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Chilliwack Free Press

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

VOL. 1. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS EACH CHILLIWACK, B. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1912 C. A. BARBER Editor and Proprietor No. 30

Personal Mention

L. Boultbee was a Sunday visitor from Vancouver.

Leo. Royds was a passenger to Vancouver Tuesday.

Wm. Hornby was a visitor to Vancouver Saturday.

Frank Chapman went to Vancouver Island on Friday.

C. D. Warring was a passenger to Vancouver Tuesday.

Col. Boultbee was a passenger to Vancouver Wednesday.

J. H. Wilkinson was a passenger to Vancouver on Friday.

Mrs. J. Hammar is visiting Vancouver friends this week.

Miss Broe of Matsqui, spent Sunday at the parental home.

Miss Wilkie has resumed her duties at the Public School.

Miss Barton is visiting her sister in town, Mrs. W. T. Rolfe.

J. H. Harvey is visiting with Vancouver friends this week.

Fred Gillanders left Wednesday by automobile for Vancouver.

Contractor Wm. Ritchie was up from Vancouver over Sunday.

F. A. Hewer made a trip to Seattle on business last week.

Miss Morse and Miss F. Morse visited Bellingham on Saturday.

E. Ramsdell spent the week end on a business trip to Vancouver.

C. E. Eckert was in New Westminster on Thursday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Sanford were visitors to Sumas City on Sunday.

Mrs. and Miss Bonnycastle were visitors to Blaine, Wash. this week.

H. C. Caley left for Vancouver on Friday, enroute to South America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Edmonson were passengers to Vancouver Sunday.

W. R. Nelems was in Vancouver the early part of the week on business.

Col. Sam Hughes will pay a visit to the coast within the next few weeks.

Mr. Blackburn, representing the Vancouver Sun, was in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bellrose, of Bellrose were visitors in the city on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Broadhead, spent a portion of last week in Vancouver.

Mrs. Buad and Mrs. Carson spent the week end with friends at Bellingham.

Norman Richardson loaded a car of furniture to Vancouver Island on Saturday.

Jas. O'Hearn was a business visitor to Vancouver on Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. W. Lyle visited with New Westminster and Vancouver friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Barber and Master Jack spent the past week at Victoria and Seattle.

F. A. Rose and F. F. Wilson of New Westminfter spent Sunday with Elwyn Cawley.

F. J. Hart of the F. J. Hart & Co. Ltd., New Westminster was in town on Wednesday.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trade will be held next Wednesday evening.

Hear Miss McCraney at the Methodist Church Good Friday evening.

Mrs. G. H. W. Ashwell returned on Tuesday from a visit with friends in Vancouver and Eburne.

Mrs. Nesbitt of New Westminster and Mrs. J. O. Evans of Sumas are visiting Mrs. G. W. Chadsey.

Mrs. W. B. Trenholm visited with Vancouver friends a few days last week, returning Saturday.

The musical event of the year in this city is to be in the Methodist church Friday evening April 5.

Mrs. W. H. Chadsey returned home on Sunday after spending a week with Mrs. R. G. Ballam.

Messrs. Kilshaw and Fettesfield and Lincoln Ballam of Sumas were visitors in the city over Sunday.

J. W. Graham, secretary of the Vancouver Y. M. C. A., will be the speaker at the P. S. A. on Sunday.

G. H. Franklin, manager B. C. E. R. and E. Sperling, district train despatcher, were in town Saturday.

Mrs. G. H. W. Ashwell returned on Monday evening from a visit to Vancouver Seattle, and Victoria.

J. H. Wilkinson one of Chilliwack's well known stock breeders, was a visitor in the city yesterday. —Columbian.

A. M. Currie, of Vancouver, was a week end visitor to Chilliwack. Mr. Currie is prospering in the Terminal City.

Capt. P. H. B. Ramsay returned on Monday evening from a two-weeks business trip to Brandon, Man., and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ford have bought the cottage lately occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Alf. White and are now settled there.

Mrs. Geo. Marshall, of Vancouver, was the guest of her sisters Mrs. J. W. Galloway and Mrs. A. S. Mercer during the week.

Charles F. Smith of Picton Ont., the new foreman of the Chilliwack Preserving and Canning Co., arrived in town this week.

T. J. Polley, of the Chilliwack Land and Development Co., left on Saturday on a business trip covering three or four weeks in the Lillooet country.

Miss Kathleen Henderson entertained about twenty-five of her friends last evening, a very delightful and enjoyable time being spent by all her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swain of Westminster, attended the funeral of the late James McConnell on Sunday. W. Bridge of Ladner was also in attendance.

Mr. Dennison, of Dennison B. C., and a former resident of the valley spent a few days with C. J. Campbell last week, and gave the Free Press a pleasant call.

Mrs. John Cowan, of Pilot Mound Man., who is on a visit to friends in B. C., spent this week with Mr. and Mrs. John Leary, Fairfield Island, who were former neighbors on the Prairie.

J. L. Walton, of North Dakota, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs Jos. Childerhose on Tuesday. Mr. Walton has spent the winter at the coast and will probably make his home in B. C.

Mr. Kelland, of Vancouver, has accepted the position of organist and choir leader in Cooke's church. Mr. Kelland will also conduct the Choral Society and reside permanently in Chilliwack.

W. C. Barber was a passenger to Vancouver Saturday, where he arranged for transportation for a trip to Ontario points. Mr. and Mrs. Barber leave on Saturday and expect to be away about six weeks.

Norman Robinson left Monday for Kelowna where he has secured a position with M. A. Alsgard, formerly of Chilliwack. John Robinson accompanied his son as far as Vancouver, returning Tuesday.

Thos. Finisey, of Cass Lake, Minn., has taken a position with Samuel Sutor, of the Empress Hotel as assistant manager. Mr. Finisey was formerly in the employ of Mr. Sutor for some ten years in Minnesota.

Harold Lang, of Cass Lake, Minn., has been the guest of Samuel Sutor at the Empress this week. Mr. Lang is looking for a house site for his fatner and came up from Victoria to see what Chilliwack had to offer.

A. Dalsimer, of the I. D. Smith Co., was a visitor in town Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. Dalsimer spent the winter in Saskatchewan where he conducted several very successful sales. He was at the coast and could not resist paying Chilliwack a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Af. White and little son, and Earnest Hubble left on Saturday for Leeds, England. Stuart Hubble will follow in about ten days' time. Earnest Hubble goes to England on account of his health, while Mr. White and Stuart will engage in a moving picture proposition in the old land. That health and prosperity be theirs is the wish of many friends.

A rare musical treat is in store for all those who will attend the concert on Friday evening, April 5, in the Methodist church, given by Miss Margaret McCraney, violinist, Miss Edith Pratt pianist, and some of our best local talent. Tickets are on sale at H. J. Barber's drug store. Tickets fifty cents.

Geo. E. Mitchell, of Vancouver, arrived in town Wednesday and is busy installing the cold storage plant at the Chilliwack Creamery.

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

We are informed by the President of the Chilliwack Band, S. A. Parsons, that the report that the band was defunct is not founded on fact. The band continues to exist as an organization, owns its instruments, and hall property, Mr. Parson being the trustee.

"Miss Edith Pratt is a lady with exceptional ability as an accompanist and solo pianist. She played excerpts from the repertoire of the best masters, and met with unqualified applause from an audience quick to appreciate her efforts."—Bridport News.

A Chinaman, a Siwash and a Kloochman, were taken into toils by the police Tuesday evening for celebrating by the artificial means of Chinese booze. The Chinaman drew six month the next morning for supplying the liquor; the aborigines a warning.

Measure your rooms, or let us do it for you, and then come and see the entire range of New Wall Paper. No such values were ever seen here before. Valley Paint and Wall Paper House.

A. N. S. Mildmay in the News Advertiser of Feb. 7, 1912 said of Miss McCraney. "Her sense of tempo, phrasing and ultimate basic expression was absolutely true and faithful. The soul is there."

If you have the idea that such beautiful papers must be costly, come in and see them AND GET PRICES. You will surely be pleasantly surprised to find when you figure it up how little it will cost to entirely redecorate several rooms. Valley Paint and Wall Paper House.

Miss Edith Pratt who assists Miss McCraney at the piano on Good Friday evening in the Methodist church, is also a brilliant solo pianist, winning laurels everywhere she goes.

The very fine herd of dairy cows on the farm of Wm. Hornby, Prairie Central road, will be offered for sale by public auction on Wednesday April 3. The dairy stock is among the best to be found in the valley. The entire stock of horses, cattle, pigs, poultry, bees, hay and farm implements will be offered. The sale is one of importance and should be kept in mind by those requiring stock. F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., auctioneers.

F. R. Pettitt, general agent for the Northwest Wheel and Wagon Co., and brother are in town this week in the interests of the company. As the name implies the company manufactures wagons, having a factory and equipment capable of producing ten wagons a day at Bellingham, Washington A special feature of the concern is the manufacture and use of a new hub and wheel, which by a simple device makes the setting of tires an easy matter and at the same time the construction is strong. A number of the wagons are in use and are proving to be all that is claimed for them. The company is desirous of increasing the output and is seekng additional capital. Future prospects for the success of the company are bright.

To Meet To-Night.

An adjourned meeting of the Chilliwack Branch of the Society for the Cruelty to animals will be held in the Ladies. rest room in the Hart block this evening at eight. The election of officers and other business will be dealt with and all interested are cordially invited.

Property Changes Hands.

F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd. have effected the sale of nine acres on Young road four miles south of the city, from Young brothers to J. H. Claughton of Vancouver. Mr. Claughton will set the plot out in fruit trees. Twenty acres have also been sold on Camp Slough road for H. W. Hill to E. Goldsmith of Aldergrove. The property adjoins that of Mr. Standeven.

Free Press Printing Pleases.

A Quite Wedding.

A quite wedding was solmnized at the home of Mrs. Jos. Martain, at Yarrow, at 10.30 a. m. on Saturday March 16, when her daughter Charlotte was united in marriage to Abraham Simmons, Rev. C. B. Clarke performing the ceremony. Only the inmediate friends of the contracting parties were present. The newly married couple left on the afternoon car for Vancouver, and on returning will take up their residence on the C. E. Eckert ranch at Sumas.

Reports Three Sales.

A. E. McLane real estate and insurance agent reports the sale of a lot and new bungalow in Mountain View from T. H. Campbell, Vancouver, to Harry Elmainey of Chilliwack; a house and acre of land on Hazel street for J. H. Blanche, Chilliwack to a local investor; a lot on First avenue from E. J. Boucher to J. H. Blanche. Mr. Blanche contemplates the erection of a modern American bungalow on the lot at an early date.

INSTRUCTIVE MEETINGS

The series of meetings held Monday and Tuesday under the auspices of the Farmer's Institute, the Women's Institute and the Poultry Association proved both interesting and instructive.

On Monday evening J. F. Carpenter provincial fruit inspector gave an illustrated lantern lecture and J. H. Ashwell gave a talk on the cultivating of small fruits as carried on at Puyallup.

Tuesday forenoon about twenty-five attended the demonstration of planting and pruning conducted in the orchard of J. H. Ashwell, by J. H. Carpenter.

About seventy-five people were present in the Foresters' hall on Tuesday evening and listened to an interesting address on the brooding of poultry by natural and artificial methods, by J. R. Terry. Mr. Terry possesses a thorough and very practical knowledge of the subject and those who are engaged in or propose to engage in the raising of poultry for commercial purposes, were given much enlightenment.

The raising of chickens, like all other businesses presents its problems and difficulties and in Mr. Terry's address it was shown how these could be met with best results, and the best precautionary methods to adopt. Several questions were asked and answered. Following the address appetizing refreshments were served by Mrs. Houston of the Victoria house. H. Webb occupied the chair.

The debut of two Vancouver girls into British Columbia's world of music and song took place last night at the Vancouver Opera House, and was the occasion of a social and artist triumph for both. The enthusiastic and well filled house accorded them a welcome that was only equalled by the measure of applause after each number on the programme. The floral tributes covered the stage. To reiterate and re-echo with added enthusiasm the praise which Miss McCraney has already received from the musical critics of both Paris and London would be the simplest method of describing her art. The number with which she opened the programme, in duet with Mr. Tripp, was Tartini's sonata, in four movements. Miss McCraney's attack, mastery of bowing and breadth of interpretation were worthy of the unstinted praise. That such a young artist should have the assurance and maturity which she displayed seems almost incredible. Throughout a long and trying programme Miss McCraney scored a succession of triumphs, and her home people were moved to proud self congratulation that this brilliant young women began her career in Vancouver, and after conquering the musical capitals of the old world, has returned, a modest unassuming girl. It was a memorable night for Miss McCraney and musical Vancouver.—Vancouver World.

Born—At the Chilliwack Hospital on Sunday March 26, to Mr. and Mrs. George Osburne, Fairfield Island, a son. This is the first birth in the new hospital and it has been suggested that a silver mug be donated to baby Osborne.

The Opera House To Close

We understand that the owner of the Chilliwack Opera house has decided to close the building for further use as a place of entertainment, and that alterations will be made fitting it for other purposes. This decision we believe does not effect the Easter engagements of she P. S. A., the Boy Scouts and the K. of P. Annual Ball Committee. Should the opera house be closed it will be much regreted by Chilliwack people in general.

Mayor Gives Address.

"Man's duty to Man" by Mayor Waddington at the P. S. A. last Sunday drew about one hundred fifty men from the inviting rays of an ideal summer day and those who attended listened to a clear and straight forward address on the subject. The mayor in handling his subject showed himself to be a student of human nature, pointing out the short comings of men in their life as effecting others, and line of thought and action necessary to a more harmonious and brotherly spirit in all the affairs of life. Herb. Street rendered a solo entitled "Drifting" in a very pleasing style. Miss Kathleen Henderson was the accompanist for the afternoon.

Humane Society at Cheam.

The lovers of horse-flesh in and about Cheam are congratulating themselves that from this time forward dumb animals will be treated in a more humane manner. A visit from the Humane officer and a thorough examanation of several horses, by the veteniary, for bruises or other signs of ill-use, has put fear into the hearts of some Cheam residents, who have been reported for ill usage. It is to be hoped that the reports in connection with the said treatment have been exaggrated, but whether or not, it remains that the interest taken in the Humane Society will have a salutary effect of lessening what is often brutal treatment of that greatest dumb friend of the farmer—the horse.

Demonstration Plot Of Five Acres

Work on the demonstration station for the growing of small fruits is already under way and the ground under cultivation. This is five acres, instead of three as originally proposed, and was secured from Alex. Johnson, of the old Reece Farm. The plot is to be laid out in, one acre raspberries, one half acre Logan berries and one half acre Snider blackberries, two acres Evergreen blackberries, one half acre rhubarb and one half acre strawberries. Great interest is being taken in the growing of small fruits in the valley this year and ranchers and farmers are going in for it on a much more scientific basis than ever before. J. H. Ashwell has already taken orders for over 10,000 small fruit trees which are expected here next week. This valley is exceedingly rich in soil and wonderful results are expected with the careful cultivation of it.

City Defeats Bankers

One of the hardest fought games of the season took place last Saturday at the agricultural grounds when the City eleven and the Bankers met for the second time in a league game. The Bankers started with the wind in their favor and rushing down the field, scored almost immediately through Dunford. About ten minutes later the Bankers got another goal which was scored by Jacks. Shortly after this Hall scored for the city. Before half time Orr cannoned the ball off Hall into the net thus making the scores even. In the second half the play was in favor of the City but the Bankers played a good defensive game and the city only got one more goal, Hall again being the scorer. The final score was 3-2 in favor of the city. Cruikshanks in goal for the Bankers played a sterling game and made some very fine saves. The teams were: City, Candlish, Bowden, Candlish, Nelems Raine, Taylor, Brown, Robertson, Maltman, Hall, Orr. Bankers; Cruickshanks, Atkinson, Adams, Flood, Bird, Dunford, Carter, Ross, Dunford Jacks, Clyne. On Saturday first the Militia and the Coqualeetza play. Kick off. 3 p. m. sharp.

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

Pioneer Passes Away

Early Saturday morning last the spirit of James McConnell, of Cheam, took its flight to the realms beyond, after a short illness, the direct cause of death being heart disease. Deceased resided with his son Josiah and was in his seventy-sixth year. The late Mr. McConnel was a native of the north of Ireland and the sturdy and generous characteristics of the Irish were borne out in him. He was married and emigrated to Canada in 1864 settling in eastern Ontario. Nine years later he, with his family, came to British Columbia, eventually making his home in the Chilliwack valley which at that time was a bush wilderness. He shared the hardships and perplexities as well as the pleasures incident to pioneer life, clearing his farm and establishing a home. About seven years ago his partner in life passed away and since then he has lived with his children. He was a man who was widely and favorably known, a man of strong convictions, courage and enthusiasm. For many years he was an active member of the Methodist church, but of late years became associated with the work of the Salvation Army. Seven children survive: Mrs. S. Calbick, Mrs. A. E. Kipp, Chilliwack; Mrs. Chas. Hawthorne, Josiah and Joseph, Cheam; Mrs. Bridges, Steveson; and Wm. at Vancouver. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon from his son's residence to the Cheam Methodist church where services was held, by Rev. Barlow, Cheam, and Rev. E. Manuel, of Eburne. The latter was present at the request of deceased. The funeral cortege was a very large one, many paying their last respects to the life of one who had been associated with the activities of the valley for so many years. Interment was made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS ATTEND CHURCH

A fairly representative gathering of members of Damon Lodge No. 44, Knights of Pythias participated in the commemoration of the anniversary of the Lodge by attending Divine service in the Methodist church on Sunday morning last. The Knights occupied the centre seats and took part in the service which was bright and instructive. The pastor Rev. A. E. Roberts based his remarks on I Peter 2: 16-17, the subject being the appropriate one "Brotherhood." The speaker prefaced his splendid address with a short history of the Order and its objects. The Order was founded about forty-eight years ago and was based upon the familiar Greecian story of Damon and Pythias, the object being the cultivation among the brethren, of the admirable virtues set forth in the story. The membership on this continent now totalled 700,000. The Pythian Sisters were organized in 1888 and the society now numbered 150,000. Continuing Rev. Roberts said in brief, that the idea of Brotherhood was deeply rooted in the human heart, and that brotherhood recognized the quality and manhood of man. The idea uplifts and recognizes man as the one priceless thing in the universe, and the right of man to live as a freeman, using his freedom to do good to his brother-man. The idea was growing above the greed of corporations and man was becoming more and more protected in the commercial life. Societies such as the K. P's were doing in a large measure for brotherhood what the church should be doing and should have done long ago.

