glasses on a tray:

"Let him have two bottles."

Then, as the soldier stood gazing, as though he did not understand the order, the Colonel added a few short, sharp words, and pointed towards the tent which served as a guard-house. The silent sergeant saluted and went out with a grim smile upon his lips.

A few minutes later the culprit started to his feet as the sergeant entered. His glance went instantly to the tray in the officer's hand and his cheek paled.

"The wine! Ah! But no revolver. Mon Dieu! help my poor little mother!"

"Attention!" commanded the sergeant. The soldier straightened and put his hand to his cap. His senses were reeling. Did he hear aright? The sergeant was speaking.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

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

I'd rather be a could be, if I couldn't be an Are; For a could be is a may be, with a chance of touch-par. I'd rather be a has been than a mighty have been by far; For a might have been has never been, but a has was once an are.

As a result of investigations undertaken by the Commission of Conservation, it has been ascertained that there are 1,016,521 horse-power developed from water-power in Canada. If this power ever becomes fully developed coal strikes will have no terrors for Canadians.

Owing to the mills having bought up all the No. 1 Hard wheat available and a shortage of seed wheat, has sent the price upward. As a result also the price of flour is advancing. Last year there was a heavy crop of wheat but owing to unfavorable harvesting conditions a large quantity was spoiled.

It transpires that there is no city by-law regulating the keeping of pigs within the city limits. The city requires sewerage in the worst way, the central portion of the city being in dire need, and yet within a couple of blocks of the five corners a bunch of pigs thrive and fatten. With such a state of things it is not much wonder that there are some who do not recognize the need of sewerage. If we cannot have sewerage, citizens should at least not be asked to endure pig stys, in addition to the menace caused by the absence of sewerage.

The suggestion of Ald. Goodland at Monday evening's council meeting that occasional meetings of the Board of Works should be held, and that the commissioner submit a monthly report of work done, is a good and proper one. The Board of Works, which comprises the whole Council, should have a general outline of the work proposed and know what work has been done and where and at what cost. The heaviest and most important expenditure is through this channel and the suggestion when carried out will strengthen the hands of those more directly in control, and the whole council will have an increased interest in, and knowledge of the nature of the work and the expenditure.

That the Chilliwack Women's Institute is alive to present needs and progressive methods is shown by a reading of the report of the last meeting, published in the Free Press of last week. The resolution of co-operation in assisting the merchants to observe the weekly half holiday during the summer, and which was carried unanimously, indicates a spirit, which if more generally observed among valley people, and not excluding merchants, would prove a big boost to local effort and enterprise, and would result in larger benefits to merchants and buyers alike. The ladies are also contributing to the success of the fair by offering three special prizes. After assisting local effort the ladies will let the outside world see what the valley can do in some lines at least, by sending an exhibit to the Vancouver fair. The three item program is one of which any local organization might be proud. Hats off to the ladies.

A remark that is frequently made by visitors to the city or new comers,

is that Chilliwack possesses splendid musical talent to a marked degree, considering the size of the city. Chilliwack is most fortunate in this respect as well as in many others. There is exceptional talent and a large and increasing number of people who appreciate the real worth and merit of such ability. There is perhaps no influence that has the refining and stimulating effect on human character than the cultivation of the talent of music in the individual or the power of appreciation among those less fortunate. Chilliwack has at present two choral societies who are doing good work. The first one organized, now under the leadership of Mr. S. Kelland, is giving a concert this Friday evening in the Opera house. The other society under the leadership of Mr. F. Hart will give a concert at a later date. Both should be given hearty and encouraging support by the public.

The point has been raised as to the use, gratis, of the city hall, for meetings of the different public organizations. Looking at the matter from one view point the hall was built by the citizens and its maintenance will be paid for from the same source, and as the Board of Trade and similar organizations are comprised of citizens, and the efforts of these different bodies are for the benefit of the city as a whole, it would seem but reasonable that the free use of the hall be given. On the other hand the city is entering into unfair competition with owners of other halls from whom is required a license of \$25.00 a year. These halls have been deriving a revenue from meetings of the above character. It would appear then that should the city give free use of hall, the other halls should be exempt from license; if the license is maintained a charge should be made for use of city hall. Some difficulty may be experienced as to who or what organizations would be entitled to the use of the city hall for meetings, etc.

The result of the vote on the money by-laws and waterworks were most encouraging to those who wish to see the city expand and become equipped for growth and development. Health education and freedom from the iron grasp of private corporations, are states which any young city may well and wisely strive for. These are highly important to the life of the city and the vote on the 15th, indicates that a large number of the citizens view these matters in this light. While the sewerage by-law did not carry, it is perhaps just as well under the circumstances which have arisen. The passing of a by-law for \$75,000 for this purpose would have curtailed the borrowing power of the city so as to interfere with the purchase of the waterworks system, should such materialize. Now a modified plan of sewerage will be prepared and submitted as soon as the requirements of the law will permit. We are pleased to note that the city council has not shelved the sewerage question. The dire needs of the case will not permit it being shelved. Sewerage is urgently needed in the central portion of the city and simply must be provided. The disease laden odors which arise from almost numberless septic tanks, at night, some of them overflowing, even at this early date in the season, is vile, and is a silent but convincing argument to the sense of smell, and certainly should appeal to the common sense of a sufficient number of citizens that such a hot bed of disease and death, should be removed and that as soon as possible. An epidemic would soon cast an amount equal to the cost of clearing the city of such a menace.

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How Mrs. Vavka Visited Hell

By Robert Haven Schauflyer

Three days before my husband, Tom, died I had a very bad tooth and was kinda wore out from taking care of him. It seemed if I would lay on the floor it would rest the pain. He was laying on this bed. I told him I had a toothache. He said I would better have the tooth filled or pulled. I said we needed the money, but he said, "You're very foolish, you might be sorry for it some day." I laid quietly on the floor. Then I could hear some one walking down the stairway. My husband says, "Who is this walking?" "I don't know who it is," I says. It was very slow, walking down then steps either barefoot or stocking-foot, and then down it went and turned right here. I wouldn't get up or look round. Something held me. And it went slowly up again. Then I grabbed this lamp to see what that is. I went upstairs with the lamp and nobody is there. Then I come back and says, "Is that a call for Tommy?" That is just what I said. I laid down again and the toothache stopped. Then I could hear like a bag of corn is poured in a boiler that made a terrible racket. I jumped up from the floor.

Tommy starts all sudden talking very fast in his sleep and laughing wild-like. He woke up and says—putting his hand to his right temple, so—"Was I talking?" I said him "Yes." He asks, "Was I laughing?" I says, "Yes, you rather was." He says, "You know a man when he is raving he sees funny things." I says, "Tommy, what have you seen?" He answered, "I saw a strange party going upstairs." I tell you, he was as clear to his senses as you are.

This was on a Thursday, all this walking and talking. Then on a Sunday. You know my sister Lena is no Christian. She was friendly with my husband. She was going out for a good time and I started to tell her she should stay home. I needed somebody to help me. But she went. So she had a good time and had a pitcher taken with the crowd. And while that photo was taken it formed a stripe of mourning on her left arm; and all the people that was there with her could swear she hadn't nothing black on that left arm. It was a funny thing, wasn't it? I am telling the experience right. I am a Christian and I think what the Lord has given me it should be told and not concealed away, and it seems that He has given me a lot of strange experiences since before my husband died and after.

The pitcher come from the photo place on Wednesday and by that time Tommy was laid out in the coffin and Lena seen that the stripe was in the pitcher. The photo artist told her about that stripe that he was sorry, and she said, "Oh, no, my good man, I am not angry with you, because my brother-in-law is dead." You could get four that could swear to it, that other young couple and my sister and that photographer and others that were there and seen that stripe and knew that she had nothing on her arm.

The night before Tommy died he began to get cold. I sat him in the chair where you're sitting and put pillows under his feet and bundled him up and sent for Doctor Fogg. It was at six o'clock in the morning. I woke my oldest boy to go with a little slip for the drug clerk to phone the doctor. My man set in the rocker and kept smiling at something. All of a sudden he says, "Ain't I got two most beautiful boys?" I says, "What, Tommy, what do you mean?" He says, "Johnnie and Eddie. Ain't Johnnie a beautiful boy?" He was very much interested in Johnnie—more than in Eddie. (Now, sir, Johnnie was our oldest, but he died in infancy.) He says, "My Johnnie is bigger than Eddie." (He would be today if he was living.) And I says, "Tommy, don't you remember Johnnie died when he was a baby?" and he answered, "So he did." Then he told me to help him to go to bed, and I did and he started to pray and told my mother good-bye and me good-bye. And he was looking out the window and he begged my mother to move with the family away from here and he says, "Oh, such huts, and such mean people!" and he says, "Mamma, don't you live in this neighborhood no more; take my family away," and he never called her "Mamma" before. And he looked from the window and he says, "Oh, but they're mean!" and he made me think this is the most wicked place on the earth. He was talking about them huts and waiting for the invalid carriage to receive him. He told me he would never see our front gate no more after that.

He did work hard, that doctor, I must give him a credit. She baffled him, that little girl did. He was ashamed to own it up. One day when he come in he hollered, "Oh my God, she's got diphtheria!" She did not have diphtheria. She could swallow water. He went down town and got anti-toxin and says, "I don't give you no promise this will get her well." "I know it won't," I says.

So Gertie was dying. She was worse and worse. She was a whole day and night gasping for air. Although she was in great pain she would smile at me and if I would cry she would pull me by my cheeks for me to stop. That's right. She didn't want to see me crying. She would fall from one person's arms to another's. No matter who it was, stranger or friend—she would fall in their arms for help with her dying hardships. And then she would look upwards, reach her little arms upwards for some one to receive her and she would call "Da-da!" (I don't know who that was for she never called her father that.) Half a day she became blind, and still she would know my voice when I called her and not a sign of convulsions, nor nothing would relieve her. I cried for her and says why did my child suffer such death? For I heard some Science people say death was only sin. Still Gertie committed no sin and had a hard death. She didn't die till five o'clock Sunday night. She choked on and gasped for air all time and still she was full of smiles. I could not understand that,

he told me to fight the world hard and never to give up, and just go through it and fight it and don't give up, and take the yoke and take the lines and just go left and right and don't give up and we will meet again. "I will meet you again," he says. And this time I says, "I will meet you at the hospital." I was thinking if I could twist him off his mind and he says, "No, not in the hospital, in the next world," and I says, "Take me with you, if you are going there, Tommy," and he said, "No, that will never do." Ribak sits him on the cot and then told him to lay down and told him to lay a little higher and says to me "Now we have two nice blankets and we will cover him up." And no more they covered him up, he gave one look and that was a sad look, I can see that yet, and he went "brrrr" and he died right on that cot before they lifted him to take him to the hospital. Another thing, no more he done that I hollered, "O my God, he is gone," and as I done that he reached over to catch my hand, his last will power I guess he had in his body.

When the undertaker brought Tommy's body back it had a smile. It was a one-sided smile, a very beautiful smile, and next morning the smile was gone, but the wrinkles of it was left. We buried Tommy and it was six weeks after that death of his, one hot day I come home from the laundry tired. I was sort of looking for Tommy all the time, but he was gone beyond the borders and nothing come. That night I laid with the children. While the children was laying head-ways I laid footways on the bed and all of a sudden I heard somebody talking out of a sleep and that talking woke me. I listened and the sound was slow and uncertain, without any words, sort of vague and mumbling and then it formed into a snoring and kept going for a good while. It sounded to be the snoring of my dead husband. He was certainly snoring and my mother was in her bedroom and she heard it too. I was not asleep and I heard it. Then it started to turn into a dying croupy voice and the voice seemed to be rising up in the sky and going out to the cemetery. You know, my mother says she heard it too, and we both heard how it sorta went "haghf." I told them about it at breakfast and my brothers and sisters all scolded me hard for it, and told me it was this and that. I was sure it wasn't, but they tried to baffle me the best way they could. They said it was the dog. It was no dog, I know better. How did it turn into a dying croupy voice the same as he was dying?

It worried me good, and on Sunday Lena was going home from a pitcher show and no more she shut the door somebody was trying to open it, and she locked the doors and told mother that she is afraid to go upstairs to bed. Mother went with her and coming back the same experience happened to her, and then she was looking for the party who it is and she saw nothing.

That was on Sunday—Thursday and Sunday—Thursday and Sunday all these things happened. In the morning they says a burglar was coming in and I says, "Oh, nonsense, it was no burglar, it was Tommy himself; he was there Thursday and he come last night too." They says, "You're crazy," and I says how in the world would a burglar follow you in your footsteps and then try the door when he thinks you're all awake and try and open the door again and know that you're awake? That is no lie and they said not a word; they was afraid when I spoke this. They thought of their accidents and this and that and were afraid.

Then in that week on a Thursday my little girl got sick, but not very bad. I got a doctor and he says, "She is just teething and she will be all right by morning," he says. Well Friday come and morning and she seemed a little bit better and before I had to go to work I turned round and I says to her, "Oh God, my God, here I am left with my little girl and I know she will die and I cannot help her." And Friday noon I got a phone to come home, my little girl is very bad. I called for Doctor Fogg right away and doctor come and I says, "Doctor, you will never get my child well," but he says, "Yes, I will." I says, "She is going." That is what I told him. Well, he told me, "You do your best, and I will do my best, and if it is God's power, what can I do?" I said, "Yes, I know it is God's power."

He did work hard, that doctor, I must give him a credit. She baffled him, that little girl did. He was ashamed to own it up. One day when he come in he hollered, "Oh my God, she's got diphtheria!" She did not have diphtheria. She could swallow water. He went down town and got anti-toxin and says, "I don't give you no promise this will get her well." "I know it won't," I says.

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how she would be smiling all time and she in a very big pain. Doctor Fogg come and he stood looking at me. I says, "Doctor, how long is she going to last? Can you end her life so she won't suffer?" He shook his head and I says, "If you would only relieve her." I could see she was dying in her face and her fighting so hard and all her bones sticking out. I asked Doctor right here, "Doctor, you're a Christian man and I am a Christian, and why is Gertie dying such a hard death and done no crime and my husband died easy and them people says death is nothing but sin?" He says, "Some day you'll find out why."

I was the only one in the carriage taking my little girl to the cemetery. I had to take her all alone because people said it was diphtheria. During all this time I worried about my husband's death—about where he'd went to, I mean. You must know, my Tommy he was a model man—but not before his marriage. He never asked forgiveness nor never bothered about the future life. He became to be a good man not for the sake of God but on account of his family. That's the cause why I worried where Tommy had went. While my little girl was sick I had him on my mind, and while she was dying I didn't understand why God is putting them hardships on me, handing me that there bitter cup twice. That bitterness was on my mind.

After Gertie's death about three weeks a vision come to me. One night I fell asleep as other times. I dreamed I was in this here room and the room was more spacious than it is; the same articles in it but the stove was out. Then I waked up. I seen the hall door open and I was looking and then I had my vision.

See this here chair? All at once I seen its arm moving as by some power and I could hear my husband coming up the front steps, and coming in a hurry, and I could see him turn in this here doorway. He stopped. And I was standing right here where I am now. First when I heard him coming up the steps I went to this here table this way. Going up them steps he was calling my name three times: "Barbry! Barbry! Barbry!" I looked—and there he was, standing by the door. I started to get afraid and tried to move away. He stepped in the door and he was dressed in overhauls, a jumper and a workman's hat, and he looked pale and rather tired and I got back to this other corner of the table, and I kept taking long breaths, and I didn't want to talk to him. I knew he was out of place here. Then I started to



(From the London Advertiser)

be getting afraid of him and then he was hollering, "Don't be afraid o' me, Barbry, don't be afraid o' me."

He came up to me and picked up my left hand and kissed just the tips of my fingers, and his hand felt natural, just like always. Then I got courage to talk with him and I says, "Tommy, are you happy? Are you happy?" I was so excited; and he would not answer me. He didn't want to say nothing to my question.

