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Chilliwack Free Press

VOL. 1. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS EACH CHILLIWACK, B. C., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1912 C. A. BARBER Editor and Proprietor No. 48

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

W. B. TRENHOLM

All parties owing money to W. B. Trenholm, of Chilliwack, are hereby notified that all cheques are to be made out to C. T McHattie, Assignee and all monies paid to the Assignee, at the store, in Chilliwack. If paid to anyone else they will be liable under the law to pay for same the second time.

C. T. McHATTIE,
Assignee.

Social and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kipp are in Bellingham this week.

Miss Iva Smith of New York is at the Empress Hotel.

Several parties of campers are enjoying a holiday at Cultus Lake.

Miss J. Elms is spending her vacation with friends in Vancouver.

Miss Kirkland of New Westminster is the guest of Mrs. Alex. Mercer.

Miss Patton, of Hamilton, Ont., was the guest of Miss Grossman Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert of Sardis, left Monday to spend the month at Sidney, B. C.

Miss Page of Matsqui spent last week the guest of the Misses Denholm, Fairfield Island.

Jos. White returned on Monday last from a brief holiday spent at Seattle and White Rock.

The Misses Daisy and Pearl Leary of Fairfield Island are spending a couple of weeks at Vancouver.

Let us have the names of your summer visitors. The Free Press prints the news when it is news.

Mrs. G. H. W Chadsey left on Monday for White Rock where she will visit friends for a week or so.

Miss Hazel Clark, of Sumas, is spending her holidays visiting friends in New Westminster and Vancouver.

Mrs. M. Harrison and Master Reginald Harrison left Wednesday for a visit to Bellingham, Blaine and White Rock.

Miss McDougall of Islay, Scotland was the guest of Mrs. R. J. Mc Intosh last week, returning on Tuesday to Vancouver.

Dr. Geo. Telford and Mrs. Telford and children of Vancouver, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Denholm.

Mrs. Birkebak of Libby, Montana, joined her husband here this week. *Mr. Birkebak is salesman in R. J.* McIntosh's shoe store.

Mrs. N. S. McKenzie with her childern and maid leave on Thursday, Aug. 1 for Sidney, B. C. to camp for the next month.

Miss E. L. Mellard returned on Saturday from a nine months' tour of the British Isles. She was accompanied home by her cousin Reeve Wilson.

The very warm weather accounted for not quite such a large turnout as usual at the tennis courts on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. N. S. McKenzie was the tea hostess for the afternoon.

Mrs. Alexander, Miss Alexander *and Miss Pearl Alexander, of* Clayburn, and Miss Catherwood, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Brown, of Abbotsford were the guests of Mr. aud Mrs. J. L. Broe and family, at their summer home at Yarrow over the week end.

Mrs. D.Duncan and infant daughter, of North Vancouver, recent arrivals from England, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Jno. Robinson "Gowanlea," Hazel St., for some little time. Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Robinson were college friends in the Old Country.

Dr. and Mrs. Naboth Allen of Fairview spent the week end with Mrs. Allen's parents Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Ashwell, Dr. Allen leaving on Monday for a years visit on the Continent. Mrs. Allen with her children and maid has taken Mrs. Ford's bungalow on Mary St. for the summer.

Mrs. Wm. Chadsey returned to Chilliwack after a three months' visit to her old home in Ontario. Her daughter, Mrs. Patterson, of Vancouver, accompanied her. While in the east they visited Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands and other points of interest. It is the first time Mrs. Chadsey has visited her home in twenty-four years.

Miss Mary Ryder formerly matron of Columbian College, New West*minster is at her home at Cheam.* Following her resignation from this position, the directors of the College and the pupils presented Miss Ryder with a very beautiful cut glass basket and a pearl necklace respectively showing the esteem in which Miss Ryder is held by all connected with the College.

Before you go away telephone 79 and let it appear in the Free Press as news.

Local Items

L.F.Croft, at Mee Studio for photos

For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.

All summer hats at half price. Miss Hoyle.

Ed. Ramsdell spent the week end at White Rock.

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

T. J. Polley attended the Potlatch in Seattle last week.

J. Knight & Co. for all kinds of breakfast foods, fresh in.

To LET—Rooms suitable for offices; apply to H. J. Barber.

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

For Sale— Bicycle in good condition, coaster brake. Apply at Free Press.

For Sale—Good team of horses; wagon and harness, nearly new. Phone 293.

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

Matinee of moving pictuses at the Lyric Theatre every Saturday afternoon at 3.30.

For Sale— New light cedar boat and paddles, just the thing for picnicing. Phone L-1896.

Phone Lillies; your order for preserving apricots this week, $1.35 per crate, Hurry up.

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

For Sale—McCormick binder, 6 foot, in good condition, for sale cheap. Appy at this office.

J Knight & Co. for horse and cattle feed, hen and chick food. Big car just arrived from the mills.

FOR SALE — Pony for riding or driving 7 years old, No. 9 McClary cook stove with reservoir. Phone R 172.

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

Go to J. Knight & Co. for the Best Flour. We guarantee Royal Standard and Mighty Fine. Ten grades to choose from. Pastry unequalled.

Boats, window screens, meat safes, furniture, etc., made. Buggies painted and wood work repaired saws sharpened etc. Prices moderate; orders solicited. Phone L 1896.

Matinee of moving pictures at the Lyric Theatre every Saturday afternoon at 3.30. Admission 10c.

Mr. Alphonse Dalsimer of the I. D. Smith Co., is in Chilliwack and has taken charge of Trenholm's Furniture Store for the Assignee.

S.M. Carson has sold his residence on Second avenue to Miss Frances H. Brown, of Winnipeg, at a good figure. W. L. Budd, real estate and insurance agent negotiated the deal.

Dr. H. K. Hope, D. O., eyesight specialist, of Collister Block, New Westminster, will attend Chilliwack on Aug.7 at the Empress Hotel, from one to five p. m. Dr. Hope specializes on examining of eyes and fitting of glasses.

On Saturday evening last while the family of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bailey Sardis were at their tea, their second youngest child, a very bright little girl between one and two years old, slipped out of the house and in some way fell into the watering trough which was just in front of the house, where she was found by the members of the family on their going out to work after supper, lying with her face down and though there was only about six inches of water, the little child had been suffocated. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon from Carman Methodist Church and the day being Decoration Day, the little girls of the S.S. marched to the cemetery with quantities of flowers to decorate the grave of their little friend.

Wesley Troop Boy Scouts will camp for two weeks at Cultus Lake starting next Thursday morning. The boys, some 28 strong, are eagerly looking forward to this outing. They will be in charge of Scout Master Abbot and assistant Scout Master Woodworth. Every provision is being made for the comfort and safety of tht boys. There will be regular drill and practice in Scout work each day and from Bugle call at 7 a.m. till "Lights Out" at 9.30 p.m. the boys will be under the supervision of their officers.

Church News

The choir of Cook's church spent a very jolly day at Cultus Lake on Thursday. Many interesting experiences are related by those who attended the picnic.

Baptist Church—Rev. J. T. Marshall, B. A. Minister. Subject for Sunday evening—"A Good Skeptic" These Sunday evening messages are attracting large audiences. Don't fail to hear them.

There was a large attendance at the quarterly Sacramental service in the Methodist church last Sunday evening. The Rev. J. C. Wilmott, M. A., of Milton West, Ont. assisted the pastor in the service.

Rev. E. W. Stapleford, B. A., Conference Educational Secretary, *of the Methodist Church preached* in the Methodist Church last Sunday morning to a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Stapleford presented his subject in a very pleasing manner and aroused the sympathies of the congregation in the higher education of the young under Christian auspices.

On Monday evening the Rev. A. E. Roberts gave a lantern exhibition to the members of the Epworth League, showing views of the Yellowstone National Park, San Francisco, disaster and Northern B. C. Miss S. Woodworth read an interesting description of Yellowstone Park. Next Monday will be citizenship night and an interesting program has been prepared. Mr. C. Woodworth will give a violin solo and Mr. H. Webb will speak on the topic "The Struggling Masses."

INTO BUSINESS AGAIN.

Down but not out, weakened but not broken. The hand of the oppressor has put me down and his steam roller has flattened me out, but I have sprouted up again. I am now holding forth at the Nevard Block where I hope to meet all my former patrons and as many others as may favor me with a call. Although my business has been wrested from me I believe I have still the confidence *and good will of the people of this* place and that good will (with your permission) I wish to hand over to the new Compauy which is now forming and I hope you will patronize them as generously as you have me, and I believe you will find them worthy of the confidence with which I recommend them. The new firm is putting in a full line of furniture and house furnishings and promises to do wonders in the way of prices. Come and see them and don't forget I'll be there. Open Saturday, opposite Baptist church, temporary quarters.—W. B. Trenholm.

Provincial Dairy Convention For Chilliwack.

Editor Free Press.

Dear Sir—Why is it that all the Provincial stock and dairy conventions are held at Victoria during the sessions of Legislature? Would it not be much better to have these meetings held at different places each year. Take the dairy convention for instance. There are many dairymen in this district that would like to attend but who find it impossible to take the time away from *home for the four or five days necessary,* consepuently any benefits from such meetings in Victoria are limited. Throughout the other Provinces of the Dominion such cenventions are held in districts especially interested in dairying, and sometimes in districts where it is required as an educative influence for better milk and cream.

Why not have the dairy convention held the coming winter in Chilliwack? It would be a splendid thing for the district. A large number could attend and hear discussed the best methods of handling dairy products on the farm, and kindred topics. The result would certainly be all to the good. The next year the meeting could be held in some other dairy district that would also be helped to better methods. Get out and preach the dairy gospel in every part of the Province where dairying is of especial interest. How about the B. of T. helping to secure this change. Why not? Also there are two officers of the Provincial Dairy Association in this valley and they will no doubt also help.

W. K. MacLeod.

GRATIFYING NEWS FROM COLONIAL OIL CO.

At an important meeting of the Directors of the Colonial Oil Co. held in Seattle on the 20th of July 1912, at which Mr. H. J. Barber of Chilliwack was present, a resolution was passed expressing absolute confidence in the Chilliwack Valley as a paying field for operations in oil production and the agreement between the Colonial Oil Co., and the Chilli*wack Committee was ammended in* such a manner that the Company will undertake to commence drilling operations as soon as the Committee have $20,000 subscribed the Company putting a like sum in the Bank and assuming all further expenses. This is a very generous action on the part of the Company as the Committee had undertaken to secure $50,000 for this purpose and there is no obligation on the part of the Company to commence drilling operations for some few years under other conditions. The Company have thus shown their faith in the field especially when it is remembered that they have to carry on devdlopment in several other places at the same time. This offer of course is contingent on the money being subscribed at once. The amount remaining to be subscribed is small but unless the residents of this valley respond willingly even in small sums it will not be easy to hold the Company much longer. The investment of a small sum now will if fortune favors the undertaking, produce every large returus both directly and indirectly and as the money is all to be spent locally and absolutely safe guarded it is a matter almost of duty land and business men in the district to pull together and secure this very desirable local development. As the stock given by the Company as a security for the peoples money is the common stock of the company and is equally good for all its fields, failure to secure oil, gas or coal in paying quantities here would not effect the value of the stock in the slighest, and if oil should be struck in any other of the Company's fields the stock bought in Chilliwack would benefit thereby.

CHEAM

A Garden Party will be held at Lovat Lodge, Cheam, (formerly called the Purdy Place.) Afternoon tea and other refreshments, games and amusements. Military Band. Admission 10 cents, proceeds in aid of Camp Slough Anglican Sunday School, near Holden's. Afternoon and evening, Wednesday July 31.

J. P. McConnell and N. Caswell of Vancouver Sun, and Miss Edith McConnell, spent the week end at Lovat Lodge, the guests of Mrs. Thos. Kirkby.

Rev. E. W. Stapleford B. A. Vancouver, occupied the pulpit of Cheam Methodist Church on Sunday evening.

A very enjoyable time is promised those who attend the Garden Party at Lovat Lodge, the residence of Mrs. Thos. Kirkby on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday July 31. The Chilliwack Military Band will be in attendance and there will be numerous other attractions.

A very interesting evening was spent on Tuesday at Cheam Church, when the young people held a mock trial. It resulted in the fair prisoner being found guilty, but a light sentence was passed on account of her youth.

Hart and Co. Ltd., through their *local agents here, report the sale of* the following: The Darts Home, Sardis to James Magar of Vancouver, 10 acres South Sumas from Mrs. Langley, Vancouver, to Wm. Dusterhoeft, 5 acres S. Sumas from Mrs. Langley to David Wilson, 6½ acres from Mrs. Langley to John Ewen, 6½ acres from Mrs. Langley to J. H. Claughton.

This Company report a great many new arrivals every day looking over the valley with the prospect of becoming property owners and residents of the valley. All have been very favorably impressed with the future of the city and district.

Rev. J. Knox Wright, M. A., secretary of the Provincial Branch of the Bible Society will preach in the Baptist Church next Sunday morning, and in Carman Methodist Church next Sunday evening.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CHILLIWACK

By-Law No. 98.

A By-law to raise by way of debentures the sum of $30,500.00 for the purpose of macadamizing streets in the City of Chilliwack.

WHEREAS it is necessary and expedient to provide for the grading and macadamizing of streets in the City of Chilliwack.

AND WHEREAS it is necessary for the purpose aforesaid that the City should raise by way of debentures the sum of $30,500.00 payable on the 2nd day of August, 1952 with interest payable yearly to be applied for the purpose aforesaid.

AND WHEREAS *for the payment* of the said debentures when due and for the interest during the currency of the said debentures it will be necessary to raise and levy each year the sum of $1846.00 of which $321.00 is for the principal and $1525.00 for interest.

AND WHEREAS the whole rateable *land of the City of Chilliwack according* to the last revised assessment roll is $1,676,625.00.

AND WHEREAS the total amount of existing debentures debt of the City of Chilliwack is $219,500.00 of which none of the principal or interest is in arrears.

NOW THEREFORE the Municipal *Council of the Corporation of the City of* Chilliwack hereby enact as follows:—

1. It shall be lawful for the Mayor of the said City of Chilliwack and the Clerk of the Council for the purpose aforesaid to raise by way of loan from any person, persons or corporation who may be willing to advance the same on the credit of the debentures hereinbefore mentioned a sum not exceeding in the whole sum the of $30,500.00 and cause the same to be placed in the hands of the Clerk of the said City of Chilliwack for the purpose aforesaid and with the object hereinbefore recited.

2. It shall be lawful for the Mayor and Clerk to cause any number of debentures to be made out each for a sum of money not less than $100.00 as may be required and all debentures shall be sealed with the seal of the City of Chilliwack and signed by the Mayor and countersigned by the Clerk of the said City.

3. The said dedentures shall be payable within 40 years from the date herinafter mentioned for the Bylaw to come into effect at the Bank of Montreal in the City of Chilliwack.

4. The said debentures shall have cupons attached for the payment of the interest at five per cent per anum on the amount of the debentures and shall be payable yearly on the 2nd day of August in each and every year.

5. There shall be raised and levied annually by rate sufficient therefore in addition to all other rates on all the rateable land of the City of Chilliwack the sum of $321.00 for the purpose of forming a sinking fund for the payment of said debentures when due and the sum of $1525.00 for payment of interest during the currency of the said debentures.

6. This Bylaw shall, before the final passing thereof, receive the assent of the Electors of the City of Chilliwack as provided in the Municipal Clauses Act and Amending Acts.