The speaker closed by directing the thoughts of his hearers to the greatest example of brotherhood revealed to mankind, Christ, the Saviour of men, and the influence and benefits to each life by coming into personal touch with that life and the high standard of brotherhood established in His living for and giving His life for men. A nicely rendered anthem by the girl's choir and the pleasing solo, "The Dream of Paradise," by A. Davies, were much appreciated by the large audience present.

Nobody can afford to let the walls of any room stay faded, soiled and shabby with the splendid values we are offering in 1912 Wall Papers. Valley Paint and Wall Paper House.

ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

Nine Dollars a Week

THAT'S the way Ruth was. Every day after this she made me change, after I came back from my swim, into the business suit I wore when I came down here, and which now by contrast looked almost new. She even made me wear a tie with my flannel shirt. Every morning I started out clean shaven and with my work clothes as fresh as though I were a contractor myself. I objected at first because it seemed too much for her to do to wash the things every day, but she said it was a good deal easier than washing them once a week. Incidentally that was one of her own little schemes for saving trouble and it seemed to me a good one; instead of collecting her soiled clothes for seven days and then tearing herself all to pieces with a whole hard forenoon's work, she washed a little every day. By this plan it took her only about an hour each morning to keep all the linen in the house clean and sweet. We had the roof to dry it on and she never ironed anything except perhaps the tablecloths and handkerchiefs. We had no company to cater to and so long as we knew things were clean that's all we cared.

We got around the rock all right. It proved not to be a ledge at all. I myself, however, didn't accomplish as much as I did the first day, for I was slower in my movements. On the other hand, I think I improved a little in my handling of the crowbar. At the noon hour I tried to start a conversation with Anton, but he understood little English and I knew no Italian, so we didn't go far. As he sat in a group of his fellow countrymen laughing and jabbering he made me feel distinctly like an outsider. There were one or two English-speaking workmen besides myself, but somehow they didn't interest me as much as these Italians. It may have been my imagination but they seemed to me a decidedly inferior lot. As a rule they were men who took the job only to keep themselves from starving and quit at the end of a week or two only to come back when they needed more money.

I must make an exception of an Irishman I will call Dan Rafferty. He was a big blue-eyed fellow, full of fun and fight, with a good natured contempt of the Dagoes, and was a born leader. I noticed, the first day, that he came nearer being the boss of the gang than the foreman, and I suspect the latter himself noticed it, for he seemed to have it in for Dan. There never was an especially dirty job to be done but what Dan was sent. He always obeyed but he used to slouch off with his big red fist doubled up, muttering curses that brought out his brogue at its best. Later on he confided in me what he was going to do to that boss. If he had carried out his threats he would long since have been electrocuted and I would have lost a good friend. Several times I thought the two men were coming to blows but though Dan would have dearly loved a fight and could have handled a dozen men like the foreman, he always managed to control himself in time to avoid it.

"I don't wanter be after losin' me job for the dirthy spalpeen," he growled to me.

But he came near it in a way he wasn't looking for later in the week. It was Friday and half a dozen of us had been sent down to work on the second level. It was damp and suffocating down there, fifty feet below the street. I felt as though I had gone into the mines. I didn't like it but I knew that there was just as much to learn here as above and that it must all be learned eventually. The sides were braced with heavy timbers like a mine shaft to prevent the dirt from falling in and there was the constant danger that in spite of this it might cave in. We went down by rough ladders made by nailing strips of board across two pieces of joist and the work down there was backbreaking and monotonous. We heaved the dirt into a big iron bucket lowered by the hoisting engine above. It was heavy, wet soil that weighed like lead.

From the beginning the men complained of headaches and one by one they crawled up the ladder again for fresh air. Others were sent down but at the end of an hour they too retreated. Dan and I stuck it out for a while. Then I began to get dizzy myself. I didn't know what the trouble was but when I began to wobble a bit Dan placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Bether climb out o' here," he said. "I'm thinkin' it's gas."

At that time I didn't know what sewer gas was. I couldn't smell anything and thought he must be mistaken.

"You'd better come too," I answered, making for the ladder.

He wasn't coming but I couldn't get up very well without him so he followed along behind. At the top we found the foreman fighting mad and trying to spur on another gang to go down. They wouldn't move. When he saw us come up he turned upon Dan.

"Who ordered you out of there?" he growled.

"The gas," answered Dan.

"Gas be damned," shouted the foreman. "You're a bunch of white livered cowards—all of you."

I saw Dan double up his fists and start towards the man. The latter checked him with a command.

"Go back down there or you're fired," he said to him.

Dan turned red. Then I saw his jaws come together.

"Begod!" he answered. "You shan't fire me, anyhow."

Without another word he started down the ladder again. I saw the Italians crowd together to watch him. By that time my head was clearer but my legs were weak. I sat down a moment uncertain what to do. Then I heard someone shout.

"By God, he's right! He's lying there at the bottom."

I started towards the ladder but someone shoved me back. Then I thought of the bucket. It was above ground and I staggered towards it gaining strength at each step. I jumped in it and shouted to the engineer to lower me. He obeyed from instinct. I went down, down, down to what seemed like the centre of the earth. When the bucket struck the ground I was dizzy again but I managed to get out, heave the unconscious Dan in and pile on top of him myself. When I came to, I was in an ambulance on my way to the hospital but by the time I had reached the emergency room I had taken a grip on myself. I knew that if ever Ruth heard of this she would never again be comfortable. When they took us out I was able to walk a little. The doctors wanted to put me to bed but I refused to go. I sat there for about an hour while they worked over Dan. When I found that he would be all right by morning I insisted upon going out. I had a bad headache, but I knew the fresh air would drive this away and so it did, though it left me weak.

One of the hardest day's work I ever did in my life was killing time from then until five o'clock. Of course, the papers got hold of it and that gave me another scare but luckily the nearest they came to my name was Darlington, so no harm was done. And they didn't come within a mile of getting the real story. When in a later edition one of them published my photograph I felt absolutely safe for they had me in a full beard and thinner than I've ever been in my life.

When I came home at my usual time, looking a bit white perhaps but otherwise normal enough, the first question Ruth asked me was:

"What have you done with your dinner pail, Billy?"

Isn't a man always sure to do some such fool thing as that, when he's trying to keep something quiet from his wife? I had to explain that I had forgotten it and that was enough to excite suspicion at any time. She kept me uneasy for ten minutes and the best I could do was to admit finally that I wasn't feeling very well. Whereupon she made me go to bed and fussed over me all the evening and worried all the next day.

I reported for work as usual in the morning and found we had a new foreman. It was a relief because I guess if Dan hadn't knocked down the other one, someone else would have done it sooner or later. At that the man had taught me something about sewer gas and that is when you begin to feel dizzy fifty feet below the street, it's time to go up the ladder about as fast as your wobbly legs will let you, even if you don't smell anything.

Rafferty didn't turn up for two or three days. When he did appear it was with a simple:

"Mawnin', mon."

It wasn't until several days later I learned that the late foreman had left town nursing a black eye and a cut on one cheek such as might have been made by a set of red knuckles backed by an arm the size of a small ham.

On Saturday night of that first week I came home with nine dollars in my pocket. I'll never be prouder again than I was when I handed them over to Ruth. And Ruth will never again be prouder than she was when, after she had laid aside three of them for the rent and five for current expenses, she picked out a one-dollar bill and, crossing the room, placed it in the ginger jar. This was a little blue affair in which we had always dropped what pennies and nickels we could spare.

"There's our nest-egg," she announced.

"You don't mean to tell me you're that much ahead of the game the first week?"

"Look here, Billy," she answered.

She brought out an itemized list of everything she had bought from last Monday, including Sunday's dinner. I've kept that list. Many of the things she had bought were not yet used up but she had computed the cost of the amount actually used. Here it is as I copied it off:

Flour, .25
Lard, .15
Cream of tartar and soda, .05
Oat meal, .04
Molasses, .05
Sugar, .12
Potatoes, .20
Rice, .06
Milk, 1.12
Eggs, .24
Rye bread, .10
Sausages, .22
Lettuce, .03
Beans, .12
Salt pork, .15
Corn meal, .06
Graham meal, .05
Butter, .45
Cheese, .06
Skin of beef, .39
Fish, .22
Oil, .28
Soap, .09
Vinegar, salt and pepper, about .05
Can of corn, .07
Onions, .06
Total, $4.68

In this account, too, Ruth was liberal in her margins. She did better than this later on. A fairer estimate could have been made at the end of the month and a still fairer even than that, at the end of the year. It sounded almost too good to be true but it was a fact. We had lived, and lived well on this amount and as yet Ruth was inexperienced. She hadn't learned all she learned later. For the benefit of those who may think we went hungry I have asked Ruth to write out the bill of fare for this week as nearly as she can remember it. One thing you must keep in mind is that of everything we had, we had enough. Neither Ruth, the boy, nor myself ever left the table or dinner pail unsatisfied. Here's what we had and it was better than it sounds for whatever Ruth made, she made well. I copy it as she wrote it out:

Tuesday.

Dinner: baked potatoes, griddle cakes, milk.

Monday

Breakfast: oatmeal, griddle-cakes with molasses, cream of tartar biscuits, milk.

Luncheon: for Billy: cold biscuits, two hard-boiled eggs, bowl of rice, cold coffee; for Dick and me; cold biscuits, milk, rice.

Breakfast: baked potatoes, graham muffins, oatmeal, milk.

Luncheon: for Billy: cold muffins. Dick and me: cold muffins, rice and two hard-boiled eggs, rice, milk; for milk.

Dinner: boiled potatoes, pork scraps, hot biscuits, milk.

Wednesday.

Breakfast: oatmeal, fried potatoes, warmed over biscuits.

Luncheon: for Billy: cold biscuits, two hard-boiled eggs, bread pudding; for Dick and me: baked potatoes, cold biscuits, bread pudding.

Dinner: beef stew with dumplings, hot biscuits, milk.

Thursday.

Breakfast: fried sausages, baked potatoes, graham muffins, milk.

Luncheon: for Billy: cold muffins, cold sausage and rice; for Dick and me: the same.

Dinner: warmed over stew, lettuce, hot biscuits, milk.

Friday.

Breakfast: oatmeal, fried rock cod, baked potatoes, rye bread, milk.

Luncheon: for Billy: rye bread, potato salad, rice; for Dick and me: the same.

Dinner: soup made from stock of beef, left over fish, boiled potatoes, rice, milk.

Saturday.

Breakfast: oatmeal, fried corn mush with molasses, milk.

Luncheon: for Billy: cold biscuits, two hard-boiled eggs, cheese, rice; for Dick and me: German toast.

Dinner: baked beans, hot biscuits.

Sunday.

Breakfast: baked beans, graham muffins.

Dinner: boiled potatoes, pork scraps, canned corn, corn cake, bread pudding.

A word about that bread pudding. Ruth tells me she puts in an extra quart of milk and then bakes it all day when she bakes her beans, stirring it every now and then. I never knew before how the trick was done but it comes out a rich brown and tastes like plum pudding without raisins. She says that if you put in raisins it tastes exactly like a plum pudding.

So at the end of the first week I found myself with eighty dollars left over from the old home, one dollar saved in the new, all my bills paid, and Ruth, Dick and myself all fit as a fiddle.

CHAPTER VIII

Sunday

That first dollar saved was the germ of a new idea.

It is a further confession of a middle-class mind that in coming down here I had not looked forward beyond the immediate present. With the horror of that last week still on me I had considered only the opportunity I had for earning a livelihood. To be sure I had seen no reason why an intelligent man should not in time be advanced to foreman, and why he should not then be able to save enough to ward off the poorhouse before old age came on. But now—with the first dollar tucked away in the ginger jar—I felt within me the stirring of a new ambition, and ambition born of this quick young country into which I had plunged. Why, in time, should I not become the employer? Why should I not take the initiative in some of these progressive enterprises? Why should I not learn this business of contracting and building and some day contract and build for myself? With that first dollar saved I was already at heart a capitalist.

I said nothing of this to Ruth. For six months I let the idea grow. If it did nothing else it added zest to my new work. I shoveled as though I were digging for diamonds. It made me a young man again. It made me a young American again. It brought me out of bed every morning with visions; it sent me to sleep at night with dreams.

But I'm running ahead of my story.

I thought I had appreciated Sunday when it meant a release for one day from the office of the United Woollen, but as with all the other things I felt as though it had been but the shadow and that only now had I found the substance. In the first place I had not been able completely to shake the office in the last few years. I brought it home with me and on Sundays it furnished half the subject of conversation. Every little incident, every expression on Morse's face was analyzed in the attempt to see what it counted, for or against, the possible future raise. Even when out walking with the boy the latter was a constant reminder. It was as though he were merely a ward of the United Woollen Company.

But when I put away my shovel at five o'clock on Saturday that was the end of my ditch digging. I came home after that and I was at home until I reported for work on Monday morning. There was neither work nor worry left hanging over. It meant complete relaxation—complete rest. And the body, I found, rests better than the mind.

Later in my work I didn't experience this so perfectly as I now did because then I accepted new responsibilities, but for the first few months I lived in lazy content on this one day. For the most part those who lived around me did all the time. On fair summer days half the population of the little square basked in the sun with eyes half closed from morning until night. Those who didn't, went to the neighboring beaches many of which they could reach for a nickel or visited such public buildings as were open. But wherever they went or whatever they did, they loafed about it. And a man can't truly loaf until he's done a hard week's work which ends with the week.

As for us we had our choice of any number of pleasant occupations. I insisted that Ruth should make the meals as simple as possible on that day and both the boy and myself helped her about them. We always washed the dishes and swept the floor. First of all there was the roof. I early saw the possibility of this much neglected spot. It was flat and had a fence around it for it was meant to be used for the hanging out of clothes. Being a new building, it had been built a story higher than its older neighbors so that we overlooked the other roofs. There was a generous space through which we saw the harbor. I picked up a strip of old canvas for a trifle in one of the shore-front junk-shops which dealt in second-hand ship supplies and arranged it over one corner like a canopy. Then I brought home with me some bits of board that were left over from the wood construction at the ditch and nailed these together to make a rude sort of window box. It was harder to get dirt than it was wood but little by little I brought home enough finally to fill the boxes. In these we planted radishes and lettuce and a few flower seeds. We had almost as good a garden as we used to have in our back yard. At any rate, it was just as much fun to watch the things grow, and though the lettuce never amounted to much we actually raised some very good radishes. The flowers did well, too.

(To be continued.)

WILD DOGS OF AFRICA

The wild dog of East Africa stands 25 to 27 inches high, with good galloping quarters, rather long but very muscular legs, with strong feet and toes; the ears are very large and erect, beautifully formed to catch the faintest sound when working in thick coverts. Added to this he has a very keen sense of smell.

The jaws are wonderfully strong, with beautiful white teeth; they can break bones which few animals except the hyena could crack, and the strength of the latter's jaws and teeth are proverbial.

Their mode of hunting is very clever. Having found and started a buck, some of the fleetest dogs gallop forward ahead of the main pack keeping on either side to prevent the buck turning and doubling back. As these dogs tire they fall back, and others take up the running in their place. When the quarry tires the pack closes in and all their energy is devoted to killing by tearing out the viscera.

Some writers say the pack takes the form of a crescent when running their prey, gradually closing in as the game tires. All agree that the short time taken in running down a buck is simply marvellous, a quarter of an hour being the estimated time in hunting, killing and consuming the buck under ordinary circumstances.

The wild dog is not at all fastidious as to what food he shall take, but he levies toll on any sort of buck or antelope he finds handy. Gnu, sable and waterbuck are said to be his favorite food, but he has been known to pull down a buffalo when pressed for food. Needless to say, when attacking a powerful animal like this some of the dogs meet with a sudden death, and these are consumed by the surviving members. They always seem ravenous for food and their appetites nearly insatiable. There does not seem to be any record of their having attacked a white man.

The Cape hunting dog is sometimes called the hyena dog on account of his likeness to the hyena. The likeness, however, is only superficial, and the fact that he runs down and kills his prey in a sporting manner entitles him to a small share of our respect which a scavenger like the hyena could never command.

Packs range from fifteen to forty in number. The note is bell-like and rather musical. One writer, Sir Andrew Smith, likens it to a "Ho-ho-ho-ho" sound, tending to run one into the other. It is a moot point as to whether they ever bark in the ordinary way.

The Cape hunting dog seems incapable of thorough domestication. They have been crossed with other dogs, but the result has never been satisfactory; the young retain the treacherous nature of the wild parent. The hunting dog is numerous in East Africa, and most sporting parties account for a few.