I says, "Tommy, are you happy?" Still I got no answer to that though I could even see his teeth in his mouth. And I says again, "Tommy are you happy?" "Well," he says, "I'm working every day." And I says, "What do you do, Tommy?" and he says something to me just like he said he works ice, and when I asked, "Ice?" he says, "No," and he repeated the word again like "ice," and still I could not catch the name right and I kept saying "ice" when he was trying to tell me the name of the shop and I could not get it right and he departed in a great hurry.

He left me go and started walking out just as fast as he could. I did not see him go past the window. I did not think to look, because, no more he was gone, two spirits confronted me.

I could see 'em plain. One spirit was standing this way and another was standing that way. They were dark figures, mean, ugly warriors like. I did not want to look at them they were so horrid looking, and fear took me and I just drew my head upward and I drew my head sideways, and I looked down and I looked sideways and there they were standing like dark warriors each holding one hand in salutation like to me. It looked to me in one hand they carried one of them oblong spears. With the right hand they were carrying the spears so the tops came right above their heads, and with the left hands they were making me salutations. They had olive colored skins and their clothes I couldn't describe. They didn't look like they had armor on, still they were warriors. Very peculiar it was.

They spoke to me and asked me "What does he wish from thee?" In a great fear I put my hands like this, with the palms down, in front of me just as low as I could reach and the form of a little child's head came under my palms. I could feel the little head there though I could not see the child. My senses told me it was my own, but still I did not know which one. Next

day I measured the boys and they was both too big. But Gertie's head would have reached just where I felt it come the night before. In a great fear I stood and did not know what to answer, but at last I said, "He loves me and his love has brought him back to me." And they just vanished—like spirits. Just like that, they didn't walk away like my husband.

Then I seemed to come into a spacious place, not in this room any more. I was alone and come into a place where was a lot of children, all sizes, and a few grown-up a-dults walking among them, but not very many. And I lifted up my arms to Heaven, calling Jesus to help my husband. I seen my husband so in trouble so I wanted to call Jesus in this place—I couldn't help it. I had my hands up like this and I was calling Jesus and I hollered: "Jesus, Jesus," and then I seen Jesus come to me and he was most beautiful. When he was coming I did not see his face. I seen him come to me as a powerful young man and still as a feminine appearance. He had a cream-colored dress on with little black stars. A long, flowing dress it was. In front it hung from the shoulders and in back it went down in a trail. He wore a shawl. It was flaming red, very bright red, and hung down to his shoulders.

He came up to me and he says, "What do you wish?" And I says, "Deliverance of Tom"—that's what I told him. And he says, "Yes, I will."

He turns away from me and as he walked I caught a glance at his face. It was the most beautiful face ever I see, I never seen nothing painted in no pitcher like that there face was. He looked about thirty years old. No moustache, or beard, rosy cheeks, very beautiful complexion and very sweet. That's all I could give. I couldn't give the color of his eyes or eyebrows or anything like that. That's all. I wish he would a' left me look at his face longer, but he would not do it.

He went up to a shop. It looked like a great big blacksmith shop. I wouldn't just call it a blacksmith either. He was before the shop and it was very dark in there. I couldn't see nothing there, even smoke. I thought to myself it must be a very big place with many people.

Near me was no sound—only them little children and them a-dults. So Jesus went up them steps where was a front stoop like a platform in front of the shop, and he went in and no more he went in all that darkness, a knife was formed under his feet, and

went clear through his body—and I came to myself, standing up right by this here table, and I run, and when I couldn't run I fell. Coming to my mother I was falling all the way I was running, and in such a joy I told my mother the whole thing just like I've told you. And I never had no more visions after that and no more trouble. And I'm happy for I know to my heart Tommy's getting on fine now.

CAN SHOCK TURN HAIR WHITE?

In history and fiction many thrilling stories have been told of fright and shock which has resulted in turning the hair of a human being white in a single night. It has been related, for instance, how Marie Antoinette's hair turned white during the night before her execution, and that the terrors of St. Bartholomew's night blanched the hair of Henry IV., while other more modern instances have been quoted from time to time.

But if Professor L. Stieda, of Berlin University, is to be believed, those who have chronicled such instances of the hair turning white in a single night are not correct in their facts. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that he does not believe that there is a single authenticated case on record of hair turning white suddenly. The professor contends that the truth of the matter is that the color of the hair cannot be changed suddenly by shock or fright. It becomes white only by replacement, which is necessarily a gradual process, and he mentions that although Marie Antoinette's hair was entirely white the day she ascended the scaffold, she was very grey nine months before, at the time the king met his sudden end at the hands of the Revolutionists.

According to the professor, when the hair turns grey or white, it does so in one of two ways—either the pigmented hairs fall out and are replaced by unpigmented hairs, or else, less commonly, pigment production stops in the growing hair and the colorless portion gradually replaces the darker. And as the growing of a new crop of hair in a single night could only be accomplished by a miracle, he discredits all tales of the transformation of dark hair to white in a few hours.

The color of all hair is due to pigment that is either generated by the blood and carried by the blood to the hair, or is generated by and in each single hair. Moreover, the color of the hair is dependent on certain conditions. For instance, carelessly arranged or curly hair appears lighter than smooth hair. In persons who are in bad health obstructions occur in the formation of pigment, causing the new hair to be without pigment—that is, white. What these obstructions are due to has not yet been ascertained. Replacement goes on gradually until the entire crop of hair is white.

Sometimes you find piebald hairs, pigmented at one end, while the other is white. The process of pigmentation has been interrupted in such cases at one time or another, hence the piebald appearance. Also we sometimes find on the heads of young persons patches of white hair among the dark hair. "Such phenomena," says Professor Stieda, "I designate as 'ring' hairs. It is caused in precisely the same manner—namely, the pigmentation of one part of the scalp being hindered."

CONCERNING CATS

The London Zoological Gardens the other day were robbed by death of a specimen of the wild cat from Inverness-shire. The wild cat is an interesting animal. It is the most vicious of British carnivora, being extremely destructive of birds and small mammals, game being its particular prey; in fact, it has no saving grace of any kind to justify a recommendation to mercy. It is to be found today throughout all Northern Europe, save Norway, Sweden and Ireland. There has been considerable dispute as to its existence in Ireland, but in 1885 Dr. Hamilton set all doubts at rest by making exhaustive enquiries on the subject when a supposed specimen was presented to Zoological Society. Although these wild cats inhabited Great Britain in great numbers at one time, the clearing of forests and improvement of firearms drove them gradually northwards. The last disappeared from Helvellyn and the wilds of Wales about 1760, and only extreme wariness, nocturnal habits, and the rough-wooded, hilly country wherein they dwell have enabled a few pairs to survive, until now, the remorseless warfare of the gamekeeper in the rough parts of Northern Scotland.

It is quite impossible to tame these wild cats—even the so-called domestic cat is only half tame. About half the authorities are of the opinion that the wild cat is the ancestor of the domestic cat. The others mostly trace her descent from the Kaffre cat—through the Egyptian variety which was sacred to Bubastis, and of which a vast number of mummified specimens fill the caves of Beni-Hassan. There can be no doubt that a wild cat of some variety is the ancestor, not necessarily a common one, of the domestic variety, and the frequent occurrence of domestic cats marked like the local wild races proves frequent intermingling, which has rendered the question more difficult by obliterating structural differences.

Cats are mentioned in Assyria 2,000 B.C., and are found in Egyptian tombs centuries prior to that date. Deified like the ibis and Ichneumon from their useful properties, they were held in such veneration that Bubastis, at first lion-headed, became a cat-headed goddess. Herodotus tells us the Egyptians first saved the cat when the house took fire. To kill a cat even by accident was punishable by death. The Romans when they conquered Egypt treated the animals with the same contempt as the religion of which they formed part. Not a cat has been found in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The cat's merits only slowly gained it a foothold in Rome. Martial first uses the word catus—the domestic cat—in 350 A.D. It is not mentioned as being in England during the Roman occupation. The first mention of it was in a scheme of national insurance against rats and mice in 930 A.D. by a Welsh law-giver.

STRUGGLES OF FAMOUS AUTHORS

It may interest struggling authors to know that it was only after ten years of incessant work that the late Mrs. Stannard—John Strange Winter—who lived to write something like a hundred books, scored her first real success. And even this might not have been achieved but for a little piece of luck; for "Boodie's Baby," the work in question, had been rejected by six London publishers and cast aside as hopeless. Mrs. Stannard's husband, however, happened to pick up the MS. one day, read it, liked it, and suggested that he should send it to the Graphic. Mrs. Stannard answered, "Send it anywhere you like," and no one was more astonished than herself when, in due course, the Graphic took it.

Grant Allen had to pay for the publication of his first book, a scientific work, and he was eventually out of pocket to the tune of \$150; but his success in winning a \$5,000 prize offered by Tit-Bits many years ago—which he won with his famous story, "What's Bred in the Bone"—made his future as a writer of fiction secure. Mr. Edgar Jepson has told us how he received just over \$75 for his first five books. Out of the first he made nothing at all, and out of the second a little over ten dollars. Then again, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, although he worked indefatigably at writing for three years after he left Cambridge, did not earn a halfpenny. As a matter of fact, he was working six years before he made \$750 a year.

John Oxenham earned the magnificent sum of \$125 in the first year he devoted to writing, and in the second year earned about \$500; while Mr. Silas K. Hocking, who now receives high prices for his stories, says that he sold his first story for \$75, and was very thankful to get it.

SUBTLE MR. JAMES

Ollie James, senator-elect from Kentucky, is a big man—big all over, beginning with his feet and ending with his head, excepting his supply of hair, which is nil. A conservative estimate of Mr. James' weight by a thin man would be 300 and by a fat man at a trifle more than 375. After the Kentucky legislature elected Mr. James to the Senate a few weeks ago, he hurried back to Washington, where he is now serving as a representative from the blue grass country. He bought his railroad ticket and delayed the purchase of a sleeping car berth until he got on the train. The conductor gave him a shock by showing him the diagram with only one empty berth and that an upper. Mr. James is not built on architectural lines adaptable to an upper berth, and even in a lower he holds an overflow meeting in the aisle. He took the upper and worked on the sympathies of the conductor and porter by the most expeditious means. They canvassed the car and could find no man agreeable to a switch from a lower to an upper. Mr. James took up the quest himself and in the smoking compartment offered \$5 for a lower. No takers. When bedtime came Mr. James walked slowly into the car and sat down in his section disconsolate. A dapper little man, weight about 115, took a seat opposite him. He was the owner of the lower berth in that section. The porter came to make up the berths. When he lowered the top shelf Ollie tested the chain with his hands and sounded the platform. He shook his head doubtfully. "Hope she holds," he soliloquized. "The last time I got into one of these darned uppers she fell through with me and broke a man's leg in the berth below." Ollie got the lower.

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST WOMEN

Not the least interesting characteristics of "Lady Little," who stopped growing when she was two years of age, are her perfect proportions and pretty features. These never fail to impress the audience. Although she has turned eighteen years of age, "Lady Little" measures no more than 23 in. in height, and stands less by several inches than did the once famous General Tom Thumb and his wife. She weighs exactly 91 lbs., and it is a curious fact that her parents, as well as her eight brothers and sisters, are all of normal stature.

When little Marie was born, however, she was no more than 5 1/2 in. high, and her hand was so tiny that a penny stamp would completely cover it. This pocket marvel of her sex has an excellent appetite, though she restricts herself mostly to light food; while among her jewels is a box full of precious gems, called the "Marie Antoinette collection," which is valued at about \$250,000.

Even "Lady Little" is not the smallest woman in the world, however, for a short time ago Mile. Anita, who is only 21 in. high, was appearing at various music-halls. Mile. Anita is said to be a Swiss, is twenty-one years old, and although diminutive in body she is very intelligent, being a remarkably good woman of business, and regarded as unusually good-looking.

Another remarkable queen of Lilliput was the Princess Pauline, who was born of Dutch parents in 1877. When she was fourteen years of age she was only 19 in. high, her weight being 7 lb. She was a perfect gymnast, and had never been ill in her life. Her brother and sister, with whom she travelled, were well-grown, normal people, and the three of them appeared with great success at the Paris theatres.

Miss Tiny Arnold, the smallest burlesque artiste in the world, has appeared with much success at the London music-halls. Miss Arnold, who is twenty-six years of age, and who commenced her stage career fourteen years ago, is only 39 in. in height. And yet her father and mother, as well as her brothers and sisters, are all of average height. For some time after Miss Arnold was born they were obliged to carry her about on a pillow, wrapped in wadding, for fear of breaking her fragile bones. Since girlhood, her health and strength have been remarkable.

Firat Caddie: "What are you doin', Jimmie?"

Second Caddie: "I'm goin' fishin' after this' round. Look at all the worms he's dug."

Great Auction Sale

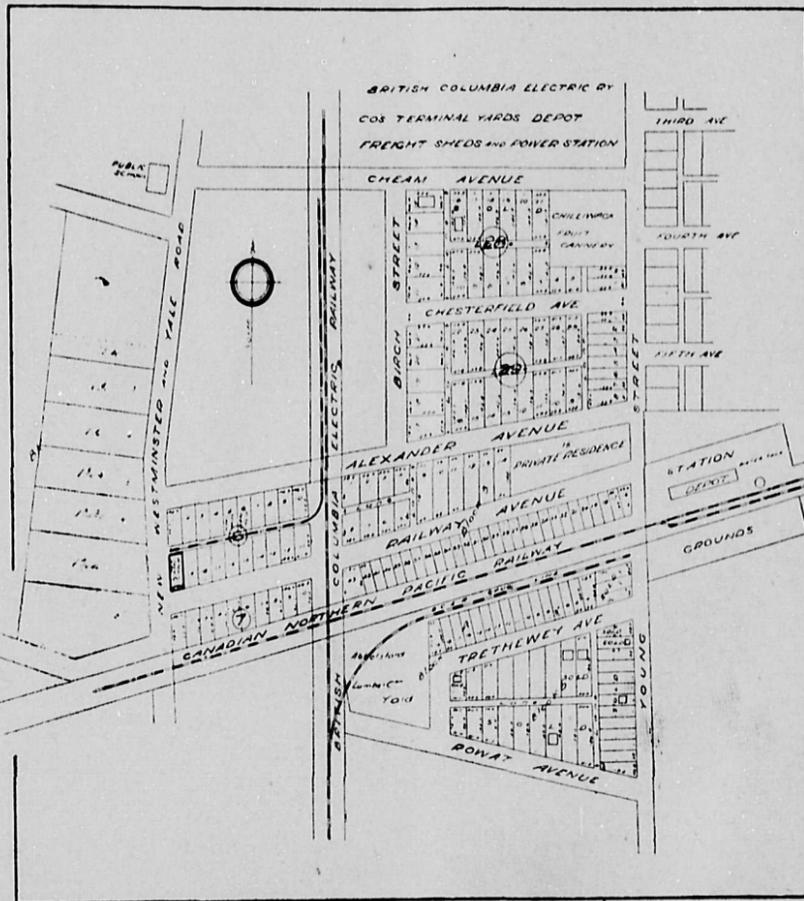
OF RESIDENTIAL AND BUSINESS LOTS

Situated on Young Road and all Adjacent to the Union Depot of G. N. R. and C. N. R.

EXAMINE THE PLAN

It is certain that Young Road will be the leading thoroughfare to the station and yards and every lot sold in this neighborhood will become valuable as is the case with every town and city with property well situated near railroad yards.

Chilliwack Will Be No Exception



Many Lots Have Exceptional Trackage Facilities on Three Railways.

WAIT FOR THE SALE

Don't you wish you had bought a few lots in Chilliwack, say two years ago. Now is your chance to buy the cream of Chilliwack property at Auction at your own price and it won't be one year, with the present rate of development, before you will realize your good judgment and reap the benefit of the rises in value, such as you see is happening today. Ask for further particulars and folders.