7. This Bylaw shall *come into effect* on the 2nd day of August 1912.

8. This Bylaw may be cited for all purposes as the City of Chilliwack Street Macadamizing Bylaw 1912.

Passed by the Council the 15th day of July 1912.

Received the assent of the Electors the day of 1912.

Reconsidered and finally passed by the Council the day of 1912.

MAYOR
CLERK

TAKE NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that the above is a true copy of the proposed Bylaw upon which the vote of the Municipality will be taken on the 2nd day of August 1912, from 9 o'clock in the forenoon to 7 o'clock in the afternoon at the following polling place within the Municipality:—

CITY HALL.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a vote of the Electors of the City of Chilliwack will be taken on the above-named Bylaw at the time and place above mentioned that D. E. Carelton 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, City Clerk.

PARRY BROS.

Express, Truck and Dray

Phone - - 260

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Henderson on Monday July 22 a daughter.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. James Gardner on July 23, a son.

THE KEY TO YESTERDAY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

Copyright 1910] [By W. J. Watt & Company

CHAPTER XII.—Continued

"I am willing to admit anything, if I can get to Puerto Frio and through the lines," responded Saxon, readily.

"If I take you back, you will go unarmed, under constant supervision," stipulated Rodman. "You will have to obey my orders, and devise some pretext for enticing your friends away, without telling them the true reason. I shall be running my neck into a noose perhaps. I have no right to run that of 'Vegas y Libertad' into a noose as well. Are those terms satisfactory?"

"Absolutely!" Saxon let more eagerness burst from his lips than he had intended.

"Then, come with me to the captain." Suddenly, Rodman wheeled, and looked at the other man with a strange expression. "Do you know why I'm doing this? It's a fool reason, but I want to prove to you that I'm not the sort that would be apt to turn an ally over to his executioneers. That's why."

Five minutes later, the two stood in the captain's cabin, and Saxon noted that the officer treated Rodman with a manner of marked deference.

"Is Cartwright's steam yacht still at Mollera?" demanded the soldier of fortune, incisively.

"It's held there for emergencies," replied the officer.

"It's our one chance! Mr. Saxon and myself must get to Puerto Frio at once. When do we strike Mollera?" Rodman consulted his watch.

"In an hour."

"Have us put off there. Send a wireless to the yacht to have steam up, and arrange for clearance. Put on all steam ahead for Mollera."

It was something, reflected Saxon, to have such toys to play with as this thin ally of his could, for the moment at least, command.

"Now, I fully realize," said Rodman, as they left the captain's cabin together, "that I'm embarking on the silliest enterprise of a singularly silly career. But I'm no quitter. Cartwright," he explained, "is one of the owners of the line. He's letting his yacht be used for a few things where it comes in handy."

There was time to discuss details on the way down the coast in the Phyllis. The yacht had outwardly all the idle ease of a craft designed merely for luxurious loafing over smooth seas, but Cartwright had built it with one or two other requisite qualities in mind. The Phyllis could show heels, if ever matters came to a chase, to anything less swift than a torpedo-boat destroyer. Her mastheads were strung with the parallel wires that gave her voice in the Marconi tongue, and Saxon had no sooner stepped over the side than he realized that the crew recognized in Mr. Rodman a person to be implicitly obeyed.

If Rodman had seemed to be won over with remarkable suddenness to Saxon's request that he undertake a dangerous rescue, it was now evident to the painter that the appearance had been in part deceiving. Here, he was more at Rodman's mercy than he had been on the steamer. If Rodman's word had indeed been as he boasted, that of an admiral on the City of Rio, it was, on the Phyllis, that of an admiral on his own flagship. By a thousand little, artful snares thrown into their discussions of ways and means, Rodman sought to betray the other into any utterance or action that might show underlying treachery, and, before the yacht had eaten up the route back to the strip of coast where the frontier stretched its invisible line, he had corroborated his belief that the artist was telling the truth. Had he not been convinced, Rodman had only to speak, and every man from the skipper to the Japanese cabin boy would have been obedient to his orders.

"We will not try to get to Puerto Frio harbor," explained Rodman. "It would hardly be safe. We shall steam past the city, and anchor at Bellavista, five miles beyond. Bellavista is a seaside resort, and there a boat like this will attract less attention. Also, the consulate is better suited to our needs as to the formalities of entering and leaving port. There, we will take horses and ride to town. I'll read the signs, and, if things look safe, we can get in, collect your people, and get out again at once. They can go with us to the yacht, and, if you like fireworks, we can view them from a safe distance."

La Punta, as they passed, lay sleepy by her beach, her tattered palms scarcely stirring their fronds in the breathless air. Later, Puerto Frio went alongside, as quiet and untouched with any sense of impending disturbance as the smaller town. Behind the scattered outlying houses, the incline went up to the base of San Francisco, basking in the sun. The hill was a huge, inert barrier between the green and drab of the earth and the blue of the sky. Saxon drew a long breath as he watched it in the early morning when they passed. It was difficult to think of even an artificial volcano awakening from such profound slumber and indolence.

"You'd better go below, and get ready for the ride. We go on horseback. Got any riding togs?" Rodman spoke rapidly, in crisp brevities. "No? Well, I guess we can rig you out. Cartwright has all sorts of things on board. Change into them quick. You won't need anything else. This is to be a quick dash."

When the anchor dropped off Bellavista, Saxon stood in a fever of haste on deck, garbed in riding-clothes that almost fitted him, though they belonged to Cartwright or some of the guests who had formerly been pleasuring on the yacht.

As their motor-boat was making its way shoreward over peacefully glinting water, the painter ran his hand into his coat-pocket for a handkerchief. He found that he had failed to provide himself. The other pockets were equally empty, save for what money had been loose in his trousers-pocket when he changed, and the old key he always carried there. These things he had unconsciously transferred by mere force of habit. Everything else he had left behind. He felt a mild sense of annoyance. He had wanted, on meeting her, to hand Duska the letter he had written on the night that their ships passed, but haste was the watchword, and one could not turn back for such trifles as pocket furnishings.

Rodman proved the best of guides. He knew a liveryman from whom Argentine ponies could be obtained, and led the way at a brisk canter out the smooth road toward the capital.

For a time, the men rode in silence between the haciendas, between scarlet clustered vines, clinging with heavy fragrance to adobe walls, and the fringed spears of palms along the cactus-lined roadsides.

Hitherto, the man's painting sense had lain dormant. Now, despite his anxiety and the nervous prodding of his heels into the flanks of his vicious little mount, he felt that he was going toward Duska, and with the realization came satisfaction. For a time, his eyes ceased to be those of the man hurled into new surroundings and circumstances, and became again those of Frederick Marston's first disciple.

They rode before long into the country that borders the town. Rodman's eyes were fixed with a fascinated gaze on the quiet summit of San Francisco. He had himself no definite knowledge when the craters might open, and as yet he had seen no sign of war. The initial note must of course come drifting with the first wisp of smoke and the first detonation from the mouths of those guns.

At the outskirts of the town, they turned a sharp angle hidden behind high monastery walls, and found themselves confronted by a squad of native soldiery with fixed bayonets.

With an exclamation of surprise, Rodman drew his pony back on its flanks. For a moment, he leaned in his saddle, scrutinizing the men who had halted him. There was, of course, no distinction of uniforms, but he reasoned that no government troops would be guarding that road, because, as far as the government knew, there was no war. He leaned over and whispered:

"Vegas y Libertad."

The sergeant in command saluted with a grave smile, and drew his men aside, as the two horsemen rode on.

"Looks like it's getting close," commented Rodman shortly. "We'd better hurry."

Where the old market-place stands at the junction of the Calle Bolivar with a lesser street, Rodman again drew down his pony, and his cheeks paled to the temples. From the centre of the city came the sudden staccato rattle of musketry. The plotter threw his eyes up to the top of San Francisco, visible above the roofs, but the summit of San Francisco still slept the sleep of quiet centuries. Then, again, came the clatter from the centre of the town, and again the sharp rattle of rifle fire ripped the air. There was heavy fighting somewhere on ahead.

"Good God!" breathed the thin man. "What does it mean?"

The two ponies stood in the narrow street, and the air began to grow heavier with the noise of volleys, yet the hill was silent.

Rodman rattled his reins on the pony's neck and rode apathetically forward. Something had gone amiss! His dreams were crumbling. At the next corner, they drew to one side. A company of troops swept by on the double-quick. They had been in action. Their faces streamed with sweat, and many were bleeding. A few wounded men were being carried by their comrades. Rodman recognized Captain Morino, and shouted desperately; but the officer shook his head wildly, and went on.

Then, they saw a group of officers at the door of a crude cafe. Among them, Rodman recognized Colonel Martinez, of Vegas' staff, and Colonel Murphy of the Foreign Legion, yet they stood here idle, and their faces told the story of defeat. The filibuster hurled himself from the saddle, and pushed his way to the group, followed by Saxon.

"What does it mean, Murphy?" he demanded, breathlessly. "What in all hell can it mean?"

Murphy looked up. He was wrapping his wrist with a handkerchief, one end of which he held between his teeth. Red spots were slowly spreading on the white of the bandage.

"Sure, it means hell's broke loose," replied the soldier of fortune, with promptness. Then, seeing Saxon, he shot him a quick glance of recognition. The eyes were weary, and showed out of a face pasted with sweat and dust.

"Hello, Carter," he found time to say. "Glad you're with us—but it's all up with our outfit."

This time, Saxon did not deny the title.

"What happened?" urged Rodman, in a frenzy of anxiety. The roaring of rifles did not seem to come nearer, except for detached sounds of sporadic skirmishing. The central plaza and its environs were holding the interest of the combatants.

"Sure, it means there was a leak. When the boys marched up to San Francisco, they were met with artillery fire. It had been tipped off, and the government had changed the garrison." The Irish adventurer, who had led men under half a dozen tatterdemalion flags, smiled sarcastically. "Sure, it was quite simple!"

"And where is the fighting?" shouted Rodman, as though he would hold these men responsible for his shattered scheme of empire.

"Everywhere. Vegas was in too deep to pull out. The government couldn't shell its own capital, and so it's street to street scrappin' now. But we're licked unless—" He halted suddenly, with the gleam of an inspired idea in his eyes. The leader of the Foreign Legion was sitting on a table. Saxon noted for the first time that, besides the punctured wrist, he was disabled with a broken leg.

"Unless what?" questioned Colonel Martinez. That officer was pallid under his dark skin from loss of blood. One arm was bandaged tightly against his side.

"Unless we can hold them for a time, and get word to the diplomatic corps to arbitrate. A delay would give us a bit of time to pull ourselves together."

Martinez shrugged his shoulders.

"Impossible," he said, drearily.

"Wait. Pendleton, the American minister is dean of the corps. Carter here is practically a stranger in town these days, and he's got nerve. I know him. As an American, he might possibly make it to the legation. Carter, will you try to get through the streets to the American Legation? Will you?"

Saxon had leaped forward. He liked the direct manner of this man, and the legation was his destination.

"It's a hundred to one shot, Carter, that ye can't do it." Murphy's voice, in its excitement, dropped into brogue. "Will ye try? Will ye tell him to git th' diplomats togither, and ask an armistice? Ye know our countersign, 'Vegas y Libertad.'"

But Saxon had already started off in the general direction of the main plaza. For two squares, he met no interference. For two more, he needed no other passport than the countersign, then, as he turned a corner, it seemed to him that he plunged at a step into a reek of burnt powder and burning houses. There was a confused vista of men in retreat, a roar that deafened him, and a sudden numbness. He dropped to his knees, attempted to rise to his feet, then seemed to sink into a welcome sleep, as he stretched comfortably at length on the pavement close to a wall, a detachment of routed insurrectos sweeping by him in full flight.

CHAPTER XIII.

The passing of the fugitive insurrectos; their mad turning at bay for one savage rally; their wavering and breaking; their disorganized stampede spurred on by a decimating fire and the bayonet's point: these were all incidents of a sudden squall that swept violently through the narrow street, to leave it again empty and quiet. It was empty except for the grotesque shapes that stretched in all the undignified awkwardness of violent death and helplessness, feeding thin lines of red that trickled between the cobblestones. It was silent except for echoes of the stubborn fighting coming from the freer spaces of the plazas and alamedas, where the remnants of the invading force clung to their positions behind improvised barricades with the doggedness of men for whom surrender holds no element of hope or mercy.

Into the canyon-like street where the frenzy of combat had blazed up with such a sudden spurt and burned itself out so quickly, Saxon had walked around the angle of a wall, just in time to find himself precipitated into one of the fiercest incidents of the bloody forenoon.

Vegas and Miraflores had not surrendered. Everywhere, the insistent noise told that the opposing forces were still debating every block of the street, but in many outlying places, as in this calle, the revolutionists were already giving back. The attacking army had counted on launching a blow, paralyzing in its surprise, and had itself encountered surprise and partial preparedness. It had set its hope upon a hill, and the hill had failed. A prophet might already read that Vegas y Libertad was the watchword of a lost cause, and that its place in history belonged on a page to be turned down.

But the narrow street in which Saxon lay remained quiet. An occasional balcony window would open cautiously, and an occasional head would be thrust out to look up and down its length. An occasional shape on the cobbles would moan painfully, and shift its position with the return of consciousness, or grow more grotesque in the stiffness of death as the hours wore into late afternoon, but the great iron-studded street-doors of the houses remained barred, and no one ventured along the sidewalks.

Late in the day, when the city still echoed to the snapping of musketry, and deeper notes rumbled through the din, as small field-pieces were brought to bear upon opposing barricades, the thing that Saxon had undertaken to bring about occurred of its own initiative. Word reached the two leaders that the representatives of the foreign powers requested an armistice for the removal of the wounded and a conference at the American Legation, looking toward possible adjustment. Both the government and the insurrecto commanders grasped at the opportunity to let their men, exhausted with close fighting, catch a breathing space, and to remove from the zone of fire those who lay disabled in the streets.

Then, as the firing subsided, some of the bolder civilians ventured forth in search for such acquaintances as had been caught in the streets between the impact of forces in the unwarned battle. For this hour, at least, all men were safe, and there were some with matters to arrange, who might not long enjoy immunity.

Among them was Howard Rodman, who followed up the path he fancied Saxon must have taken. Rodman was haggard and distrait. His plans were all in ruins, and, unless an amnesty were declared, he must be once more the refugee. His belief that Saxon was really Carter led him into two false conclusions. First, he inferred from this premise that Saxon's life would be as greatly imperiled as his own, and it followed that he, being in his own words "no quitter," must see Saxon out of the city, if the man were alive. He presumed that in the effort to reach the legation Saxon had taken, as would anyone familiar with the streets, a circuitous course which would bring him to the "Club Nacional," from which point he could reach the house he sought over the roofs. He had no doubt that the American had failed in his mission, because, by any route, he must make his way through the streets where he would encounter fighting.

Rodman's search became feverish. There was little time to lose. The conference might be brief—and, after that, chaos! But fortune favored him. Chance led him into the right street, and he found the body. Being alone, he stood for a moment indecisive. He was too light a man to carry bodily the wounded friend who lay at his feet. He could certainly not leave the man, for his ear at the chest, his finger on the pulse, assured him that Saxon was alive. He had been struck by a falling timber from a balcony above, and the skull seemed badly hurt, probably fractured.