LONG RANGE REVOLVERS

The revolver is a very deadly weapon for quick work at close range. The layman idea of getting its best results is to empty the chambers of the cylinder in the shortest possible time. Till very recently it has not been regarded an accurate or effective long-range gun. Several influences have been at work. The break-up of the open cattle ranges and the development of the standing army, with more interest in target practice, have impressed the manufacturers of revolvers. The frontier models made to stand constant hard use in all kinds of weather, do not admit accuracy in long-range work. The sights are coarse and rigid. This is the cowboy's revolver; the army officer's model is on a different pattern. It is of finer workmanship, a more delicate weapon and more accurate for deliberate work. A "caterpillar" bead forward sight and an adjustable rear U surmount the barrel. Under favorable weather conditions, it will hit where it is held and is comparatively accurate up to 300 yards.

WOMAN'S CREDULITY

Oh, wonderful credulity of woman, that strains at a gnat and swallows a camel! Of all her attributes, none is more inconsistent on the surface, more consistent when submitted to deeper and accurate analysis.

Men are just as credulous as women, but it is in a different field. The remarkable thing about it all is that each sex is most credulous in that sphere which is supposed to be peculiarly its own. Men are more credulous in business, women in sentiment.

Tell a woman you love her and think her the most beautiful and wonderful creature in the world, and with childlike simplicity she believes you implicity. Then she hands over her bankbook and real-estate deeds. A woman can tell a man all day that she is consumed by a devouring passion for him, but only in isolated cases has the man rushed to the proper authorities to put his property in her name.

On the other hand, perpetual-motion machines, cold motors, gold from sea-bubbles, and green-goods schemes of all kinds are liberally supported by a large masculine following. A thousand cases of successful swindling in which love has not been a factor, chosen at random from the police records, show a percentage of about five in which women have been the victims.

A woman longs to think that someone loves her and considers her desirable. A man dreams of sudden wealth with little effort.

Perhaps another reason for the different points of vulnerability in the sexes is that imagination is absolutely necessary to credulity. A woman does not possess the amount of imagination in regard to business that a man does.

As a rule, a woman has to deal with such small sums of money, and there are such strings on that, that she is not apt to indulge in riotous dreams about it. She is naturally slow in speculating with it or risking it even for the hope of doubling it many times. When a woman is victimized she usually risks her money not for the purpose of gain, but to show her complete confidence and trust in the person she loves.

The raison d'etre of credulity is that it increases activity. Someone concocts a scheme to appeal to another man's credulity; the possessor of that quality enters into it; various transactions are carried forth, affording considerable revenue and work to numerous parties, after which a reconstructive process sets in, occasionally with the aid of the law.

Thus there has been quite a salutary little flurry in the business world. Without credulity there would have been only stagnation.

In woman's world without credulity the same state would ensue. There would be no marriages. Romance would go out of existence. If women weren't willing to take men on faith, they wouldn't take them at all.

In fact, woman's credulity plays its most active part when she is about to make the most important contract of her whole life. Comparatively few men are victimized through marriage. Even a smaller number are inveigled into bigamous marriages.

Of course, there are other reasons why men are more successful as bigamists than women. A man can establish himself in a community and build up a circle of acquaintances much more quickly than a woman. Also, for economic reasons, a man is warier about entering the matrimonial state.

Man's method of attack is so much more direct and speedy when he so desires than any lure even the most seductive adventuress can display, that he can court and marry ten women in the time that it takes a woman to cajole a solitary man.

A man can make the proposition direct and persuade a woman to acquiesce with his plans. A woman labors under the disadvantage of having to work circuitously.

Still, there is something amazing in the career of several of the bigamists whose records of fifty or seventy wives each have startled the public within the last ten years. In no case were the criminals men of good looks, fascinating manners, or an inviting taste in dress.

They jumped from city to city without credentials, using the flimsiest of misrepresentations, yet they invariably passed muster.

Why a woman with money enough to be independent—these men never trifle with dependent ones—will rush into matrimony with an utter stranger and entrust him with her money is something quite beyond the comprehension of the ordinary man. Yet in the case of Johann Hoch, the famous bigamist and murderer, he proposed marriage and was accepted the day after one wife died—and the prospective bride was the sister of the dead woman.

One case that illustrates the remarkable gullibility of women in this respect is exemplified by the success of a bogus "Lord Sholto Douglass" whom the law halted several years ago. Although handicapped by a wart over the eye and a limp, all he had to do was to go into a town and announce, "I am Lord Sholto Douglass," and immediately one of the village's best-fixed widows or belles joined him in the holy state of matrimony.

One of the amusing features of "Lord Sholto Douglass'" assumption of nobility is that he picked out one of the best-known names in the whole list of the titled and landed gentry of Great Britain. The real Lord Douglass had had a picturesque and well-exploited career in America, and it seemed incredible that the general reading public should not have been informed that he was a married man, as his marriage to a concert-hall singer in California had filled many columns at the time of its occurrence.

Two other men who practised multitudinous matrimony with a title as he lure, and no other proofs than their mere say-so, were "Lord Walter S. Hereford" and "Lord Barrington," whose victims numbered a score. The tactics of all were the same—to assume a languid air and a supposedly English accent—to don spats, a monocle, a stick, and carry a bulldog pipe and a bag of coarse shag—to translate all American money into its corresponding English equivalent—to make use of certain phrases and slang that novelists have declared characteristic of the English nobility—these were usually sufficient to establish the pretender's claim as effectually as would letters-patent.

In consideration of the ease with which such pretensions can be investigated, the carelessness of women in accepting these bogus lords is astounding. Almost all public libraries have a copy of the British peerage, from which one can at least learn whether the title in question really exists and what the age of the holder is. "Whitaker's Alamanac" is not difficult to get hold of, and, lacking both, the British consuls are always within easy reach by man.

Many bigamists who make a business of marrying and afterward fleecing their dupes depend largely on matrimonial agencies for their victims. In spite of this, such a concern is almost sure to do a land-office business if not interfered with by the postal authorities.

POTASH FROM SEA KELP

The United States possesses the largest phosphate fields in the world, and not only supplies all that is required for home consumption, but also exports large quantities to foreign countries. All of the potash, however, required for our fertilizers is imported from Germany, the annual importation being about $15,000,000. Germany has shown a disposition to limit the amount sent to America, and, as the use of fertilizers is increasing rapidly, the need for a home supply becomes every year more apparent.

A recent report shows that the United States Department of Agriculture has been successful in its search, and that country may shortly not only be able to supply its own needs of potash salts, but even possibly export to foreign markets. A few difficulties of an engineering character are still to be overcome, but they are not of a serious nature. A new industry will be established, and if the by-products are wisely used, many millions per annum should be added to the wealth of this country.

The Department experts have covered a wide range in their investigation. Some of the desert basins were examined; brines and the mother liquors from salt wells were tested, and experiments have been carried on with the object of extracting potash from silicate rocks, and minerals, such as alunite, which contain it. The work is still under way, and potash in limited amounts undoubtedly will be derived from some of these sources. Up to the present, none of them give promise of satisfying the country's needs.

But in the giant Kelps of the Pacific Coast a satisfactory source of potash has been found. The kelp groves along less than one-fourth of the coast line have been mapped, and yet these should yield from two to three times as much potash as the present importations. These sea weeds are able to extract, by selective absorption, the potash salts from the sea water, and, on drying, these salts are very largely exuded on the surface. The dried plants contain from 25 to 35 per cent. of their weight of potassium chloride, and the latter can very readily be extracted. The kelps also contain iodine, and many other by-products can be obtained from them. It is possible that these by-products will more than pay the manufacturing expenses, leaving the potassium chloride free from cost. The Japanese have already shown considerable ingenuity in working up these by-products. Not only do they use some of the waste material for cattle food, but the Japanese themselves use it as a staple article of diet. Glue, shellac, paper and other useful products can also be made.

Some of the Pacific groves are five miles long and two miles wide, and the growth in these groves is exceedingly dense. The two principal species that would be available are Nereocystis luetkeana, in the north, and Macrocystis pyrifera, in the south. Both these plants reach a length of 100 feet or more, and grow in strong tideways or where they are exposed to the full force of the open sea. All of the groves are within the three-mile limit, and should be easily harvested. The heaviest groves are south of Point Sur, but large ones extend as far north as Seattle. If properly harvested and protected, these groves will yield an annual harvest indefinitely; it is even possible that, in the case of Macrocystis two such harvests may be obtained. On a conservative basis, upwards of a million tons of potassium chloride, worth nearly $40,000,000, should be obtained each year. No estimate can be given at the present time of the value of the by-products.

TALK TO YOUR HORSE

Talk to your horse and teach him to obey your voice as well as the reins. This may prove valuable if, as sometimes happens, the lines break or become unbuckled. Besides, the horse likes the sociability of it. He easily learns a dozen or more words, but be careful to use them only for exactly what you mean. For instance, "whoa" means to stop at once and stand perfectly still; "get up" to go straight ahead and at once; "back" to step backward; "easy," or "steady," to slow up. These words the horse readily learns and takes kindly to. "Walk" means to change at once to a walk; and "all right," spoken in a calm, reassuring tone, means "don't be afraid, that won't hurt you," and it is wonderful to see what a calming effect it has. Speak firmly, but not sharply to the horses, for they are nervous creatures. Talking to your horse will make him more intelligent and more friendly.

SWEET-SOUNDING BELLS

The soft and smooth tone of the bells in use at temples and monasteries in China and Japan has often been remarked. The quality of tone is due, not only to the use of excellent material, but also to the absence of iron clappers. The bells are never swung, but are always suspended in a fixed frame, and are sounded by striking them on the outer edge with a wooden mallet.

BEST CURE FOR SKIN SORES

IS ZAM-BUK

An illustration of the way in which Zam-Buk cures even the most serious and chronic cases of ulcers, eruptions and sores is provided by Mr. R. H. Barker, of Glencairn, Ont. He says:

"I would not have believed that any remedy could cure so quickly, and at the same time so effectively, as Zam-Buk cured me.

"My face became covered with a kind of rash, which itched and irritated. This rash then turned to sores, which discharged freely and began to spread. I first tried one thing and then another, but nothing seemed to do me any good, and the eruption got worse and worse, until my face was just covered with running sores.

"Apart from the pain (which was very bad), my face was such a terrible sight that I was not fit to go out. This was my state when some one advised me to try Zam-Buk. I got a supply, and, marvelous as it may sound, within little under a month every sore on my face was healed. I was so amazed that I have told the facts to several persons, and I have no objection to your stating my experience for the benefit of other sufferers."

Zam-Buk is purely herbal in composition, and is the ideal balm for babies and young children, for whose tender skin coarse ointments are so dangerous. Zam-Buk is a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Refuse harmful substitutes.

SNOWFLOWER OF SIBERIA

The "snow flower," so named because it blooms only in the depth of icy winters, is to be found growing on Siberian soil. When it opens, it is star-shaped, its petals of the same length as the leaves, and half an inch in width. A Russian nobleman took a number of the seeds to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow and frozen earth. On the coldest day of the following January the miraculous flower burst through its icy covering, and displayed its beauties to the wondering spectators.

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Scandinavian Funny Tales

ONE of the funniest stories from the land of the fiords is an ancient tale whose purpose is to illustrate the mental levity of women. This tale relates that there was a certain man named Jacob, whose wife, Alida, was blessed with a plentiful lack of wits. They had some marketing to do, and, as Jacob was busy, Alida said she would go. So Jacob told her: "Mind well, goodwife, you are to sell the cow and the hen; the cow for fifty crowns, and the hen for fifty pence; and, mind you, not a penny less!"

So Alida went along the road to market, carrying the hen and driving the cow; and, as she went, she kept saying to herself, "The cow and the hen, the cow and the hen; fifty crowns and fifty pence; the cow and the hen!" And presently, from saying it too often, she got confused, and said: "Fifty pence and fifty crowns for the cow and the hen!" And then she began to say, "Fifty pence for the cow, and fifty crowns for the hen!"

The butcher was going along the road, and he heard her, and said he would take the cow at her price, and so he gave her the fifty pence and took the cow, and the goodwife went on to market with the hen. But when she came to the market, nobody would give her fifty crowns for the hen, so she was sorrowful. And at last she went to the butcher and told him, as he had taken the cow, he should take the hen too. So he said he would see about it, and asked her to come in, and put food of the best before her, and gave her strong waters to drink, so that presently the goodwife was snoring. Then he daubed her with tar, and rolled her in feathers, and set her out on the roadside. When she awoke it was in the chill of the morning, and she rubbed her eyes and looked for the fifty crowns she was to get for the cow and the fifty pence she was to get for the hen; but she could find none of it, but only the feathers all over her, where the butcher had daubed her.

Well, the goodwife was perplexed. "Am I me," she said, "or am I not me? And if I'm not me, then who can I be?" So she thought perhaps she was a big bird, and not herself at all.

"Well," she said, "I'll go home, and if the dog licks my hand, then I am me; but if he barks at me, then I am a bird, and not me at all!"

So she went home, and indeed the dog began to bark and to howl; so she knew she was a bird and not herself at all; so she must go up on the roof and try to fly. The goodman saw her, and indeed he, too, thought she was a bird, and got his gun, and would have shot at her, but she cried out:

"Oh, goodman! don't shoot me, even if I'm somebody else!" So he came up on the roof, and she told him all that had happened. Then the goodman spat and swore, so disheartened was he, and he said he would take all, whatever money he had in the house, and go forth, and never return until he had found three women who were as big fools as his wife. Then he would return.

So he took what he could take and went. And as he went along the road, lo and behold, there was a new house built by the roadside, and a woman running in and out of it. She had a sieve in her hand, and she would come out, and then whip her apron over the sieve and then run back again into the house. So Jacob watched her, and then he asked her what she was doing.

"I am trying," she said, "to catch some sunshine to take into my house; for my house is dark for lack of sunshine. In my old hut there was plenty, but in my new house, for all it is fine and beautiful, there is no sunshine. And indeed I would give a hundred crowns to the man that would bring me in some sunshine!"

Then Jacob looked at her and raised his eyebrows. Then he thought and said to the woman:

"Goodwife, if you give me an axe I'll bring you some sunshine!" So she got him an axe, and he cut windows in her house, till the sun streamed in, for the builder had forgotten them. And the good woman was joyful and clapped her hands and gave him a kiss, which he liked, and the hundred crowns, which he liked still more.

"There's one!" he cried, and went on along the road. And it was not long till he came to a place where there was a terrible yelling and howling, and he saw a woman with a club, such as washerwomen use to beat the linen at the stream, and there was a man there with his head covered, and she was beating him over the head and he was yelling and crying out that she was murdering him.

So Jacob went up and stopped her.

"What are you doing?" said he.

"Trying to get my goodman's shirt on!" said she. "I've sewn him a new shirt, but he can't get his head through it, and so I'm trying to drive it through with a club!" And Jacob looked, and sure enough the goodwife had forgotten to put any neck in the shirt, so her goodman could not get his head through. And both of them were crying, she for despite, and he for the beating she had given him, trying to put on the shirt.

"I would give a hundred crowns," cried the goodwife, "if anyone would show me how to put on the shirt!"

So Jacob said he would do it, and he took the shears and cut a slit in the shirt for the neck, and so it went on easily enough. And the goodwife laughed and rejoiced, and gave him the hundred crowns. But the goodman only rubbed his head and blinked his eyes.

"That makes two!" said Jacob, and went on his way. And presently he came to a house and went in, and the old woman was deaf, so that she could not well hear what he said.

"Where are you from?" asked she.

"I am from Elverum," said he.

"From heaven?" said she, not rightly hearing him; "then you may have met my husband Peter; the second, I mean, for I have been married three times, and each of my men has been called Peter to his name. The first beat me, so he doesn't count; the third is still alive, so he doesn't count; so I am asking about the second, who was a good man, and surely went up."

Jacob thought awhile, and laughed in his sleeve, for all that he was disheartened to find a woman so foolish. Yes, he said, he came from heaven; but he could not rightly say whether the Peter he knew there was her husband or no. But he was soon going back again, and he would find out. The man he knew in heaven was a good man, but poor, with never a stitch to his back, nor a silver crown in his pouch, but a good man, and a kindly withal. Then the old woman began a-weeping and a-wailing, and said that was the living description of her own lost Peter, not counting the first one, who was bad, and had gone elsewhere; and would he kindly take her Peter something when he went back.

Yes, he would. And so the old woman went up to the garret, and gathered good clothes that her Peter had left, and a box of silver for him, and gave them to Jacob, with a cart to carry them, and a horse to draw the cart. So he went away again toward his home. "That makes three!" he said, as he laughed in his sleeve, even though he was disheartened at the foolishness of women.

Then the third husband, he that was still living, and was also Peter, saw a man driving his cart away, and ran into the house, and asked the old wife what it was. So she told him, and that he was taking the things back to heaven for her second man. Then the third Peter was wroth, and took horse and pursued. But Jacob, hearing him, turned into the wood, and hid the horse and cart. And he plucked a wisp of hair from the horse's tail, and stuck it in a birch-tree on a hillock in the wood.

No sooner was this done than the third Peter was after him, and he found Jacob lying flat on his back and gazing up into the sky.

"There it goes," says Jacob, "the horse and the cart, up through the clouds to the door of heaven!" and with that he showed the horse-hair on the birch, where the cart and horse had passed, on their way upward. And Peter the third was much astounded, and he, too, would see. So Jacob bade him also lie on his back, and look up steadily, till his eyes got used to it, and he would see the horse and cart in the clouds.

So there he lay, and Jacob was off with the cart and the horse, and he took, too, the horse that Peter had come on, galloping after him. And when he came home he was well content, for had he not the two horses and the cart and two hundred crowns and the clothes for Peter that was in heaven? And as he came to the house he saw the field was plowed; so he asked his wife Alida what that meant.

"I have always heard," said she, "that what you sow you reap, with good measure added. So I have had the field plowed, and have sown salt in it, and if only we have rain enough I expect to reap many a bushel!"

Then Jacob was angry and disheartened at her foolishness.