Mr. J. J. Miller of Vancouver is the Auctioneer

SATURDAY, MAY 4TH, AT 2 P. M.

Chilliwack **BENT & GOODLAND** AGENTS

1819  1912

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

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

Sunday, April 28

at 2.30 p. m. for the purpose of attending divine service in the **Presbyterian Church** at 3. p. m.

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

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

J. N. Short Wm. Dusterhoff
Noble Grand Secretary

CLASSY SUITINGS

The size and quality of the showing — the boundless assortments of all the new styles in suitings, in the richest imported fabrics that we are showing this season from the House of Hoberlin, 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 Hoberlin, Limited

Local Items

Advertise in the Free Press.

L. F. Croft, at Mee Studio for photos
For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.

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

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

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

Stock Foods—Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co.

H. T. Goodland spent Tuesday in Vancouver on business.

F. J. Barr was a business visitor to Vancouver on Tuesday.

WANTED—An experienced waitress at the Harrison House.

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

Mr. Nelms, sr., was a visitor to the Royal City on Saturday.

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

All roads lead to the Opera House tonight for the choral concert.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The first annual concert of the Chilliwack Choral Society will be held tonight.

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

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

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

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

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

Plan of the hall for the Choral Society concert at McManus' jewelry and music store. Prices 50 and 35 cents.

Don't forget the "At Home" at Sardis on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Stuart. Admission 25c, ice cream 10c extra.

Dyking enthusiasts are wearing the happy smile these days. The word has gone forth that things are about to happen.—Huntingdon Star.

The "Ferris" Automatic-Go-Carts with up-to-date improvements and another large assortment of mirrors just received at the Furniture Emporium.

Lost—On Tuesday forenoon between the City and Sardis the bottom portion of an auto lamp, brass. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward.

N. B. Gaunrea, Dominion Public Works Engineer was a visitor in the city last Friday. He was inspecting the wing dams being constructed on Nicomen Island in the Fraser.

See Trenholm's big closing out sale of furniture and furnishings advt. in the Free Press to-day. Mr. Trenholm intends closing out his entire and very fine stock at an early date, so that there will be furniture bargains for everybody. An early attendance will afford the best selection from the big stock carried.

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

Johnson's ice cream and tea rooms are now ready for the summer season. The fountain is in operation, and delicious ice cream and ice cream soda in all the latest and best flavors will be served.

The Huntingdon Star is the latest addition to the field of Journalism in the valley. The first issue reflects credit on the publishers and is well supported by the business interests of the ambitious town of Huntingdon. May light of the Star shine with increasing lustre.

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

R. O. Atkins has purchased through F. J. Hart & Co. Ltd., from M. G. Fadden, a lot on Princess street next to Stewarts blacksmith shop. He will place a stable on the property.

The Great Northern Railway has a crew at work at White Rock grading for a new depot site about 300 feet this side of the present depot, and within a short time a new depot, similar to the Blaine depot, will be constructed with quarters for both the Canadian immigration and customs departments. The Canadian government will also construct a detention barn for keeping all live stock under examination for entrance into Canada. After its completion all examinations will take place there instead of this city.—Blaine Journal.

Born—An April 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Davis, Rosedale, a son.

Born—On April 23, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifford, South Sumas, a daughter.

Born—On April 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hornby, Prairie Central road, a daughter.

SPECIAL

For This Week Only

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

\$58.00

Call and Inspect this Range

Washing Machines

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

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

N. A. Webb

ELECTRIC PHOTO STUDIO

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

We Repair Watches

Clocks, and Jewellery 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

THIN, FRAIL WOMEN WITH PALE CHEEKS

Now Rapidly Learning the Way to Health and Vigor by the Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills

Thousands of half-dead, emaciated, worn-out women are dragging out their weary lives simply because they don't know what ails them.



The first step towards relief is to flush out all wastes and unhealthy matter. Loosen the bowels—stimulate the liver—stimulate the kidneys.

World's Largest Station

The biggest railway station in the world is the Pennsylvania Station in New York City, which was completed about twelve months ago.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly.

USE ABSORBINE JR. LINIMENT. Gout, Swollen Glands, Cysts, Varicose Veins, etc.

SHIP YOUR FURS AND HIDES TO McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

KEEP IT HANDY Kendall's Spavin Cure

Get Kendall's Spavin Cure at any drug store. \$1. per bottle—6 bottles for \$5.

Seth and Si

(By Edfrid Bingham)

Goodness me! If I didn't come nigh furtin' the very thing I was most set on tellin' you.

But that ain't nothin' to do 'th the Tupper's an' Si. They lived near neighbors 't us fur more 'n thirty years.

Once Seth an' Si stopped arguin' to listen to us discussin' their faults an' their virtues—mostly their faults.

Si wasn't good fur much after that—physically, I mean. His head was all right, but he couldn't do any more work.

Seth went into the store business, after the war, an' got to be worth a right smart o' money, one way an' 'other.

Si had a bad spell, an' the doctor'd been to see him four days runnin', an' he was jist able to crawl down the stairs an' set out in the back yard.

Seth came out into the back yard, an' I c'd see a kind of glitter in Si's eyes, an' he was wakin' his lips 'th his tongue.

"Good evenin', Mis' Sutton," Seth says to me.

"How's the apple-butter, Susan?" says he to his wife.

"A mite slow, Seth," says Mis' Tupper. "I don't think them was the best apples in the world."

"Then he walks over to where Si was settin', an' places his hands on Si's shoulder, very 'fectionate-like, an' Si's voice had a touchin' softness in it.

"How're you feelin', Si?" he asks. "First-rate," says Si.

He certainly didn't look it, but Si never would admit he was allin' any, an' generally was mighty insulted if you asked any questions about his stummick.

"What you been doin'?" asks Seth, still with his hand on Si's shoulder.

"I've been thinkin'," says Si, "about

them p'simmon trees on the hill above Bascom's."

"Yes," says Seth, warmin' up at the mem'ry o' fifty years an' gone, "we used 't fill our dinner-pails comin' home 'm school. My, but they was good!"

"They certainly was good p'simmons," he says after awhile. "I wish I had some of 'em right now."

Si was still a minute, an' then he sorter squirmed around in his chair, an' pulled at his scraggly red beard.

Si kep' strokin' his whiskers, an' watchin' Seth out o' the corners of his eyes. Fur a minute it was so quiet you c'd hear the leaves o' the plum-tree rattlin'.

"Oh!" says Si, "I'm glad you recollect, now, the schoolhouse was in Guernsey, don't you?"

"Guernsey nothin'!" roared Seth, not bein' able to stand it any longer.

"Tain't so!" says Si, sittin' up straighter in his chair, an' lookin' good happy 't havin' the row started agin."

"Yes, an' he paid some in Noble, too," answers Seth.

"An' maybe you know where he voted?" sneers Si.

"I do," sneers Seth. "He voted in Guernsey, 'cause his house was in Guernsey. But he sent his children to school in Noble."

"He didn't!" shouted Si.

An' then they went at it agin, jist as they'd been doin' once a week fur thirty years anyhow, to my knowledge.

"Never you mind, Susan!" says Seth. "You jist keep on makin' apple-butter, an' leave us be."

So Mis' Tupper didn't say another word, an' went on makin' apple-butter as Seth told her to, an' the brothers-lawrence like one o' them peace fanciers where they telegraph home to their kings 't the dove is hoverin' near, an' to please order more battleships.

It must 'a' been about an hour after that when bumpin' happened to Si. I heard Seth sayt wasn't no sense, any way arguin' 'th a person who hadn't used his brains in more'n forty years.

I turned my head so's to see Si when he'd answer'd that, an' I declare to goodness, if I didn't drop my ladle into the kettle! Si was standin' with one arm raised, an' his mouth wide open, an' not speakin', an' he was turnin' yaller—sick yaller like janders. An' all of a sudden he jist 'peared to shrivel up an' 'clapse, an' 'fore I hardly knowed it he flopped down on the ground in a crumpled heap.

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So Mis' Tupper didn't say another word, an' went on makin' apple-butter as Seth told her to, an' the brothers-lawrence like one o' them peace fanciers where they telegraph home to their kings 't the dove is hoverin' near, an' to please order more battleships.

It must 'a' been about an hour after that when bumpin' happened to Si. I heard Seth sayt wasn't no sense, any way arguin' 'th a person who hadn't used his brains in more'n forty years.

I turned my head so's to see Si when he'd answer'd that, an' I declare to goodness, if I didn't drop my ladle into the kettle! Si was standin' with one arm raised, an' his mouth wide open, an' not speakin', an' he was turnin' yaller—sick yaller like janders. An' all of a sudden he jist 'peared to shrivel up an' 'clapse, an' 'fore I hardly knowed it he flopped down on the ground in a crumpled heap.

"You jist keep on makin' apple-butter, an' leave us be."

"I'm glad you recollect, now, the schoolhouse was in Guernsey, don't you?"

"Guernsey nothin'!" roared Seth, not bein' able to stand it any longer.

"Tain't so!" says Si, sittin' up straighter in his chair, an' lookin' good happy 't havin' the row started agin."

"Yes, an' he paid some in Noble, too," answers Seth.

Si was goin' fast. Bein' their next-door neighbor, I was there helpin' nurse, but I was jist about to run over home to see how Tiddy was gettin' on 'th the dinner. Tiddy was inclinin' to be careless, specially on Monday, when her feller's been to see her the evenin' before, an' I was thinkin' o' that, an' might 'a' missed it all if Seth hadn't come in at that very minute.

"'n then I wouldn't leave fur nothin', fur I c'd see his head was full o' sumpin', an' his face was shinin' like the mourners' at revival meetin' when they overcome the devil inside of 'em an' stand up shoutin', "Glory to God!"

The' was certainly a great light on Seth's face, an' I wondered what on earth c'd 'a' struck him. He tried to hide it when he drew nigh to Si's bed, an' 'tween the smil't would come an' the look o' disappoint'ment he wanted to show, his face was a sight. Si, fur all he was dyin', was watchin' purty close, an' if he hadn't used his brain fur forty years, as Seth'd said, he was usin' sumpin' else 't answered mighty near as well.

"Well, Si," says Seth, settin' by the bed, an' takin' Si's hand, "I reckon I've got to haul down my flag after all these years o' fightin' fur it."

"What do you mean?" asks Si, very suspicious.

"Why, when you was took down 't other 't," Seth says, "I got to thinkin' 't if I'd find out some day 't I'd been wrong about that schoolhouse, I'd never—I'd never forgive myself fur not findin' out 'fore—'fore now. An' if I was right, I thought you'd want to know, too, so's we c'd kinder square things in time."

Seth hesitated a minute, an' I c'd see the sweat pourin' off his forehead. It was a mighty hard thing he was tryin' to do, an' I got a better opinion o' him 'n I'd ever had before. Si, meantime, was jist watchin'.

"So I wrote a letter—two letters," Seth went on, "to Guernsey County, an' to Noble County, an' I think, Si, we never did that before? I guess maybe I was afraid to write, fur fear I'd have to give in, an' you know how hard it ays? But anyhow I wrote the letters, thinkin' o' you an'—an'—what's comin'."

Seth couldn't speak any more fur a minute—his voice was chokin'; the' was a lot o' sperrin' in the room, too, an' I know my affer in up to my eyes. Si was the only one 't was calm, an' he was watchin' Si with the strangest look.

"An' I got an answer to-day, Si," Seth goes on by an' by. "An' it says the old schoolhouse is nothin' but a ruin now—nothin' but a ruin, the place where we went to school together, you an' me, Si. The logs 's all tumbled on one another, an' wild blackberry bushes 's growed up all around it, an' it 'd be hard fur anybody to find it if he didn't know 'xactly where to look. But the letter says the books show 't the schoolhouse was in Guernsey County, sure, an' so I've been wrong all this time, Si, an' you remembered better 'n I did, an' I want you to forgive me fur—fur—"

"Furgive nothin'!" says Si, raisin' his voice the most he could from the low place it was droppin' to. "The ain't nothin' to forgive, 'cept fur lyin' to me now."

"Si!" cries Seth, leanin' closer.

Si braced himself, an' made a grand struggle, like the soldier he was, an' smiled, an' lifted one hand almost to Seth's shoulder 'fore it dropped. His voice come in jist a thin treble, like a

"Flustered by fog. Nothing is so bewildering as fog. Even when a night is as 'black as pitch' people manage to find their way about all right. Most people would, indeed, rather have any kind of weather than a thick yellow fog.

It is a curious thing that though human beings are utterly bewildered in a fog, most animals find their way through it without much difficulty. A horse will trot in its right direction as though the air were perfectly clear, and not only that but will take the right turning at the right moment if it is at all accustomed to the road. A human being would take any turning but the right one.

Birds, on the other hand, are utterly bewildered by fogs. For instance, they will remain motionless all day long, half asleep, huddled up in their pigeon houses, chickens and poultry of all kinds won't stir all the time a heavy fog is about. Birds of all kinds, as a matter of fact, seem helpless during foggy weather.

Drives Asthma Like Magic. The immediate help from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems like magic. Nevertheless it is only a natural remedy used in a natural way. The smoke or vapor, reaching the most remote passage of the affected tubes, brushes aside the trouble and opens a way for fresh air to enter. It is sold by dealers throughout the land.

900 Drops CASTORIA Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Narcotic. NOT NARCOTIC.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE CENTAUR COMPANY, N.Y.

THIS IS INDEED A SEVERE TEST

C. MATTESEN HAS HAD RHEUMATISM ALL HIS LIFE

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Benefited Him So Much He Recommends Them to Others—Why They Always Cure Rheumatism

Holberg, B.C. — (Special) — That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism has been proved again and again. Where the dread disease is making its first inroads into the system the cure is quick and complete.

"I have been troubled with rheumatism all my life," Mr. Mattesen says, "but I am happy to tell you that I have received so much benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills that I can recommend them to others."

Here is a case of the longest possible standing. But Dodd's Kidney Pills will surely cure it. Why? Because uric acid in the blood is the cause of rheumatism, and Dodd's Kidney Pills take the uric acid out of the blood by making the kidneys do their proper work.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL The Imperial Oil Co., Limited

INTERNATIONAL

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

doctor was purty nigh right—missed it about two hours, fur Si lingered till seven o'clock that evenin'.

He was right in the middle of an argument, an' his eyes was jist poppin' 'm his head, an' his poor voice was full o' queer cracks an' gurgles, when of a sudden he stopped. His words 'peared to fade away, like the echo 'mong Trappers' Caves, an' the glitter went out of his eyes.

Si braced himself, an' made a grand struggle, like the soldier he was, an' smiled, an' lifted one hand almost to Seth's shoulder 'fore it dropped. His voice come in jist a thin treble, like a

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International Stock Food Co. Limited, Toronto



ATTENTION!

Men AND Boys



The Men's and Boys' Suits you buy here, are Canada's Best Tailored Suits.

Our New Spring Suits are of the Smartest Models and Newest Patterns.

You can always depend on Ashwell Quality and Ashwell Prices being in your favor.

This Week We are showing some New Lines

Big Sale in Men's Suits

Splendid Range of Bench Tailored Suits

In sizes 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42, 44

\$10.00 \$12.50 \$15.00 \$18.00 \$19.00 \$21.00

One hundred suits to choose from in new Tweeds and Worsteds in browns, greys and mixtures.



Boys' New Spring Suits in New Patterns

Tweeds and worsteds in Browns, Greys and mixtures. Smart models.

Two Piece Suits, sizes 23, 24, 25, 26, 28,

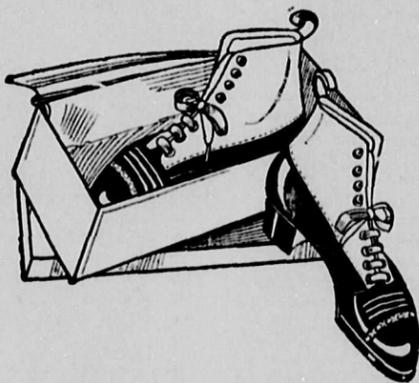
Three piece Suits sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, 33, 34,

Three piece Suits, Long Pants, 32, 33, 34

Sale Prices \$3.25, \$3.50, \$4.00, to \$8.50

Thousands of Dollars in the Shoe Sale

Hundreds of Pairs of High Grade Shoes for Young Men and Men who stay Young.