As Rodman stood debating the dilemma, a shadow fell across the pavement. He turned with a nervous start to recognize at his back a newcomer, palpably a foreigner and presumably a Frenchman, though his excellent English, when he spoke, was only slightly touched with accent. The stranger dropper to his knee, and made a rapid examination, as Rodman had done. It did not occur to him at the moment that the man standing near him was an acquaintance of the other who lay unconscious at their feet.

"The gentleman is evidently a noncombatant—and he is badly hurt, monsieur," he volunteered. "We most assuredly cannot leave him here to die."

Rodman answered with some eagerness:

"Will you help me to carry him to a place where he'll be safe?"

"Gladly." The Frenchman looked about. "Surely, he can be cared for near here."

But Rodman laid a persuasive hand on the other's arm.

"He must be taken to the water front," he declared, earnestly. "After the conference, he would not be safe here."

The stranger drew back, and stood for a moment twisting his dark mustache, while his eyes frowned inquiringly. He was disinclined to take part in proceedings that might have political after-effects. He had volunteered to assist an injured civilian, not a participant or refugee. There were many such in the streets.

"This is a matter of life and death," urged Rodman, rapidly. "This man is Mr. Robert Saxon. He had left this coast with a clean bill of health. I explain all this because I need your help. When he had made a part of his return journey, he learned by chance that the city was threatened, and that a lady who was very important to him was in danger. He hastened back. In order to reach her, he became involved, and used the insurrecto countersign. Mr. Saxon is a famous artist." Rodman was giving the version of the story he knew the wounded man would wish to have told. He said nothing of Carter.

At the last words, the stranger started forward.

"A famous painter!" His voice was full of incredulous interest. "Monsieur, you can not by any possibility mean that this is Robert A. Saxon, the first disciple of Frederick Marston!" The man's manner became enthused and eager. "You must know, monsieur," he went on, "that I am Louis Herve, myself a poor copyist of the great Marston. At one time, I had the honor to be his pupil. To me, it is a pleasure to be of any service to Mr. Saxon. What are we to do?"

"There is a small sailors' tavern near the mole," directed Rodman; "we must take him there. I shall find a way to have him cared for on a vessel going seaward. I have a yacht five miles away, but we can hardly reach it in time."

"But medical attention!" demurred Monsieur Herve. "He must have that."

Rodman was goaded into impatience by the necessity for haste. He was in no mood for debate.

"Yes, and a trained nurse!" he retorted, hotly. "We must do the best we can. If we don't hurry, he will need an undertaker and a coroner. Medical attention isn't very good in Puerto Frio prisons!"

The two men lifted Saxon between them, and carried the unconscious man toward the mole.

Their task was like that of many others. They passed a sorry procession of litters, stretchers, and bodies hanging limply in the arms of bearers. No one paid the slightest attention to them, except an occasional sentry who gazed on in stolid indifference.

At the tavern kept by the Chinaman, Juan, and frequented by the roughest elements that drift against such a coast as this, Rodman exchanged greetings with many acquaintances. There were several wounded officers of the Vegas contingent, taking advantage of the armistice to have their wounds dressed and discuss affairs over a bottle of wine. Evidently, they had come here instead of to more central and less squalid places, with the same idea that had driven Rodman. They were the rats about to leave the sinking ship—if they could find a way to leave.

The tavern was an adobe building with a corrugated-iron roof and a large open patio, where a dismal fountain tinkled feebly, and one or two frayed palms stood dusty and disconsolate in the tightly trodden earth. About the walls were flamboyant portraits of saints. From a small perch in one corner, a yellow and green parrot squawked incessantly.

But it was the life about the rough tables of the area that gave the picture its color and variety. Some had been pressed into service to support the wounded. About others gathered men in tattered uniforms; men with bandaged heads and arms in slings. Occasionally, one saw an alien, a sailor whose clothes declared him to have no place in the drama of the scene. These latter were usually bolstering up their bravado with aguardiente against the sense of impending uncertainty that freighted the atmosphere.

The Frenchman, sharing with Rodman the burden of the unconscious painter, instinctively halted as the place with its wavering shadows and flickering lights met his gaze at the door. It was a picture of color and dramatic intensity. He seemed to see these varied faces, upon which sat defeat and suffering, sketched on a broad canvas, as Marston or Saxon might have sketched them.

Then, he laid Saxon down on a corner table, and stood watching his chance companion who recognized brother intriguers. Suddenly, Rodman's eyes brightened, and he beckoned his lean hand toward two men who stood apart. Both of them had faces that were in strong contrast to the swarthy Latin-American countenances about them. One was thin and blond, the other dark and heavy. The two came across the patio together, and after a hasty glance the slender man bent at once over the prostrate figure on the table. His deft fingers and manner proclaimed him the surgeon. His uniform was nondescript; hardly more a uniform than the riding clothes worn by Saxon himself, but on his shoulders he had pinned a major's straps. This was Dr. Cornish, of the Foreign Legion, but for the moment he was absorbed in his work and forgetful of his disastrously adopted profession at arms.

He called for water and bandages, and, while he worked, Rodman was talking with the other man. Herve stood silently looking on. He recognized that the dark man was a ship-captain—probably commanding a tramp freighter.

"When did you come?" inquired Rodman.

"Called at this port for coal," responded the other. "I've been down to Rio with flour, and I have to call at La Guayra. I sail in two hours."

"Where do you go from Venezuela?"

"I sailed out of Havre, and I'm going back with fruit. The Doc's had about enough. I'm goin' to take him with me."

For a moment, Rodman stood speculating, then he bent eagerly forward.

"Paul," he whispered, "you know me. I've done you a turn or two in the past."

The sailor nodded.

"Now, I want you to do me a turn. I want you to take this man with you. He must get out of here, and he can't care for himself. He'll be all right—either all right or dead—before you land on the other side. The Doc here will look after him. He's got money. Whatever you do for him, he'll pay handsomely. He's a rich man." The filibuster was talking rapidly and earnestly.

"Where do I take him?" asked the captain, with evident reluctance.

"Wherever you're going; anywhere away from here. He'll make it all right with you."

The captain caught the surgeon's eyes, and the surgeon nodded.

Rodman suddenly remembered Saxon's story, the story of the old past that was nothing more to him than another life, and the other man upon whom he had turned his back. Possibly, there might even be efforts at locating the conspirators. He leaned over, and, though he sunk his voice low, Herve heard him say:

"This gentleman doesn't want to be found just now. If people ask about him, you don't know who he is, comprende?"

"That's no lie, either," growled the shipmaster. "I ain't got an idea who he is. I ain't sure I want him on my hands."

A sudden quiet came on the place. An officer had entered the door, his face pale, and, as though with an instantaneous prescience that he bore bad tidings, the noises dropped away. The officer raised his hand, and his words fell on absolute silence as he said in Spanish:

"The conference is ended. Vegas surrenders—without terms."

"You see!" exclaimed Rodman, excitedly. "You see, it's the last chance! Paul, you've got to take him! In a half-hour, the armistice will be over. For God's sake, man!" He ended with a gesture of appeal.

The place began to empty.

"Get him to my boat, then," acceded the captain. "Here, you fellows, lend a hand. Come on, Doc." The man who had a ship at anchor was in a hurry. "Don't whisper that I'm sailing; I can't carry all the people that want to leave this town tonight. I've got to slip away. Hurry up."

A quarter of an hour later, Herve stood at the mole with Rodman, watching the row-boat that took the other trio out to the tramp steamer, bound ultimately for France. Rodman seized his watch, and studied its face under a street-lamp with something akin to frantic anxiety.

"Where do you go, monsieur?" inquired the Frenchman.

"Go? God knows!" replied Rodman, as he gazed about in perplexity. "But I've got to beat it, and beat it quick."

A moment later, he was lost in the shadows.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Duska Filson had gone out into the woods that day to read Saxon's runaway letter, she had at once decided to follow, with regal disdain of half-way methods. To her own straight-thinking mind, unhampered with petty conventional intricacies, it was all perfectly clear. The ordinary woman would have waited, perhaps in deep distress and tearful anxiety, for some news of the man she loved, because he had gone away, and it is not customary for a woman to follow her wandering lover over quandrant of the earth's circumference. Duska Filson was not of the type that sheds tears or remains inactive. To one man in the world, she had said, "I love you," and to her that settled everything. He had gone to the place where his life was imperiled in the effort to bring back to her a clear record. If he were fortunate, her congratulation, direct from her own heart and lips, should be the first he heard. If he were to be plunged into misery, then above all other times she should be there. Otherwise, what was the use of loving him?

But, when the steamer was under way, crawling slowly down the world by the same route he had taken, the days between quick sunrise and sudden sunset seemed interminable.

Outwardly, she was the blithest passenger on the steamer, and daily she held a sort of salon for the few other passengers who were doomed to the heat and the weariness of such a voyage.

But, when she was alone with Steele in the evening, looking off at the moonlit sea, or in her own cabin, her brow would furrow, and her hands would clench with the tensity of her anxiety. And, when at last Puerto Frio showed across the purple water with a glow of brief sunset behind the brown shoulder of San Francisco, she stood by the rail, almost holding her breath in suspense, while the anchor chains ran out. As soon as Steele had ensconced Mrs. Horton and Duska at the Frances y Ingles, he hurried to the American Legation for news of Saxon. When he left Duska in the hotel patio, he knew, from the anxious little smile she threw after him, that for her the jury deciding the supreme question was going out, leaving her as a defendant is left when the panel files into the room where they ballot on his fate. He rushed over to the legation with sickening fear that, when he came back, it might have to be like the juryman whose verdict is adverse.

As it happened, he caught Mr. Pendleton without delay, and before he had finished his question the envoy was looking about for his Panama hat. Mr. Pendleton wanted to do several things at once. He wanted to tell the story of Saxon's coming and going, and he wanted to go in person, and have the party moved over to the legation, where they must be his guests while they remained in Puerto Frio. It would be several days before another steamer sailed north. They had missed by a day the vessel on which Saxon had gone. Meanwhile, there were sights in the town that might beguile the intervening time. Saxon had interested the envoy, and Saxon's friends were welcome. Hospitality is simplified in places where faces from God's country are things to greet with the fervor of delight.

At dinner that evening, sitting at the right of the minister, Duska heard the full narrative of Saxon's brief stay and return home. Mr. Pendleton was at his best. There was no diplomatic formality, and the girl, under the reaction and relief of her dispelled anxiety, though still disappointed at the hapless coincidence of missing Saxon, was as gay and childlike as though she had not just emerged from an overshadowing uncertainty.

"I'm sorry that he couldn't accept my hospitality here at the legation," said the minister at the end of his story, with much mock solemnity, "but etiquette in diplomatic circles is quite rigid, and he had an appointment to sleep at the palace."

"So, they jugged him!" chuckled Steele, with a grin that threatened his ears, "I always suspected he'd wind up in the Bastile."

"He was," corrected the girl, her chin high, though her eyes sparkled, "a guest of the President, and, as became his dignity, was supplied with a military escort."

"He needn't permit himself any vaunting pride about that," Steele assured her. "It's just difference of method. In our country, a similar honor would have been accorded with a patrol wagon and a couple of policemen."

After dinner, Duska insisted on dispatching a cablegram which should intercept the City of Rio at some point below the Isthmus. It was not an original telegram, but, had Saxon received it, it would have delighted him immoderately. She said:

"I told you so. Sail by Orinoco."

The following morning, there were tours of discovery, personally conducted by the young Mr. Partridge. Duska had wanted to leave the carriage at the old cathedral, and stand flat against the blank wall, but she refrained, and satisfied herself with marching up very close and regarding it with hostility. As the carriage turned into the main plaza, a regiment of infantry went by, the band marching ahead playing, with the usual blare, the national anthem. Then, as the coachman drew up his horses at the legation door, there was a sudden confusion, followed by the noise of popping guns. It was the hour just preceding the noon siesta. The plaza was indolent with lounging figures, and droning in the sleeping sing-song chorus of lazy voices. At the sound, which for the moment impressed the girl like the exploding of a pack of giant crackers, a sudden stillness fell on the place, closely followed by a startled outcry of voices as the figures in the plaza broke wildly for cover, futilely attempting to shield their faces with their arms against possible bullets. Then, there came a deeper detonation, and somewhere the crumbling of an adobe wall. The first sound came just as Mrs. Horton was stepping to the sidewalk. Duska had already leaped lightly out, and stood looking on in surprise. But Mr. Partridge knew his Puerto Frio. He led them hastily through the huge street doors, and they had no sooner passed than the porter, with many mumbled prayers to the Holy Mother, slammed the great barriers against the outside world. The final assault for Vegas y Libertad had at last begun.

Mr. Pendleton had insisted that the ladies remain at the rear of the house, but Duska, with her adventurous passion for seeing all there was to see, threatened insubordination. To her, the idea of leaving several perfectly good balconies vacant, and staying at the back of a house, when the only battle one would probably ever see was occurring in the street just outside, seemed far from sensible. But, after she had looked out for a few moments, had seen a belated fruit-vender crumple to the street, and had smelled the acrid stench of the burnt powder, she was willing to turn away.

Inasmuch as the stay of Duska and her aunt involved several days of waiting for the sailing of the next ship, Duska was somewhat surprised at hearing nothing from Saxon in the meanwhile. He had had time to reach the point to which the cablegram was addressed. She had told him she would sail by the Orinoco, since that was the first available steamer. At such a time, Saxon would certainly answer that message. She fancied he would even manage to join her steamer, either by coming down to meet it, or waiting to intercept it at the place where he had received her message. Consequent-

(Continued on another page)

Chronic Throat Trouble Permanently Cured

SEVEN DAYS' USE OF CATARRHOZONE PERFORMED REGULAR MIRACRE

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

Windsor, Ont., June 12.—Miss Counter's case will prove of great interest to every one troubled with sore throat, bronchitis or weak lungs.

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

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SCIENCE NOTES

One of the most potent arguments against the construction of the canal at Panama, in the days when the building of this work by the United States was under discussion, was the frightful number of fatalities which were supposed to have attended the construction of the Panama railroad in the middle of the nineteenth century. "A dead man for each crosstie" was a favorite theme with the magazine writer and the politician. General George W. Davis, U.S.A., first governor of the Canal Zone, has exploded this time-honored story by showing that whereas the number of ties amounted to 140,000, the road never employed, during its five years of construction, more than 7,000 laborers. In its first four years of operation the railroad carried 196,000 passengers, not one of whom contracted illness as the result of crossing the isthmus.

Russia is to adopt electric traction on a number of sections of railroad, especially in the district around St. Petersburg. The conditions are favorable for carrying this out, for a good supply of water power for operating electric stations can be secured from the falls of the Volkoff river, in the Novgorod region.

Navies of the South American republics are not large, but the individual units, at least of the newer ships, are very powerful. Two battleships now being built in England for Chile will be 28,000 tons displacement and of twenty-three knots speed. They will carry ten 14-inch guns in turrets and four 21-inch torpedo tubes, and they will have a normal coal supply of 3,500 tons, with 450 tons of oil fuel. Their length of 625 feet will render them the longest battleships in existence.

Although the early expectations of the wholesale substitution of aluminum for steel and iron have not materialized, the demand for the new alloy has grown enormously. From a production in the United States of less than 100,000 pounds in 1883, in 1893 the output had grown to 350,000 pounds, in 1903 to 7,500,000 pounds and today it is in excess of 50,000,000 pounds.

Griggs—"What odd expressions these novelists use. For instance, in this book you loaned me the author tells of the heroine speaking 'in a hollow voice.'"