"But," said he, "there is no help for it, since all womankind are even such as you!"

Here is another tale about an animal with no tail, to wit, Brother Rabbit; a tale which might well have come from Georgia and Uncle Remus, but which has come, in fact, from the land of the Vikings.

Once upon a time, says the tale, there was a Rabbit who was frisking up and down under the greenwood-tree. "Hooray! Hooray!" he cried, "Hip, hip, hooray!" and he leaped and sprang, and then threw a somersault and stood on his hind-legs. Just then Brother Fox came slipping by.

"Good day! good day! Brother Fox!" cried the Rabbit; "I am so merry, for you must know that I was married this morning!"

"Lucky fellow, you!" said Brother Fox.

"Not so lucky after all!" said the Rabbit, "for she was too ready with her fists; a regular old witch I got to wife!"

"Unlucky you are!" said the Fox.

"Oh, not so unlucky either!" said the Rabbit, and he danced again; "for she was an heiress; she had a house of her own!"

"Why, then, you are lucky, after all!" said the Fox.

"Well, no, not so very lucky!" said the Rabbit, "for the house caught fire and was burned up, and with it everything we possessed!"

"Why, then, you are unlucky!" said the Fox.

"Oh, not so unlucky!" said the Rabbit, "for my witch of a wife was burned up too!"

In the Scandinavian tongues there are many good tales of the youngest son, who against all handicaps of age and ill-favor, rubs it all over his elder brothers. He is a kind of masculine Cinderella, and has Cinderella's astonishing luck, too. Generally, his good fortune turns on an act of kindness done to an old witch in distress, who turns out to be a fairy godmother, and gives him a wish or some magical gear, with which he proceeds to make his fortune. One of the best of these Yarns of the Youngest Son relates that the two Elder Brothers had gone, as always, to the king's court to make their fortunes. The king set them each in turn to herd his hares, with the condition that, if none of the hares were lost, the princess would bestow her hand on the lucky herdsman; but if even one were missing in the evening, the culprit should have a slice cut from his back, and salt rubbed in till he howled.

As was to be expected, the two Elder Brothers came to grief, and the king, with many expressions of regret, carved them according to agreement. Then came the Youngest Son who, as we expected, had met the fairy godmother, well disguised as a witch, and had received from her, in return for kindness, a fairy pipe, which had the virtue that if you blew into one end things would scatter and fly, but if you blew into the other they would run together again as quick as quicksilver. So the hares were magically herded, and the king, lugubriously whetting his knife each day, was doomed each evening to disappointment. Then the whole court intrigued, and the king sent the princess to spy on him, and, when she had discovered the secret of the magic pipe, the king bade her purchase it at any cost. So she gave many crowns and more kisses for the pipe, and set off home with it; but it had this virtue, that if the lawful owner lost it he had only to wish it back again and it would come. So the princess discovered that the pipe was gone, and the hares were well herded once more. Next the queen tried, giving many kisses and crowns; and then the king, giving his own white steed, but all to no purpose. The pipe went back to the Youngest Son.

At this the king was spiteful and wroth, and said the Youngest Son was a wizard, and must lose his life unless he could lie the great brewing-vat full of lies, so that it ran over. Then he might keep his life.

That was neither a long nor a perilous piece of work. The Youngest Son could do that. So he began to tell the whole tale just as it had happened, and how the old witch gave him the pipe. And then he went on to say, "Well, but I must lie faster, if the vat is to be full." So he went on, and told how the princess came, and gave him many dollars for the pipe, and many kisses, away there in the wood. Then he stopped and said, "I must lie faster, if ever the vat is to be full." So he told of the queen, and how she had tried to get the pipe, and of the money she had given him, and the kisses too. And the queen got white and the king got red when he heard it, but the Youngest Son said, "I must lie hard to get the vat full."

But the queen said, "For my part, I think it's pretty full already."

"No! no! it isn't," cried the king.

So the Youngest Son went on and told how the king had come after the pipe in his turn, and was going to tell about all the tricks the king had tried on him to get the pipe: "If the vat is to be full I must lie hard!" he said.

But the king got redder and redder, because he was ashamed of the tricks he had tried on him to get the pipe, and afraid that the court would mock him, so the king cried out: "Hold! hold! The vat is full to the brim! Don't you see how the lies are pouring over?"

So the Youngest Son got the princess for his wife, and half the kingdom. There was no help for it.

"That was something of a pipe!" said the Youngest Son.

Attacked by Asthma.—The first fearful sensation is of suffocation, which hour by hour becomes more desperate and hopeless. To such a case the relief afforded by Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems nothing less than miraculous. Its help is quickly apparent and soon the dreadful attack is mastered. The asthmatic who has found out the dependability of this sterling remedy will never be without it. It is sold everywhere.

STATISTICS OF SMOKE AND SOOT IN THE AIR

During the year 1910, measurements were made of the degree to which the air of thirty cities in Austria and Germany was contaminated with smoke and soot. Observations were made three times a day, viz., at 8 a.m., 12 noon, and 6 p.m. At each observation a uniform volume of air was drawn rapidly through a paper filter by means of some form of aspirator. According to the amount of smoke and soot in the air the paper was more or less darkly tinged at the end of the observation. Its color was compared with a scale of six numbered shades, copies of which were furnished to all the collaborators, and the filter was marked with the number of the shade to which it most nearly approached. Finally the filters for a whole month, at each station, were collated; their numbers being added and divided by the total number of observations, and the result being set down as representing the smokiness and sootiness of the air for the place and period in question. The results, while giving no indication of the absolute amount of smoke and soot present, furnish a useful means of comparing the purity of the air in the different cities. The contamination of the air by factories, in the large industrial centres, is made evident, but there is also a very surprising effect due to the fires of dwelling houses, especially in winter.

DIETETIC VALUE OF FRUIT

Fruits in some form should constitute a large part of our everyday diet for the following reason: Because they taste good and we like them. Everyone in a normal condition enjoys fruit, and the natural appetite is a true guide to the needs of the body. Hunger and thirst are sensations wisely given, and when not abused, direct us in the path of health, that is to say, happy living; for good health is not only wealth, but happiness also.

If one has a good constitution, and is temperate in his or her habits, and leads a clean, wholesome life, his or her appetite is a guide that may be implicitly trusted.

Under such conditions we all like fruit and should eat it in the serene confidence that the thing you like in the way of food is the thing you need.

In satisfying our natural appetite for fruit, if we use such fruits as are well matured, juicy, and fine flavored, we reach the highest form of palate, or taste pleasure with the best possible digestive effect.

Our ordinary fruits contain the following substances or compounds in greater or less proportions: water, sugar, acids, oils and ether, proteids, pectose, cellulose or vegetable fibre, ash or mineral salts. These substances are all essential constituents of a perfect and well-rounded out diet for our bodies. While the actual nutrient value of fruit is not high, its dietetic value is very great.

The two qualities which most serve to render fruit wholesome, are their acid juiciness and flavor. The juice is largely water, but it contains the sugar and acid of the fruit, and if these are present in large quantities and in the right proportions, the fruit juice is agreeable and refreshing.

Flavor also adds to the quality of the fruit. The flavor of fruit is due in part to the acids and sugar they contain, but more largely to the volatile oils and ethers. Fruit acids and ethers, when taken into the body, have a tendency to lower the temperature of the blood, and thus correct or allay any slight feverishness that may exist. They also tend to keep the organs of secretion, like the liver and kidneys, normally active.

The pectose and cellulose of fruit correct a tendency to constipation, and signally aid in keeping the whole digestive tract in open and healthy condition.

Again, if children were given free access to fruit, there would be less indigestion or bowel trouble, as the free acids of fruit are highly antiseptic, and tend to prevent disease germs from finding a lodgment and developing in our systems. As to what kinds or how much fruit we should eat, there is only this answer: Eat the kind of fruit you like and can best afford, and eat just as much as your conscience and good judgment will allow you.

When to eat fruit is a personal question, and the following general advice may be of service: Fruit should be eaten when you eat other food. Although fruit is easily digested, it is not wise to be constantly and frequently putting into your stomach food of any sort. By this practice the strongest stomach may be ruined and refuse to take the best of food. When fruit is eaten before breakfast, say an orange or apple, it cleanses the stomach and its cooling and laxative effect is likely to be at its maximum. Fruit is an excellent thing to be taken with the mid-day lunch. One or two slices of bread taken with an apple is better than three without an apple. Fruit of any sort eaten after dinner adds largely to the pleasure of the palate, while adding little to the tax upon the digestive organs which are more likely to be overtaxed when there is no fruit in view. If it is even desirable to partake of a late supper, it is well to remember that an apple, a pear, a peach, an orange, some plums, or a cluster of grapes will be less likely to haunt our late slumbers than oysters, meat or nut salads, ice cream, rich cakes, pies, or other sweetmeats.

BAD YEAR FOR BRITISH FARMERS

British farmers have bid farewell to 1911 with no lingering affection; and, though they may forgive the fates for the scurvy tricks they played upon them, they cannot readily forget. The year that has gone will live in agricultural history as the year of the great drought. No twelve months within living memory can be compared with it except 1868, and even though distance in time as well as sometimes distance in space is apt to exaggerate the importance of things, there is a general disposition amongst old farmers to describe 1911 as an even more remarkable and more trying year than 1868. The pity is that it is leaving the germs of trouble for 1912, and before May is here it is possible that the worst effects of the drought may yet be felt. The winter store of live stock fodder is so short that unless the spring is at least as early as the average, there will be grave problems in carrying the cattle to the grass. Looking back upon the past twelve months, there are bright spots on what is on the whole a dark and sombre picture. In the first place, a few favored districts where rain is not so much wanted have had quite a good year, inasmuch as the crops were on the whole little short of the average, while prices have certainly been better than usual. With the exception of sheep and pigs, there has been no farm produce, whether vegetable or animal, that has not sold well, and the year was well advanced before the bottom dropped out of the pig market. This does not compensate, however, for the shortage in the crops, and farmers as a whole have a much smaller balance on their year's working than usual, if indeed, they have a balance at all.

It Will Cure a Cold.—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

NEW BRUNSWICK HEARD FROM AGAIN

ANOTHER SPLENDID CURE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Mr. Ben Gauvang had Backache so bad he had to quit work—Dodd's Kidney Pills fixed him up

Puellering Settlement, Kent Co., N. B.—(Special)—Every corner of New Brunswick tells of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this settlement can contribute its share. Mr. Ben Gauvang is one man who without hesitation states that he owes his good health to the great Canadian Kidney remedy.

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly did me good," Mr. Gauvang says in an interview. "Before I started taking them my back ached so that I had to give up work and I also had to be careful how I walked and moved about. I took nine boxes, all told, and they fixed me up. They are the best medicine for all diseases of the kidneys."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-all. They only cure the kidneys. But they always cure the kidneys and with cured kidneys you can't have backache, rheumatism, Bright's disease, diabetes or dropsy.

Couldn't Get Strong

SEEMED TO HAVE LOST ALL AMBITION, WAS PALE AND ANÆMIC

Made Wonderful Recovery When Dr. Hamilton's Pills Were Used

"I was never actually sick," writes Mrs. La Pierre, wife of a well-known

resident of Labeniene, "yet I never could get strong like other women. I ate well enough, but somehow blood rich and red I could never make. When I married I took a great pride in my housekeeping, but it kept me tired all the time. Mrs. Lachance, my neighbor, looked well—she told me her health had been made by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I only thought of pills as a physic, but now I know that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are more, for they quickened my stomach, liver and bowels—made me stouter and stronger, gave me such color in my cheeks as I never had before. They do good to parts in ways I need not mention in this letter, but I sincerely believe Dr. Hamilton's Pills should be used at regular intervals by every woman—that's why I write this letter."

No medicine invigorates a woman like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box, all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

WHEN THE GIRAFFE FIGHTS

The giraffe has an original and curious method of fighting. The long-necked beast has neither claws nor beak nor sharp teeth with which to defend or attack; so, when it is out of temper with one of its own kind, it does not fly in the face of Providence by trying to disembowel its adversary, as a tiger might, or toss it, as a rhinoceros would. On the contrary, the giraffe, knowing that it has been provided by nature with a long and pliable neck, terminating in a very solid head, uses the upper part of itself like a flail, and, swinging its neck round and round in a way that does immense credit to its organization, brings its head down at each swing with a thump on its adversary.

The other combatant adopts precisely the same tactics; and the two animals, planting themselves as firmly as possible by stretching out on all four legs to the utmost, stand opposite each other hammering with their heads until one or the other has had enough.

The head of the giraffe is furnished with two stumpy, horn-like processes, so that the animals, when at this hammer and tongs method of warfare, remind the spectator somewhat of two ancient warriors thumping each other with the spiked balls they used to carry for that purpose at the end of chains.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

Sick headaches—neuralgic headaches—splitting, blinding headaches—all vanish when you take

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers

They do not contain phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 123

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

WALL PLASTER

Plaster Board takes the place of Lath, and is fireproof

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

SHALL WE SEND YOU PLASTER LITERATURE?

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

PARSONS

New Spring Goods

Spring Suits

Hats

Furnishings, Boots & Shoes

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

HART BLOCK

DO YOU WANT A GOOD DOOR CHEAP?

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

The Prices Range From

$1.75 to $2.15

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

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

Chilliwack Planing Mills

THE EMPRESS HOTEL
CHILLIWACK, B. C.
Opposite B. C. E. Station

Fitted with modern conveniences and comfortably furnished throughout.

SAMUEL SUTOR, Proprietor

This year the City of MacLeod will spend $10,000 for publicity.

Public Notice

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

By Order of the Council.

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

B. A. Irwin has commenced excavating in preparation for the erection of his new block on Young road.

CHILLIWACK FREE PRESS

Formerly (The New Era.)

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertising rates made known on application to the publisher.

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

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

C. A. BARBER, Publisher and Proprietor.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

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

An implement firm at Bellingham is selling out and in their advertising make this statement: "We are not broke or forced out, but we believe we can do better on the other side of the line where farming is carried on on a more more extensive scale." Settlement in Canada continues to look good to the American, notwithstanding the effort of the U. S. government to stem the tide of settlers coming into this country yearly.

Kelowna Board of Trade is in favor of changing the time for that city during the summer months to one hour earlier. There are obvious difficulties in the way, but they are not so great but that they can be over come. The change has many advantages, in fact sufficent, in our opinion, to warrant a change during the summer half of the year at least, and the experiment could be tried in other cities besides Kelowna, with good results. Perhaps another hour of daylight after workidg hours would take the place of the weekly half holiday which seems to be a vexed question. Think it over.

The information asked for by S. A. Cawley, M. P. P., at the meeting of the City Council on Monday evening viz: as to what distance from the line of his property he should plant trees, to avoid molestation by later improvements to the street, opens an important question, and one which should be dealt with. The city should inaugurate a scheme of tree planting which would be uniform and permanent. Conditions for tree growing are exceptional and an ever increasing movement toward the beautifying of the city in this respect is sure to become more and more general. In the absence of any regulation as to where, how and what to plant, the result will be a haphazard conglomeration of individual ideas, resulting, as has already been the case, of valuable trees being cut down to make way for walks or telephone lines. It would be a simple matter to institute a regulation as to where trees should be set out, how far apart and the best varieties. For instance it is folly to set out a tree which grows to a considerable height on a street where electric light or telephone wires are strung, a short and heavy topped tree is required in this instance, and so on. As it is at present citizens are at a loss to know what to do in the matter. The opportunity is here to make Chilliwack a city beautiful, and this is one of the simple methods of accomplishing the object.

By-laws to raise $100,000 are advertised this week, and will be voted on, on April 15. The by-law to give to the Dominion Government a lot for a drill hall site, is brought about in this way: The Dominion Government has agreed to erect a drill hall at Chilliwack, at a cost of $30,000 the city to furnish the site. The bargain is such a good one that it is entirely unnecessary for the Free Press to recommend the passing of the by-law. Reference was made in last issue to the $25,000 loan as a portion of the cost of a new high school. This is another good bargain. While it was first thought by the school board that the Government would provide for the total cost ($40000) it was subsequently learned that such a course would establish a precedent, which the Provincial authorities did not wish to do, and the sum of $24,000 was voted for purpose. The school board is asking for $25,000 as the city's portion, making a total of $49,000. It is estimated that the new institution will cost about $40,000 but the extra amount procures a site and covers any reasonable contingency. We fail to see why the new high school erected on these terms should not meet with the universal approval of the ratepayers. Education is of prime importance, the present facilities are outgrown, the government aid at least is equal to half the cost, the site selected is a good one, and the price, as compared with other sites offered is a genuine, bargain, while the board is comprised of men undeniably capably of a wise a careful expenditure consistent with the needs of the situation. The sewerage by-law raising $75,000 for sewerage purposes is an important item of expenditure and should be well considered. The proposal is to construct a trunk sewer and out fall works, which of course is the heaviest item of expenditure, this cost to be paid for out of the loan. In this connection some have the impression that those who reside along the course of the trunk sewer will receive the benefit of the improvement for only the cost of connection. This is in error, as the various properties will be assessed a proportion of the cost equal to the cost of average sewerage service at points off the trunk sewer. Thus all will pay proportionately. Sewerage has been a live topic for some time and on April 15, the ratepayers will be given the opportunity of expressing their approval or otherwise, of the proposition. The present system or lack of system, does not meet the requirements and will yearly become more and more inadequate Now is the time to start before any further permanent road work is done.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that on March 19, I forwarded to the Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Company, my claim for total loss of my furniture through fire, and have this day received from CHAS. HUTCHESON & Co., their local representatives at Chilliwack, cheque for the full amount.

Dated at Chilliwack, B. C., the 25th day of March, 1912.

JOHN POOK.