They are all made in Calf Skin, Gun Metal, Patent Leather and Dongola. Fit and wear guaranteed. All Sizes from 6 to 10

Prices:

3.00	3.50	4.00
4.25	4.50	5.00
5.50	6.00	6.50

One reason we are doing so much business is that there is absolutely no risk. Guaranteeing our shirts and giving best values, makes it decidedly best for you to buy your shirts here. New Spring shirts 75, 85, 1.00, 1.10, 1.25 1.35, 2.00, 3.50 to 4.50 each.

Neckties 2 for 25c to 75c each.

When Possible Shop in the Morning



This Store will be Closed Thursday Afternoon.

Weekly Half Holiday begins May 2nd.

Men's Summer Underwear
 50c 65c 75c and \$1.25 per garment

ASHWELL & SON

Men's Socks
 TWO PAIR 25c. 15c. 20c. 25c. 35c. and 50c per pair.

Ladies Suit Sale Starts Saturday

First Grand Concert

OF THE
CHILLIWACK CHORAL SOCIETY

Opera House, Friday April 26th

AT 8.30 P. M. SHARP

PROGRAM

PIANO DUET... MARCH FROM TANNHAUSER... Mrs. C. A. Barber and S. Kelland
 CHORUS... HUNTING SONG... (Frank H. Brackett)
 SOLO... WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG... Mrs. J. W. Carmichael
 CHORUS... VOICES OF THE WOODS (Rubenstein)
 SOLO... THE BUGLER... Mr. Arthur S. Davies
 CHORUS... IN THIS HOUR OF SOFTENED SPLENDOR
 SOLO... GOODBYE (Tosti)... Miss Kathleen Henderson
 MEN'S CHORUS... OUR FLAG AND MOTIERLAND... (William Arms Fisher)
 PIANOFORTE SOLO... SONATA APPASSIONATA... (Beethoven)... Mr. S. Kelland
 CHORUS... LOCH LOMOND... (Apt. H. Clough Leighton)
 SOLO... T. BEE'S A LAND... (Allison)... Miss E. Barr
 CHORUS... FOAMIE ME NEE... (Theodor Giese)
 SOLO... THE BANDOLERO... Mr. Robert Carmichael
 CHORUS... THE BRIDAL CHORUS... from "The Rose Maiden" (Cow II)
 GOD SAVE THE KING
 CONDUCTOR... Mr. S. Kelland
 ACCOMPANIST... Mrs. C. A. Barber



Artistic Printing



Is the kind you get when you leave your order with



The Free Press

A MAIL ORDER DEAL

Down in Alberta the other day a man went into to buy a saw. He saw the kind he wanted and asked the price. It was a \$1.95 the dealer said.

"Good Gracious," said the man, "I can get the same thing from Eaton's for \$1.35."

"That's less than it cost me," said the dealer, but I'll sell it on the same terms as the mail order house just the same."

"All right, you send it along," said the customer, "and charge it to my account."

"Not on your life," the dealer replied. "No charge accounts. You can't do business with the mail order house that way. Fork over the cash."

The customer complied.

"Now two cents postage and five cents for money order."

"What—"

"Certainly, you have to send a letter and a money order to a mail order house, you know."

The customer, inwardly raving, kept to his agreement and paid the seven cents.

"Now twenty-five cents express-charge!"

"Well, I'll be—!" he said, but paid it, saying, "Now hand me that saw and I'll take it home myself and be rid of this foolery!"

"Hand it to you? Where do you think you are? You're in Alberta and I'm in Winnipeg, and you'll have to wait two weeks for the saw."

Whereupon the dealer hung the saw on a peg and put the money in his cash drawer.

"That makes \$1.67," he said. "It has cost you two cents more and taken you two weeks longer to get it than if you had paid my price in the first place."

BE A BOOSTER

Do you know there's lots of people settin' round in every town, growlin' like a broody chicken, knockin' every good thing down? Don't you be that kind o' cattle, 'cause they ain't no use on earth, you just be a booster rooster, crow and boost for all you're worth. If your town needs boostin', boost 'er; Don't hold back and wait to see. If some other fellow's willin' sail right in, in this country's free. No one's got a mortgage on it, it's just yours as much as his, if your town is shy on boosters, you get in the boostin' biz. If things just don't seem to suit you, And the world seems kinder wrong, What's the matter with a boostin' Just to help the thing along? 'Cause if things should stop again' We'd be in a sorry plight; You just keep that horn blowin' Boost'er up with all your might. If you know some feller's fall'n, Just forget 'em, 'cause you know That same feller's got some good points, Them's the ones you want to show. 'Cast your loaves out on the waters, They'll come back' 's a sayin' true, Mebbe, too, they'll come back "but-terd".

When some feller boosts for you.

THE TOWN CROAKER

In every town you find some men who always croak and growl; their chief amusement seems to be to snarl and whine and howl. Of course they do not prosper well—such people seldom do—and so they strive to make themselves and all their neighbors blue. If strangers come these men endeavor to get them off alone, and while they speak in doleful tones, tell them how the town is dead and passed away, and hasn't any enterprise that half begins to pay; how real estate is very low and taxes very high, and every improvement scheme is sure to wane and die. The good book says a day will come when all must pass away and swop for wings and golden harps this tenement of clay, the earth will burn with fervent heat, the sun go out in gloom, and every living, breathing thing shall find a real tomb. When that time comes the croaker who drives against his town—and tries to drive good men away and breaks their efforts down—will be declared a victim for a special dose of flame—ten thousand years and he will be roasting just the same. Meantime the energetic man who labors for his town, always works to build his up instead of tearing down, will ride from earth to heaven in a Pullman palace car, and will dwell in peace forever where the first class angels are.

Society Wants Funds

The Chilliwack Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is an organization which does a good deal of useful work and as such merits a share of support. At present the society is in need of funds to meet obligations and any contributions for the furtherance of this cause will be thankfully received. Contributions may be left in Merchants Bank or given to the Secretary, J. W. Galloway. The annual membership fee is only \$1.00. How many will contribute the amount for the protection of our dumb animals.

Municipal Council Meets

Reeve Wilson Granted Leave of Absence. Tax Rate for 1912 Other Matters

An adjourned meeting of the Municipal Council was held in the city hall on Saturday afternoon, with all the members present.

In the forenoon the Council met as a Court of Revision. There were but six appeals this year and the task of revision was a very light one. Five of the appeals were on the ground of not being owners of the assessed land. All assessments are made on the registered owner of property, and it sometimes occurs that a man will sell a piece of property not giving deed or not have same registered. John Sampson had his assessment reduced having been assessed for too much property, some of the lands assessed to him now belonging to the B. C. E. R. The absence of appeals shows that the assessment as completed by the Clerk, Chas. W. Webb, to be very satisfactory indeed. The total assessment on land values in the Municipality is \$2,851,495, and the total amounts to \$3,372,215.

At the afternoon meeting the roll as amended was accepted.

H. H. Collinson and others applied for improvements to the Keith-Wilson road and same was placed in estimates.

Couns. Evans and Bailey were appointed to arrange for repairing of culverts and have bridge fixed at once on the Lindell road.

Coun. Evans was requested to look into culvert matter, with power to act, on Kipp road, in response to a communication from H. H. Spicer.

It was decided to call for tenders for the clearing and grading of south end of Evans road, tenders to be in by May 4.

The clerk was instructed to send cheque for \$200 to Allison Bros. in full compensation for right of way and fencing on Wells road, Fairfield Island.

The municipality agreed to bear half the cost of a new bridge over Hope river on Young road and for grading Margaret street, the clerk to communicate same to City Council.

G. Clarke asked for new roadway to lots 421 and 422. Coun. Marrs was asked to investigate and report.

R. Roberts was appointed to have gravel pit on Ballam road fenced in order to hold gravel for municipal purposes. It was decided that compensation for teams be placed at 60 cents per hour and for shovellers 30 cents per hour. Motion of March 2, last, in this regard was rescinded.

The resignation of W. Hornby as pound keeper was rescinded and E. Jackman appointed.

The following road overseers were appointed: F. W. Bennett, H. Webb, R. Roberts, Jas. Ford and W. J. Vickerson.

Councillor Evans was appointed acting Reeve in the absence of Reeve Wilson and the latter was given a three months leave of absence. Coun. Brett was appointed to act in Coun. Evans' place on Finance Committee.

The rate by-law for 1912 was read three times and will be finally passed on May 4. The rate this year is eight and a half mills for general revenue, two and a half mills for school purposes and four-tenths of a mill for school loan by-law. The rate this year will figure out slightly lower than that of last year.

The Trunk Road Local Improvement By-law was also read three times.

Accounts amounting to \$399.03 were ordered to be paid on recommendation of the Finance Committee.

LOWER EXPRESS RATES TO THE PRAIRIES

Kaslo, April 24.—Substantial reductions in the rates for the transportation of fruit from British Columbia to the prairie market have been secured by the British Columbia Fruitgrowers' union, stated Jas. Johnstone, who last night returned from attending the quarterly meeting of the executive of that organization at Salmon Arm. The West Kootenay representatives on the executive were successful in securing the next quarterly meeting for Kaslo. It will be held on July 30, during the first annual cherry show. At the conclusion of the meeting the citizens of Salmon Arm invited the fruitgrowers to an enjoyable banquet.—Vancouver Sun.

City Team Wins Series

The city foot ball team defeated the Coqualeetza team in the last game of the series for these two teams by a score of six goals to none. The city team has won the series, not having met with a single defeat. The last game of the series will be played on Saturday when the Bankers and Militia will try conclusions for second honors.

Tightwad Town.

In Tightwad Town they're chasing dollars, and when they catch a silver bone, they pinch the eagle till it hollers so loud 'twould rend a heart of stone. In Tightwad Town they all have axes for any scheme to make things move: "It would," they say "increase our taxes if we the village should improve." In Tightwad Town there is no knowledge of books or authors, art or song; they starve the church and bust the college, and boost the mortgage works along. In Tightwad Town man's estimated according to the wealth he owns; he's most revered and elevated who has the tallest stack of bones. In Tightwad Town they're only civil to strangers who have brought their wads; in Tightwad Town the soul will shrivel pursuing milled and minted gods. In Tightwad Town there's little laughter, there is no warmth in hand or heart; men seldom smile who follow after the idols of the money mart. With streets unpaved and sidewalks broken, and houses old and tumble-down, the word of hope is seldom spoken in Tightwad Town, in Tightwad Town!—Walt Mason.

The last of a series of Military dances given by the 104th Regiment in the Opera house on Thursday evening was a pleasant and successful affair. There was a good attendance and the participants report a good time.

The Dominion Government has purchased a lot to the rear of the post office property which will be added to the present property.

JOHN RUSKIN.

SATURDAY MATINEE

First of Series was a Success. A Regular Meet to be Held Every Two Weeks.

The first of a number of matinees to be held by the Chilliwack Turf Club was pulled off at the Fair grounds track on Saturday and was a successful event. It is expected that meetings will be held every two weeks at least during the summer, Thursday afternoon, the half holiday being selected. No prize money is put up for any race, the horses being entered purely for the sport there is in the events. Other sports will also be arranged to take place in conjunction with the matinees. On Saturday Alex. Johnston was starter, R. O. Atkins, judge, and A. R. Anderson time keeper. The results of the different races as announced is as follows:—

Named race: half-mile trot or pace—Invincible Patchen, driven by Chas. Dolman, first; Bill Miner, driven by D. S. Dundas, second; Willmeta, driven by A. C. Hummer, third. Time: 1. 11.

Gentlemen's Drivers: half mile, trot or pace—Record Searcher, driven by J. G. Blanchfield, first; Dick Spinx, driven by Chas. Dolman, second; Lightout, driven by A. R. Sutor, third. Time: 1.20.

Two-year-old: half-mile, trot or pace—Ora McLean, driven by Jas. Bowman, first; Babe Adams, driven by A. C. Hummer, second. Time: 1.24.

Five-eights mile dash—Mona Lake, driven by J. A. Evans, first; Alkaline, driven by Gordon Evans, second. Time: 50 seconds.

Half-mile dash, pony under 14.2 hands—Dance Along, driven by Sutor, first; Buck, driven by Evans, second; Ginger, driven by Campbell, third; Trixy, driven by C. Evans, fourth. Time 60 seconds.

Stake-Race—Buck, driven by G. Evans, first; Rocky Mountain Bill, driven by O. Evans, second.

Call In

and inspect our new line of Parlor Suites and Easy Chairs

We will be glad to show our goods whether you buy or not.

We are showing an excellent line of Exten. Tables in Early English Fumed Oak and Golden Oak at Prices from \$9.50 to \$65.00

Also sets of diners in Fumed Oak, Golden Oak and Early English at prices from \$15 to \$60 per set

W. B. TRENHOLM
The House Furnisher

WANTED

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

STONE & WELLINGTON
The Fonthill Nurseries (Established 1857)
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At the Mee Studio - Chilliwack

The Standard

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THE STANDARD is the National Weekly Newspaper of the Dominion of Canada. It is national in all its aims. It uses the most expensive engravings, procuring the photographs from all over the world. Its articles are carefully selected and its editorial policy is thoroughly independent. A subscription to The Standard costs \$2.00 per year to any address in Canada or Great Britain.

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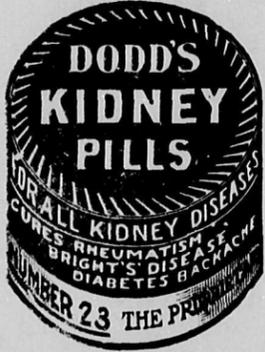
NOTICE
We have a new and up-to-date plant with the latest methods for all kinds of Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing. Expert help for all branches. Special attention will be given to Fall Mail and Express orders from Chilliwack and the Valley. We solicit a trial.
JARVIS DYE WORKS
428 5TH AVE. W., VANCOUVER

Useful Around the Farm

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

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard To get her poor dog a bone. But when she got there she remembered that, owing to the high cost of living, she hadn't had any meat for a week, and so her poor dog got a cold storage egg.

Diogenes asked a spendthrift to give him five pounds. "Why so much," he inquires, "when you ask others for six-pence only?" "Because," was the reply, "I hope to get something out of them again, which is more than I can hope from you."



Winter weather roughens and reddens your skin, causing chaps, chilblains and general discomfort, try NA-DRU-CO Witch Hazel Cream. The creamy ingredients soothe and soften the outer skin, while the Witch Hazel penetrates and heals the deeper tissues.

Well, Well! THIS IS A HOME DYE that ANYONE can use. I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used DYOLA ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS.

WHY SUFFER ALL WINTER? "Hardfield, N.B. It affords me great pleasure to convey, not only to you, but to all sufferers from Rheumatism and Rheumatism the great relief I have obtained from the use of Gin Pills. I feel thankful to you. I recommend Gin Pills to everyone suffering as I did.

Don't Persecute your Bowels. Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—harsh—unpleasant. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. AGENT: Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

That Reminds Me

"Have you ever noticed how war produces so much poetry?" "Yes; that is one of the horrors of war."

Returned Bostonian—The subway is quite an addition to the city. Flippant Friend—Addition? I should call it sub-traction.

"Do you love me, darling?" she coaxed. "Sweetheart, I love every hair on your bureau!" he fervently answered.

Farmer (to horse dealer): "No, I don't bear ye no malice; I only hope when you're chased by a pack of ravin'ish'n' hungry wolves you'll be a-driving that 'orse you sold me."

The Henpecked Husband: "Is my wife going out, Elsie?" Elsie: "Yes, sir." Henpecked Husband: "Do you know if I am going with her?"