Briggs—"Well, that's all right in her case. You see, she had tried her voice on the stage, and there was nothing in it."

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Early Exploration of the Pacific Coast

An interesting article on "Early Explorations of the Pacific Coast—Captain Cook," by Miss Vera Adams, appeared recently in the Victoria Colonist.

"Captain Cook," says the writer, "was the first British subject to set foot on the shores of British Columbia. He was the first to explore the coast from 40 deg. north latitude as far as the region of Prince William Sound. Under his expedition, and for the first time, the main outlines of the northwest coast of America were correctly traced. He was the first to take possession of our great British Columbia in the name of England, and, as has already been pointed out, he was the first to observe the country and its inhabitants, and was our original geographer and historian.

"Before studying this wonderful voyage of Captain Cook we must go back to earlier expeditions of the Spaniards and Russians to the western coast of North America. The portion of the New World bordering on the North Pacific Ocean was discovered much later than the eastern or southern parts of America. Behring had been sent out by Empress Anne of Russia, and he had discovered the strait which bears his name as well as numerous islands, and had sighted Mount St. Elias. It is not clear that Behring ever reached the mainland of North America. From 1741-1748 many Russian voyages were made to the Aleutian and Fox Islands and to the Alaskan Peninsula, thus giving Russia a firm foothold to that part of our continent.

"The victories of Cortez in Mexico in 1520 and Pizano's conquest of Peru in 1526 firmly established Spain on the shores of the Pacific and it would have been strange if Spain had passed unnoticed the extension of Russian influences along the northwest coast. In 1774 Perez was despatched from Mexico on a voyage of exploration and reached the southern coast of Alaska. It was the contention of the Spaniards that Perez long before Cook was the first to anchor in Nootka Sound that afterwards caused the dispute that led to the Nootka affair. In 1775 another Spaniard, instructed by the Viceroy of Mexico, explored the coast as far as 58 deg., taking possession of that part of the continent in the name of Spain.

"It is at this stage, in 1778, when there were so many rival claims to the northwest coast, that we first encounter the name of Cook in the Pacific coast history. He was invested with the command by the Board of Admiralty, to proceed to the Pacific coast, and thence make his way into the Atlantic along the northern coast of America in whatever latitude that passage might be found to lie. People of Europe and the settled parts of America had long believed that the famous northeast passage existed, and a reward of £20,000 was offered for its discovery.

"The ships Resolution and Discovery were at once equipped and placed at Captain Cook's disposal. Setting sail on June 25, 1776, and after some time spent in the South Pacific, he commenced his northern expedition in January, 1778, and sighted the coast of America in March of that year.

"On March 22 he reached and named Cape Flattery, but owing to a gale he did not catch sight of the narrow opening to the Straits of Juan de Fuca. We have this account in his journal: it is in this latitude (48 deg. 15 min.) that geographers have placed the pretended Strait of Juan de Fuca; but we saw nothing of it, nor is there the least possibility that any such thing ever existed.' Cook was too far out to descry the narrow opening of Juan de Fuca where the steamers of three continents ply today; though the straits by no means lead to Europe, as geographers thought.

"On March 29 he reached not the mainland, as he thought, but an island and the harbor destined to become famous as the rendezvous of Pacific traders—Nootka. Here is Captain Cook's account of reaching Nootka Sound:

"'We no sooner drew near the inlet than we found the coast to be inhabited, and three canoes came off to the ship. In one of these were two men, in another six, and in a third ten. Having come pretty near us, a person in one of the last stood up and made a long harangue, inviting us to land, as we guessed by his gestures. At the same time he kept strewing handfuls of feathers towards us, and some of his companions threw handfuls of red dust or powder in the same manner. The person who performed the office of orator wore the skin of some animal and held in each hand something which rattled as he kept shaking it. After this tumultuous oration had ceased, one of them sang a very agreeable air with a degree of softness and melody which we could not have expected. In a short time the canoes began to come off in great numbers, and we at one time had 32 of them near our ship carrying seven to eight persons each, both men and women. One canoe was remarkable for a singular head which had a bird's eye and bill of an enormous size painted on it. A person who seemed to be a chief was no less remarkable for his uncommon appearance, having many feathers hanging from his head, and being painted in an extraordinary manner. He held in his hand a carved bird of wood as large as a pigeon, which he rattled, as the person first mentioned had done, and was no less vociferous in his harangue, which was attended with some expressive gestures.' Cook knew the people were cannibals, for some even offered the white men skulls from which the flesh had not yet been taken. In a few days fifteen hundred and sixty-nine beaver and other skins had been obtained in trade. Also 69 sea otter skins, each of which was worth at that time $100 of our modern money, bought for a handful of old nails.

"By the end of April the ships had been overhauled and Cook was ready to sail, and by May 1 the ships were abreast that cluster of islands below the snowy cone of Mt. Edgecombe, on Sitka Island. Cook was now at the northermost limit of Spanish voyaging. After exploring the coast thoroughly at Prince William Sound, they kept on in hopes of finding the northeast passage. Always were they disappointed, but still on they kept past Ounalaska. Twice natives brought word to Cook by letter and sign that the Russians of Ounalaska wished to see him. But Cook was not anxious to see the Russians just then. He wanted to forestall their explorations northward and take possesison of the polar realm for England. In August they arrived at Bristol Bay, north of the Aleutians, directly opposite Asia. They then followed the mainland. Far ahead there projected straight out into the sea a long spit of land, backed by high hills, the westernmost point of North America, Cape Prince of Wales.

"Just fifty years from Behring's exploration of 1728 the English navigators found what Behring has found, that America and Asia are not united—that no northwest passage existed—that Alaska was not an island. With and Englishman's thoroughness for doing things and to make deadly sure just how the two continents lay to each other, Cook now scudded across Behring Strait to Siberian Asia, then back to the American coast. Tack back and forward as they might, no passage opened through the ice. At length they reached Icy Cape. It was their farthest point north. They were then compelled to turn to escape the ice. Backing away toward Asia, Cook reached the Northeast Cape there. It was almost September and, in accordance with his instructions, Cook turned south to winter in the Sandwich Islands. There this brave explorer was murdered by the savages. Cook failed in his attempt to find this fabled northeast passage, but he did a wonderful work in tracing clearly the northwestern coast of America, drawing charts and leaving accurate descriptions.

"Between 1779, when Cook left forever the shores of North America, and 1791, when Captain Vancouver began his explorations, trade was steadily increasing along the northwest coast. All were in search of furs and skins, English, Spanish, Portuguese and American vessels lined the coast. Spain claimed all north to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, while Russia claimed all south to the straits.

"In 1791 Captain George Vancouver, formerly midshipman to Captain Cook, was charged by the British Admiralty to receive back at Nootka all the lands the Spaniards had taken from Meares the trader. Really, he was to explore from Spanish America on the south to Russian America on the north, and to hold the coast for England. By some mischance, Vancouver missed the mouth of the Columbia. Within two weeks after Vancouver had passed, the American, Gray, was to succeed in passing these breakers and win the glory of discovering the Columbia.

"Vancouver, meanwhile, glided into the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Keen to prove that no northeast passage existed by way of the strait, he headed inland close to the south shore, where craggy heights offered some guidance through the labyrinth of islands and fog. Eight miles inside the straits he anchored for the night. The next morning the sun rose over one of the fairest scenes of the Pacific coast—an arm of the sea, placid as a lake, gemmed by countless craggy islands. On the land side were the forested valleys, rolling into the purple folds of the mountains, and beyond, eastward, dazzling as a huge shield of fire in the sunrise, a white mass rose into mid-heaven. Lieutenant Baker was the first to catch a glimpse of the vision which every western traveller now watches, the famous peak seen by land or sea for hundreds of miles, and the peak was named after him, Mount Baker.

"On Monday, June 4, Vancouver landed at Point Possession. Officers drew up in line. The English flag was unfurled, a royal salute fired and possession taken of all the coast from latitude 39 deg. to the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

"Though Vancouver explored the Pacific coast more thoroughly than all other navigators who had preceded him it seemed his ill-luck to miss by just a hair's breadth the prizes he coveted. He had missed the discovery of the Columbia. He was now to miss the second largest river of the Northwest, the Fraser. On June 13, he reached a point which, out of compliment to his friend Captain Grey, of the Navy, he called Point Grey.

"Fifty Indians, in long dugouts of grotesquely carved prows and gaudy paint common among Pacific tribes, escorted Vancouver's boats through Burrard Inlet. A fog hung thick as a blanket, and Vancouver passed on north without seeing the Fraser.

"He came to Nootka late in August. Nootka was the grand rallying place of fur traders on the Pacific. Here there was an international agreement between England and Spain, but there proved to be a wide difference of opinion as to what the agreement was. Accordingly letters were sent to Spain and England for more specific instructions. Vancouver then went to winter in the Sandwich Islands.

"April of 1793 saw Vancouver back again to the west coast of America. This year he again plied up the same shore to Nootka. No fresh instructions had come from England or Spain to Nootka, and Vancouver took up the trail of the sea where he had stopped the year before, carrying forward survey of Vancouver Island and the mainland northward of modern Sitka or Norfolk Sound. It was Vancouver's voyage northward that stirred the Russians up to move southward. In the word, if Vancouver had not gone up as far as Norfolk Sound, the Russian fur-traders would have drowsed on with Kodiak as headquarters, and Canada today might have included the entire gold field of Alaska.

"Vancouver's four years' cruise marked the close of the most heroic epoch on the Pacific coastt. Vancouver had accomplished his life-work—there was no northeast passage through the west coast of America. He took possession of the coast southward from latitude 58 deg. in the name of Great Britain.

"It is unnecessary to carry the narrative further. By Vancouver's time the Pacific coast had already become a more or less frequented highway. Those who came after him can scarcely be included in a list of early navigators."

FISH PSYCHOLOGY

Whether fish are capable of reasoning or of associating ideas in the way which is often so remarkable among the higher animals is still an unsettled point. Some recent experiments made by M. Oxner and presented to the Academie des Sciences throw some light on the matter. Edinger denied that fish can associate ideas, and exact researches on this point have been lacking. It is claimed that a fish has no memory, since after he is hooked for the first time he does not profit by experience, but can be caught again when the hook is well concealed. The author's work in the laboratory of the Monaco oceanographic establishment led him to another conclusion. First he used a well-concealed hook, and could then catch the same fish day after day; but this proves nothing more that the hook was so well concealed that the fish was not aware of its presence, and since he thus found no difference between the bait and ordinary food, there was nothing to prevent him from taking the same bait. In another series of trials, Oxner also concealed the hook, but two inches above it he attached a small square. In each tank he placed a single specimen of Coris julis which had been recently captured in the net. For several days it refused the bait, but on the eighth day the fish bit, and after unhooking it, Oxner replaced it in the water. On the three following days the fish also bit and was caught, but on the twelfth day it no longer touched the bait, and the paper signal began to produce its effect. On the same day the paper was removed, and then the fish took the bait. On replacing the paper, the fish refused to bite for three days, after examining the bait several times. On the next day it approached the paper square, then descended and very carefully nibbled the bait until it had eaten it all off the hook, but without swallowing the latter. This it kept up for a number of days following. M. Oxner repeated the same kind of experiment many times with fish, and the result was the same. He concludes that at first the fish is indifferent and it takes the bait, but the association of ideas of the pain caused by the hook and of the color of the paper commence to act after a few days. The result is that the paper acts as a warning signal in spite of the attraction caused by the food. But by degrees the instinctive action of approaching the food overcomes the prohibitive effect and the fish begins to take the food, but very slowly, and finding that this succeeds, it continues to follow the same action.

THE LUMINIFEROUS ETHER

Even more wonderful than light itself is the medium by which its waves are carried. And what is this medium? It is not air, it is not a gas, it is not a liquid. Is it matter? In order to be matter, as we understand it, a thing must possess two characteristic properties. One of these is inertia, the other is weight. Inertia means the active resistance shown by all matter to a change in its condition of rest or motion. Weight is the measure of the attraction one body has for another, whether they be atoms or suns. The medium that bears light from star to star, or from a candle to the eye, so far as we know, has only one of the properties of matter—inertia.

Are we not justified, therefore, in saying, with our present knowledge of the subject, that the light-bearing medium, called by scientists the luminiferous ether is believed in by a majority of scientists even though they do not pretend to understand its nature.

It is supposed to be everywhere, not only filling the interplanetary spaces and the vast abysses between the stars, but also entering into the very heart, and between the very molecules and atoms of what is known as matter. As Young said of it: "It pervades the substance of all material bodies with little or no resistance, as freely, perhaps, as the wind passes through a grove of trees." The stars and planets and all other matter are riddled through and through by this wonderful, mysterious thing. It has been likened to a jelly in which are imbedded a few grains of sand which correspond to the matter in the universe.

Gold, for example, one of the densest substances known to man, is permeated completely by this strange, space-filling ether, and platinum, another extremely dense substance, is as the lightest, filmiest mist when compared with the vast density of ether itself. It has been estimated that the density of the light-bearing ether is 50,000 million times greater than that of platinum, and yet a rarenes so extreme is claimed for this ether that none of the heavenly bodies is impeded in the slightest degree—that the earth's orbital velocity of nearly nineteen miles a second, hundreds of times the cannon ball's velocity, is not slackened through any resistance it might meet with from this almost incredible substance, if it realy is a substance at all. It could not serve as a medium by which light may be transmitted with the enormous velocity of over 186,000 miles per second, unless it is absolutely rigid and elastic, far more so than if it were composed of solid steel.

Zam-Buk

is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!

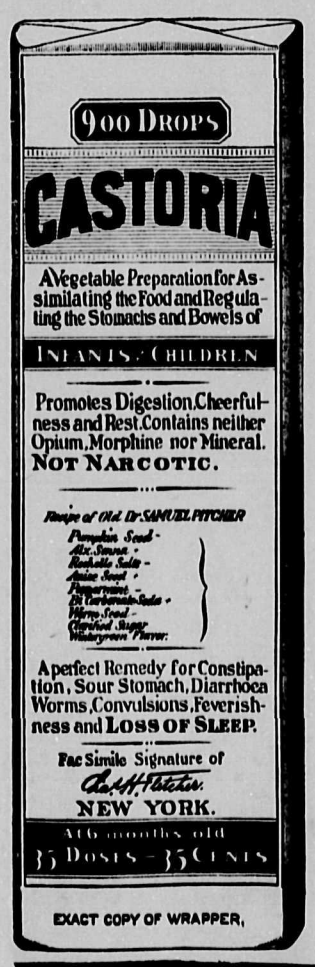
All Druggists and Stores—50c.