Has a Record For Growing Hair

Machela. Nature's Scalp Tonic, will do it in 95 cases out of 100. It is the only remedy ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp. Removes dandruff, prevents falling of the hair and all other diseases of the scalp. 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 Rent

Near the City, 12½ acres or more if required, fine condition of cultivation. good dwelling, fine barn and other outbuildings, orchard, three acres small fruit. Apply

W. H. DEWOLF, Sardis.

Wanted

Man and wife without children for fruit farm in the Okanagan. Man must have general knowledge of farm work, and wife a tidy housekeeper and good plain cook. Address, giving particulars and wages expected, F. R. Glover, 6 Nelson Court, Nelson street, Vancouver.

Public Notice

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

J. W. DERBY,
Health Inspector.

28-3

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Established 1864

Paid up Capital and Reserve $11,400,000

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

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

CYPHERS INCUBATORS ARE RIGHT

Are you going to raise

CHICKENS

This year? For certain success get

CYPHERS INCUBATOR

This machine gives the very best of Satisfaction. All sizes and instructions for working, in stock by

Chilliwack Implement & Produce Company.

Cyphers Incubators are Always Right.

H. C. POOK

Successor to WM. ARCHIBALD

HEATING AND SANITARY ENGINEER

STEAM AND HOT WATER FITTING

BATHROOM FIXTURES A SPECIALTY

Estimates Given

WELLINGTON STREET

Phone 58 P.O. Box 265

Electric Cooking Appliances

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

El Stovo
The heating disc for general light cooking.
Price $5

El Tosto
Makes delicious toast on a moments notice. **Price $4**

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

See these appliances at our Chilliwack Office.

All are Operated from an Ordinary Lighting Socket

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

A Beautiful Country Home For Sale at Sardis

Ten acres with new nine room house, with furnace and all conveniences, barn 48 x 54, cement foundation. One acre of orchard of all varieties of fruits. Eight and a half acres of this land is cleared, the balance slashed, burnt and seeded. This property is situated half a mile from the B. C. E. R. Station and has electric light, rural mail delivery and phone installed. For full particulars, photos, etc., apply

F. J. HART & CO., Ltd.

The Chilliwack Specialists

BY-LAW

A Bylaw for selling and disposing of certain real property in the City of Chilliwack.

WHEREAS Lots 11 and 12 in Block 4, Division A, in the City of Chilliwack according to the map of said City are not required for corporate purposes and whereas it is expedient to sell the same to the Dominion Government for the purpose of having established thereon a drill shed.

Therefore the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Chilliwack hereby enact as follows:

1. It shall be lawful for the Corporation of the City of Chilliwack to sell and dispose of Lots 11 and 12, Block 4, Division A, in the City of Chilliwack, according to map of said City, to the Dominion Government for the sum of $1.00 for the purpose of having established thereon a drill shed and to execute such deed or deeds as may be required for such sale or disposal.

2. This by-law may be cited for all purposes as the City of Chilliwack Drill Shed sale by-law 1912.

Read a third time the 5th day of February 1912.

Received the assent of the electors at an election held for that purpose on the day of 1912.

Reconsidered and finally passed on the day of 1912.

Mayor

Clerk

TAKE NOTICE

That the above is a true copy of the proposed by-law upon which the vote of the Municipality will be taken on the 15th. day of April, 1912 from nine o'clock in the forenoon to seven o'clock in the afternoon at the following polling places within the Municipality:

City Hall, Chilliwack.

Public Notice is hereby given that a vote of the electors of the City of Chilliwack will be taken on the above named by-law at the time and place above mentioned, and that D. E. Carleton has been appointed returning officer to take the vote of such electors, with the usual powers in that behalf.

By Order of the Council.

R. F. WADDINGTON, Mayor.

D. E. CARLETON, Clerk.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CHILLIWACK

A BYLAW to enable the Corporation of the City of Chilliwack to raise by way of loan the sum of $75,000.00 for the construction of sewers in the City of Chilliwack.

WHEREAS it is necessary and expedient to construct sewers in the City of Chilliwack

AND WHEREAS it is necessary for the purpose aforesaid to raise by way of loan upon the credit of the said City the sum of Seventy-five thousand dollars payable on the day of 19 , bearing interest in the meantime payable yearly at the rate of per cent. per annum to be applied for the purpose aforesaid AND WHEREAS for the payment of principal it will be necessary to raise annually the sum of $789.26 by special rate for principal and the sum of $3750 for interest making together a total amount annually of $4539.26 for the term of 40 years for the repayment of the said loan and interest thereon as hereinafter mentioned.

AND WHEREAS the value of the whole rateable land in the said Corporation according to the last revised assessment roll amounts to $1,402,643.00

AND WHEREAS to provide for the payment of the interest and the creation of a sinking fund for the said principal sum of $75,000.00 it will be necessary to levy a special annual rate sufficient to raise the sum of $4539.26 the amount to be collected annually on the whole rateable land of the said Corporation.

Therefore the Mayor and Council of the Corporation of the City of Chilliwack, with the assent of the electors of the said corporation duly received, enact as follows:

1. It shall be lawful for the Mayor of the said Corporation and the Clerk of the Council for the purpose aforesaid, to borrow or raise by way of loan from any person or persons or body corporate or bodies corporate, who may be willing to advance the same on the credit of the debentures hereinafter mentioned of the Corporation, a sum of money not exceeding on the whole the sum of Seventy-five thousand dollars ($75000.00) and to cause the same to be placed in the Bank of Montreal at the City of Chilliwack, British Columbia, to the credit of the corporation for the purposes above recited and debentures of the Corporation to the amount of $75,000.00 in the whole may be issued by the said Mayor and Clerk in accordance with the Municipal Act in sums as may be required, but not less than One Hundred ($100) dollars each. Each of such debentures shall be signed by the said Mayor and Clerk and the Clerk shall attach thereunder the corporate seal of the said Corporation.

2. The debentures shall bear interest at a rate not exceeding (5) five per cent. per annum, payable yearly on the 15th. day of April in each and every year during the currency of the said debentures or any of them. There shall be attached to the said debentures coupons signed by the Mayor for each and every payment of interest that may become due and such signature may be either written, stamped, lithographed or printed.

3. The said debentures, as to the principal and interest, shall be payable at the Bank of Montreal, Chilliwack, B. C., and the said principal sum shall be made payable by the Corporation at a date on or before 40 years from the 15th day of April, 1912.

4. There shall be raised and levied annually, by rate sufficient therefor, on all the rateable land within the limits of the Corporation the sum of $789.26 for the purpose of forming a sinking fund for the payment of the said debentures, and the sum of $3750.00 for the payment of the interest at the rate aforesaid to become due on such debentures during the currency thereof, the same to be in addition to all rates to be levied and collected in the said Corporation during the whole currency of the said debentures or any of them.

5. This Bylaw shall come into effect on the 15th day of April 1912.

6. This Bylaw may be cited for all purposes as the City of Chilliwack Sewer Loan Bylaw 1912.

Passed by the Council the 25th day of March 1912.

Received the assent of the electors at an election for the purpose on the day of 1912.

Reconsidered and finally adopted by the Council, signed by the Mayor and Clerk and sealed with the corporate seal on the day of 1912.

TAKE NOTICE

That the above is a true copy of the proposed by-law upon which the vote of the Municipality will be taken on the 15th day of April, 1912 from nine o'clock in the forenoon to seven o'clock in the afternoon, at the following polling places within the Municipality:

City Hall, Chilliwack

Public Notice is hereby given that a vote of the electors of the City of Chilliwack will be taken on the above named by-law at the time and place above mentioned, and that D. E. Carleton has been appointed returning officer to take the vote of such electors, with the usual powers in that behalf.

By Order of the Council.

R. F. WADDINGTON, Mayor.

C. E. CARLETON, Clerk.

SPRING SUITINGS

We are showing nearly 400 different lines of Spring Suitings, comprising all the new color effects and latest weaves in medium weight cloths.

J. H. TURPIN

Wellington st. Opp. Opera House

Sole Agency House of Hobberlin, Limited

MISS HILL

Teacher of Pianoforte, Member of M. L. of A., Graduate of Madam Johns' Private School, New York

Wishes pupils for Piano or Organ.

Apply Henderson block, over Maple Leaf Restraunt.

C. T. Vradenburg

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

Fletcher St. . Chilliwack

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

JOHN H. CLAUGHTON

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC

Westminster Trust Building

CHILLIWACK, B. C.

R. A. HENDERSON, C.E. & M.E.

ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS

B. C. LAND SURVEYOR

Rooms 10 & 11, Westminster Trust Block

CHILLIWACK, B. C.

WANTED

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

STONE & WELLINGTON

The Fonthill Nurseries (Established 1837)

TORONTO - ONT.

ROLLER RINK

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

JAMES O'HEARN

THE CITY COUNCIL

The preparation of money by-laws for submission to the ratepayers for ratification on April 15, and equalization of assessment occupied the time of the City Council on Monday evening at a lengthy session. The Drill Hall Site by-law providing for the deeding of a site for a drill hall to the Federal Government was advanced through the various stages.

The High School by-law for the raising of $25,000 of forty year debentures was also dealt with.

A by-law for the purpose of raising $75,000 for sewerage purposes was read the necessary three times.

James Cook offered his services to beautify the city hall grounds at rate of $4.00 per day of eight hours. The matter was laid to city hall committee.

F. B. Henderson and others petitioned the council to have Stanley street improved. Referred to chairman of board of works.

Mr. Dickie and others applied for assistance in the clearing and grading of De Wolfe avenue. After some discussion the matter was referred to chairman of board of works to report as to the cost and work necessary.

S. A. Cawley wanted to know how far he should plant trees from the present sidewalk in front of his property, to assure the trees would not be ultimately destroyed to permit street improvement. The Council thought that eight feet and a half from the fence would be a safe distance.

Alderman Goodland introduced a by-law to amend the Sanitary by-law and provide for the employment of city scavenger at $75 per month, payment to be made by a system of assessment devised by the board of health Final consideration was delayed for one week.

Through some delay the city hall was not ready for occupancy and the session was held in the Clerks office in the Hart block.

"A considerable measure of the success of the concert was due to the Solo Pianist, Miss Pratt, who attracted much attention by her brilliancy. Her solos were 'Air de Ballet (Chaminade) and 'Cascade' (Pauer). Both selections served to reveal her exceptional good fingering, and no one who listened to her could doubt the excellence of her playing. Miss Pratt also proved a finished accompanist.'—Bath Herald.

The Hill Tout shingle mill at Abbotsford lake was completely burned down last week. The loss was partly covered by insurance and the mill was in operation at the time of the fire, being under lease to an outside party.

EAST CHILLIWACK

The efforts of the East Chilliwack. Dramatic Society again met with success last Friday evening. This time they staged a pretty little play entitled "Too Many Husbands." The large hall was filled and the audience gave close attention from start to finish. The play centered around a young man named Arthur, who wrote to his rich uncle that he was married, in order to get an increased allowance. A year or so after the uncle visits him unexpectedly, and so as not to disappoint uncle, Arthur borrows his friend's wife, just to present her. The uncle was pleased with the young lady, and decided to stay a few days to visit. He soon discovered the baby and was determined to have it called "Thaddens" after himself, as Arthur had told him it was boy to please him, and then along comes the baby's grandmother who insists that the baby be christened Margaret, after her, and it is here that things are brought to a climax. Explanations follow thick and fast and soon all difficulties are removed, and the uncle gives his daughter to Arthur and he gets married in quick style, as he always loved her but she heard he was married two years ago. The cast: Arthur, James Johnson; Arthur's Uncle, Curtis Copeland; Uncle's Secretary, D. McIntosh; Uncle's Daughter, Miss Clara Parker; Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown, S. and Miss H. Annis; Policeman, A. Nixon; Expressman, W. Warron; German Inventer, Joe Johnson; Molly Servant Girl, Mrs. D. McIntosh; Parson, A. Womsely; Granmother, Miss F. Johnson; Mr. Gowan, stage manager and trainer, and the results were a credit to himself as well as to those taking part. Mr. Hamilton gave a couple vocal solos between acts. The receipts for the evening were $71. One not having seen this play and wishing to will have a chance by going to Orange Hall Rosedale on Friday evening March 29.

Advertise in the Free Press.

AUCTION SALE

Under Instructions from

Mr. Wm. Hornby

Chilliwack, B. C.

We will sell by public Auction on his farm, situated four miles from Chilliwack on the Prairie Central Road, on Wednesday April 3, commencing at 1 p. m. sharp, the following described horses cattle, implements, etc.

Horses:—1 team of Mares, 4 and 6 yrs. old, weight about 1250 lbs each, hard to beat as a farm team; 1 gelding, 4 years old, weight about 1350 lbs, an exceptionally fine work horse; 1 black driving mare; 1 filly two years by "Carlist." Hard to beat.

Cows:—

No. 1. Grade Jersey cow, 5 years old, calved March 3rd.

No. 2. Grade Jersey cow, 5 years old, calved Feb. 4th.

No. 3. Grade Ayrshire cow, six years old, calved Feb. 4th.

No. 4. Grade Holstein cow, five years old, calved No. 3, due Nov. 12th.

No. 5. Grade Jersey cow, six years old, calved Feb. 10th.

No. 6 Grade Jersey cow, five years old, calved Sept. 5th, due Sept. 15th.

No. 7. Grade Jersey cow, three years old, calved Sept. 5th, due Sept. 15th.

No. 8. Grade Jersey cow, three years old, calved Sept. 5th., due Sept. 15th.

No. 9. Grade Jersey cow, 2½ years old, due in about 6 weeks.

No. 10. Grade Holstein cow, 3 years old, calved Sept., due Aug. 5th.

No. 11. Grade Jersey cow, 4 years old, due in May.

No. 12. Grade Durham cow, 5 years old, calved March 4th.

No. 13. Grade Ayrshire cow, six years old, due Sept 10th.

No. 14. Grade Holstein cow, 8 years old, calved January 20th.

No. 15. Grade Jersey cow, 2½ years old, in good flow of milk, due Dec. 10th.

No. 16. Grade Jersey cow, 3 years old, calved February 25th.

No. 17. Pure Bred Jersey bull, 6 yrs. old, from the renowned Street stock.

Note—This herd is an assorted lot and hard to beat in the valley.

Cattle:—Three heifers, two years old, in calf; 1 pure bred Jersey heifer, 1½ yrs. old; 4 yearling Jersey heifers; 1 calf, six months old; two spring calves.

Pigs:—1 Yorkshire sow and nine pigs; 1 Berkshire Boar; 1 shoat, weight about 80 lbs.

Chickens:—A quantity of hens.

Bees—Two Hives.

Hay:—About five tons of good mixed hay.

Harness:—1 set of single buggy harness 1 set double driving harness, 1 set team harness, 1 set work harness.

Implements:—1 Democrat, pole and shafts; 1 top buggy; 1 four inch tire wagon, Steel Skein, nearly new; 1 light wagon with sleigh runners; 1 spade harrow; 2 plows; 1 ten-foot rake (McCormick); 1 18 foot hay tedder (McCormick) 1 six-foot Massey-Harris binder; 1 four-section harrow; 1 Planet Jr. Cultivator; 1 Chatham fanning mill and bagger attachment; 1 sheet metal mill cooling tank; platform scales, capacity 1000 lbs.; 1 rubber hose; 2 milk cans; 1 cord of shake bolts; fence posts; 30 rods of hurdles; 3 rolls of barbed wire; rope, fork and car, pulleys, etc., and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale—All sums of $25.00 and under, cash; over that amount three months credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes bearing interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.

F. J. Hart & Co. Ltd.

Auctioneers.

City of Chilliwack

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

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

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

J. H. ASHWELL
Assessor.

British Columbia Electric Ry.

PASSENGER SERVICE

Westbound—

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

Train	Leave Htgdn.	Arrive Westmin.	Arrive Van.
1	6.30 a.m.	8.55	9.45

Eastbound—

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

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

FREIGHT SERVICE

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

All passenger trains handle Express.

Stock Foods—Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co.

GOOD FRUIT

CAN ONLY BE HAD BY

Pruning & Spraying YOUR TREES

For Pruning we have

High Step Ladders, Extension Ladders and Shears at all prices.

For Spraying we have

The "Spramotor" Pumps complete, and Pendray's Patent Spraying Solution.

Denmark & Burton

PHONE 10

GOOD JUDGMENT

Makes a Person Well Dressed

Just as it makes one rich. It's more a matter of judgment than of money this question of being well dressed. It's knowing what clothes to buy.

The Fit-Reform Wardrobe

Shows you exactly what are the proper styles for every season and every occasion. We know that Fit-Reform styles are right and we know Fit-Reform values are right. The good judgment to come to Fit-Reform will not only make you well dressed but will also enable you to be well dressed for little money.

Chas. Parker

Your Outfitter. Fit-Reform Clothier.

Mountain View Snap

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

$475 cash

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

Chas. Hutcheson & Co.

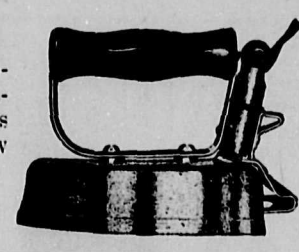
REALTY AND INSURANCE AGENTS CHILLIWACK

USEEUL AND ACCEPTABLE

Household Articles

El Boilo

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



Toaster

Stove—For all cooking purposes as well as toasting.

El Stovo

The stove which boils your kettle quickly

Hotpoint

El Perco

Makes delicious coffee in at few minues.