Miss Ann Teek—I'd like to go shopping with you this afternoon, but the dentist is to fix my teeth. Miss Pert—Well, can't you shop with me while he's doing it?

Mrs. Exe—It isn't right to charge Willie with taking that money out of your pocket. Why don't you accuse me? Mr. Exe—Because it wasn't all taken.

Mr. Newed: "So the buttermilk told you how you could tell margarine? That was very good of him." Mrs. Newed: "Wasn't it? He said that any time I saw another buttermilk selling butter a penny cheaper than his, I could be quite certain it was margarine."

The following conversation was overheard a short time ago between two little boys, of Scottish and English birth, respectively: First Boy: "I'm sure we bate ye hands down at Bannockburn."

Second Boy: "That's nothing. We won easily at Culloden." First Boy (warmly): "Aye, because Scotland had only her 'A' team out that day."

Jamie, having come into the possession of considerable wealth through the death of relatives, was thus addressed by one of the neighbors: "Ay, Jamie, it was a guid thing for you that your rich freens wuar born afore ye."

"Well," said Jamie, "I'm nae sae sure about that—but it was a guid thing that they de'd afore me."

Witherby: "My wife keeps a scrapbook now of all the bright things our baby says." Plankington: "Why, is the little fellow old enough for that?"

Witherby: "Oh, yes; it's quite wonderful." "I suppose," said Mrs. Tartleish, "when you die you expect to meet all your husbands?"

"You are very rude," retorted Mrs. Muchwaddie. "When I die I expect to go to Heaven."

Wife—How nice it would be if all things in this world would work in harmony. Hub—Wouldn't it though! For instance, if coal would go up and down with the thermometer.

First Little Girl—Your papa and mamma are not your real parents. They only adopted you. Second Little Girl—All the better. My parents picked me out; yours had to take you just as you came.

Shem was reproving his brother for acting badly. "Think," he said; "think of the disgrace to your name; thousands of years from now people will be calling a man who acts badly a 'Ham.'" But the reproof came too late.

"How about this fare?" demanded the stranger in London. "I haven't overcharged you, sir," declared the cabman.

"I know you haven't, and why haven't you? What sort of a deep game are you up to? Answer me, now!"

A beggar in Dublin had been long besieging an old, gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with much irritability, on which the mendicant said: "Ah, please your honor's honor, I wish your heart was as tender as your toes."

"Where," asked the female suffrage orator, "would man be today were it not for woman?" She paused a moment and looked round the hall.

"I repeat," she said, "where would man be today if not for woman?" "He'd be in the Garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.

Artist: "Now, give me your candid opinion of this picture." Critic: "It is utterly worthless." Artist: "Yes, I know your opinion is utterly worthless, but I am curious to hear it, nevertheless."

"Ah, Carley, I hear you have written a book." "Yes." "What is your publisher's name?" "Can't tell you yet; I've only tried three-quarters of the list so far."

A little lad was desperately ill, but refused to take the medicine the doctor had left. At last his mother gave him up. "Oh, my boy will die, my boy will die!" she sobbed.

"But a voice spoke from the bed. 'Don't cry, mother. Father'll be home soon and he'll make me take it.'"

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

A young Irish lad on a market day in an Irish town was minding an ass attached to a cart, and awaiting the exit of his parent from a business establishment.

His arm was thrown around the neck of the animal, when two recruiting sergeants passed by. One of them, seeking to take a rise out of the youth, said: "What are you hugging your brother so tightly for?"

"Cause," was the ready rejoinder, "I was afraid he'd list."

A commercial traveller, dining at a country inn, ordered boiled chicken for his dinner. It was placed before him and he tried in vain to make an incision with his knife and fork.

Turning to the girl who had waited on him, he said: "I was here five years ago, and ordered a chicken for dinner."

"Oh, yes," answered the girl flippantly, "I remember. It was I who waited on you."

"How strange—how very strange!" remarked the man in a low, awestricken tone. "Why is it strange?"

"It's wonderful—such a coincidence could hardly happen twice—same girl, same chicken!" And he looked reverently at the specimen before him, while the girl made a hasty retreat.

When defending the guilty son of a criminal father, counsel, ignoring the parental record, drew a pathetic picture of a white-haired, aged father awaiting anxiously the return of the prodigal son to spend Christmas with him.

"Have you the heart," he exclaimed to the jury, "to deprive the poor old man of this happiness?"

The man, however, was found guilty. Before passing sentence the judge called for the prisoner's record, and examined it carefully.

"I find that this prisoner has five previous convictions against him," he remarked. "Nevertheless, I am happy to state that the learned counsel's eloquent appeal will not remain unanswered, for I shall commit the prisoner to the county prison, where at the present moment his aged father is serving a term of two years, so that father and son will be enabled to pass Christmas under one roof!"

Police Official: "Any clue to that mysterious murder?" Detective: "Yes, sir; I've arrested all the living members of the family."

Official: "Glorious! What evidence have you?" Detective: "When I accused them of the murder, some of 'em turned white, and some turned red. Now, all we have to do is to find which color means guilt."

If there was one thing more than another that he prided himself on, it was the fit of his clothes. "I can never get a dress-coat really to fit," he said to his partner as he glanced down at a perfectly-made garment, with a hope, of course, that she would at once disclaim the insinuation. "Look at this thing."

"Well, it is atrocious," she said coolly. "But why not save your money and buy one? It is so much cheaper in the long run than hiring."

The manager of a large firm—a hot-tempered, somewhat grumbling man—had occasion, or thought he had, to rebuke one of his clerks for some mistake. The clerk attempted to explain the matter, when his chief cut him short by exclaiming: "Look here, sir, are you the manager or am I?"

"Well, I'm not," said the clerk. "Then if you are not the manager," said the enraged chief very emphatically, "why are you speaking like an idiot?"

Tourist (who calls at village post-office for registered letter): "But why can't you let me have it?" Postmaster: "Have you proof of your identity?"

Tourist: "No." Postmaster: "Don't you know anyone in the village?" Tourist: "No." Postmaster: "Have you a photograph of yourself or anything?"

Tourist: "Yes." Postmaster (comparing photo with original): "Certainly, sir, it's you. I'll get you the letter."

Civil Engineer (in search of data): "Is it not the opinion of many people in this locality that the excessive overflow of these bottom lands is due to the lock and dam system?"

Native: "I daresay." "Based on the fact that dams retard the velocity of the current and increase the deposit of sediment in the river bottom, thus gradually elevating its bed?"

"I fancy that's about it." "You have resided in this vicinity many years, have you not?" "Ever since I was a boy."

"May I ask if your theory coincides with what I have suggested?" "Yes?"

"As to the flooding of these bottom lands—I daresay you have an opinion concerning the cause?" "I have."

"In your judgment, then, what is the cause?" "Rain."

A FAMOUS WAR HORSE Captain Charles Augustus May's Black Tom, a magnificent coal black gelding, was a famous horse. Captain May was the beau sabreur of Taylor's army in Mexico, enjoying the same reputation for dash that Custer won in the Army of the Potomac nearly two decades later.

At the head of his squadron of the Second United States Dragoons Captain May led a gallant charge against a Mexican battery in the battle of Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1846, and leaping Tom over one of the guns captured General La Vega and the entire battery of six pieces.

May possessed an unsurpassed military record for leaping with Tom, and, it is possible, one that has never been equalled in the hunting field or even on the race course. The late Hon. Francis C. Lawley, perhaps the highest British authority on the subject, gives thirty-four feet as the greatest distance ever covered by an English horse in a steeplechase or elsewhere.

HOW TO REMOVE WARTS

Don't allow these unsightly excrescences to spoil the beauty of your hands or arms. Remove them painlessly. Cure them for all time by applying Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Failure impossible, results always sure with Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. Price 25c.

The "Morgan type" of which this horse is a splendid specimen, was founded about a hundred years ago, and although the facts of its origin have often been in dispute and are now somewhat uncertain, it is generally admitted that in quality and stamina the earlier Morgans were the best breed of horses that America has produced.

Upon the track, under saddle, in heavy harness, Morgan blood has time and again demonstrated its superiority.

It is a strange fact that this excellent type was allowed to deteriorate and to become almost extinct through carelessness and inattention, but such has been the case. At the present time, however, interest in the Morgan is reviving. The United States government is making efforts to restore the Morgan for army purposes and has established a breeding farm in Middlebury, Vermont.

The Morgan Horse Club has also been formed to rehabilitate this horse to its former prestige and, whether the object be for sentimental, patriotic or utilitarian reasons, it is hoped that the effort will be successful.

Mr. H. S. Wardner, the president of this club, attributes the disappearance of the Morgan horse directly to poor breeding by the Vermont farmer, and says: "The loss to Vermont in her great business of raising horses is as singular as it is serious. It finds no parallel in the loss of her business in the growing of wheat and other crops. The opening up of the West largely took away, by affording better natural advantages, the grain raising of the New England States. In the matter of horses, in which Vermont was most distinguished through the Morgan horses raised on her hills, the causes were quite different. With the best stock in the world for general utility purposes, the farmers of Vermont and the other states tried to breed Morgan horses larger than the small, normal Morgan horse. They sold their best and kept the poorest for breeding. I doubt if one can point to another case where the people of a state ever threw away so blindly one of its great assets as did the people of Vermont when they let the Morgan breed become almost extinct. To help Vermont regain her lost prestige is worth the best endeavor of Vermont men who wish to be public-spirited."

Horses are fond of rolling on the ground, and no animal more thoroughly shakes itself than they do. After a roll they give themselves a share or two to remove anything adhering to the coat. The habit is of much service to horses living in the open plains. On being turned loose at the end of a journey an Arab horse rolls in the sand, which acts as a blotting paper, absorbing exudations from the

body. A shake removes the sand and the coat soon dries. Cavalrymen in hot climates sometimes put sand on their horses as the simplest and quickest way of drying them.

On February 14th, at El Paso, Texas, Bourbon Beau clearly proved that in his present condition he is about the fastest running horse racing in the south this winter. He won a tall handicap race quite within himself in the remarkable time of 1:37 2-5. The time not only constituted a new record for the Jaurez track, but is within a fifth of a second of the American mile record. In his record mile Bourbon Beau shouldered 112 pounds, and after trailing within striking distance to the far turn let out and came home with so much in reserve that good judges were of the opinion that he could have run the mile in 1:37 flat.

Time tries all things, and as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup has stood the test of years it now ranks as a leading specific in the treatment of all ailments of the throat and lungs. It will soften and subdue the most stubborn cough by relieving the irritation, and restore the affected organs to healthy conditions. Use will show its value. Try it and be convinced of its efficacy.

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5 YEARS' THROAT TROUBLE AND INFLUENZA CURED

EMINENT DOCTORS FAILED TO CURE—HAD GIVEN UP HOPE

This Case Does Prove That When Catarrh is Breathed Every Trace of Catarrh Disappears

Milford Haven, Da.—Everyone in this neighborhood knows of the long suffering from influenza and catarrh endured by Mrs. D. Gurney. To-day she is well. Her recovery is due entirely to Catarrhazone. This is her own statement: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh in the head, throat and nose, and endured the manifold tortures of influenza for five years. My life was despaired of. Catarrh was undermining my strength very fast. I used treatments from eminent doctors, but all failed to cure me. I had given up hope of ever being well. Then I read of a wonderful cure made by Catarrhazone. Immediately I sent for Catarrhazone, and before I had used one bottle I was greatly relieved. To-day I am cured. We would not be without Catarrhazone in our home—it's so sure in colds, coughs, bronchial and throat troubles. I feel it my duty to publicly recommend Catarrhazone."

Get the large dollar size of Catarrhazone; it contains a beautiful hard rubber inhaler, and medicine that lasts two months. Smaller sizes, 25c and 50c, each. Beware of imitations—accept only Catarrhazone, sold by all reliable dealers or by mail from The Catarrhazone Company, Kingston, Ont., and Buffalo, N.Y.

body. A shake removes the sand and the coat soon dries. Cavalrymen in hot climates sometimes put sand on their horses as the simplest and quickest way of drying them.

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

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

Shiloh's Cure is a powerful, non-toxic, non-poisonous remedy for all ailments of the blood and glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings, and is a fine kidney remedy. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$6 and \$11 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures."

DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS SPOON MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

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

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of



Home of the "Twentieth Century Wheel"
BELLINGHAM, WASH.

Have you seen the XXth Century Wheel demonstrated? It has a tire setting device, a threaded wedge is screwed into the centre of the hub over the boxing, forcing the spokes outward, setting the tire by expansion instead of contraction. Broken spokes, fellos and boxings can be replaced by the owner in a few minutes time at practically no expense.

Wagons, as well as wheels will be made in this factory. There is not another vehicle factory of any importance within 2,000 miles. This means a big profit in freight rates saved.

Buy Shares in this Company NOW as Prices will Advance Very Shortly.

F. R. PETTIT

Director and General Agent, Chilliwack, B. C.

WHEEL FACTORY IS A LIVE INDUSTRY

Occupying a commanding site, corner Lincoln and Moore streets with a two-story building, 100x125 feet, and equipped with machinery of the very latest type, the plant of the Northwestern Wheel and Wagon Co. is now a fixture in the galaxy of industrial and manufacturing plants of Greater Bellingham.

Directly in front of the plant is the Northern Pacific railroad, and on the west side is the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia, thus affording splendid shipping facilities. The plant as it now stands, represents a total expenditure of about \$30,000, of which \$18,000 is represented in the building and land and the balance in machinery, tools, equipment, etc. necessary in the manufacture of XXth Century wheels and wagons. The XXth Century wheel is an invention of C. L. Tomlinson, president of the company, the patent rights covering practically every country in the world, and is owned by the company.—South Bellingham Sentinel.

Nature's Scalp Tonic

Machela, Nature's Scalp Tonic, contains one ingredient that supplies nourishment to the hair root, one that kills the dandruff germ, and another that puts life and lustre into the hair. Each package contains a packet of Machela Dry Shampoo Powder. Price for complete home treatment, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by H. J. Barber.

For Sale

Handsome bay mare, 6 years old, good to ride or drive. Has been driven by a lady. Also buggy and harness. Apply

C. W. HOUGHTON,
South Sumas.

ROLLER RINK

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

JAMES O'HEARN

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
Eastbound—			
Train	Leave Van.	Arrive Higd.	Arrive Chwk.
1.....	6.30 a.m.	3.55	9.45
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
FREIGHT SERVICE			
Trains	Leave Van.	Arrive Higd.	Arrive Chwk.
6.....	3.05 p.m.	4.05	6.30

lve. Chilliwack 5.00 a.m. | Daily Except
" Vancouver 7.00 " | Sunday
All passenger trains handle Express.

R. A. HENDERSON, C.E. & M.E.
ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS
B. C. LAND SURVEYOR
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CHILLIWACK, B. C.

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

CASH SALE OF FLOUR "Moffit's Best"

At D. B. Hall's House
Wednesday, April 24th.
From 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Eighty Barrels at \$6.00 per bbl.
CASH

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

Church News

Sacrament of the Lords supper will be dispensed at the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning.

Rev. A. E. Roberts is expected to occupy his pulpit on Sunday after a two weeks' absence in Toronto, Ont., where he attended the meetings of the Church Transfer Committee.

Evangelist Wm. Sampson has been holding special services in Sumas Methodist church and his efforts have been attended by much success. Mr. Sampson will begin a series of special services in the Odd Fellows' hall on Sunday evening April 28 at 8.15. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

The last of a series of musical evenings which have been held under the auspices of the Young People's Society of Cooks' church, took place Monday evening, the school room being filled with and appreciative audience. Miss Kathleen Henderson to whose efforts the evening's entertainment was due, presented a program not often equalled on such occasions, and every number was thoroughly enjoyed. Among those who contributed to the evening's pleasure were Miss K. Henderson, Mrs. J. C. Henderson, Miss McNiven, Mrs. C. A. Barber, Mr. S. Kelland, Mr. Arthur S. Davies and Mr. Morey of New Westminster. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed, particularly to Miss McNiven, convener of the musical evenings and Miss Henderson.