USE OF AEROPLANES IN WARFARE

One of the few authentic reports of the successful use of aeroplanes in warfare, is to the effect that on the night of January 17th last a party of 400 Arabs attacked a block house held by eighteen Italians at Benghazi. During the fight Lieut. Gavotti flew over the Arabs in his Farman biplane and dropped several bombs with such good effect that the enemy speedily retired, leaving a number of wounded men behind. An elaborate description has been given by Guiseppe Rossi, whose monoplane was hit five times by Arab bullets, of the flight over the enemy's camp at Tobruck, Tripoli, in the course of which his companion, Capt. Montu, was severely wounded. The flight was made on the morning of January 31st. It was for the purpose of reconnoitering and also to test a new bomb. The camp was about eighteen miles away, but the aviator discovered a group of Arabs before half this distance had been covered. These Arabs fired upon the aeroplane, which was at a height of 1,800 feet, but the aviator kept on until the camp was reached. At a given signal Capt. Montu dropped a bomb, and both he and the aviator were congratulating themselves over the damage they had done, when the Arabs fired several volleys One of the bullets struck Capt. Montu, who shouted that he was wounded. Just then the motor failed and Rossi feared that he would drop. Fortunately the motor started again and the men were able to return to headquarters, despite an unfavorable wind which greatly hindered their progress. On March 18th, after making valuable observations, Italian airmen again dropped bombs on some Arabs when the latter fired upon the aeroplane. Ten men are reported to have been killed and a number of others injured. The aeroplane returned to camp unscathed. On the 20th two Italian dirigibles made two reconnaissances above the Turkish lines. At Lanzour, fourteen miles west of Tripoli, four people were killed and ten wounded by a bomb dropped in the streets. Heavy rifle fire caused the airships to withdraw, but on their second trip later they dropped thirty more bombs.

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: *"A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death."* The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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

Dr. J. W. Dinsdale, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I use your Castoria and advise its use in all families where there are children."

Dr. Alexander E. Mintie, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria and have found it a reliable and pleasant remedy for children."

Dr. Agnes V. Swetland, of Omaha, Nebr., says: "Your Castoria is the best remedy in the world for children and the only one I use and recommend."

Dr. J. A. McClellan, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria for children and always got good results. In fact I use Castoria for my own children."

Dr. J. W. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I heartily endorse your Castoria. I have frequently prescribed it in my medical practice, and have always found it to do all that is claimed for it."

Dr. C. H. Glidden, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "My experience as a practitioner with your Castoria has been highly satisfactory, and I consider it an excellent remedy for the young."

Dr. H. D. Benner, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria as a purgative in the cases of children for years past with the most happy effect, and fully endorse it as a safe remedy."

Dr. J. A. Boarman, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria is a splendid remedy for children, known the world over. I use it in my practice and have no hesitancy in recommending it for the complaints of infants and children."

Dr. J. J. Mackey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I consider your Castoria an excellent preparation for children, being composed of reliable medicines and pleasant to the taste. A good remedy for all disturbances of the digestive organs."

GENUINE **CASTORIA** ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Last Call to the Great Bargain Feast at

PARKER'S ALTERATION SALE

We start to move our stock on Monday July 29th to W. G. Lillie's old stand opposite the new Post Office, where we hope to see all our old customers, and will be pleased to welcome any new ones. We beg to apologize for any inconvenience we may cause you for a few weeks, but our aim is to give you a more efficient service, and make our store one of

The Cleanest, Brightest and Most U-to-date Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Stores in the Fraser Valley.

We expect to open up in our new store on or about Sept. 1st with a new and clean stock for the fall trade, where, we are confident we will merit your hearty support, and command a fair share of your patronage.

CHAS. PARKER - Your Outfitter.

Civic Holiday, Wed'y. July 31

As advertised in last week's issue the above day has been proclaimed a CIVIC HOLIDAY and all Chilliwack and district will turn out to the first Annual Basket Picnic of the Chilliwack Merchants Association to be held at the Fair Grounds. Admission Free. Soft Drinks, Ice Cream and Fruits provided free of all cost. Everybody welcome.

10 a.m.—Bicycle Race (open.) Five mile road race starting at Five Corners. Prizes $10, $5, $2.50.

10.30 a.m.—Men's Flat Race (open.) To be run in town. 100 yards. Prizes $10 and $5.

10.45 a.m.—Men's Flat Race (open.) To be run in town. 220 yards. Prices $10 and $5.

11 a.m.—Firemen's Race. Wet Test. Two or more selected teams of firemen, to run 100 yards with hose reel, lay 200 feet of hose, attach to hydrant and turn on water. Prize for smartest team, $20.

12 O'CLOCK (NOON)

Basket Luncheon at the Fair Grounds

The Sports will re-open at 2 p.m. with the following :

Draymen's Contest and Parade

Minimum number of entries, three. Drivers to harness their horses, hitch to wagons and parade once round the track. Prizes 1st $10, 2nd $5.00.

Single Horse Delivery Rig Contest

and Parade. Same conditions as for teams. $5.00 and $2.50.

Slow Horse Race

Bareback. Each rider to be mounted on another man'a horse. The last horse wins the race. Once around track. Prize $5.00.

Girl's Race, 50 yards, 8 to 12 years, $3.00 in prizes.
Girl's Race, 50 yards, 12 to 16 years, $3.00 in prizes.
Boys' Race, 50 yards, 8 to 12 years, $3.00 in prizes.
Boys' Race, 50 yards, 12 to 16 years, $3.00 in prizes.
Races for Girls and Boys under 8 years of age. Prizes: For Girls $2.00; For Boys $2.00.
Married Ladies' Race, 1st $5.00; 2nd $2.50.
Single Ladies' Race, 1st $3.00; 2nd $2.50.
Fat Ladies' Race, 1st $3.00; 2nd $2.00; 3rd $1.00.
Obstacle Race (open) 1st $5.00; 2nd $2.50.
Hop, Step and Jump for School Boys, 1st $2.00; $1.00.
Hop, Step and Jump for men, 1st $3.00; 2nd $2.00.
Three Legged Race, boys under 12, 1st $2.00; 2nd $1.00.
Three Legged Race, boys under 16, 1st $2.00; 2nd $1.00.

CATCHING THE GREASED PIG

Open to all comers. Prize—THE PIG.

MERCHANTS TUG OF WAR

BASEBALL—TIGERS vs. CUBS.

Winning team $10.00; Losing Team $5.00.

104th Regimental Band

Will attend and will render selections during the afternoon.

The Committee reserve the right of awarding cash or value as prizes in all events, and also the right to cancel 2nd or 3rd prizes in the event of there being an insufficient number of entries.

Local and General

Remember the Women's Institute Picnic on Thursday July 8 at Morden's Ranch, Camp Slough Road.

On Wednesday and Thursday of this week the B.C.E.R. gave a monster picnic to all its employees and their families, at Hastings Park, Vancouver. About five thousand attended and enjoyed a splendid time through the hospitality of the Company.

Among the successful students in the Matriculation Examinations for McGill Unniversity was William Houston of Chilliwack passing with 451 marks. Miss Lena B. Hodgins of this city was also one of the successful in those who had qualified in part by certificate or by a previous examination.

The P. S. A. Garden Party on Thursday evening was not quite the success the management hoped for, due doubtless to the counter attractions and the numerous proceeding garden parties. It was nevertheless enjoyed by all those who did attend. The 104th Regimental Band provided excellent music.

Patsy Herman, an Indian, pleaded guilty on Monday afternoon at New Westminster, to the theft of a horse at Chilliwack and sentence was reserved by Magistrate Clute until Friday. Herman was sentenced in 1903 to seven years in the penitentiary and served a long term.

It is quite possible that the road between the City and Vedder Crossing will in the near future be oiled. This highway is very much used all the year and especially so at this season and to ensure less dust and a much better road to travel on with comfort, a fund is being subscribed by auto and horse owners to pay $10 and $5 respectively to aid in keeping this road oiled. The Provincial Government it is expected will also assist this movement.

Members of the Woman's Institute of this City will kindly remember the date and place of their annual picnic, Aug. 8 at Morden's Ranch opposite the old Geo. Webb farm, on the Camp Slough Road. Rigs will be ready at the five Corners about 10 a.m. to take the picnicers out who thus wish to go, and lunch will be served at 1 p. m. The members of the Farmer's Institute and their friends are all cordially invited to be present.

Rev. J. C. Wilmott, M. A., and Mrs. Wilmott were visitors to the city on Saturday and Sunday last. Mr. J. H. Bowes, cousin of Mrs. Wilmott, did the honors, showing the visitors the beauties of the Valley by the auto route.

Wednesday, July 31 which has been proclaimed a Civic Holiday in the City of Chilliwack will be the occasion of a monster picnic; the first Annual Basket Picnic of the Chilliwack Merchants Association, to be held at the Recreation Park. A continuous string of events will be pulled off starting at 10 a.m. to which the entrance is free to all, ice cream, soft drinks, fruit etc. also to be provided free to everyone during the day by the City Merchants. Every body come and have a good time enjoying the hospitality of your home business men. See program of events elsewhere in the Free Press.

J. Hammar. the proprietor of Hammar's Meat Market leaves on the first of August for Denver, Col., to represent this Province at the Convention of the Supreme Lodge, Knights of Pythias. The personnel of the convention will be notable. The Supreme Chancellor, Hon. George M. Hanson, Calais, Maine, a Justice of the Supreme Court, will preside, and associated with him will be eminent jurists, clergymen, lawyers, presidents of universities, and other leading educators, bankers, manufacturers, railroad officials, merchants, editors publishers, secretaries of institutions and corporations, many public officials of the National, State and City governments, statesmen, publicists, etc.—men who are making large contributions to the forces of our civilizaiion. What they do in Denver, will have potential effect in more than 7,900 lodges throughout the world. Some important subjects will be presented for legislative action. Judge Hanson will recommend the reduction in the age limit for members from 21 years to 18. The extension of the order into foreign lands will also be considered. In addition to the lodges in United States and Canada the order has, under the contror of the Supreme Lodge, eight lodges in the Canal Zone, two in China, one in Cuba, six in the Territory of Hawaii and one in the Philippines. The Grand Lodges of Ontario, Manitboa and British Columbia have asked that the order be extended to "the Mother Country," and this will be considered.

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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**

Have You A Buggy

From now until winter time the use of a buggy will give you pleasure which you would otherwise miss.

We have some of the nicest up-to-date vehicles to be found in the Province and they are right here for you to choose from. Notice a few of the points of merit on the lines we are displaying.

THE STUDEBAKER have solid corner plugless bodies full wrought gear parts, improved long-distance axles with Collings collars and felt pads, best Sarven wheels, a finish unsurpassed. The rubber tires are the best the market affords.

THE JOHN DEERE Vehicles have all the gear parts of wrought iron, second growth hickery spokes and rims, screwed rims, new French head springs securing flexibility and strength, a body which is so froned and finished that probability of squeaky corners and split panels are eliminated.

THE McLAUGHLIN Buggies are built of good material, are well finished, have dependable second growth hickory wheels, bodies that are all well ironed which will not rack. All equipped with long distance wheels. Our run-abouts are of fancy finish.

Have You A Buggy? Why Not?

You can buy one on easy terms from us.

Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co.

Chilliwack Acreage at a SNAP

We have a few Five Acre Blocks for sale within Half a Mile of the B. C. E. Ry. Station and one mile from School. This Property is splendidly adapted for fruit and poultry raising.

Price $150 Per Acre

For full particulars apply

F. J. HART & CO., LTD. **The Chilliwack Specialists**

WE CARRY

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AT THE PLANTS OF

The Rosedale Lumber Co., Rosedale and E. O. Patterson, C. C. Road

And will be pleased to quote prices at these points as well as delivered on the job.

ABBOTTSFORD TIMBER & TRADING CO.
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Principal: THEO. J. HUTTON, L.A.B.

Instruction in all branches of music and in elocution. Yearly examinations by the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, London, England.

Terms $8 for four lessons, payable in advance
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ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS
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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC
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NOTICE

We have a new and up-to-date plant with the latest methods for all kinds of Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing. Expert help for all branches. Special attention will be given to all Mail and Express orders from Chilliwack and the Valley. We solicit a trial.

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J. H. BOWES
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

Offices over Royal Bank of Canada,
CHILLIWACK B. C.

Vancouver City Market
Main Street, Vancouver

It has been arranged to hold two sales weekly, Wednesday and Saturday at 10 a.m.

Growers will please arrange to have their consignments forwarded the previous evening.

We handle Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, Meat, Etc.

SHARP RETURNS,
QUICK SALES,
PROMPT SETTLEMENTS

JOHN McMILLAN
Manager.

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

Leave Chilliwack 5.00 a.m. daily except Monday.
Leave Nancouver 7.00 a.m. daily except Sunday.
Milk Train daily 6.15 p.m.
All passenger trains, except Nos. 4 and 5, handle Express.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CHILLIWACK

By-Law No. 99.

A Bylaw *to raise by way or debentures* the sum of $1000.00 for the purpose of the erection, furnishings and site of a Fire Hall to be known as Fire Hall No. 2 in the City of Chilliwack.

WHEREAS it is necessary and expedient to provide for the erection, *furnishing and site for a Fire Hall to be* known as Fire Hall No. 2 in the City of Chilliwack.

AND WHEREAS it is necessary for the purpose foresaid that the City should raise by way of debentures the sum of $1000.00 payable on the 2nd day of August 1952 *with interest payable yearly to be applied* for the purpose aforesaid.

AND WHEREAS for the payment of the said debentures when due and for the interest during the currency of said debentures it will be necessary to raise and levy each year the sum of $60.53 of which $10.53 is principal and $50 for interest.

AND WHEREAS the whole rateable land of the City of Chilliwack according to the last revised assessment roll is $1,676,625.00.

AND WHEREAS the total amount of the existing debentures debt of the City of Chilliwack is $219,500.00 of which none of the principal or interest is in arrears.

NOW THEREFORE the Municipal *Council of the Corporation of the City of* Chilliwack hereby enact as follows:—

1. It shall be lawful for the Mayor of the said City of Chilliwack and the Clerk of the Council for the purpose aforesaid to raise by way of loan from any person, persons or corporation who may be willing to advance the same on the credit of the debentures hereinbefore mentioned a sum not exceeding in the whole the sum of $1000.00 and cause the same to be placed in the hands of the Clerk of said City of Chilliwack for the purpose aforesaid and with the object hereinbefore recited.

2. It shall be lawful for the Mayor and the Clerk to cause any number of debentures to be made out each for such sum of money not less than $100.00 as may be required and all debentures shall be sealed with the seal of the City of Chilliwack and signed by the Mayor and countersigned by the Clerk of the said City.

3. The said debentures shall be payable within 40 years from the date hereinafter mentioned for the Bylaw to come *into effect at the Bank of Montreal in the* City of Chilliwack.

4. The said debentures shall have cupons attached for the payment of the interest at five per cent per annum on the amount of the debentures and shall be payable yearly on the 2nd day of August in each and every year.

5. There shall be raised and levied annually by rate sufficient therefore in addition to all other rates on all the rate*able land of the City of Chilliwack* the sum of $10.53 for the purpose of forming a sinking fund for the payment of the said debentures when due and the sum $50.00 for payment of interest during the currency of said debentures.

6. This Bylaw shall, before the final *passing thereof, receive* the assent of the Electors of the City of Chilliwack as provided in the Municipal Clauses Act and Amending Acts.

7. This Bylaw shall come into effect on the 2nd day of August 1912.

8. This Bylaw may be cited for all purposes as the City of Chilliwack Fire Hall No. 2 Loan Bylaw 1912.

Passed by the Council the 15th day of July 1912.

Received the assent of the Electors the day of 1912.

Reconsidered and finally passed by the Council the day of 1912.

MAYOR
CLERK

TAKE NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that the above is a true copy of the proposed Bylaw upon *which the vote of the Municipality* will be taken on the 2nd day of August 1912 from 9 o'clock in the forenoon to 7 o'clock in the afternoon at the following polling place within the Municipality:—

CITY HALL.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a vote of the Electors of the City of Chilliwack will be taken on the above *named Bylaw at the time and place above* mentioned, 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, City Clerk.