Phone 257 **S. PUGH** Chilliwack

PROBLEM FOR THE EDITOR

It has been asked whether stepping on a man's corns is sufficient provocation for swearing. The editor advises, keep your toes clear of corns by using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, always best, painless and prompt. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

JAPANESE HOTELS FOR THE POOR

In the Japanese capital there are 538 poor men's hotels. The northeast of the capital is where the greatest number is to be found. In these inns the traveller is lodged in a room with a superficial area of three feet by six. If the traveller be better off and requires more cubic feet of inn he can obtain an apartment the same length but double the breadth, and if he be more fastidious he can have the luxury of an apartment six feet by nine. The lowest cost of a night's lodging is 8 sen.

MAXIMS OF WALTER COX, EXPERT HORSEMAN

Be honest.

Leave booze for the other fellow.

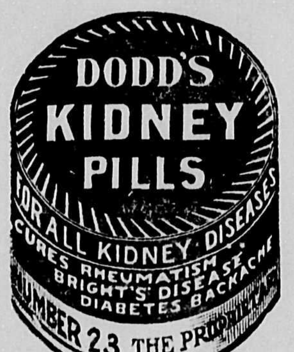
When victory can be won to-day, don't wait for a winning to-morrow.

Always drive to win regardless of a "record" for the horse.

Remember that nobody wins fame in the sulky unless he frequently rides in front.

Even the driver who comes in second is apt to be overlooked by spectators and critics.

It's the man in front who gets the glory and the reputation and finally lands the best horses for his stables.



COULD NOT WALK FROM RHEUMATISM

GIN PILLS STOPPED THE PAIN

55 University St., Montreal.

"Just a word of praise for GIN PILLS. About fifteen months ago, I could not walk across my room, suffering severely with Rheumatism. I took GIN PILLS and became quite well. Two months ago, I had Rheumatic Pains with Neuralgia and Diarrhœa. I resorted to Gin Pills again for one week and became quite well.

"SAMUEL LONGMORE."

Here is our straight guarantee given with every box of GIN PILLS. We know that Gin Pills will positively cure Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago—as well as Pain in the Back, Irritated Bladder and weak, strained Kidneys. We pledge ourselves—the largest wholesale drug house in the British Empire—to promptly return your money should Gin Pills fail to give satisfaction. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. R.P., Toronto.

STAMMERERS

can be cured, not merely of the habit, but of its cause. The Arnott Institute has permanently restored natural speech to thousands—is doing it to-day. Write for full information and references to 11

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE. BERLIN, ONT., Can.

USE ABSORBINE JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Mammitis, Old Sores, Ulcers. It is healing, soothing, strengthening and invigorating—allays pain and inflammation promptly. Germicide and antiseptic. Mrs. R. M. Remler, R. D. No. 1, Federal, Kan., had enlarged veins that finally broke causing considerable loss of blood. Used ABSORBINE, JR. and reported Nov. 5, 1910, veins entirely healed, swelling and discoloration gone and has had no trouble with them since July 1909. ABSORBINE, JR. is invaluable as a general household liniment, for the cuts and bruises that the children get, croup, deep-seated colds, stiff-neck, sore throat. Removes fatty bunches, goitre, enlarged glands, wens, cysts, weeping sinews, etc. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 3 G free.

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

Also furnished by MARTIN BOLE & WYNNE CO., Winnipeg; THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Winnipeg & Calgary; and HENDERSON BROS. CO., Ltd., Vancouver.

SHIP YOUR

RAW FURS and Beef Hides

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

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

North-West Hide & Fur Co.

278 Rupert St. Winnipeg, Man.

That Reminds Me

"Sir, did I understand you to call me a liar?"

"No, sir; I believe in the conservation of energy."

* * *

"What's the trouble?" inquired the judge.

"This lady lawyer wants to make a motion," explained the clerk, "but her gown is too tight."

* * *

"Papa, what does arbitration mean?"

"It means that when two powers of equal strength get hold of a smaller country, they agree to divide it equally."

* * *

"Is your boy, Josh, fond of music?"

"I should say so," replied Farmer Corntossel. "When one o' these here musical comedies comes along Josh wants to be right up as close to the orchestra as possible."

* * *

Dugald (in response to friendly invitation)—Weel, man, I never touch whusky noo, unless I'm at the heicht o' hilarity or the depth o' depression; but I daursay I'm at present just in the state o' mind that wad justifie a bit taste!

* * *

Willie—Wonder what all the animals did during those forty days in the ark.

Tommy—Oh, they just lay around and scratched theirselves, I guess.

Willie—Scratched theirselves nothin'! What'd they scratch for when there was only two fleas?

* * *

Solomon Grundy, an actor on Sunday,
Married on Monday,
Divorced on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Divorced on Thursday,
Married on Friday,
Divorced on Saturday—
And now repeat, commencing with Monday.

* * *

An instance is related of the late Professor Chrystal's readiness in applied mathematics. One day when he was producing on the blackboard those "spiders' webs in chalk" which were the despair of the unlearned, a student near the top of the room dropped a marble, which bumped down, step by step, to the level of the rostrum. Chrystal, not heeding the giggles of the class, went on with his work. When the marble came to rest he observed,

"Will the student at the end of bench 41 kindly stand up?"

He had counted the bumps made by the marble in its descent.

* * *

It was on a street car the other morning that a passenger, whose general get-up suggested a clerical calling, was overheard saying to a companion:

"I realize that women are by nature and instinct bound to go in for adornment in the matter of dress, but they are getting more and more recklessly extravagant. I believe in temperance in dress."

"Temperance is all right," was the reply. "I believe in temperance myself, but what with the hobble skirts and cobweb stockings it looks more to me as though the women were going in for total abstinence."

* * *

The worm-eaten chestnut of all "proverbs" is—well, you know what it is—"Unlucky at cards, lucky at love." If your bridge partner is a bit flirty she always goo-goos at you and springs it. Then she leads you away to a secluded spot. You know. Tommy Treathinger was the only one we ever knew to beat this game, and that was an accident. Here was the way of it:

"Are you very lucky at cards?" asked the woman.

"Very," said Tommy. "I always win."

"How about love?" she continued, looking arch and kittenish.

"Lucky again," plunged Tommy—"I always lose."

* * *

A century and a half ago people used to depend upon the weather prognostications in "Partridge's Almanac." One day Partridge himself put up at a country inn for dinner. The hostler advised him to stay the night, as it would certainly rain.

"Nonsense!" said Partridge, and proceeded on his way. Soon a heavy shower fell, which so impressed the traveller that he instantly rode back to the inn and offered the hostler half a crown if he would tell him how he knew the rain was imminent.

"Well," replied the man, with a grin, pocketing the coin, "the truth is, we have "Partridge's Almanac' here; and he's such a liar that whenever he promises a fine day we know it will be foul. Today is set down as fine."

* * *

Application for employment was recently made to a Louisville business man by a young chap from the mountain region of the state. The Louisville man was favorably impressed by the stranger, but as no references were offered he determined to hold the application in abeyance until he could personally took into the young man's antecedents, which he could do when next he visited that part of the state whence the applicant hailed. It was not long before the opportunity was afforded. The Louisville man sought personally look into the young man's home county and asked:

"Do you know Bill Sarks?"

"Shore, I know him."

"What kind of a young man is he?"

"Pretty fair."

"Is he honest?"

"Honest? Shore. Why, he's been arrested three times for stealin' and acquitted each time."

Sudden transition from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

Canal Worker's Experience

Some time ago I came to this place to work on the canal, and, through inclement weather and exposure, contracted the worst kind of neuralgia. The pain would fill my forehead so I couldn't see; it was just awful. I went to a druggist in town and was advised to use a 50c. bottle of Nerviline. That was the best advice and the best medicine I ever got. I will always recommend Nerviline for any ache or pain. It is so strong and penetrating it is bound to cure.

(Signed) A. B. Giorgi,
Trenton, Ont.

Doctors will tell you that nothing but the purest and most healing antiseptic drugs are used in Nerviline—that's why it is so safe for general family use, for the baby as well as the parent. If you haven't tried Nerviline, do so now—your neighbors are almost sure to know of its manifold merits and uses.

The "duffer" at golf becomes so used to finding himself in all kinds of out-of-the-way places that he hits every ball in the confident expectation of getting into difficulties with it. Such a player was he who answers in this dialogue, reported from the course: "Is this your ball over here?" "Is it in a hole?" "Yes." "A deep hole?" "Yes." "With slightly overhanging banks, so you can't possibly get at it?" "Yes." "Then it's my ball, all right."

* * *

In a Fourth of July address, Mayor Samuel L. Shank of Indianapolis once said, apropos of George Washington and truthfulness: "Few of us, alas, can lay claim to that absolute veracity which was Washington's boast. Thus the shoe pinches us all when the story of little Jack Smith comes up. Little Jack Smith's Sunday-school teacher, after a lesson on Ananias and Sapphira, said, 'Why is not everybody who tells a lie struck dead?' Little Jack answered gravely: 'Because there wouldn't be anybody left.'"

* * *

A Japanese diplomat during Admiral Togo's American tour, said at a dinner at Narragansett Pier: "Admiral Togo well merits his wealth and his honors. But a boyhood friend one day—after the manner of the boyhood friend—sneered at the admiral's success, whereupon our great warrior retorted: 'Come, now, I'll resign all my money and titles to you, but on one condition—that you pay the same price for them I did. We'll just go out into the garden there, and I'll fire a cannon at you ninety times. All I have shall be yours if you survive.'"

* * *

"Noble fellow!" cried one.

"To save your political rival from drowning!" cried a second.

"Weren't you afraid?" asked a third.

"The water looked so confoundedly cold!" added a fourth.

Jones, the candidate for Cockleton, endeavored to look modest while his wet paw was being shaken.

"'Twasn't anything, you know!" he confessed. "Really can't claim much credit. You see, at the meeting last night, the feller called me a party-prejudiced, pasty-faced political pump; and I'd just been reading in a book on 'First Aid' that it's best to avoid struggling with a drowning man by giving him a hard punch on the jaw. And, for the life of me, I couldn't resist the temptation!"

* * *

Foote, the comedian, lived at a time when pickpockets did a thriving business in gentleman's lace handkerchiefs. Having been taken one day into White's Club by a friend who wanted to write a note, Foote found himself standing in a room among strangers. Lord Carmarthe, wishing to put him at his ease, went to speak to him, but himself feeling rather shy, merely said:

"Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket."

Whereupon Foote, looking around suspiciously and hurriedly thrusting the handkerchief back into his pocket, replied: "Thank you, my lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do."

* * *

Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard's English department, is noted not only as a student of the drama, but as a satirical critic of all local performances. He may always be expected, it is said, to express an opinion on leaving the theatre that is tinged with some humorous regret. At a recent performance Dr. Kittredge appeared ever more disgruntled than usual. At one period the lights went out and the delay added to his annoyance. At the close of the performance he sought a late supper with a number of his club friends and was asked:

"How was the play tonight, Dr. Kittredge?"

"Disgusting," replied the critic. "Even the lights went out at the end of the second act."

* * *

A man walking into a restaurant inadvertently left the door open. A big man eating his dinner immediately yelled: "Shut the door, you fool! Where were you raised—in a barn?"

The man who had left the door open closed it and then, dropping into a seat, buried his face in his hands and began to weep.

The big man looked somewhat uncomfortable and, rising, finally walked up to the weeper and tapped him on the shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I just wanted you to close the door."

The man who was weeping raised his head and grinned. "Old man," he said, "I'm not crying because you hurt my feelings, but because you asked me if I was raised in a barn. The sad fact is that I was raised in a barn, and every time I hear an ass bray it makes me homesick!"

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

"I want," explained the advertising man—"I want a picture that has the idea of speed in it—real speed. I want it to go at a regular marathon. But it's got to be new."

"Yes, I see," said the artist, picking up a pencil. "How about Mercury? Something like this."

He sketched rapidly the figure of the messenger of Olympus, winged sandals, winged cap, symbolic staff and all. The advertising man looked it over approvingly.

"Seems all right," he commented. "But what does it mean? Who's Mercury?"

"Oh, Mercury? He was the speediest thing that ever lived," the artist declared. "Mercury was the god of speed, you know."

But the advertising man gave one long regretful look at the sketch and shook his head.

"Too bad," he murmured sadly. "Too bad; I like his looks, but it won't do. It won't do, young man. We can't get mixed up with anyone's religion like that."

With the Horses

Though 1911 has by no means been featureless for Clydesdale breeders, even apart from the sensational sale of Baron of Buchlyvie, other events seem tame in comparison. Yet the great sale was but an incident after all, and there are other points that might be mentioned that are of greater importance, so far as the welfare of the breed is concerned. One sparrow does not make a summer, and one extraordinary prize does not make a prosperous year for breeders in general, however much it may add to the lustre of the breed.

We cannot take the auction sales as an index of Clydesdale prices, for very few specimens of the breed are disposed of by public sale. Practically the whole of the animals that change hands are disposed of by private treaty, and so strong does the export trade continue that breeders have seldom anything to offer auctioneers. The figures for the year are not yet available, but there is every likelihood that the record number of last year will be exceeded, thanks again chiefly to Canada. The demands of patrons in all parts of the Dominion have been a heavy drain on the resources of Scotch breeders, and it would be idle to contend that it has not been without some effect on the material at the command of breeders. Scotland is well equipped, however, to withstand the constant drain, and, with the network of stallion-hiring societies and the pertinacity with which even small men stick to their mares and replace them with good fillies when their useful days for breeding are numbered, enables them to meet the continued demands made upon them.

The Canadian trade has in several ways strengthened the position of the breed in Scotland, and, all things considered, the position of pedigree Clydesdales is, on the whole, stronger because of it. It has strengthened the society by adding members to its roll, and it has had the effect of attracting more attention to pedigree registration. Many have had their eyes opened to the error of the short-sighted policy of neglecting to register animals eligible for the bok. It has been impossible to pick up the threads of pedigree that were allowed to drop, and a large number of animals that are really eligible for any stud book are shut out because registration was neglected. The breeding is there all right, but the proof of it has disappeared. These animals and their progeny are useless for the export trade, and breeders are now much more careful not to neglect the stud book, even if there does not appear to be any immediate benefit to be derived, though the benefits are now more evident. As a matter of fact, the export requirements have now become the real test of pedigree with breeders. An animal that does not fulfil these requirements is now hardly regarded as pedigreed, and, whatever its merits, it does not bring its full value. This tightening up of the fence between the purebred and the nondescript is all for the good of the breed, and though one may regret the fact that much that is in itself good and worthy is likely to be left on the wrong side of the fence, the ultimate effect is bound to be for the good of the Scotch draft horse. The somewhat lukewarm support that many members had given to the stud book has been brought to boiling point, and the sharp lessons, learned at considerable cost, will prevent them from allowing their enthusiasm to simmer.

EXERCISES FOR THE NERVES

Exercise and exercises are not necessarily synonymous. The word exercise is much the broader term of the two, signifying not merely the more vigorous forms of muscular exertion, but also the proper energizing of the whole muscular system. This latter it is which is so necessary to maintain the tone and elasticity characteristic of youth. There can be no attitude of indifference in this—a woman is either doing the right thing or the wrong thing with her muscles.

Consequently it is necessary, in order to accomplish the desired result, not only to exercise wisely in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, but also habitually to stand correctly, to sit correctly, to walk correctly, and to work correctly. If these particulars are rightly attended to it will go far in assuring the proper exercise of the muscles.

Incorrectly and carelessly performed, they may defeat the purpose of elaborate and systematic exercise, and ultimately bring about conditions which actually amount to deformity and act as a predisposing cause in many diseases. Furthermore, a not uncommon result of the sedentary life is that type of woman so frequently observed who is popularly described as "a bundle of nerves."

No woman grows old faster than this very type, and none is apt to resent the process more bitterly. It has been admitted that the elements producing this type may be many and complicated, but in the vast majority of instances it is safe to say that if a neglect of exercise had never occurred the other elements would never have exceeded a negligible proportion.

And many of those already suffering from their own neglect might find an efficient remedy in their own hands. But most of them, either from ignorance or indolence, go on forging heavier with every attitude they assume and every motion they make the chains that weigh them down.

We all know that, no matter how perfect in feature a woman may be, a slovenly or awkward carriage is fatal to her good appearance. But we do not always reflect that it is equally detrimental to her bodily health and mental equilibrium. The commonest type of incorrect standing position is that in which the chest is contracted, the shoulders stooped, the back bowed out, and the hips slouched forward.

In this position the chest and abdominal muscles are collapsed and the ribs compressed. This results in serious interference with respiration, circulation, and digestion. The chest, upon which the characteristic breathing of a woman depends, is too cramped to permit the taking of a full breath.

The sagging of the heavy upper part of the body presses upon the veins and arteries and impedes the flow of blood. The stomach is not given room to act normally. Thus the three chief functions upon which life depends suffer impairment from this one attitude.

Some women have an idea that if they only "throw their shoulders back," in fact, stand sway-backed, they have accomplished all that could be expected. But this scarcely betters the matter. The vital organs are still interfered with, and the supporting muscles of the trunk are incorrectly used. Those of the lower part of the back are overstrained, while those of the waist and abdomen, designed by nature for the heaviest work, are relaxed to an injurious degree.

In addition to this, the spinal column, that marvellously flexible and buoyant support of the brain, is distorted from the graceful double curve which is natural to it. Instead, it is compelled to hold permanently one of the many positions which it may legitimately assume for a temporary purpose, but from which, as soon as that purpose is accomplished, it should return to its normal curves.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

TO ENJOY OLD AGE

If you would enjoy old age, cultivate some hobby—grow enthusiastic over something—little matters what. It may be embroidery or painting, or music or flowers, or collecting china; church work or temperance reform, hospital work or woman suffrage. Identify yourself with something and keep your interest up. It will bring about you a circle of sympathetic, congenial friends and create a community of interests otherwise scarcely obtainable. To be really thoroughly enjoyable it should be a useful hobby, one that gives pleasure or benefit to others as well as one's self. Take a garden for instance—queen of all delightful hobbies, where you may bury your sorrows and unearth your pleasures. Many an ill-temper or nervous headache is dug into the ground and blossoms forth as beautiful flowers.