CHEAM NEWS

Congratulations: To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goodell, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. Stead, a daughter.

Arbor Day was well celebrated at Cheam School, flower beds were laid out, a flag-pole was erected, and a general and much needed cleaning was administered to the school. Rev. Mr. Barlow addressed the children in the afternoon. The principal features of his address were: "Loyalty" and "The Duties of Young Canadians." His remarks were well received and should prove an inspiration to both teachers and pupils. Mr. Cairns, of the Coqualeetza Institute, delivered the sermon at the Methodist church on Sunday evening last. His subject was "Temperance" and the large congregation was held enthralled by his enumerative of the difficulties meet with in procuring and enforcing temperance legislation and the final victory, especially in Eastern Provinces.

The Banford bridge has been finished. Two cement piers were built. The approaches after several days work of a number of teams and men were filled up, a covering put on and passengers admitted to crossing. If this is a monument to the Mc Bride Government it is a good one. It is safeguarding, if you can manage to forget the fact that the east pier sagged three or four inches from the pressure of clay etc. behind it and is held in position by temporary braces, which may keep it in position for a short while, perhaps until after the next election; and the west pier has developed a large crack extending from base to summit which makes its stability a matter of conjecture.

Mr. Jas. Gregg recently sold two pairs of young and beautiful horses, one pair to Mr. Annis of East Chilliwack and the other pair of young blood to Sam. Young of Vancouver.

ROSEDALE

The Easter Vestry of the Parish of Rosedale took place on Tuesday April 9. There were present the Rev. E. M. Searles in the chair, Messrs C. Somers, Seymour, Gill, Peyton, D. Welland, Brett, Marrs, Cooper and Capt. Royds. The accounts for the past year were presented and passed showing a balance in hand of \$138.19. The election of officers for ensuing year took place.—Sec-treas., Mr. Welland; Incumbents warden, Mr. H. Cooper; Peoples Warden, Capt. Royds; Church Committee, Rosedale, Messrs. Peyton and Welland; East Chilliwack, Messrs Hickman and Brett; Camp Slough, Messrs Gill and Marrs. Delegates to the Synod: Messrs Cooper, Gill and Capt. Royds Alternates: Messrs, Royds, Somers, Peyton, and Marrs, were appointed to proceed at once toward the acquiring of a site for Church building purposes. A discussion also took place with regard to getting our own churches at East Chilliwack and Camp Slough, when everything seemed to be most promising of procuring them very shortly.—Com.

The Last Word In Fishing Tackle

- Just Arrived—
- Large Consignment of
- Rods Lines
- Reels Baits
- Bait-boxes Flies
- Scalers Etc.

SEE OUR SPINNING FLIES

DENMARK & BURTON
PHONE 10

New Spring Footwear

The finest showing we've ever made of Men's High Grade Boots and Shoes. The shapes are the newest and most popular, made of the finest material that money can buy and for fit and style they are all that is to be desired. Tan calf, Blucher cut, lace boots; and Bignoiz Oxfords are two of the leading lines for Spring. We have many other lines to choose from in both Canadian and American makes. In justice to yourself you should see these lines before buying your Spring Footwear.

Chas. Parker

Your Outfitter. Fit-Reform Clothier.

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.

Toaster Stove—For all cooking purposes as well as toasting.
El Perco
Makes delicious coffee in a few minutes.

The stove which boils your kettle quickly

Phone 257 **S. PUGH** Chilliwack

Tenders

Tenders are asked for the brushing and stumping of the south end of Evans Road from the main line to South Sumas road, forty feet wide to be left ready for grading. Tenders will be sent to the Clerk of the Municipality of Chilliwack before Noon, May 4th, 1912. For further information apply to the clerk or to J. A. Evans, Chilliwack, B. C.

CLAS. W. WEBB
Clerk of the Municipality of Chilliwack

Tenders

Tenders will be received up to April 29th. for the building of a bridge over Hope River at Young Street according to plans and specifications to be seen in the office of the City Clerk.

D. E. CARLETON
City Clerk.

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 convenient 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.

City of Chilliwack

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

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

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

J. H. ASHWELL
Assessor.

Dog Lost

Brown and white retriever, answering to "Dixie". Anyone detaining him after this notice will be prosecuted.

W. J. LAUGHLIN

DO YOU WANT A HOME

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

BOX 94, Chilliwack

Chilliwack Agricultural Society

A general meeting of the members will be held in the city hall on Saturday, April 27th, 1912, at 3 p. m.

All persons who hold membership tickets are invited to attend and the meeting is called for the purpose of getting the opinion of the members with regard to the next Fair, Sept. 19th to 21st, and to make it larger and better than ever. Other business will be taken up as may arise.

A. LESLIE COOTE, President
H. S. GOODLAND, Secretary.

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

Chilliwack Electric Co.

House Wiring
Fittings
Fixtures

J. H. Patterson
Proprietor

Wellington St., opp. Opera House



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.

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

ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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[By Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.]

CHAPTER X.—(Continued)

The Emigrant Spirit

BONNINGTON was a clerk with a big insurance company. He lived four houses below us on our street. I suppose he was earning about \$1,800 a year when he died. He left five children and he never had money enough even to insure in his own company. He didn't leave a cent. When Helen Bonnington came back from the grave it was to face the problem of supporting unaided, either by experience or relatives, five children ranging from twelve to one. She was a shy, retiring little body who had sapped her strength in just bringing the children into the world and caring for them in the privacy of her home. She had neither the temperament nor the training to face the world. But she bucked up to it. She sold out of the house what things she could spare, secured cheap rooms on the outskirts of the neighborhood and announced that she would do sewing. What it cost her to come back among her old friends and do that is a particularly choice type of agony that it would be impossible for a tenement widow to appreciate. And this same self-respect which both Helen's education and her environment forced her to maintain, handicapped her in other ways. You couldn't give Mrs. Bonnington scraps from your table; you couldn't give her old clothes or old shoes or money. It wasn't her fault because this was so; it wasn't your fault.

When her children were sick she couldn't send them off to the public wards of the hospitals. In the first place half the hospitals wouldn't take them as charity patients simply because she maintained a certain dignity and in the second place the idea, by education, was so repugnant to her that it never entered her head to try. So she stayed at home and sewed from daylight until she couldn't hold open her eyes at night. That's where you get your true "Song of the Shirt." She not only sewed her fingers to the bone, but while doing it she suffered a very fine kind of torture wondering what would happen to the five if she broke down. Asylums and homes and hospitals don't imply any great disgrace to most of the tenement dwellers, but to a woman of that type they mean Hell. God knows how she did it, but she kept the five alive and clothed and in school until the boy was about fifteen and went to work. When I hear of the lone widows of the tenements, who are apt to be very husky, and who work out with no great mental struggle, and who have clothes and food given them and who set the children to work as soon as they are able to walk, I feel like getting up in my seat and telling about Helen Bonnington—a plain middle-classer. And she was no exception either.

I seem to have rambled off a bit here, but this was only one of many contrasts which I made in these years which seemed to me to be all in favor of my new neighbors. The point is that at the bottom you not only see advantages you didn't see before, but you're in a position to use them. You aren't shackled by conventions; you aren't cramped by caste. The world stands ready to help the under dog but before it will lift a finger it wants to see the dog stretched out on its back with all four legs sticking up in prayer. Of the middle-class dog who fights on and on, even after he's wobbly and can't see, it doesn't seem to take much notice.

However, Ruth started in with a few reforms of her own. She made it a point to go down and see young Michele every day and watch that he didn't get any more macaroni and gravy. The youngster himself resented this interference but the parents took it in good part. Then in time she ventured further and suggested that the baby would be better off if the windows were washed to let in the sunshine and the floor scrubbed a bit. Finally she became bold enough to hint that it might be well to wash some of the bed clothing.

The district nurse appreciated the change, if Michele himself didn't and I found that it wasn't long before Miss Colver was making use of this new influence in the house. She made a call on Ruth and discussed her cases with her until in the end she made of her a sort of first assistant. This was the beginning of a new field of activity for Ruth which finally won for her the name of Little Mother. It was wonderful how quickly these people discovered the sweet qualities in Ruth that had passed all unnoticed in the old life.

It made me very proud.

CHAPTER XI
New Opportunities

I had found that I was badly handicapped in all intercourse with my Italian fellow workers by the fact that I knew nothing of their language and that they knew but little English. The handicap did not lie so much in the fact that we couldn't make ourselves understood—we could after a rough fashion—as it did in the fact that this made a barrier which kept our two nationalities sharply defined. I was always an American talking to an Italian. The boss was always an American talking to a Dago. This seemed to me a great disadvantage. It ought to be just a foreman to his man or one man to another.

The chance to acquire a new language I thought had passed with my high school days, but down here every one was learning English and so I resolved to study Italian. I made a bargain with Giuseppe, the young sculptor, who was now a frequent visitor at our flat, to teach me his language in return for instruction in mine. He agreed though he had long been getting good instruction at the night

school. But the lad had found an appreciative friend in Ruth who not only sincerely admired the work he was doing but who admired his enthusiasm and his knowledge of art. I liked him myself for he was dreaming bigger things than I. To watch his thin cheeks grow red and his big brown eyes flash as he talked of some old painting gave me a realization that there was something else to be thought of even down here than mere money success. It was good for me.

The poor fellow was driven almost mad by having to offer for sale some of the casts which his master made him carry. He would have liked to sell only busts of Michael Angelo and Dante and worthy reproductions of the old masters.

"There are so many beautiful things," he used to exclaim excitedly in broken English; "why should they want to make anything that is not beautiful?" He sputtered time and time again over the pity of gilding the cast. You'd have thought it was a crime which ought to be punished by hanging.

"Even Dante," he groaned one night, "that wonderful, white sad face of Dante covered all over with gilt!"

"It has to look like gold before an American will buy it," I suggested.

"Yes," he nodded. "They would even gild the Christ."

Ruth said she wanted to learn Italian with me, and so the three of us used to get together every night right after dinner. I bought a grammar at a second-hand bookstore but we used to spend most of our time in memorizing the common every day things a man would be likely to use in ordinary conversation. Giuseppe would say, "Ha Ella il mio cappello?"

And I would say,

"Sì, Signore, ho il di Lei Cappello."

"Ha Ella il di Lei pane?"

"Sì, Signore, ho il mio pane."

"Ha Ella il mio zucchero?"

"Sì, Signore, ho il di Lei zucchero."

There wasn't much use in going over such simple things in English for Giuseppe and so instead of this Ruth would read aloud something from Tennyson. After explaining to him just what every new word meant, she would let him read aloud to her the same passage. He soon became very enthusiastic over the text itself and would often stop her with the exclamation, "Ah, there is a study!"

Then he would tell us just how he would model whatever the picture happened to be that he saw in his mind. It was wonderful how clearly he saw these pictures. He could tell you even down to how the folds of the women's dresses should fall just as though he were actually looking at living people.

After a week or two when we had learned some of the simpler phrases Ruth and I used to practise them as much as possible every day. We felt quite proud when we could ask one another for "quel libro" or "quell'abito" or "il cotelino" or "il cucchiaino." I was surprised at how soon we were able to carry on quite a long talk.

This new idea—that even though I was approaching forty I wasn't too old to resume my studies—took root in another direction. As I had become accustomed to the daily physical exercise and no longer returned home exhausted I felt as though I had no right to loaf through my evenings, much as the privilege of spending time with Ruth meant to me. My muscles had become as hard and tireless as those of a well-trained athlete so that at night I was as alert mentally as in the morning. It made me feel lazy to sit around the house after an hour's lesson in Italian and watch Ruth busy with her sewing and see the boy bending over his books. Still I couldn't think of anything that was practicable until I heard Giuseppe talk one evening about the night school. I had thought this was a sort of grammar school with clay modelling thrown in for amusement.

"No, Signore," he said. "You can learn anything there. And there is another school where you can learn other things."

I went out that very evening and found that the school he attended taught among other subjects, book-keeping and stenography—two things which appealed to me strongly. But in talking to the principal he suggested that before I decided I look into the night trade school which was run in connection with a manual training school. I took his advice and there I found so many things I wanted that I didn't know what to choose. I was amazed at the opportunity. A man could learn here about any trade he cared to take up. Both tools and material were furnished him. And all this was within ten minutes' walk of the house. I could still have my early evenings with Ruth and the boy even on the three nights I would be in school until a quarter past seven, spend two hours at learning my trade, and get back to the house again before ten. I don't see how a man could ask for anything better than this. Even then I wouldn't be away from home as much as I often was in my old life. There were many dreary stretches towards the end of my service with the United Woolen when I didn't get home until midnight. And the only extra pay we salaried men received for that was a brighter hope for the job ahead. This was always dangled before our eyes by Morse as a bait when he wished to drive us harder than usual.

I had my choice of a course of carpentry, bricklaying, sheet metal work, plumbing, electricity, drawing and pattern draughting. The work covered from one to three years and assured a man at the end of this time of a position among skilled workmen who make in wages as much as many a professional man. Not only this, but a man with such training as this and with ambition could look forward with

out any great stretch of imagination to becoming a foreman in his trade and eventually winning independence. All this he could accomplish while earning his daily wages as an apprentice or a common laborer.

The class in masonry seemed to be more in line with my present plans than any of the other subjects. It ought to prove of value, I thought, to a man in the general contracting business and certainly to a man who undertook the contracting of building construction. At any rate it was a trade in which I was told there was a steady demand for good men and at which many men were earning from three to five dollars a day. I must admit that at first I didn't understand how bricklaying could be taught for I thought it merely a matter of practice but a glance at the outline of the course showed me my error. It looked as complicated as many of the university courses. The work included first the laying of a brick to line. A man was given actual practice with bricks and mortar under an expert mason. From this a man was advanced, when he had acquired sufficient skill, to the laying out of the American bond; then the building of square piers of different sizes; then the building of square and pigeon-hole corners, then the laying out of brick footings. The second year included rowlock and bonded segmental arches; blocking, toothing, and corbeling; building and bonding of vaulted walls; polygonal and circular walls, piers and chimneys; fire-places and flues. The third year advanced a man to the nice points of the trade such as the foreign bonds—Flemish, Dutch, Roman and Old English; cutting and turning of arches of all kinds—straight cambered, semi-circular, three centred elliptical, and many forms of Gothic and Moorish arches; also brick panels and cornices. Finally it gave practice in the laying out of plans and work from these plans. Whatever time was left was devoted to speed in all these things as far as it was consistent with accurate and careful workmanship.

I enrolled at once and also entered a class in architectural drawing which was given in connection with this.

I came back and told Ruth and though of course she was afraid it might be too hard work for me she admitted that in the end it might save me many months of still harder work. If it hadn't been for the boy I think she would have liked to follow me even in these studies. Whatever new thing I took up, she wanted to take up too. But as I told her, it was she who was making the whole business possible and that was enough for one woman to do.

The school didn't open for a week and during that time I saw something of Rafferty. He surprised me by coming around to the flat one night—for what I couldn't imagine. I was glad to see him but I suspected that he had some purpose in making such an effort. I introduced him to Ruth and we all sat down in the kitchen and I told him what I was planning to do this winter and asked him why he didn't join me. I was rather surprised that the idea didn't appeal to him but I soon found out that he had another interest which took all his spare time. This interest was nothing else than politics. And Rafferty hadn't been over here long enough yet to qualify as a voter. In spite of this he was already on speaking terms with the state representative from our district, the local alderman, and was an active lieutenant of Sweeney's—the ward boss. At present he was interesting himself in the candidacy of this same Sweeney who was the Democratic machine candidate for Congress. Owing to some local row he was in danger of being knifed. Dan had come round to make sure I was registered and to swing me over if possible to the ranks of the faithful.