DONKEY ENGINE FOR SALE

25 H. P. Donkey Engine, Cylinder 7 x 10, boiler 36 x 96, in good condition, with 1800 feet of new cable, blocks, etc. Price $700. Apply

H. HULBERT,
Route I, Sardis, B. C.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE

Donkey Engine in good condition; cylinder 7 x 10; boiler 36 x 96, made in Thorold, Ontario, bought from Pertie & Co, Vancouver, Spring of 1909 with 1300 feet ⅝ cable, 53, feet ⅞, 30 feet ¾, all new with blocks. Can be seen on S. E. 40 acres of N. W. ¼ Sec. 15, Township 26, New Westminster District. Apply to

H. HULBERT,
Route I, Sardis.

CIVIC HOLIDAY

I hereby proclaim July 31st a Civic Holiday and request all citizens to duly observe the same.

R. F WADDINGTON,
MAYOR.

The Chilliwack Meat and Supply Co. have their ice manufacturing plant in operation and deliver ice to any part of the City; phone No. 68.

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

DAIRYMEN MEET

A meeting of Dairymen to discuss the Provincial regulations with reference to dairy premises, tuberculosis test, etc., was held in Vancouver on July 18. Chilliwack was represented by C. E. Eckert as a member of the Committee on Milk Control, appointed at the B.C. Dairymen's Association last January.

The matters of clean milk, compulsory testing of herds, etc., were *discussed by members of the Com*mittee, as well as members of the Milk Commission appointed by the Provincial Government, and Civic authorities in the City of Vancouver who were invited to be present and the consensus of opinion was that the cleaner dairy premises and cleaner herds should be the objects to be attained and then municipal protection and encouragement for production of superior milk foods.

The Milk Commission will soon hold a meeting in the Chilliwack Valley, and so far as possible every *dairyman should attend. The object* for which this Commission was ap*pointed is to look thoroughly into* all matters pertaining to the dairy Industry and make such suggestions for necessary legislation as seems advisable after becoming thoroughly posted on conditions.

One thing dairymen should unite in asking for, is a higher valuation on cows killed by inspectors for tuberculosis. $100.00 is not too much for the Government to pay for a first class grade cow, if she is only a producer, and it very often happens that a farmers best cows cows are slaughtered.

A united demand by the dairymen will no doubt result in such a *recommendation by the Commis*sion.

If the dairy interests will unite in asking for strict enforcement of provincial laws, for clean herds, and premises, they may reasonably expect enactment of laws which will enable municipal authorites to cooperate in placing only the purest, milk in the City markets. Then too if it is a fact that B. C., is enforcing laws, made to keep dairy herds free from tuberculosis, this soon becomes known throught the Dominion and buyers come more *readily this way to such foundation* stock for pure bred herds, and also for dairy cows.

Therefore, Fraser Valley Dairymen should not recede from their demand for the entire eradication of tuberculosis and a higher standard of clean milk-(which can only be produced under proper sanitary conditions)and they should then seek such protection through proper legislation as will insure the consuming public against the sale of any unclean and impure milk or cream imported from outside the jurisdiction of the Provincial authorities. The iujustice of putting B. C. dairy*men to the extra expense of produc*ing a certain standard of milk with out giving the Municipalities authority to protect the consuming public from the unsanitary article, must be at once apparent to all, and should engage the attention of our legislative body at its next session.

Matinee of moving pictures at the Lyric Theatre every Saturday afternoon at 3.30. Admission 10c.

A root cellar like this won a prize last year.

THE drawing was made from a photograph of the root-cellar with which D. A. Purdy, of Lumsden, Sask., won a cash prize in last year's contest. In that last contest there were 36 prizes. There will be ***three times as many prizes*** (108) *in the*

1912 FARMERS' PRIZE CONTEST

THUS you will have three times as many chances of winning a cash prize. You do not have to use any certain amount of Canada Cement to win a prize. There are absolutely no "strings" to this offer.

There are twelve prizes for each Province (three of $50; three of $25; three of $15; and three of $10) and you compete only with other farmers in your own Province and not with those all over Canada.

It makes no difference whether you have ever used cement. Many of last year's winners had not used it until they entered the contest. When you write for full particulars, we will *send you, free*, a book, ***"What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete,"*** which tells everything you need to know about concrete. It is absolutely free, and you are under no *obligation to buy "Canada" Cement or to do anything else for us.*

WRITE your name and address on the coupon, and mail it, or use letter or post card, and we will send you at once the book and full particulars of the 1912 Prize Contest.

Address Publicity Manager

Canada Cement Company Limited — 504 Herald Building, Montreal

Here's a Hoe!

All Kinds of Hoes. Field Hoes, Garden Hoes, Ladies' Hoes, Turnip Hoes, Dutch Hoes, Mortar Hoes, also all kinds of Hose. We do not sell the Hose you wear, but we sell Hose that will wear. Edging Tools, Cherry Pitters, Stone Crocks and Churns.

Denmark & Burton
PHONE 10. CHILLIWACK.

Money to Loan
ON IMPROVED FARMS

Call in and we will supply you with full particulars.

Chas. Hutcheson & Co.
REALTY AND INSURANCE AGENTS CHILLIWACK

Fruit Crates

We have anticipated a big fruit yield for this season and have on hand a big supply of fruit crates both for local and shipping purposes. Your order will receive careful attention.

The Chilliwack Planing Mills
P. O. Box 243 — Phone L2442

Wanted -- Acreage

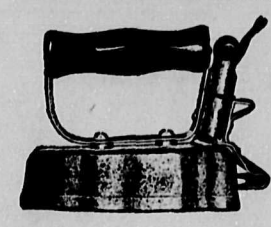
Improved and unimproved, from owners only, near Chilliwack and vicinity. We have some good Vancouver property in exchange for same. Address

Campbell, Reid & McAlister
443 Homer Street — Vancouver, B. C.

Solves the Summer Ironing Problem

Ten Days **Free Trial**

Hotpoint
ELECTRIC IRONS



For 1912 we are offering a **Hotpoint** of the 6 lb. size, suitable for general household use for **$4.50**

This iron is similar to all "Hotpoint" except that the upper surface is unpolished.

B.C. Electric

Continuity of Impression is successful advertising.

60 MEN WANTED

At Once to Learn Barber Trade

Only eight weeks required to learn, tools free and pay wages while learning. Positions secured on completion at from $15 to $20 per week. We have hundreds of locations where you can start business *for yourself. Tremendous demand for* barbers. Write for Free Catalogue; better still, call. If you would become an expert you must be an International graduate.

INTERNATIONAL BARBER COLLEGE
Alexander Ave., First Door West of Main St., Winnipeg.

BREAD OF EARLY TIMES

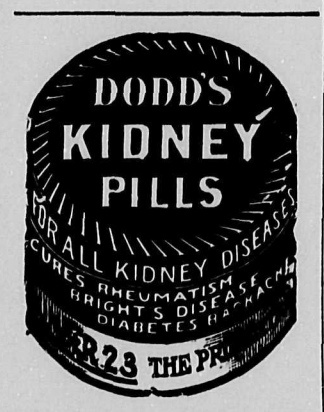
Dr. Schnittger, professor at Stockholm University, has made an interesting find relating to the remote past of his country at Ljunga, in Eastern Gothland, viz., some bread dating from the time of the Vikings. Microscopical examination has shown this bread to be made from pine bark and pea meat, thus proving the fact that peas were grown in Sweden as far back as a thousand years ago. Archaeological excavation has so far brought to light only a few specimens of bread dating from ancient or prehistoric times. The few loaves excavated in Egypt and in Swiss lake dwellings are of the highest archaelogical interest. In the northern countries only one or two finds of this kind have so far been made foremost among which should be mentioned a corn-meal loaf dating from the fourth century A.D. which was discovered by Dr. Schnittger in 1908 in connection with the excavation of Boberg castle.

"Where can I get a drink in this town?" asked the travelling man who landed early one morning at a little town in the oil region of Oklahoma of the bus driver.

"See that milliner shop over there?" asked the drifer, pointing to a building near the depot.

"You don't mean to say they sell whisky in a milliner's store?" exclaimed the drummer.

"No; I mean that's the only place here they don't sell it," said the bus man.



USE **ABSORBINE, JR.,** LINIMENT FOR IT

Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunches, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature in building new, healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex Ahl, Tobinsport, Ind., writes Nov. 15, 1955: "No doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ABSORBINE, Jr., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well." Also valuable for any swelling or painful affliction, Goitre, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Heals Cuts, Bruises, Lacerations. Price $1.00 and $2.00 at all druggists or delivered. Book 4 G Free.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 210 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.

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

"MY STOMACH IS FINE

Since Taking Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets"

Mrs. J. Merkhuger, Waterloo, Ont., enthusiastically recommends Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. Her experience with them, as she outlines it, explains why.

"I was greatly troubled with my stomach", she writes. "I had taken so much medicine that I might say to take any more would only be making it worse. My stomach just felt raw. I read of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, and a lady friend told me they were very easy to take, so I thought I would give them a trial and really they worked wonders. Anyone having anything wrong with his stomach should give Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets a trial, they will do the rest. My stomach is fine now and I can eat any food."

One of the many good features of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets is that they are so pleasant and easy to take. The relief they give from heartburn, flatulence, biliousness and dyspepsia is prompt and permanent. Try one after each meal—they'll make you feel like a new person.

50c. a box at your druggist's compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal 143

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

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

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear **Signature**

Brent Good

That Reminds Me

SHE—"Do you believe that large features are a sign of generosity?"

He—"Yes; the generosity of nature."

* * *

"Eavesdropping!" exclaimed Adam, as his wife tumbled out of the fig tree.

* * *

Tax Assessor—"Can you give me *some idea of what your husband is* worth?"

Lady—"Really, sir, I don't know; but I wouldn't take a million dollars for him."

* * *

Singleton—"What's the matter, old man? You look as if you'd been making a night of it with the boys."

Newpop—"You've struck it! The twins kept me up till three o'clock this morning."

* * *

At a reception in London a young lady, mistaking Marconi for Mascagni, said: "I do wish you'd play me your lovely 'Intermezzo.'"

"With pleasure, madam," answered Marconi; "but I shall have to play it on a wireless piano."

* * *

Women must wonder occasionally that they don't meet any men like the hero in a fashionable novel. And that can also be played the other way across.

* * *

Poetic Bridegroom—"I could sit here forever gazing into your eyes and listening to the wash of the ocean."

Practical Bride—"Oh, that reminds me, darling; we have not paid our laundry bill yet!"

* * *

Alice—"Does Edith's husband ever take her out to dinner as he did before they were married?"

Kate—"Oh, yes; but not to the same restaurants."

* * *

Doctor (to his colleague)—"We arrived just in time, my friend. In a few hours more he would have got better by himself."

* * *

Father (to his son whom he has reproved for lying)—"I never told a lie when I was small."

Hans—"Well, how old were you, father, when you began?"

* * *

"Selling your home to buy an automobile. What will you do without a home?"

"Won't need none after I git the auto; wouldn't never be there, anyhow."

* * *

Leading Man in Travelling Company—"We play 'Hamlet' tonight, laddie, do we not?"

Sub-manager—"Yes, Mr. Montgomery."

Leading Man—"Then I must borrow the sum of two-pence!"

Sub-manager—"Why?"

Leading Man—"I have four days' growth upon my chin. One cannot play 'Hamlet' in a beard!"

Sub-manager — "Um — Well—We'll put on 'Macbeth!'"

* * *

An artist who occupied a studio on the top floor of a large building was always friendly with the woman who cleaned his rooms.

"How many children have you, Molly?" he asked one morning as she was polishing the floor.

"It's siven I have, sir, thank ye for askin'. It's lucky I am, sir, bless 'em. I have four be the third wife of me second husband, and three be the second wife of me first."

* * *

Little Dick, at an old-fashioned Sunday-school picnic, with pies, cakes, and other delicacies galore, had enjoyed gastronomic pleasures to the fullest capacity of an accommodating stomach when a kind-hearted old lady offered him a luscious slice of "four decker" maple-sugar walnut cake. To her surprise, the child refused it, and then, with a cry of distress, sobbed, in answer to her question as to whether he couldn't eat it:

"I can chew it, but I can't swallow it."

* * *

"Remember, boys, that in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," said the teacher, emphatically.

The boys seemed duly impressed. Shortly a youth raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, Leopold?"

"I was merely going to suggest," replied the lad, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."

* * *

A prominent judge, who is an enthusiastic golfer, was examining a boy witness in a criminal suit.

"Are you sure you fully understand the nature and significance of an oath, my boy?" the judge inquired.

The boy looked at him in surprise as he answered:

"Sure, Judge, I understand. Don't I caddie for you at the Golf Club?"

* * *

There is a little boy in Columbus, Ohio, whose ideas about actors centre about the performers that do lofty acts in the circus. That he has a proper appreciation of the danger of their calling and the means adopted for their safety is evidenced by his query on the occasion when he heard his father mention the name of Sir Henry Irving.

"Who is Sir Henry Irving, father?" he asked.

"He was a great actor, son."

"What show is he with?"

"He isn't with any show, now, son. He's dead."

"What happened? Did he miss the net?"

* * *

A Cleveland lawyer and a Cleveland railroad man went to a theatre in that city. The railroad man saw a flashily dressed, red-faced, sporty-looking citizen sitting in one of the boxes.

This man was the no-account cousin of the attorney, but the railroad man didn't know it.

"Who is the tough person sitting in the box?" the railroad man asked pleasantly. "He looks like a drunken burglar."

"That," said the attorney, "is my cousin."

The railroad man gasped a couple of times, but soon got a grip on himself and remarked genially: "Well, I went straight to headquarters for information, didn't I?"

Back Full of Aches Headaches and Depression

Much of Women's Suffering is Needless and Can be Prevented by the Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

That Stab-like Pain in the Back is Sure Indication of Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Anna Rodriguez writes as follows from her home in Valencia. "For a long time I suffered with failing strength and nagging headaches. My condition grew steadily worse, my limbs became bloated and shaky. I was sallow and thin, felt rheumatic pains, dizziness and chills. I unfortunately didn't suspect my kidneys, and was nearly dead when I discovered the true cause of my sufferings. I read so much about the wonderful health and strength that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills that I felt sure they would help me. **Such blessings of health and comfort I got from Dr. Hamilton's Pills I can't describe. They speedily put me right, and their steady use keeps me active, energetic, strong and happy. I strongly urge others to regulate and tone their system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut."**

No greater medicine exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills for the cure of indigestion, constipation, flatulence, liver, bladder and kidney trouble. Refuse substitutes for Dr. Hamilton's Pills, *25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00,* at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

With the Horses

Spring and early summer is a mighty good time to break in young horses to the team. There is usually plenty of rolling, harrowing, and scuffling, and all variety of odd jobs to which they can be put, and if put at work regularly for a time they soon get handy, but, of course, they must neither be underfed nor overworked. Care must be taken at first in turning them out among the older horses. Horses all resent the intrusion of a stranger, and until the young horse and the older ones get acquainted with one another there is always danger of the young stock getting kicked or otherwise being injured.

When they have all been working together for some weeks they get used to one another, but for a time it is better to turn the young colts out by *themselves. In summertime the work*ing hours should not be too long at a stretch. In very hot weather a couple of hours' rest in the middle of the day, with food and water, is far better than going from early morn till late at night without rest.