Do you say you are too old to take up new ideas or renew old ones? No one is ever too old. Perhaps you read in the paper recently about Miss Amy Winship, aged 82, who had just enrolled as a junior in the University of Wisconsin. Her life had been so busy until five years ago that her hunger for things literary could not be satisfied. Mrs. A. W. Truesdell, aged 80, felt the need of polishing up a bit in English poetry, so attended the Summer School at the University of California. These may be extreme and isolated cases, but they emphasize the fact that the lack of ambition rather than the accumulation of years, is the hindrance to continued progress.

WOULD YOU LIKE THIS MUSIC? IT IS OFFERED FREE

A fine composition for the pianoforte, by the famous composer, J. Michael Watson, has been published by the Zam-Buk Co., of Toronto; and we are able to make our readers the very useful offer of a copy of this March for simply paying postage on same. The composition is not very difficult, is quite within the reach of young pianoforte players, and is a wonderfully effective piece of work. To obtain a copy, forward 2 cents (cost of postage) to The Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, asking for a copy, and mentioning this paper.

Greatest Invention of Age For Hoarseness, Weak Throat

Nothing So Far Discovered is so Beneficial to Public Speakers, Ministers, Singers and Teachers as Catarrhozone

Because of its strengthening influence upon the vocal cords, Catarrhozone cannot be too highly recommended as a wonderful voice improver. It almost instantly removes huskiness or hoarseness, thus insuring clearness and brilliancy of tone. Catarrhozone keeps the mucous surfaces in perfect condition, and its regular use absolutely prevents colds and throat irritation, thereby removing the singer's greatest source of anxiety—unfitness of voice. The most eminent speakers and prima donnas are seldom without Catarrhozone, and credit in no small degree their uniform strength and brilliancy of tone to its influence.

Singer Recommends Catarrhozone

"For many years have been a sufferer from that terrible disease known as CATARRH.

"Being a professional singer, you can readily understand that Catarrh would be a serious hindrance to my professional skill.

"One year ago I read in the 'Progress' a convincing testimonial from one who had been cured of this disease through using your God-sent invention Catarrhozone.

"Believing in the merit of Catarrhozone, I tried it.

"Catarrhozone cured me and has been the means of my success.

"You are at liberty to use my name if it will help relieve some from suffering, and I will always remain,

"Bob Bixley, New Glasgow, N.S."

Mr. Bixley is one of the best known singers and entertainers in the Maritime Provinces. Everyone knows him, and his testimonial for Catarrhozone is the best sort of evidence of what great benefit Catarrhozone is to those suffering with throat weakness or catarrh.

Complete outfit, consisting of a beautifully polished hard rubber inhaler, and sufficient liquid for recharging to last two months, costs one dollar. Sold by all druggists, or sent safely to your address by mail if price is forwarded to the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., or Kingston, Ont.

TELEGRAM THAT SAVED INDIA

In connection with the Durbar a museum of Mogul relics has been arranged, which contains, among other objects, the telegram which illustrates Montgomery's great saying, "The electric telegraph saved India." This is the famous telegram despatched by Brendish on May 11th, 1857, which gave the news of the rebellion to the north of India, and enabled Lawrence and Edwardes and Nicholson to take steps for the disarmament of regiments on the verge of revolt, and to make those brilliant arrangements for the relief of Delhi by which—and probably by which alone—the Mutiny was crushed out, and Delhi once more returned to her British allegiance.

Scotland is growing potatoes for the export trade. Recently 1,500 tons arrived for New York buyers, paying duties to the amount of $750.

Ten sailing vessels, each a century or more old, still are in service in Denmark's merchant marine.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

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

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

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

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

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

THOMPSON SONS & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

703 Y Grain Exchange Winnipeg

Frustrate

(My Mary Austin)

I know that I am a disappointed woman and that nobody cares at all about it, *not even Henry; and if anybody* thought of it, it would only be to think it ridiculous. It is ridiculous, too, with my waist, and not knowing how to do my hair or anything. I look at Henry sometimes of evenings, when he has his feet on the fender, and wonder if he has the least idea how disappointed I am. I even have days of wondering if Henry isn't disappointed, too. He might be disappointed in himself, which would be even more dreadful; but I don't suppose we shall ever find out about each other. *It is part of* my disappointment that Henry has never seemed to want to find out.

There are people who think it is something discreditable to be disappointed; *and whatever comes, you must* pretend to like it, and just keep on pretending. I don't know why. It must be that some things are right in life and some others are not, and unless somebody has the courage to speak up about it, I don't know how we are ever to find it out. I don't see, if nobody else is hurt by it, why we *shouldn't* have what we like out of life; and if there's a way of getting or not getting it, people have a right to know. Sometimes I think if I'd known a little more, *just a very little . . .* !

It all began, I suppose, in the kind of people I was brought up among. They'd none of them had the kind of things I wanted, so of course they *couldn't tell me anything about the way* to get them. There was my mother. She had to work hard, and had never been anywhere but to a Methodist conference and once to the capital when father was a delegate or something, and her black silk had been turned twice; but she didn't seem the least disappointed. I think it must have been the way things were between her and my father. Father died when I was sixteen, so I couldn't tell much about it, but I know mother never so much as *thought of marrying again.* She was like a person who has had a full meal, but I—I am just kind of hungry. . . always. My mother never talked to me about her relations to *my father.* Mothers didn't; it wasn't thought suitable. I think sometimes, if she had, it might have made a difference about my marrying Henry.

The trouble was in the beginning, that though I knew the world was all full of exciting, interesting things, I thought they came to you just by living. *I had no idea there was a particular* way you had to go to work to get them. I think my people weren't the kind to make very nice discriminations about experiences or anything. They wouldn't have thought one way of being in love, for instance, was much better or different from another. They had everything sort of ticketed off and done with; such as that all churchmembers were happier than unbelievers, and all men naturally more competent and intelligent than their women. *They must have known, some of* them, that things didn't always work out that way; but they never let on about it—anyway, not to us young people. And if married couples weren't *happy together, it wasn't considered* decent to speak of it.

I suppose that was what had got me to thinking that all the deep and high and shining things that I had a kind *of instinct went with being married* belonged to it naturally, and, when you had found a suitable man, came along in their proper place without much thinking. And that was about all I knew when Henry proposed to me at the Odd Fellows' Festival. We were both on the decoration committee, and drove out to the old Lawson place that afternoon for roses. I remember the feel of them against my cheek, hot and sweet, and the smell of the syringa, and a great gold-and-black butterfly that fled and flitted down the green country road, mottled black and gold with shadows. Things like that gave me a strange kind of excitement, and yet a kind of lonesomeness, too, so I *didn't mind Henry holding my hand* between us in the buggy. I thought he must be feeling something of the same sort, and it didn't seem friendly to take my hand away. But I did take it away a moment later when he proposed. It turned me kind of cold. Of course I meant to accept him after a while. *I liked him, and he was what* my folks called suitable; but I seemed to want a little time to think about it.

Henry didn't want me to think. He kept hinting, and that evening under the grape-arbor at the minister's, where we had gone to get the sewing society's ice-cream freezer, he kissed me. I'd heard about engaged kisses, but this wasn't anything but just a *kiss—like when you have been play*ing drop the handkerchief. I'd always had a feeling that when you had an engaged kiss something beautiful happened. There were times afterward when it almost seemed about to, and I would want to be kissed again to see if the next time . . . Henry said he was glad I had turned out to have an affectionate disposition.

My family thought I was doing well to marry Henry. He had no bad habits and his people were well-to-do; and then I wasn't particularly pretty or rich or anything. I had never been very popular with young men; I was too eager. Not for them, you understand; but just living and doing things seemed to me to be such a good game. I suppose it is difficult for some folks to understand how you can be excited by the way a shadow falls, or a bird singing on a wet bough; and somehow *young men seemed to get the idea that* the excitement had something to do with them. It made them feel as if something was expected of them; they sort of pull back from the thing that is expected of them just because it is expected. I always thought it rather small, but I suppose they can't help it. There was a woman I met at Fairshore who explained how that was; but I didn't know then, and I was rather sensitive about it. Anyway, it came about that I hadn't many beaux, and my mother was a good deal relieved when I settled down to Henry. And we *hadn't any more than got the fur*niture as we wanted it when I discovered that there hadn't anything happened at all! Instead of living with my mother, I was just living with Henry; I've never done anything else.

There are things nobody ever tells young girls about marriage. Sometimes I think it is because, if they knew how to estimate their experience in the beginning, there is such a lot they wouldn't go on with; and when I was married, nobody ever thought of any*thing but that you had to go on with* it. There were times when it seemed as if all it needed was just going on: there was a dizzying point just about to be reached from which Henry and I should really set out for somewhere.

It took me fifteen years to realize that we hadn't set out for anything, and would never get anywhere in particular.

I know I tried. Times I would explain to Henry what I wanted until he seemed to want it as much as I did; and then we would begin whatever we had to do—at least I would begin—and *then I would find out that Henry had* forgotten what we were doing it for—like the time we saved to set out the south lot in apricots, and Henry bought water-shares with the money. He *said it would be cheaper to own the* water for the apricots; but then we hadn't anything left to pay for the planting, and the man who had sold Henry the shares turned out not to own them. After a while I gave up saving.

The trouble was, Henry said, I was too kind of simple. It always seemed to me, if you wanted things, you picked out the one nearest to you, and made a mark so you could keep tab on whether you were getting it or not; and then you picked out the next nearest, and went for that, and after a while you had all of them. But Henry said when it came to business it was a good deal more complicated, and you *had to look on all sides of a thing.* Henry was strong on looking on all sides; anybody that had any kind of reasonableness could always get over him, like that man with the watershares. That was when I was trying to make myself believe that if we could get a little money together, we might be in things. I had been reading the magazines, and I knew that there were big, live things with feelers out all over creation, and if I could just get the least little tip of one. . . . But I *knew it wasn't money.* When I wasn't too sick and over-worked and worn out trying to keep track of Henry's reasons, I knew that the thing I was aching for was close beside me . . . when I heard the wind walk on the roof at night . . . . or heard music playing . . . and I would be irritated with Henry because he couldn't help me lay hold of it. It is ridiculous, I know, but there were times when it seemed to me if Henry had been fatter, it would have helped some. I *don't mean to say that I had wanted* to marry a fat man, but Henry hadn't filled out any, not like it seems men ought to: he just got dry and thinner. It used to make me kind of exasperated. Henry was *always patient with* me; he thought it was because I hadn't any children. He would have liked children. So would I when I thought I was to have one, but I was doing my own housework, and I was never strong. I cried about it a good deal at the time; but I don't suppose I really wanted it very much or I would have adopted one. I will tell you—there are women that want children just for the sake of having them but the most of them want them because there is a *man— And the man they want gets* to hear of it and whenever a woman is any way unhappy, they think all she needs is a baby. But there's something else ought to happen first, and I never gave up thinking it was going to happen; all the time I kept looking out, like Sister Anne in the fairy-tale, and it seemed to me a great many times I saw dust moving. I never understood why we couldn't do things right here at home—big things. There were those people I'd read about in *Germany—just plain carpenters and* butchers and their wives—giving passion-plays. They didn't know anything about plays; they just felt grateful, and they did something like they felt. I spoke to the minister's wife about it once—not about a passion-play, of course, that wouldn't have done; but about our just taking hold of something as if we thought we were as good as those Germans—but she didn't seem to think we could. She kind of pursed up her mouth and said, "Well, we must *remember that they had the advantage* of having lived abroad." It was always like that. You had to have lived somewhere or been taught or had things different; you couldn't just start *right off from where you were.* It was all of a piece with Henry's notion of business; there was always some kind of queer mixed-up-ness about it that I couldn't understand. But still I didn't give up thinking that somehow I was going to pull the right string at last, and then things would begin to *happen. Not knowing what it was I* wanted to happen, I couldn't be expected to realize that it couldn't happen now on account of my being married to Henry. It was at Fairshore that *I found out.*

It was when we had been married eighteen years that Aunt Lucy died and left me all her property. It wasn't very much, but it was more than *Henry would ever have, and I just* made up my mind that I was going to have the good of it. Henry didn't make any objection, and the first thing I did was to go down to Fairshore for the summer. I chose Fairshore because I had heard about all the authors and painters being there. You see, when you never have any real life except what you get from reading, you have a kind of feeling that writers are the only real own folks you've got. You even get to thinking sometimes that maybe, if you had known how to go *about it, you could have written your*self, though perhaps you'd feel that way about bridge-building or soldiering, if it was the only real kind of work you saw much of. Not that I ever thought I could write; but *I'd so many* ideas that were exactly like what I'd read that I thought if I could only just get somebody to write them for me—But you can't; they've all got things of their own. Still, you would think the way they get inside the people they write about that they would be *able to see what is going on inside of* you, and be a little kind.

You see, it had come over me that away deep inside of me there was a really beautiful kind of life, singing, *and burning blue and red and gold as* it sang, and there were days when I couldn't bear to think of it wasting there and nobody know it.

Not that Henry didn't take an interest in me—his kind of interest—if I was sick or hurt, or seeing that I had a comfortable chair. But if I should say to Henry to lean upon my heart and listen to the singing there, he would have sent for the doctor. Nobody talks like that here in Castroville: only in books I thought I had heard the people calling to one another quietly and apart over all the world, *like birds waking in a wood. I've* wondered since I came back from Fairshore if people put things in books because they would like to have them that way.

It is difficult to tell what happened to me at Fairshore. It didn't really happen—just the truth of things coming over me in a slow, acrid dribble. Sometimes in the night I can feel the recollection of it all awash at the bottom of my heart, cold and stale. But nothing happened. Nobody took any *notice of me but one woman.* She was about my age, plain-looking and rather sad. I'd be proud to mention her name; but I've talked about her a great deal, and, with all my being *so disappointed, it isn't so bad but it* might be worse if everybody got to find out about it. She was really a much greater writer than the rest of them; but, I am ashamed to say it, just at first, perhaps because she was so little different from me on the outside, and perhaps just because she was *a woman, I didn't seem to care much* about her. I don't know why I shouldn't say it, but I did want to have something to do with interesting men. People seem to think that when a woman *is married she has got all that's coming* to her; but we're not very different from men, and they have to have things. There are days sometimes when it seems to me that never to have known any kind of men but Henry and the minister and old man Truett, who does our milking, would be more than I could bear. I thought if I could get to know a man who was big enough so I couldn't walk all around him, so to speak—somebody that I could reach and not find the end *of—I shouldn't feel so—so frustrated.* There was a man there who wrote things that made you feel like that—as if you could take hands with him and go out and rescue shipwrecked men and head rebellions. And when I tried to talk to him, I found him looking at me the way young men used to before I married Henry—as if he thought I wanted something, and it was rather clever of him not to give it to me. It was after that that I took to sitting with the writer woman. I'd *noticed that though the men seemed* to respect her, and you saw them in corners sometimes reading manuscripts to her, they never took her to walk, or to see the moon rise, or the boats come in. They spent all that on the pretty woman, young and kind of empty-headed. I'd heard them talk when they thought I wasn't listening. And the writer woman sat about with the other women, and didn't seem to mind it.

I hoped when people saw me with her they'd think it was because she was so famous, and not guess how terrible it was to find yourself all at once a middle-aged woman sitting on a bench, and all the world going by as if it was *just what they expected. It came over* me that here were all the things I had dreamed about—the great sea roaring landward, music, quick and gay; looks, little incidents—and I wasn't in it; I *wasn't in it at all.*

I suppose the writer woman must have seen how it was with me, but I thought at first she was talking of herself.

"It's all very wonderful out there, isn't it?" she said, looking toward the blue water and the beach shining like a shell, with the other writers and painters walking up and down and *making it into world stuff.* "Very wonderful—when you have the price to pay for it!"

"It is expensive." I was thinking of the hotel, but I saw in a minute she *meant something else.*

"The price you pay," she said, "it isn't being fit to be in the Great World or being able to appreciate it when you're in; it is what you contribute to keep other people in, I suppose."

I must have said something about not being able to see what the kind of women who were in contributed—just girls and flirty kind of married women.

"It's a kind of game keeping other people in," said the writer woman. "They don't know much else, but they *know the game. We are, most of us,*" she said, "like those matches that will not light unless they are struck upon the box: there is a particular sort of person that sets us off. It's a business, being that sort of person."

"If anybody could only learn it—" I tried to seem only polite.

"It is the whole art," she said, "of putting yourself into your appearance." She laughed. "I have too much waist for that sort of thing. I have my own game."

I seemed suddenly to want to get away to my room and think about it. I know it is absurd at my age, but I lay on the bed and cried as I hadn't since they told me my baby hadn't lived. For I knew now that all that beautiful life inside me couldn't be born either, for I was one who had to have help to be worth anything to myself, and I didn't know the game. I had never known it.

All the time I had been thinking that all I needed was to find the right person: and now I understood that, so far *as anybody could guess, I wasn't the* right person myself. I hadn't the art of putting myself into my appearance. I'm shy about talk, and my arms are too fat, and my skirts have a way of hanging short in front.

I've thought about it a great deal since. It doesn't seem fair. Nobody told me about it when I was a girl; I think nobody tells girls. They just have to sort of find it out; and if they don't, nobody cares. All they did tell me was about being good, and you will be happy; but it isn't so. There is a great deal more to it than that, and it seems as if people ought to know. I think we are mostly like that in Castroville: we've got powers and capaci*ties 'way down in us, but we don't* know anything about getting them out. We think it is living when we have got upholstered furniture and a top buggy. I know people who think it is worth while *never to have lived in a house* without a cupola. But all the time we are not in the game. We do not even know there is a game.