The names of which he spoke so familiarly meant nothing to me. I had heard a few of them from reading the papers but I hadn't read a paper for three months now and knew nothing at all about the present campaign. As a matter of fact I never voted except for the regular Republican candidate for governor and the regular Republican candidate for president. And I did that much only from habit. My father had been a Republican and I was a Republican after him and I felt that in a general way this party stood for honesty as against Tammanyism. But with councillors and senators and aldermen, or even with congressmen I never bothered my head. Their election seemed to be all prearranged and I figured that one vote more or less wouldn't make much difference. I don't know as I even thought that much about it; I ignored the whole matter. What was true of me was true largely of the other men in our old neighborhood. Politics, except perhaps for an abstract discussion of the tariff, was not a vital issue with any of us.

Now here I found an emigrant who couldn't as yet qualify as a citizen knowing all the local politicians by their first names and spending his nights working for a candidate for congress. Evidently my arrival down here had been noted by those keen eyes which look after every single vote as a miser does his pennies. A man had been found who was at least a speaking acquaintance with me, and plans already set on foot to round me up.

I was inclined at first to treat this new development as a joke. But as Rafferty talked on he set me thinking. I didn't know anything about the merits of the two present candidates but was strongly prejudiced to believe that the Democratic candidate, on general principles, was the worst one. However, quite apart from this, wasn't Rafferty to-day a better citizen than I? Even admitting for the sake of argument that Sweeney was a crook wasn't Rafferty who was trying his humble best to get him elected a bet-

ter American than I who was willing to sit down passively and allow him to be elected?

(To be Continued.)

FRANCE'S STRONG MAN

All France has been congratulating itself on its new prime minister. Some critics have declared that the acceptance of the premiership by M. Raymond Poincare has given France the strongest government she has had since she became a republic.

His position as the strong man among French statesmen is shown by the fact that two ex-Premiers have consented to serve under him. His hustling powers are proved by his forming a cabinet in record time. Ten hours and a taxi-cab were all that were necessary.

In taking up the premiership he is losing heavily from a financial point of view. French statesmen are very badly paid compared with English, and the new premier has been making quite the biggest income of any French barrister. Before taking to the law he was, like so many French statesmen, a journalist, studying for his legal examinations in the intervals of his newspaper work.

A short, broad, bearded man, somewhat untidily dressed, Poincare is not personally impressive except for his square, grim chin, and crisp, slow talk. He has the reputation of being able to dispose of any man or any matter within five minutes.

But, if a man of few words in political life, it is curious to hear that he is accepted by all educated Frenchmen as the greatest living French orator. When he is engaged in a case the court is thronged with junior men, studying the oratorical methods of the master. But at times he has earned their chaff as well as their applause. French courts of law are more informal than British.

Once the great barrister was cross-examining a somewhat vulgar witness who kept on answering "I were." The grammar jarred on the orator. Next time it happened, he remarked: "Would you mind saying 'You was'?" and delighted grins spread round the court.

But it is seldom that a witness, intentionally or otherwise, has scored off Poincare. He was once appearing in a compensation case on behalf of an employee on the Metropolitan, the Paris Underground.

In the middle of an impassioned address to the jury, a hostile witness—French fashion, the witness was still in the box—interposed cuttingly just when the orator was taking a pause for breath with:

"This is all very well, Mr. Counsel, but I remember the time when I could have bought your services for half a crown."

The barrister swung round. "Probably," he remarked with a genial smile; "and it is equally probable that they were not worth it!" And, without a moment's hesitation, he had got into his stride again.

Some ten years ago the new prime minister was on the verge of a duel with a judge. Poincare had politely protested against the judge's somewhat bullying tone, but in vain. Then the barrister was brought up short with a brusque: "You have no authority whatever for that statement."

The barrister stopped, and addressed himself to the usher. "Would you kindly," he said sweetly, "find his lordship some elementary treatise on the law of contract? Or, here is a penny. You might get a copy of 'Law for the Unlearned' at the nearest newsagent's."

The judge scowled and stalked out, to compose a challenge.

The feud between the two was the talk of all legal Paris. But the actual duel was never permitted.

The new premier is the most versatile of men. He has a passion for the theatre, for racing, and for animals. He is an Academician—one of the famous forty—everywhere honored for his sturdy inflexibility and honesty. But can he keep in hand the brilliant and independent team he has under him? Is the strong man strong enough to prevent the cabinet from splitting from within? That is what all France is wondering. That is the puzzle of Poincare.

HINDU WEDDING CUSTOMS

We arrived at the bridegroom's house where the first part of the ceremony took place about eight in the evening.

We found the bridegroom seated in a large room, cross-legged, in front of two large candles; on one side of him sat the officiating priest and on the other the two best men. The bridegroom was attired in a long red robe and looked the picture of woe.

Facing him squatted all the guests, boys and men, each one of them wearing a curious little round skull cap. There was a pause in the proceedings when the two "witnesses" left to go to obtain the bride's formal consent to the match. The bride was not present at the ceremony, and had never seen her intended husband's face.

At last the "witnesses" returned to announce that all was well, and shortly afterward a curious smell of incense filled the air, and the priest, taking the bridegroom's right hand in his, began to chant prayers, or invocations, in a low sing-song voice almost like a whine.

The assembly joined in later, all going through the same gestures of salaaming, washing the face and holding their hands out in front of them as one holds a book. This lasted about five minutes, there was a stir and then the first part, the religious part, of the ceremony was at an end. The stewards rose and threw dishes of bonbons and nuts among the guests, who scrambled for them.

We were hurried down the narrow stairs to the house next door, which happened to be that of the bride, where we were regaled with light refreshments. In the passage outside the bride's bedroom ensued a very quaint ceremony, for now it was the duty of the "witnesses" to gain admittance to it for the bridegroom.

They bang on the door and shout, and women's voices answer from within. A good deal of dialogue went on, of a humorous nature no doubt, judging from the laughter that went on around me, though it was of course conducted in Hindustani and colloquial

Chinese. It then appeared that the door would not be opened until the bride's dowry was forthcoming.

The "witnesses"—who are evidently the "funny men" of the occasion—banged again on the door and yelled and shouted; the guests took up the refrain and the hubbub was immense. No use, the door would not budge and a whispered consultation took place; it was decided to pass over a small amount of "earnest" to bind the bargain, but this didn't satisfy the doorkeepers, and there had to be more bargaining and haranguing and shouting—all of which palaver was of course part of the game, and the marriage would not have been in "pukkah" form if it had not been gone through.

At last the bargain was struck, the door flew open. The bridegroom passed into the bridal chamber, where he met his newly married wife face to face for the first time. The rest of us discreetly withdrew, but he was back among us a few minutes later to accept our congratulations and bow his acknowledgements. The bride seemed to have been quite forgotten.

Then we all sat down to a sort of wedding feast, nearly all composed of Indian dishes, delicious curry and Bombay ducks, sweet coffee, Indian spices and cakes, curious, out-of-the-way fruit, and to crown all, the huge leed wedding cake, with the two flags of the proposed revolutionary party in China sagged on top.

After eating we adjourned to another room where an Indian orchestra squatted on the floor and played weird musical instruments and a man beat monotonously on a tom-tom. After the overture, or intermezzo, or whatever it was, a man in a huge white turban sang a love song, howling like a dog in pain. He swayed to and fro as a reed shaken by the wind, and the orchestra accompanied him, or rather it played about while he was singing, but he won in the end—by several bars.

THE "CAMBRIDGE APOSTLES"

When Tennyson was an undergraduate, there existed at Cambridge University a small but brilliant and influential literary club originally called the "Cambridge Conversations Society." Later certain detractors, because of the number of its members, playfully dubbed it the "Apostles Society," a name which it joyfully accepted and has retained ever since.

It was founded in 1820 for debate and discussion on literary and philosophical topics. The success which the members later achieved is striking. Of the well-known names are those of Arthur Henry Hallam, to whose friendship with Tennyson we owe "In Memoriam"; Richard Mouckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, poet, society leader, and brilliant member of parliament; Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin; Merivale the historian; Charles Buller, who became one of the leaders in the House of Commons and a colleague of John Stuart Mill in the Utilitarian movement; Frederick Denison Maurice, and John Sterling, whose memory has been perpetuated in Carlyle's biography.

The Apostles usually met on Saturday night in the rooms of one of their number. The host read a political, literary, or philosophical paper after which he was subjected to a storm of questions and criticisms. Refreshments, usually of coffee and anchovies on toast, were provided, which sustained the company till the small hours of the morning.

An old Apostle wrote that the picture which he carried away of Tennyson at one of these gatherings was of one "sitting in front of the fire, smoking and meditating, and now and then mingling in the conversation." At these meetings Tennyson read most of the poems that were published in his 1830 and 1832 volumes.

After the poems were read they were laboriously written out by each one who wished to have his own copy. The influence of Tennyson in the university and the respect in which he was held are shown by the debate held in the Cambridge Union while he was still an undergraduate—"Tennyson or Milton: which the greater poet?"

The enthusiasm of the Apostles for practical causes, their power of testing the ideals which they evolved in the intellectual rivalry of their society, is seen in the so-called Spanish Expedition. In the long vacation of 1831, Tennyson, Hallam, Kemple and other Apostles went to Spain with money and supplies for the insurgent allies of General Torrijos, a leader in a revolt against the tyranny of Ferdinand VII.

Although they came safely home after some weeks, the danger of the affair was shown when, two years later, Robert Boyd, a cousin of John Sterling, was captured with General Torrijos and some fifty Spaniards, and suffered military execution at Malaga.

The continuation of the friendship formed at Cambridge is seen in the Sterling Club, organized by some old Apostles, which numbered among its members, besides Tennyson and Milnes and others of their set, Edward Fitzgerald, Thackeray, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill and Sir Francis Palgrave.

A MOOT QUESTION

Are Protestants more intolerant than Catholics? It is a nice question, and one that is being debated just now in Ireland with some fury. Home Rule being apparently imminent, the electorate is invited to consider the likelihood of a persecution of the Protestant minority by the Catholic majority, and while it is not said that the price of faggots has actually risen in view of the expected demand, we must remember that all things have a beginning and that milder measures are entitled to a trial. But now comes Home Rule Notes with a counter charge. It is not the Catholic south that would establish the auto da fe, but the Protestant north. Take, for example, says the scribe, the present condition in Belfast. Catholics form one-third of the population of the northern city, but no Catholic is allowed a place on the Harbor Board. There is only one Catholic on the pay roll, and how he got there heaven only knows. There are 437 salaried officials in the service of the city, and only nine of these are Catholics. The total annual salary list amounts to \$338,625, but the nine Catholics receive only \$3,825 between them. And so on. Evidently Belfast is lack-

ing in that broad and tolerant spirit that we should like to see. Belfast must reform if she intends to hold aloft the banner of religious liberty.

"AIN'T JIM GREAT"

Supervisor Slattery, of Boston, is said to be the best rapid-fire story teller from the Hub. Here is the pick of the bunch of anecdotes related on a recent occasion:

"It was a dull, dark day. The rain came down depressingly and oppressively. A dejected teacher came to me after school closed and said: 'I can't stand Jim any longer. He comes late. He won't pay attention, and he was almost abusive in refusing to stay in to complete his arithmetic. He will have to be sent to truant school.'

"I will go and see his mother about it," I said.

"When I reached the address I had to go up a long flight of stairs and along a narrow hall. I knocked at the door and heard chairs being moved about and an evident rearrangement of things for the benefit of the visitor whoever he or she might be. Presently the door was opened and Jim's mother said, 'Come in.' I gave her my name.

"You are Jim's?—I can't remember what it is, but he is always talking about you. You ought to hear what he says about you."

"I'm his supervisor," I said, wondering all the time what Jim had been saying about me.

"Say," began Jim's mother, before I could give the object of my visit, 'Ain't Jim great?'

"Is he?" I repeated.

"My, yes, of course he is. I don't know what I'd have done without him. You didn't know his father. His father left me when Jim was born, and took all the money I had saved up in that big cup there away and I've never seen him since. But I'm doing fine now. You see Jim gets up at four o'clock every morning and helps with a milk round. At noon he brings or takes home washing I do. And after school he has a paper round, and he brings me all his money. Say, ain't Jim great?"

"I went back to the school and when I saw Jim's teacher I said, 'I've seen Jim's mother.'

"What did she say?"

"Say, ain't Jim great?' I replied. Then I explained.

"I guess Jim can stay on," was his reply.

If you go to one of the largest linen-wear establishments in Boston you will find an alert young superintendent in charge. The superintendent is "Jim," who, the teacher understanding his circumstances, was given another chance and made good.

Supervisor Slattery is Miss Slattery, one of the most prominent educationists of New England.

NEW OLD MASTERS

Sometimes we are told that Europe has now been so carefully combed over that the search for picture masterpieces is foredoomed to failure. And yet two pictures by Rubens have just been found in second-hand shops in Belgium. One of them is "The Holy Trinity," and the other represents Lot fleeing from Sodom, and they had been sold for about twenty dollars each by their original owner, in whose family they had been for generations.

Another remarkable discovery of a similar nature is that of a hitherto unknown room in the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, a room that is believed to be the famous "scrittiojo" or study of Cosimo Medici. It measures forty feet by twenty feet, and has a magnificent ceiling with beams from wall to wall, the whole being covered with paintings. The hall is surrounded with a beautiful painted frieze, and on one of the beams is the artist's name, "Francisco Bach . . ." evidently Francesco Bachiaco, who died in 1557, and who is known to have had a commission from Duke Cosimo to execute just such a work. It seems strange that there should still be unexplored parts of the great Florence palaces, of which the existence must surely be disclosed by the architectural plans.

THE TELL-TALE THUMB

The thumb confesses the man; no man is clever enough to deceive it. It has been divided into three parts, typifying the three qualities that master the world—will, logic, and love. The fist, or nail phalange, signifies will; the second, logic; the third, which is the boundary of the Mount of Venus, love.

When the thumb is unequally developed and the first phalange is extremely long, it is neither love nor logic that governs the individual, but merely sheer will. If the middle phalange be much longer than the first, reason predominates; yet the man may not have the power to will himself to do that which his reason dictates.

When the third phalange is long and the thumb is short, man is revealed as the slave of the senses, guided neither by will nor reason.

If the thumb is supple-jointed, the individual is easy-going, spendthrift, careless of time, money, energy, opportunity and all things.

If it be firm-jointed he is cautious, watchful, keen, diplomatic, tireless in planning, confident and sure of success, self-possessed and self-controlling.

CAPTURED FOR CHICAGO

Within the last year or so the Newberry and Crerar libraries of Chicago have extended their collections of Oriental literature until they now possess 36,000 volumes in Chinese, Tibetan, Manchu, Mongol, and Japanese. Many of the Manchu books are unique, as in the present anti-dynastic revolution in China Manchu relics are being destroyed, and a yellow cover is sufficient to doom a book to the flames, regardless of its rarity and historical value. When China emerges from disorder and its scholars take an inventory of its libraries it is more than likely that copies of many of its great books will be found preserved only in Chicago. The Newberry and Crerar libraries procured their Chinese, Tibetan and Japanese books through Dr. Berthold Laufer, one of the most eminent Chinese scholars in the country, who made a three years' expedition into China and Tibet for the Field Museum.

CLOSING OUT SALE OF FURNITURE

Furnishings, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleum, Curtains,
Comforters, Blankets, Sheets, Floor Oil
Dishes, Glassware, Etc., Etc.

W. B. TRENHOLM

Has Positively Decided to Retire from the Furniture Business in Chilliwack and has put his very large Stock on the market at Sacrifice Prices.

Sale Starts Friday April 26th

And will continue until the entire stock is disposed of. The first to come will get the best variety to choose from. This opportunity gives you the privilege of buying Furniture and Furnishings at practically your own price. The stock must be cleared out at an early date.

Do Not Delay or You will Miss the Chance
of a Life Time. Don't Miss It.

W. B. TRENHOLM

OPPOSITE BARBER'S DRUG STORE.