A happy thought for the youngster is to work one in the morning till twelve o'clock and the next in the afternoon. When the root crops are drilled, etc., the young horses can be turned out until after harvest. They will then recuperate their energies, and if their grain is continued, will come out strong and fit to take a place in the team in the fall. It is not advisable to use them on the harvesting machinery.

The following is the amount of oats to feed the colt up to three years: Colt weaning time, two pounds oats, and all the hay it will clean up; one year old, four pounds oats and all the hay it will clean up; colt two years old, six pounds oats and all the hay it will eat; colt three years old, working. For the farm working horse, light work, six to ten pounds oats, six to nine pounds hay, and three pounds of straw; medium work, ten pounds oats, ten pounds hay, three pounds straw; heavy work, thirteen pounds oats, twelve pounds hay and three pounds straw.

* * *

Horsebreeding is an art. It requires constant application and attention to develop and fix type in any class of animals, and the horse is no exception to the rule, yet there is less system practiced in the common everyday style of horsebreeding than in the breeding of any other class of farm stock. This should not be so. Owners of mares will breed one year to a heavy horse, and the next to a trotter or Hackney, simply because fees are low or the stallion is handy. This practice cannot be too much discouraged. With all the indiscriminate breeding which is practiced from year to year, it is questionable whether the fault does not lie as much with the mares and mare-owners as with the stallions and stallion-owners. There is no end of talk about stallion improvement. *Of course, bringing the stallions of* the country up to a higher level of quality cannot but have a good influence upon the industry. There seems, however, to be a tendency to lay far more stress on the value of the stallion than on that of the mare. Mare-owners *seem to think* that they are sure of a good class of colt if a good stallion is used, regardless of the type and quality of the mare. True, the good stallion goes a long distance toward the production of good colts, *but he is not the "whole" works.* The mare should also be a high-class individual, and the better she conforms to the type of the stallion used, the better the chance of her producing a desirable and profitable colt. There is no doubt but that the mare's influence on the progeny is great. The colt, during foetal development, is part of the mare's very being. Her condition during this period must have a lasting effect upon the colt. It is important that she be well nourished, exercised, and kept healthy. It is equally important that she be sound and a useful specimen of the particular breed which she represents. The scarcity of draft horses today is largely caused by the depletion in numbers of really good farm mares, many of which are doing service on city drays, when they should be raising more of their kind on the farms of the country. Let the geldings go to the city, but keep the mares for farm work and breeding purposes. Stallion improvement has been and is a vital question in horsebreeding, and anything which tends to improve the horsebreeding business from the female side can be profitably encouraged. Mare-owners should avoid all cross-breeding. Get a system, and follow it. Good grade or pure-bred Clydesdale or heavy draft mares should never be mated to the light type of stallion, no more than should a trot*ting or thoroughbred mare be bred to* a heavy draft stallion. Select the stallion to be used, and select the mares to be bred to him. Pay as much attention to size, type and strength, endurance, size and type. Back of the grade one goes but a very few genera*tions, until he reaches the slough of* the mongrel world; from this source comes the inheritance of the progeny of the grade stallion. When the size, type, quality, endurance, and most of the points of importance are in favor of the son of the pure-bred sire, there can be little reason for saving five dollars on the service fee. It is a frequent opinion that grade stallions are more enduring, that they are more vigorous, and have greater vitality than pure-breds. This is sometimes true. Pure-breds are too often overpampered, too closely stabled, given insufficient exercise, and otherwise abnormally and unreasonably treated, so that their vigor, health and fertility is seriously affected. This is no fault of the horse or of his breeding. On the other hand, the scrub stallion is put to work, frequently has to rough it, gets plenty of exercise, fresh air, and is seldom over-fat; consequently, he is full of vigor, and is fertile. Then, too, these scrubs or grades are tenacious of life; they have that virtue frequently, if no other. The bronchos of the west, the Shetland and Iceland ponies, and, in truth, all those types that have not been fully matured and developed, show that tendency of life which we call vigor. But with the vigor of the scrub goes his deficiencies and his mongrel inheritance. Most men see their merits, but forget their *accompanying weaknesses.*

PLACER GOLD IN OMINECA

The following article on the placer gold deposits of the Omineca district has been prepared by Francis T. Child:

The first creek to be struck of any importance in the Omineca district was Vital; the next Tom Creek; then came Germansen and Manson Creek, which caused a general stampede from Cariboo and the coast. The camp underwent the usual experience of a new camp, becoming famous in a day, living a short life and a merry one, and then subsided in favor of the next discovery, which was Cassiar. The next camp north of Cassiar is Atlin, and again north of Atlin is Klondike. It is a remarkable fact that by drawing a straight line from the Klondike to the *Cariboo it passes through the inter*mediate camps mentioned, showing conclusively the trend of the gold belt.

The days for individual mining for this camp have passed and gone, but it most certainly possesses great inducements for capital to work on a large scale. Owing to the want of transportation facilities, the mining interests of Manson have had to lie dormant, but the time is very near now when this barrier will be removed. The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific is well under way, and passes through the Omineca mining district. This fact is drawing the attention of the investing public to the great mining resources of this country. As soon as transportation is put on a good basis it will be the means of causing another stampede to the Manson gold field, not the individual miner this *time—he was the pioneer—but the* mining investor.

There are buried channels in the Manson district containing millions of dollars waiting to be taken out and brought into use. The old channels are the source of the gold that has been mined hitherto, which has been found in the present creeks where they either cross-cut or follow the course of these old channels for some distance. Lost Creek is a good example of this. Here we can see the exact spot where the creek strikes the old channel, coming out of the hill and following the course for about *1,200 feet,* where the old channel again enters the hill. This 1,200 feet was mined out in the early days and proved very rich ground, $125,000 being taken out of the Discovery claim. One of the owners told me this—very conclusive evidence of the high values these old channels are carrying. Another example is Slate Creek, which was never bothered by the early miners on account of its depth, their work on this creek being confined exclusively to the shallow bars and rivers. The Kildare Mining Company of Ottawa, owns this ground, and by the aid of a small elevator have opened up a pit to bedrock which is 33 feet in depth. Gold commenced to come in about 12 feet from the surface and gradually increase in value as depth was attained. Rich pay gravel was struck four feet from the bottom. When bedrock was reached, *gold could be* seen everywhere, and $12,000 was taken out of this pit, only a portion of the bedrock being cleaned. The width of this pay streak has not yet been demonstrated, but a good idea of its values might be had from the fact that after the bedrock was cleaned up, two men were selected to pan all day across the face of the pay gravel as far as the pit would allow. They were to pan every foot of the pay streak that was in sight, so that the company could form a fairly close estimate of the average value per pan. The work was confined to four feet from the bedrock. The values obtained at the close of the day showed an average of $1.30 to the pan. One of the men was then requested to pick a pan anywhere he pleased. The picked pan went $41.

There are other *old channels that I* could speak of that are equally interesting, but these two instances will show, I might say with confidence, that the source of the wealth of Manson gold fields is practically unexplored and awaiting development.

Little is known of the possibilities of Manson creek itself outside of about three miles down stream from Manson town, which has been, owing to its shallow depth, very thoroughly worked. This ground paid very well indeed, some parts of it paying $100 per day to the man; but at the end of the three miles spoken of, the ground increased in depth and individual mining was abandoned.

As the benches below the three miles worked show as good prospects as the benches above, there is every reason for believing that the same high values continue down the creeks as were found in the portion worked, and in addition to these values, it has the benefit of being further enriched by all the gold that has come down from the sources mentioned, Lost creek and Slate creek, both of which enter Man*son creek below the old works.* This was the conviction of the Manson Gold Mining & Dredging Co., who have secured two miles of the unworked portion of Manson creek, commencing at the termination of the old works and extending down stream. The values of the bedrock of this property have yet to be demonstrated by a working test, but I have not the slightest doubt that they will be found to be quite equal to those already demonstrated.

I know this country contains great mining possibilities requiring only the necessary transportation facilities to develop it into a first-class camp.

MODERN MAGIC

George A. Pupausky, a banker, broker and real estate agent of Chicago, has been arrested by the Federal authorities, charged with posing as "Grand Vizier of the Prince of Darkness," and practising sorcery. His wife posed as "Mary Pupa, the greatest witch in the world," and the two are said to have secured money from thousands of ignorant victims. If the statements made by the government agents who investigated the case were not vouched for by the admissions of the dupes they would be impossible of belief.

"Charmed money," "magic coin machines," "invisible helmets," "invisible oil," "flutes which play by themselves," *amulets, talismans, and all manner of* charms were the stock in trade. Credulous clients not only paid money for these things, but returned again and again for more. An account of the schemes worked by Pupausky and his wife seems like a humorous parody of the "Arabian Nights." One of the episodes is related by the government investigators substantially as follows:

A certain poor man, wishing to get rich quick, visited the "Grand Vizier of the Prince of Darkness."

"Your case is pitiful," the wizard said, "but fortunately I have received from Baghdad just the thing to do you good," and he held up to the light a small vial.

"This," he said, "is the oil of invisibility. Tonight, at the moment when the moon stands in the middle of the sky, rub the oil into the skin of your face three times, each time repeating the magic words which I shall reveal to you when you pay me $50."

The man paid the $50 and departed. That night he rubbed the oil into his face, repeated the magic words, and *went to sleep. In the morning, believ*ing the oil had made him invisible, the man ran into a nearby public house and started to open the cash register.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the publican.

"Can you see me?" asked the man in great surprise.

"Sure I can see you. Get out of here," responded the publican.

He seized the man, believing him to be half-witted, and ran him into the street, administering a shower of kicks. The sorcerer explained to him he must have pronounced the magic words with the wrong accent.

At a concert for charity in a country town, Miss Carter obliged by reciting "The Village Blacksmith." At the conclusion of her recital the rural audience cheered.

"Ancower!" they cried. "Ancower!"

Miss Carter was about to grant the request when a burly fellow very much out of breath tapped her on the shoulder.

"I've just come round from in front," whispered the man excitedly. "I want yer to do me a favor."

"Well, what is it?" queried Miss Carter.

"It's this," whispered the intruder. "I happen ter be the feller you've been talkin' about, and I want yer to put in a verse this time sayin' as how I let *out bicycles.*"

Hurrah, No More Lame Backs!

This Case Proves That the Best and Strongest Liniment Ever Made is Nerviline.

When it comes to determining the real merit of a medicine, no weight of evidence is more convincing than the straightforward statement of some reliable and well-known person who has been cured. For this reason we print the *verbatim statement of Juan E.* Powell, written from his home in Carleton. "I am a strong, powerful man, six feet tall, and weigh nearly two hundred. I have been accustomed all my life to lift great weights, but one day I overdid it, and wrenched by back badly. Every tendon anl muscle was sore. To stoop or bend was agony. I had a whole bottle of Nervaline rubbed on in one day, and by night I was well again. I know of no liniment possessing one-half the penetration and pain-subduing properties of Nerviline. I urge its use strongly as an invaluable liniment and household cure for all minor ailments, such as strains, sprains, swellings, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, and muscular pain."

No better medicine for curing pain was ever put in a bottle than Nervaline—rub it on and rub it in—that rubs out *all aches, pains and soreness.* Large family size, 50c., trial size 25c., all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

A GOOD CORN SHELLER

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

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers certainely do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box. 126

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES GIVEN AWAY

At the "Made-in-Canada Train

The exhibits on the "Made-in-Canada" train, which is now touring Western Canada, are opening the eyes of thousands of visitors. Many of us are too prone to be-little our own goods and to consider that the word "imported" covers a multitude of virtues. Those who go to see the "Made-in-Canada" goods on the "Made-in-Canada" train discover the fact that the "Made-in-Canada" is a mark of honor.

An exhibit which is doubly interesting to the men is that of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canda, Limited, the largest manufacturers of smoking and chewing tobaccos and cigarettes in the Dominion.

True to their reputation as liberal advertisers, the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited, are presenting visitors to the "Made-in-Canada" train with attractive souvenirs and samples of brands that western men like, namely, "Black Watch" Chewing Tobacco, "Shamrock" Quality Plug Smoking Tobacco, "Meerschaum" Cut Plug Smoking Tobacco, "Player's Navy Cut" Cigarettes, "Sweet Caporal" Cigarettes and "Columbia" Little Cigars.

GRAIN

Since the first of September, 1911, to the present time we have been entrusted with the largest business we have ever had in handling and disposing of grain shipped by farmers to Fort William, Port Arthur and Duluth. We have to the best of our ability, squarely, conscientiously, and except as prevented by the delays in railway transportation, promptly, executed all business entrusted to our care and we now desire to tender our hearty thanks to all those who have employed us. The many letters we have received (some of which we will publish in our advertisements before long) expressing approval of and satisfaction with the way we have served our clients, have been most encouraging to us, and will stimulate us to use in the future renewed efforts to serve to the best advantage for their interest, all who entrust the disposal of their grain to us. A new season has started over Western Canada with its hard work for the farmer, and we sincerely trust that a favorable growing time and abundant yield, with a favorable harvest time, may follow *to amply reward the husbandman for his energy and toil.*

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

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WALL PLASTER

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

Write today for our specification booklet.

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Key to Yesterday

(Continued)

ly, when she reached that port and sailed again without either seeing Saxon or receiving a message from him, she was decidedly surprised, and, though she did not admit it even to herself, she was likewise alarmed.

It happened that one of her fellow passengers on the steamer Orinoco was a tall, grave gentleman, who wore his beard trimmed in the French fashion, and who in his bearing had a certain air of distinction.

On a coast vessel, it was unusual for a passenger to hold himself apart and reserved against the chance companionships of a voyage. Yet, this gentleman did so. He had been introduced by the captain as M. Herve, had bowed and smiled, but since that he had not sought to further the acquaintanceship or to recognize it except by a polite bow or smile when he passed one of the party on his solitary deck promenades.

Possibly, this perfunctory greeting would have been the limit and confine of their associations, had he not chanced to be standing one day near enough to Duska and Steele to overhear their conversation. The voyage was almost ended, and New York was not far off. Long ago, the lush rankness of the tropics had given way to the more temperate beauty of the higher zone, and this beauty was the beauty of early autumn.

Steele was talking of Frederick Marston, and the girl was listening with interest. As long as Saxon insisted on remaining the first disciple, she must of course be interested in his demi-god. Just now, however, Saxon's name was not mentioned. Finally, the stranger turned, and come over with a smile.

"When I hear the name of Frederick Marston," he said, "I am challenged to interest. Would I be asking too much if I sought to join you in your talk of him?"

The girl looked up and welcomed him with her accustomed graciousness, while Steele drew up a camp-stool, and the Frenchman seated himself.

For a while, he listened sitting there, his fingers clasped about his somewhat stout knee, and his face gravely speculative, contributing to the conversation nothing except his attention.

"You see, I am interested in Marston," he at length began.

The girl hesitated. She had just been expressing the opinion, possibly absorbed from Saxon, that the personality of the artist was extremely disagreeable. As she glanced at M. Herve, the thought flashed through her mind that this might possibly be Marston himself. She knew that master's fondness for the incognito. But she dismissed the idea as highly fanciful, and even ventured frankly to repeat her criticism.

At last, Herve replied, with great gravity:

"Mademoiselle, I had the honor to know the great Frederick Marston once. It was some years ago. He keeps keeps himself much as a hermit might in these days, but I am sure that the portion of the story I know is not that of the vain man or of the poseur. Possibly," he hesitated modestly, "it might interest mademoiselle?"

"I'm sure of it," declared the girl.