Sometimes I think, if it would do *me any good, I could turn in and learn* it now. I watched them at Fairshore, and it seemed to me it could be learned. I have wild thoughts sometimes—such thoughts as men have when they go out and snatch things—but it wouldn't do me any good. Henry's folks were always long-lived, and there are days when I am so down that I am glad to have even Henry. As long as people see us going about together they can't know—I'm rather looking forward to getting old now. I think per*haps I shan't ache so. But I should* like to know how much Henry understands.

WAY OF THE WEASEL

A book by Mr. Thompson-Seton is naturally expected to contain some results of a careful observation of animal life and they abound in these fascinating pages. Mr. Seton's most recent book tells of a trip into the Far North. It will be remembered that *Mr. Seton and Mr. Preble* passed through Winnipeg on this journey. In his book, among much else of the kind, we are told that the coyote will become a vegetarian upon due provocation and the diet agrees with him. But the lynx, less adaptable, must have meat or he will *die of hunger* while the coyote will keep himself in good condition upon berries. Here, by the way, is a good story of a weasel:

On that same night we had a curious adventure with a weasel.

All were sitting around the campfire at bedtime when I heard a distinct patter on the leaves. "Something coming," I whispered. All held still, *then out of the gloom came* bounding a snow-white weasel. Preble was lying on his back with his hands clasped behind his head and the weasel fearlessly jumped on my colleague's broad chest, and stood peering about.

In a flash Preble's right elbow was down and held the weasel prisoner, his left hand coming to assist. Now, *it is pretty well known that if you* and a weasel grab each other at the same time he has choice of holds.

"I have got him," said Preble, then added feelingly, "but he got me first. Suffering Moses! the little cuss is grinding his teeth in deeper."

The muffled screaming of the small demon died away as Preble's strong left hand crushed out his life, but as long as there was a spark of it remaining, those desperate jaws were grinding deeper into his thumb. It *seemed a remarkably long affair to us,* and from time to time, as Preble let off some fierce ejaculation, one of us would ask, "Hello! Are you two still at it," or "How are you and your friend these times, Preble?"

In a few minutes it was over, but that creature in his fury seemed to *have inspired himself with lockjaw,* for his teeth were so driven in and double-locked, that I had to pry the jaws apart before the hand was free.

The weasel may now be seen in the American Museum, and Preble in the Agricultural Department at Washington, the latter none the worse.

SEED GERMINATION

It has been said that the seed of the globe turnip when growing increases its own weight fifteen times within a minute. The seed of this turnip is ex*ceedingly minute, being not larger than* the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the course of a few months the seed will be developed by the soil into twenty-seven million of times the bulk of the original, and this in addition to a considerable bunch of leaves.

On peat ground turnips have been found to increase by growth 15,996 times the weight of their seed each day they stood.

The funguses offer an instance of re*markably rapid growth. The great* puff ball will attain the size of a pumpkin in a single night, and Lindley calculated that the cells whereof it is composed will multiply at the rate of 60,000,000 a minute.

Many seeds germinate in a very short period—the cress in two days; spinach, turnips and kidney beans in three days; lettuce in four; melons and gourds in five; most of the grain seed in a week; hyssop at the end of a month. But others remain for a very *long period without showing signs of* germination.

HOW TUBERCULOSIS SPREADS

Sooner or later the tuberculous cow begins to give off the germs of the disease. The germs escape by the mouth and nose, the bowels, in the milk, and in discharges from the genital organs. When the germs are being given off in *any of these ways, the disease is* known as open tuberculosis.

Germs discharged from the mouth and nose are coughed up from the lungs, and are sprayed over the food in front of the cow, or are carried in the air for a time until they fall to the ground. Cows in adjoining stalls may take in these germs in the air *they breathe or in the food they eat,* and so contract the disease.

Germs discharged from the bowels are mixed with the manure, and may infect cattle or hogs that are allowed to pick over the dung heap. The practice of having hogs and cattle together in the same yard is sure to result in the infection of the hogs, if any of the cattle are affected. The germs in the manure come from the matter that is coughed up and swallowed, and in some cases from tuberculosis in the *bowels themselves. Manure contain*ing tubercle germs may easily infect the milk. Particles of dried manure may fall into the milk pail from the skin of a dirty cow, or be accidentally flicked off from the tail and fall into the milk. Straining the milk afterwards only removes the larger par*ticles.* The smaller ones, including the germs, remain in the milk.

When the udder is tuberculous, the milk contains the germs in vast numbers. Such milk may look and taste *perfectly good, but, readily transmits* the disease to young animals. It is very dangerous to children. Hogs and calves are very readily infected by it.

COST OF DIRTY EGGS

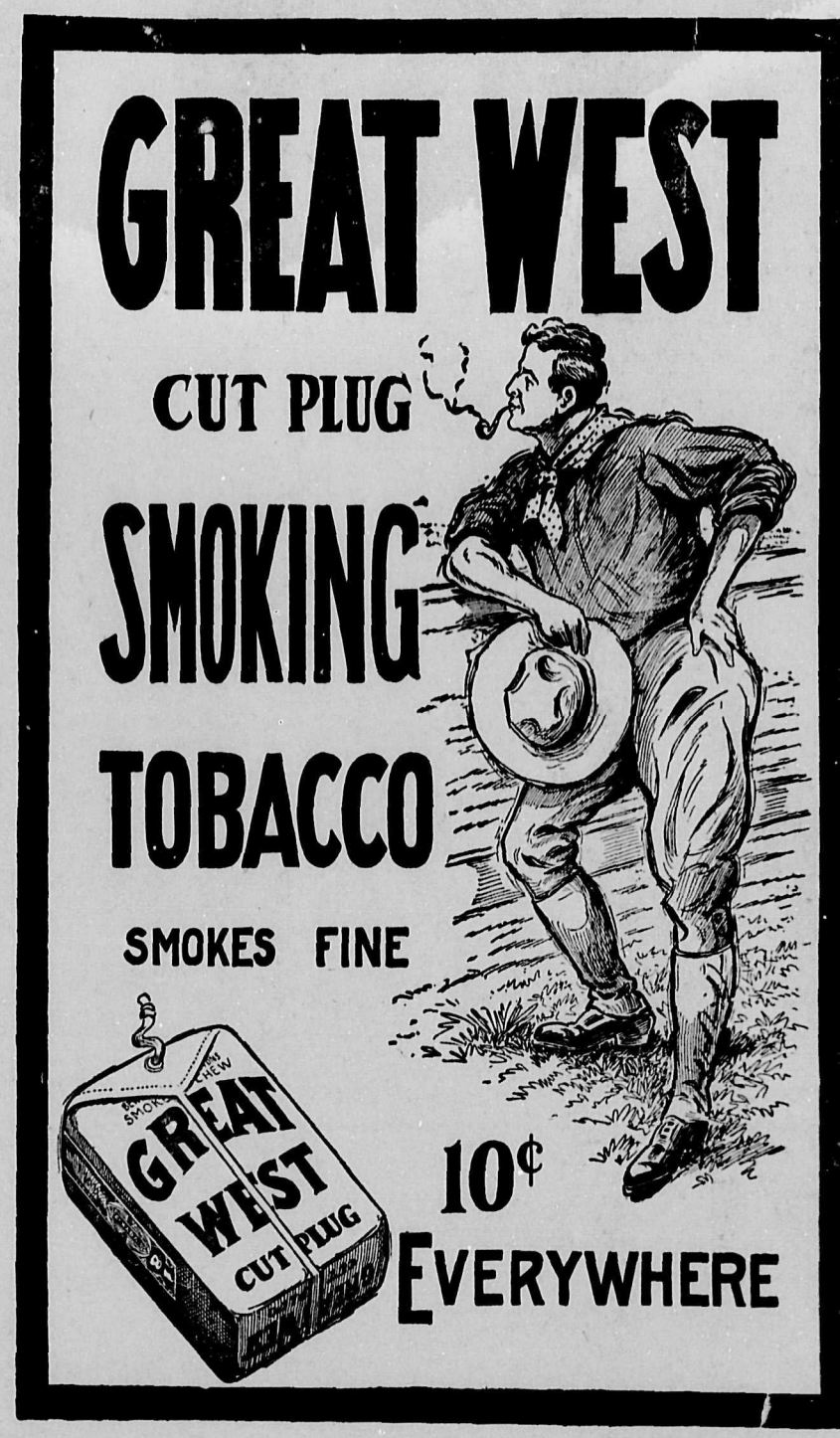
While there are a few egg producers who take the best care of their product, the average farmer considers the egg produced on the farm a by-product, and makes very little provision for their care aside from gathering them. A *large loss is caused by dirty eggs,* the number being enormous, and according to the estimate of Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, this money loss to the farmers in the United States amounting to about $5,000,000 annually.

This loss is very largely brought *about by not gathering the eggs often* enough. In wet weather more dirty eggs are found than at any other time. This is caused by the fact that the hen's feet are often covered with mud or other filth, and in going on the nest to lay she soils the eggs already in the nest.

An insufficient number of nests is often the cause of many of the dirty eggs found. Eggs are laid on the ground and around the hay and straw racks, and becoming strained, are classed as "dirties." Again, when too many eggs are allowed to remain in a nest, some are broken, and many of the *others become smeared with broken* yolks. This condition is often brought about by allowing the broody hens to use the same nests with the layers. On a farm where one nest for every four hens is provided, and the nests are kept clean and well bedded, it is found that very few dirty eggs are produced.

After gathering the eggs, care should be taken not to put them where they will become heated, or near oil, onions, or other vegetables, as they readily absorb odors.

Although dirty eggs may be *perfectly* fresh, they invariably sell as "seconds," and when but a few dirty eggs *are mixed with an otherwise fresh,* clean lot, they materially decrease the price of the clean eggs.



Easter Eggs

Easter Chicks
Easter Rabbits
Easter Dyes

A large assortment of Easter Novelties for the children

Easter Cards and Booklets

Easter Chocolates and perfumes

Call Early

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Druggist and Stationer

Local Items

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

L. F. Croft, at Mee Studio for photos

For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.

Buy oranges at Ashwells. Prices from 20 to 40c a dozen.

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

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

For fresh groceries at saving prices, buy them at Ashwells.

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

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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.

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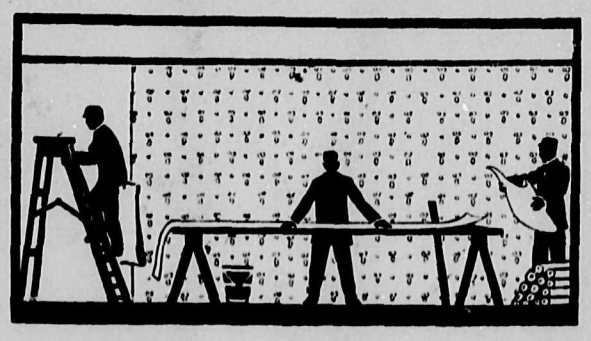

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W. T. Rolfe, takes eggs in exchange; highest price paid for them.

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

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

Men's and Boy's Spring hats; buy them at Ashwells. The prices are right.

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

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

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.

Empress "Quality" shoes for ladies, sizes 2½ to 6½ are in the Spring stock at Ashwells.

Men's hand-over shoes, sizes 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½ and 10 in Ashwell's Spring stock.

Always something to interest you at Ashwells Departmental Store. Meet your friends there.

You are doubly protected at Ashwells Departmental Store. First in quality, then in price.

Easter goods are all on display at Ashwells Departmental Store. Visit their store, take a look around.

Ed. Ramsdell has sold one and half acres of land near the home of W. L. Macken, to a Westminster. man.

James Hounsom is having house and Post Office built at Yarrow, S. L. Edstriom of Sardis has the contract.

Ashwells have issued a neat and attractive little folder containing appetizing Easter menus, and quoting prices.

Lost —On Young road on Wednesday evening a black leather music case. Finder please leave at this office.

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

For Sale—Marshall Strawberry Plants, 40c. per hundred; also carnation plants for early bloom; J. W. GALLOWAY, City.

You can choose from 300 sample men's silk neckties, all Spring patterns. See them at Ashwells, Gent's Furnishings Dept.

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

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

Invitations have been issued for the Knights of Pythias second annual ball to be given in the opera house on Easter Monday evening.

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

C. W. Webb, municipal clerk, has moved the office equipment to the new city hall this week, where he will be found during business hours.

A fine showing of Spring Millinery, the latest in ready-to-wear, and dress hats for ladies and children is to be seen at Miss Hoyle's across from the post office.

We are showing such a variety of New Wall Papers this season that no matter what your requirements may be they can be immediatly satisfied. Valley Paint and Wall Paper House.

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

WANTED:—3,000 split cedar stakes, 8 ft. long, clear, 3 inches square, sharpened at one end. What's your price for same, delivered on the Hodgins farm. Write me. J. H. ASHWELL, Chilliwack.

Buy Timothy, Red Clover and Alsyke seed now, at Ashwells before the price goes any higher. The market is getting very firm in price.

The Chilliwack Choral Society will give their first concert in the third week of April. Watch for further particulars, and keep the week in mind.

The office furniture was moved from the city clerk's office in the Hart Block to the new city hall on Tuesday, where the clerk may be found during office hours.

An At Home will be held at "Craig Millar," the home of Mrs. J. H. Suart, Sardis, on April 30, commencing at six o'clock. A good program will be provided. Admission 25c; ice cream 10c. extra. The funds will be in aid of the Chilliwack Hospital.

Church News

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Thomas church will hold their Easter sale of work and afternoon tea in the Parish hall on Thursday afternoon, the April 4, at 3 o'clock.

The Methodist Church bell has had a spring in its tongue broken and its voice, as a result, has been badly cracked. Repairs are being made and the tongue will wag as formerly.

The members and adherents of the Methodist Church are reminded that their ballots on Church Union must be presented at an early date. They can be taken to the regular church services, or mailed to Rev. A. E. Roberts, pastor. It is hoped that every one entitled to a vote will use the privilege.

The annual meeting of the Girls Branch of the W. A. of St. Thomas church was held on Mar. 14. The reports showed that the amount of $93.13 was raised and spent on Mission and Parochial Work. The officers elected were as follows; President Miss Neville Smith; Vice-Pres., Miss Cawley; Secty., Miss Sidney Rutherford; Treas Miss E. Johnston. Delegates, Miss Cawely and Miss Grossman. Outlook Committee, Convener Miss Margurite Thomas; Literature, Miss Margaret Jackson; Work, Miss Grossman.

The Junior Branch has a membership of 27 and this year raised sum of $24 10 which was devoted to Mission work.

At the service in the Methodist church last Sunday the pastor, Rev. A. E. Roberts, read a communication from the headquarters of the Methodist Missionary Society appealing for funds to send to China to aid famine suffers. The fund will be distributed by a committee of prominent Missionaries of all denomination, in consulation with Chinese officials. One dollars will save a life for one month; Fifteen dollars may save a whole family from starvation. Mr. Roberts will be glad to receive donations from anyone for this necessary fund, and and will immediatiately forward all monies to the proper authorities.

On Tuesday evening last the annual congregational meeting of the Carman Methodist church was held, with Rev. Dr. White in the chair. The reports of the various organizations of the chnrch as read by the officials showed the church to be in a flourishing condition, in spite of the fact that during the year the church had suffered great sorrow in the loss by death of their pastor, Rev. T. W. Hall. A. Monkhouse reported for the Quarterly Official Board; Geo. Carter for the Trustee Board; Mrs. Minkler for the Ladies Aid; Mr. Chappel for the Cemetry Board; F. Moore for the Epworth League The superintendent of the Sunday school, E. A. Wells, was not able to be present, but the statement was made that the Sunday school had made good progress durthe year and was now in a very healthy condition, both numerically and financially. The Rev. A. E. Roberts delivered a short address during the evening. There was a good attendance and much interest was taken in the proceedings. The ballots on Church Union were distributed and will be returned next Sunday.

THE BOY SCOUTS

The Chilliwack Baden Powell Scouts of both troops are anticipating a great treat in the visit of the Seymour Scouts under Scout Master A. Jull. The visitors are due to arrive upon Good Friday and will consist of about forty members. This troop is known in B. C. for general efficiency and also their very fine Drum and Bugle Band. The local Scout committee are arranging a very interesting programme of events for the four days encampment. On Saturday April 6, Seymour Scouts assisted by both troops of Chilliwack will an entertainment in the Opera House. Programmes of events will be distributed around town.

Donations of magazines etc., for the Chilliwack Hospital will be collected by the Boy Scouts if the donors will send in their names to T. C. Collin, Scout Master.

Barnum, the hypnotist, gave exhibitions of his gift in the Opera house on Monday and Tuesday evenings to small audiences. He left Wednesday for fresh fields, deciding to cancel the engagement or that evening. This class of entertainment is too old a "stunt" to attract the average intellect.

Call at the Valley Paint and Wall Paper House; we want to show you the most beautiful Wall Paper ever seen in Chilliwack.

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N. A. Webb

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If you don't catch Maynard or he don't catch you, call at the old stand of Denholm & Ramsdell, Main Street, and see Murphy who will fit you out with anything you want in McLaughlin Buggies, Democrats and Carts, Adams Wagons, Frost & Wood, Cockshutt and Flury Plows, also Deering Machinery and the celebrated Louden Hay Tools. Full lines of all kinds of Wire Fencing, and wire for fence making.

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LIVE
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WANTED

In our last issue H. Proctor inserted a small advt. "Seed Potatoes for Sale" and inside of the week he had disposed of his large stock. Moral: For best results advertise in the Free Press.

The C. N. R Telegraph line has been built through the valley consisting of two wires. A gang of men are also engaged in the erection of a 40,000 gallon water tank on the station property.