CHILLIWACK

A NOVEL CATARRH REMEDY CURES WITHOUT DRUGS

THE HEALING VAPOR OF CATARRH-OZONE LOOSENS THE COUGH, STOPS ALL DISCHARGES, PREVENTS SNEEZING.

The real danger of Catarrh lies in putting off treatment. You may have Catarrh yourself, but you may not know it. Before the disease spreads from your nose to the stomach, lungs, or bronchial tubes, root it out—cure it with "Catarrh-ozone." Look over the following symptoms—then examine yourself:

- Difficult Breathing
- Raising Phlegm
- Bad Breath
- Stuffy Nostrils
- Frequent Sneezing
- Ears Bzzing
- Watery Eyes
- Hacking Cough
- Bad Taste
- Dropings

Don't continue to burden your system for another day with the germs of such a filthy, loathsome disease as Catarrh. Get Catarrh-ozone to-day—inhalate its soothing vapor, fill your breathing organs with its balsamic essences, and all trace of Catarrh will forever depart. Read what Elwood S. Lee, of Sydenham, Ont., says of his cure with Catarrh-ozone:

"I was a chronic sufferer from continuous colds in the throat and nose, and for many years have constantly had Catarrh. I was recommended to try Catarrh-ozone, and find that by using the Inhaler on the first touch of a cold or la grippe I am able to stay it in a few hours. I have been able to breathe through my nose freely since using Catarrh-ozone; in fact, I am completely cured. (Signed: ELWOOD S. LEE.)"

Once you try Catarrh-ozone you'll realize how indispensable it is—the large dollar size contains an indestructible hard rubber inhaler and sufficient medication to last two months. Beware of the substituter and imitators of Catarrh-ozone—use the genuine and you'll get cured. By mail from the Catarrh-ozone Company, Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

Canon James Denton Thompson, whose appointment as bishop of Sodor and Man has just been approved by King George, is an author of considerable prominence, as well as an interesting minister. He was born in 1856, and since 1905 has been rector of Birmingham. One of his best-known books is "Church and the People." He is fond of outdoor life and plays a good game of golf.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
URIC ACID
GRAVEL
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
BACKACHE

A GOOD CORN SHELLER
Roots out any kind of a corn, hard, soft or bleeding; cures it without pain, acts at night while you sleep—its name is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only painless remedy that acts in twenty-four hours. Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor is sure and safe, price 25 cents.

Well, Well!
THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use
I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye.
I used **DYOLA**
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS
CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

The Wretchedness of Constipation
Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**
Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature *Brentwood*

That Reminds Me

Mrs. Jawback—"You're a wretch, but I suppose if I had to live my life over again I'd marry you just the same."

Mr. Jawback—"I bet you a dollar you wouldn't."

Chairman (addressing a meeting)—"I am sure we will all be very sorry our secretary is not here to-night. I can not say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face.'"

Clerk—"Can you let me off tomorrow afternoon? My wife wants me to go shopping with her."

Employer—"Certainly not. We are much too busy."

Clerk—"Thank you very much, sir. You are very kind!"

First City Man—"How are you coming along with your poultry venture?"

Second Ditto—"I've been swindled. I bought three incubators of different makes, and not one of them has laid an egg yet!"

"I can trace my descent for 500 years."

"Sure enough?"

"Yes. How far can you trace your descent?"

"Not very far. But I never claimed to have descended so far as you."

Gibbs: So the automobile you bought arrived yesterday. By the way, wasn't that Dr. Evans I saw out in it with you?

Dibbs: Yes; I thought I'd be on the safe side and have a doctor along in case I needed one.

M. Durand (a retired butler, to his wife: Just look how this cloth is laid! And this fowl isn't cooked properly either. Why don't you speak to Jane about it?
"I'm so afraid that if I show her how things should be done, she'll guess that we have been servants ourselves."

"Do you believe in the principle of the Recall for Judges, Weary?" asked Dusty Hobo, as he and Weary Wag-gies met en route for warmer climes.

"No, I don't," growled Weary. "De last Judge I was up before recalled that I'd been up before him five times before that, and gimme six mont's extra for it."

"That fellow is too slick for me. Sold me a lot that was two feet under water. I went around to demand my money back."

"Get it?"

"Get nothing! Then he sold me a second-hand gasoline launch and a copy of 'Venetian Life,' by W. D. Howells."

"I understand that your wife and Mrs. Exe are not on speaking terms."

"It's so, confound it! And it is going to cost me money."

"Indeed, in what way?"

"Oh, my wife now proposes to give a big dinner party so that she can snub Mrs. Exe by not inviting her."

"I believe de recall 'ud help to reform me," said Plodding Pete.

"What difference would de recall make to you?" inquired Meandering Mike.

"If we had it, I t'ink I'd quit dis roving life an' settle down an' try to git back at some' o' dese judges dat keeps sendin' me up."

Hawkshaw Holmes—"I wish to be vaccinated."

Doctor—"What's your business?"

Hawkshaw Holmes—"I am a detective."

Doctor—"Stand out of line, please, and give somebody else a chance. There is no danger of you ever catching anything."

The thank-you-marm was a big one, and as Mrs. Wagg's car bounded over it the chauffeur was jounced a full three feet up in the air, landing safely in his seat, however, on his return.

"You see, my dear Mrs. Dubbs," said Mrs. Wagg, "why I call Wimpys my safety chauffeur. He lights only on the box."

Winkleby gazed at the new tripiets with fatherly pride, but not a little apprehension in his eye, nevertheless.

"What are you thinking, dear?" asked Mrs. Winkleby, softly.

"Nothing, dear, nothing," he said, falteringly, "only don't you think that it would be wiser for us hereafter to build up our little family on the installment plan?"

During a strike on the North British Railway, much difficulty was experienced in finding engineers to keep the necessary trains running. One of the substitutes, a young fellow, ran some distance past a station, and then, putting back, ran as much too far the other way. He was preparing to make a third attempt, when the station agent shouted, to the great amusement of the passengers:

"Never mind, Tammas; stay where you are! We'll shift the station."

"But pa," whimpered Johnny, "ma's spanked me already for bein' sassy to her."

"Well, I'm going to wallop you for it, too," retorted his father. "And do you know why?"

"Well," said Johnny, resolved to get the greatest amount of satisfaction out of a hopeless state of affairs, "I guess it's becuz what's sassy for the goose is sassy for the gander."

Whereupon pa laid it on just a trifle harder.

Sores Heal Quickly.—Have you a persistent sore that refuses to heal? Then try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the dressing. It will stop sloughing, carry away the proud flesh, draw out the pus and prepare a clean way for the new skin. It is the recognized healer among oils and myriads of people can certify that it healed where other oils failed utterly.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

IF YOU HAVE BLADDER OR URINARY TROUBLES AND WEAKNESS OF THE KIDNEYS—READ BELOW

Your back aches and fairly groans with the distress of kidney trouble. You're discouraged, but you mustn't give up. The battle can be quickly won when Dr. Hamilton's Pills get to work. These kidney specialists bring new health and vitality to young and



old alike. Even one box proves their marvelous power. Continue this great healer, and your kidneys will become as strong, as vigorous, as able to work as new ones.

Remember this: Dr. Hamilton's Pills are purely vegetable; they do cure liver, bladder and kidney trouble. They will cure you, or your money back.

Mrs. W. U. Roastier, wife of a well-known merchant in Kensington, writes as follows:—

"Ten years ago my kidney trouble started. I suffered dreadful pains in my spine and around my waist, my back feeling as if hot irons were running through it. I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, was pale, thin and very nervous. Cruel headaches, and dependancy added to my burden. Not until I had used Dr. Hamilton's Pills did I get any relief. They proved capital and helped me immediately. Eight boxes made me well, and now I do my own housework, feel and look the picture of health."

Your complete restoration to health is certain with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Refuse substitutes. 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers or the Catarrh-ozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

The late Henry Labouchere was with the British legation in Washington for ten years. One day a strident Britisher blustered into the office where Labouchere was, and demanded an audience with his country's representative. Labouchere answered that the British minister was out, and asked whether he might not do for the business in hand. The visitor replied that "no understrappers" would do; he would wait for the minister's return. Labouchere imperturbably smoked his cigarette, and after two hours prepared to leave for the day.

"When will the minister return?" asked the visitor.

"I don't know exactly," answered Labouchere.

"You don't know! And this is a British representative! Where has he gone?"

"To England. He sailed from New York last Saturday."

During a certain court-martial trial held in New Mexico, a colored sergeant was called to testify against a lieutenant, formerly his troop-commander, now charged before the court with intoxication and neglect of duty.

"You say that the lieutenant told you to march the troop down to So-and-So's ranch and there go into camp?" asked the judge-advocate.

"Yes, suh," replied the African sergeant.

"Well, from previous testimony, it seems that your troop went that night without water."

"No, sah; we didn't git no watah."

"Well, how was that? There was plenty of water at the ranch. They didn't prohibit you from getting water, did they?" asked the judge-advocate.

"Oh, no, sah! Dey warn't no prohibition about it. Dey was watah dere, but dey just wouldn't let us hab it."

CHAMPION LAZY MEN

The "won't works," many of whose careers of laziness have been revealed in the police-courts during recent years, have achieved some remarkable records of idleness; but the case of a gardener who recently committed suicide out of sheer disinclination to go on working is surely unique. This man did not mind starting a job, but he could never be induced to finish it, and he reminds one of the man about whom the wife recently complained to the magistrate at Wood Green police court. She described her husband as a piece-worker, and it seemed that he only worked on Wednesdays, when it was his custom to put in two hours' toil.

Another case was that of a man sentenced to three years' penal servitude for theft. His age was forty, and it was stated that he had only done one day's work in his life. This was during the taxi-cab strike, when he wheeled a barrow of luggage from Charing Cross to Euston.

WHY HE LOST RED HAT

Mr. E. Cunliffe-Owen tells us why Archbishop Ireland failed to receive the Red Hat. In the spring of 1898, and upon the advice of the archbishop, the Pope offered his mediation between the United States and Spain. The offer was declined, and rather curtly, although the mediation of the Vatican had been eminently successful in other disputes of a similar nature. In this instance the abortive offer was felt to be a humiliation; and it was a humiliation for which Archbishop Ireland was held responsible. He had failed as a diplomat; inasmuch as he should have been assured of his ground before prompting the offer from the Vatican. Whatever blessings may await the peacemaker, there is evidently a penalty attached to the unfruitful effort.

DICKENS' FIGHT AGAINST EVILS

How many of the social evils attacked by Dickens remain? Probably all of them, for the artist only fights against principalities and powers. He

The Best Liver Pill.—The action of the liver is easily disarranged. A sudden chill, undue exposure to the elements, over-indulgence in some favorite food, excess in drinking, are a few of the causes. But whatever may be the cause, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be relied upon as the best corrective that can be taken. They are the leading liver pills and they have no superiors among such preparations.

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

lectured by the magistrate and had paid the penalty of his idleness.

Then there was the County Clare man, who went to bed when he was ten and did not get up again until he was thirty-nine. Then for some mysterious reason he began to get bored. He rose from his couch in 1907, took to the strenuous life, and was last heard of escorting a coal-truck.

One man, brought up a month or two ago at the Willesden police court charged with sleeping out, actually fell asleep in the dock while the magistrate was pronouncing sentence. Another man, who had not worked for so long that he had forgotten whether he was a gardener or a painter, when asked by the magistrate whether he had anything to say, replied with a drawl, "Hardly worth while," and disappeared with a yawn into the cells below.

Yet another case was that of the man of fifty-nine who, when the policeman said he had never done a day's work in his life, protested indignantly that "he ~~see~~ did a bit of 'oppin'."

With the Horses

If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the modern trainer is coming more and more to depend upon patience, skill and brains to produce the results he desires than upon the aid of adventitious accessories, which were so greatly relied upon in the olden times. We very seldom see the forty-ounce shoes on a trotter in these times, in the effort to make that horse be a trotter, when he shows by every indication that he wants to be a pacer. How many of the horses that have never come to anything have been broken down by some of the absurd attempts to make them into something not intended by nature for to be, no one can tell, but had they received a different sort of treatment it is equally impossible to tell what degree of success they might have achieved. It is probably true that the modern improved-bred horse is an easier horse to train, to determine, than were those of a former generation, but that does not militate against the opinion here advanced, that the modern trainer is certainly depending more upon intellect than upon aids to bring the horse to his highest state of efficiency.

Horse-racing, which has been termed the sport of kings, has an origin dating many years farther back in history than any other sport enjoyed by the people of this generation, and judging from its present standing, it is very apt to outlive them all. There is no contest that will excite a crowd to so high a pitch of enthusiasm as a hard fought horse race. There are interesting sports such as baseball, football, running, etc., but they all fail to bring the large crowd to its feet as do the struggling equines as they enter the home stretch and strive to the wire.

However, the future of this grand sport depends entirely on the manner in which the races are conducted. There are dishonest men in the race horse business as in every other business. It would be unnatural were they absent.

Owners are, as a general rule, the men who are back of most of the crooked deals put through on race tracks and the trainer and driver are the tools the owner uses to gain his desire. The trainer, however, is often in the little game himself, and, of course, at the honest owner's expense—the man who is paying him so much per month to train and drive his horse, and expecting him to win.

Laying up heats is about the mildest form of cheating indulged in by drivers, but very often it is done not only to win the race thereby, but to win money in the books. When starting in a large field of horses, and getting away bad, a driver seems justified in laying up a heat, but when the starting judge gives him a fair break with the remaining starters and his horse goes a reasonably steady mile, he must try to win or he is violating the racing rules. There are many horsemen who do not believe in punishing a driver for laying up a heat or two, providing he wins the race in the end. They argue that in a three in five contest a horse has five chances in which to win, and having to beat the flag every heat, he should be allowed to win as best he can, by laying up one or two heats or going out to win right from the first, just as the driver desires.

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 this season.

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

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

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

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

WALL PLASTER

Plaster board takes the place of Lath, and is fireproof

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

SHALL WE SEND YOU PLASTER LITERATURE?

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Cured in Beamsville, Ont.

"After a long experience with different pain remedies, I am convinced that none are equal to Nerviline. I was taken with a cold in my chest, which later developed into a sort of chronic bronchitis. Every time I coughed it seemed to rack and tear my whole chest. I was also subject to a great stiffness in my joints, especially about the knees and shoulders, and experienced much pain in my muscles. To cure my chest troubles I first rubbed on 'Nerviline' copiously for two days, and then put a Nerviline Porous Plaster over the sore region. I got quick relief. Rubbing the sore muscles and aching joints with Nerviline did more than all other treatments combined. By the aid of Nerviline and those wonderful Nerviline Porous Plasters almost any ache, and certainly any kind (Signed) "Mrs. W. J. Sharpe, "Beamsville."

All druggists sell Nerviline in 25c and 50c bottles. Get it today.

QUEBEC FARMER TELLS GOOD NEWS

FOUND COMPLETE CURE FOR CRAMPS AND KIDNEY DISEASE

Suffered for Six Years, but Found Health and New Life in Dodd's Kidney Pills—Warm Praise for Old Reliable Remedy.

Marie East, Bonaventure Co., Quebec (Special).—Mr. Peter Bernard, a prosperous young farmer living near here, is spreading the good news that he has found a complete cure for his kidney troubles.

"I suffered for six years from cramps in the muscles and kidney disease," Mr. Bernard says, "but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely. Yes, I am feeling so well that I want other sufferers to know just how easy it is to be cured."

It is a good old saying that it is easy to do anything if you just know how. And Mr. Bernard and hundreds of others are telling you just how to cure kidney disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it. And as kidney disease is the direct cause of rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, heart disease, pain in the back and urinary troubles Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them by removing the cause. If you haven't used Dodd's Kidney Pills yourself ask your neighbors about them.

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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—*Thirty years.* DISTRIBUTORS: All Wholesale Drug Houses. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, BOSCHEN, IND., U. S. A.

Whenever you feel a headache coming on take **NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers**
They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 125 NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

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 this season.

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

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

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

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