"Marston," he began, "drifted into the Paris ateliers from your country, callow, morbid, painfully young and totally inexperienced. He was a tall, gaunt boy with a beard that grew hardly as fast as his career, though finally it covered his face. Books and pictures he knew with passionate love. With life, he was unacquainted; at men, he looked distantly over the deep chasm of his bashfulness. Women he feared, and of them he knew no more than he knew of dragons.

"He was eighteen then. He was in the Salon at twenty-two, and at the height of fame at twenty-six. He is now only thirty-three. What he will be at forty, one can not surmise."

The Frenchman gazed for a moment at the spiraling smoke from his cigarette, and halted with the uncertainty of a bard who doubts his ability to do justice to his lay.

"I find the story difficult." He smiled with some diffidence, then continued: "Had I the art to tell it, it would be pathos. Marston was a generous fellow, beloved by those who knew him, but quarantined by his morbid reserve from wide acquaintanceship. Temperament—ah, that is a wonderful thing! It is to a man what clouds and mists are to a land! Without them, there is only arid desert—with too many, there are storm and endless rain and dreary winds. He had the storms and rain and winds in his life—but over all he had the genius! The masters knew that before they had criticized him six months. In a year, they stood abashed before him."

"Go on, please!" prompted Duska, in a soft voice of sympathetic interest.

"He dreaded notoriety, he feared fame. He never had a photograph taken, and, when it was his turn to pose in the sketch classes, where the students alternate as models for their fellows, his nervousness was actual suffering. To be looked at meant, for him, to drop his eyes and find his hands in his way—the hands that could paint the finest pictures in Europe!

"To understand his half-mad conduct, one must understand his half-mad genius. To most men who can command fame, the plaudits of clapping hands are as the incense of triumph. To him, there was but the art itself—the praise meant only embarrassment. His ideal was that of the English poet—a land:

'Where no one shall work for money
And no one shall work for fame—
With none but the master to praise him
And none but the master to blame.'

That was what he wished, and could not have in Paris.

"It was in painting only that he forgot himself, and became a disembodied magic behind a brush. When a picture called down unusual comment from critics and press, he would disappear—remain out of sight for months. No one knew where he went. Once, I remember, in my time, he stayed away almost a year.

"He knew one woman in Paris, besides the models, who were to him impersonal things. Of that one woman alone, he was not afraid. She was a pathetic sort of a girl. Her large eyes followed him with adoring hero-worship. She was the daughter of an English painter who could not paint, one Alfred St. John, who lodged in the rear of the floor above. She herself was a poet who could not write verse. To her, he talked without bashfulness, and for her he felt vast sorrow. Love! Mon dieu, no! If he had loved her, he would have fled from her in terror!

"But she loved him. Then, he fell ill. Typhoid it was, and for weeks he was in his bed, with the papers crying out each day what a disaster threatened France and the world, if he should die. And she nursed him, denying herself rest. Typhoid may be helped by a physician, but the patient owes his life to the nurse. When he recovered, his one obsessing thought was that his life really belonged to her rather than to himself. I have already said he was morbid half to the point of madness. Genius is sometimes so!

"By no means a constant absintheur, in his moods he liked to watch the opalescent gleams that flash in a glass of Pernod. One night, when he had taken more, perhaps, than was his custom, he returned to his lodgings, resolved to pay the debt, with an offer of marriage.

"I do not know how much was the morbidness of his own temperament, and how much was the absinthe. I know that after that it was all wormwood for them both.

"She was proud. She soon divined that he had asked her solely out of sympathy, and perhaps it was at her urging that he left Paris alone. Perhaps, it was because his fame was becoming too great to allow his remaining there longer a recluse. At all events, he went away without warning—fled precipitantly. No one was astonished. His friends only laughed. For a year they laughed, then they became a trifle uneasy. Finally, however, these fears abated. St. John, his father-in-law, admitted that he was in constant correspondence with the master, and knew where he was in hiding. He refused to divulge his secret of place. He said that Marston exacted his promise—that he wanted to hide. Then came new pictures, which St. John handled as his son-in-law's agent. Paris delighted in them. Marston travels about now, and paints. Whether he is mildly mad, or only as mal as his exaggerated genius makes him, I have often wondered."

To be Continued.

WHY NOT TAX THESE?

A tax on all schemers, which, from the inventive genius of idleness, would produce annually at least $900,000.

A tax on all attorneys who were not able to prove that, in the course of a year's practice, one-eighth of their income was got honestly, which, from my knowledge of the fact, would produce half a million.

A tax on all liars, which, on an average of only one in a hundred being a man of truth, would produce a sum not less than sufficient to pay the national debt in two years.

A tax on every person that went to an Italian opera, who did not understand the language; on every person who attended a concert, without a knowledge of music, and on all persons sleeping at church, might produce in one year $500,000.

A tax upon all gentlemen who boasted of female favors that they never received. This, on an average, might be computed a tax on 9,999 men out of ten thousand, who had attained the age of twenty-one years, and would produce, at a moderate interest per capitum an annual revenue of $800,000.

A tax on all slander and backbiting; one Methodist to be considered as four Churchmen, would produce, at a penny per head, ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in the kingdom as subject to duty.

A tax on all young gentlemen who had got an university education and made the grand tour, but who could not construe an ode of Horace or tell in what part of the world the Alps lay. This, on computation, might produce $20,000 yearly.

A tax on mock visits, pretended ailments of body, fictitious headaches, and other incidental nonentities in women of fashion, might render six in ten throughout the higher and second orders of the female world liable to duty.

FOUGHT WOUNDED LEOPARD

A notable native sportsman, Kunwar Anaud Singh, brother of the Raja of Kashipur, recently had a remarkable encounter with a leopard at Kashipur in Haini Tal district.

The Kunwar Sahib was out shooting and unexpectedly came on a leopard about a hundred yards distant from him. He fired with 280 Ross rifle, using a hollow nosed bullet. The bullet struck the beast on the ribs and knocked him down, but apparently it did him no vital damage.

The Kunwar Sahib and his attendants, all on foot, followed up the wounded animal to some long grass, from which the leopard charged, making for one of the attendants. To save his follower the Kunwar Sahib, who is conspicuous in a family famous for personal bravery, shouted and drew the leopard on to himself.

As the brute charged him the Kunwar Sahib fired at him again with his 280. The hollow bullet this time simply burst on the skin without stopping the leopard, and the bolt of the rifle jamming, the Kunwar Sahib was left unprotected against the furious animal, which leaped upon him and bit him on the brow and cheek.

The Kunwar Sahib never lost his presence of mind, and courageously put both his hands into the animal's mouth and held its jaws open. Then followed a struggle between man and leopard which resulted in the leopard being thrown to the ground, and the Kunwar Sahib, getting his hunting knife from his attendant, who had come to his assistance, despatched it.

In the tussle, in addition to the bites on the face, the Kunwar Sahib received some bad wounds in the hand, but medical assistance was speedily available, and he is progressing satisfactorily.

FREDDY AND THE TYPIST

It sometimes happens that an employer brings his two-year-old Freddy to the office, while his wife searches the length, breadth, height and depth of the city for lace, curtains or a sideboard for her husband's birthday surprise.

The stenographer must not lose this grand and glorious opportunity. She must immediately stop her work and go into thrills of rapture over Freddy's curly hair, intellectual forehead, deep, searching eyes, peachy cheeks, sensitive mouth, dear little ears, pearly teeth, firm and determined chin and never, never overlook calling attention to the evident and faithful resemblance he bears to his handsome father.

If Freddy shows a desire to examine her bracelet at close range she shall hand it over at once. If he wishes to see the workings of her revolving chair she shall arise promptly and make the desired explanation with a smiling face. If he manifests a desire to try her new fountain pen, her well-sharpened pencils, or any of the other articles in her tool kit, she shall give them up pleasantly, counting her loss Freddy's gain.

Yes, if she has a good, strong constitution and steady, well-behaved nerves, it will be a splendid and telling stroke of diplomacy to lift the little rascal up on her chair, and let him loose on her typewriter.

While all this devastation is taking place the proud father has heard the excited ejaculations of delight and the squeals of rapture bursting ever and anon from little Freddy's red lips. When, with one fell swoop, the little tow-headed imp, with both hands comes down solidly on the whole keyboard at once, she hears a loud guffaw from the delighted father—then is the time for action. Delays are dangerous! Let her speak out her greatest desire and perhaps, I say, he may possibly let her off at two-thirty for the matinee, if she gets through with her work. It is at once evident that her chance of going to the matinee depends entirely upon the length of Freddy's stay and this in turn depends upon the ability of clerks, floorwalkers and managers of the various stores in assisting his mother to decide between lace curtains and sideboards.

If Freddy overlooks the fact that it would be fun to stand on the keyboard with both feet, the stenographer shall feel that her cup runs over with blessings. There also remains to her the blessed relief and silent exultation of the glorious moment when she can say: "Good-bye, dear, come again"; reserving the right of mental swear words.

PLANTS OR ANIMALS?

Was the cell, which was the origin of organic life on earth, vegetable or animal? Haeckel and his followers hold that it was vegetable and that the cells of animal nature sprang from the vegetable cells, which were the first cells formed. In tracing the grades in the scale of beings it is not possible to define clearly the point where one nature branched off from the other. The scientist has tried in vain to classify the good and the evil and to do his work without invading the field of metaphysics. The animal and vegetable kingdoms are represented as two trees whose roots cling together and intermingle and whose summits are widely separated.

Among the organic refuse cast up by the tides quantities of coraline and vegetable matters are found. Among them there are very fine seaweeds covered with rose and white calcareous armor; some scientists have ranked them among seaweeds; others have classified them as polyps. There is a pretty little water plant, the "marsilia," which closely resembles a grub and sometimes rises on its little feet as if to satisfy some occult impulse. There are plants with systems comparable to the arterial system of the human being. A fragment of the sargassum recalls to mind the ramifications of the human arteries. The sargassum is but one of many peculiar algae, of which there are at least fifteen thousand existing species, but it is the most voluminous member of the family. One of its plants attains a length of three hundred meters. These weeds are the giants of the vegetable world. In the same family there are dwarfs so small that they can be seen only with the microscope. The bacteria of typhoid fever, diphtheria, tetanus, cholera, the plague, and other diseases are of the algae family. While they are all of the vegetable world, they are more dangerous than wolves.

Mosses and lichens are formed by the indissoluble association of a mushroom and an alga. Lichens cover the arid ground, the rocks, trees, and walls; they are gray, yellow, and very often a vivid green.

It is supposed that the "manna" described in Biblical history as "a small white thing like hoar frost," which was seen on the ground when the dew disappeared, was a lichen of the sort common in Europe and is the only nourishment of the reindeer of Lapland. It has been said that were Lapland to be deprived of the reindeer lichen the country would become a desert.

It is probable that the original vegetation of the world's first days of verdure sprang from the deposits of the lichens. Only a few spores of mushrooms and of algae were needed to start plant production in all parts of the globe. The little whitish lichen called the "edible parmelia" is carried all over Asia by the winds and deposited in masses in the Crimea, where the people eat it and feed it to their goats. The debris of the lichens accumulates and prepares the layer of humus soil in which other plants can live. Irish lichen, or moss, is one of the beneficient growths of earth. Many mosses have a commercial value; they may choke the growth of the springing plant, but they serve as filling for the mattresses of the poor, they are used for brooms and brushes, and as they are bad conductors of heat, they are valued as filling for the sides of ice-boxes. Like lichens, moss forms soil, or humus, on the arid ground and makes a bed where other plants may grow. It moderates the floods of the mountain rivers, because its roots are thirsty drinkers, while in the forest it is a feeder of the streams.

The microscope reveals the beautiful tissue of the leaves of the mosses, and the peculiarly minute care taken by nature to preserve them from the extremes of heat and cold. Moss plants are shaped like vases; they are often of elegant and graceful forms. Some of them have rows of cells, one laid above the other, and closed by double ranks of teeth, the outer side shell-like and colored and the inner side diaphaneous and supple. The ranks of the teeth are set in groups which vary in number as the species vary; but the groups in a species always contain the same number of teeth. The teeth vary in number from four to sixty-four. In some species they (the teeth) are clamped over a membrane to form a drum hermetically closed by a cover rounded like a beadle's cap. The cap is covered with a smooth coif trimmed with long yellow hairs. When the plant reaches maturity the cap falls off, the teeth open and close with rhythmic motion, and the spores issue from the heart of the plant, to be carried by the winds, as they have been carried since first the lichen worked for the formation of the verdure of the earth. The movements of mosses and lichens are so like the actions of men that scientists have found reasons for attributing their acrobatic work to an animal origin.

MORE LIGHT

Fresh air enthusiasts are familiar enough to most of us, but we hear less of enthusiasm for light. Darkened parlors, darkened bedrooms, darkened sickrooms, are too common. Sir B. W. Richardson, the eminent London scientist and physician, declared that when the professors of healing enter a sickroom their first words in most cases ought to be Goethe's dying exclamation, "More light! More light!" The light of the sun is God's own microbe-killer, germicide, disinfectant, prophylactic, sickness healer. There is no physician, no chemical antidote, no compounded prescription to be compared with sunlight. Without it, nature could not perform her functions. Man, beast, bird, insect would fall victims to the deadly gases that would prevail. The horrid mists and deadly gases are dispersed and decomposed by the action of light. Let it in, everywhere! Let the light in more and more abundantly. Faded carpets are not as pitiful as faded cheeks. Spoiled cushions are trivial compared with spoiled health. Darkened rooms are too suggestive of darkened lives.

CHICAGO'S WOMAN ENGINEER

Chicago has the distinction of furnishing the first woman recruit to the ranks of the civil and consulting engineers, says a writer in the Technical World Magazine. This is Mrs. Mary E. Ewing, widow of the late William Bion Ewing, one of the most prominent engineers of the middle west, who died last spring. Mrs. Ewing has taken up and is carrying to successful completion work on various sewerage and water systems costing approximately half a million dollars, which her husband had under way or in course of planning at the time of his death. She appeared before the boards of all the villages and the different companies with whom Mr. Ewing had contracts, and it is a remarkable tribute to her technical knowledge and executive ability that each village and each company unhesitatingly passed the contracts into her hands for completion of the work.

Mrs. Ewing's training was secured by assisting her husband with his work, in which she was intensely interested, throughout their married life, a period of twenty-five years. Much of Mr. Ewing's planning for the larger contracts was done in the quiet of their home, and so Mrs. Ewing had an opportunity to observe to the best advantage his methods of work and his solutions of the various problems connected with it. They also read and studied together many of the technical books, while Mrs. Ewing took care of the maps, blue prints, tracings and other drawings, besides otherwise "serving as general office boy," as she expresses it. In addition to this, she went with her husband on many trips of inspection to the scenes of the actual construction, and thus was enabled to become familiar with the practical side of the work.

Although Mrs. Ewing's entrance into a field of work heretofore unexplored by women has created widespread interest and discussion, she herself is the least excited of anyone by reason of her unique situation. She considers it the most natural thing in the world that, being familiar with her husband's work, she should have stepped in and assumed the mantle of his professional duties. She earnestly advocates every woman interesting herself in her husband's profession and associating herself with him in his business, since it not only draws them closer together but has the practical value of making a woman independent and fortifying her against emergency. She considers that civil engineering offers splendid opportunities to women who have inclinations in that direction. In her opinion there is no feature of the work that is outside of a woman's element, and put into actual practice she finds it extremely fascinating.

GERMAN TELEPHONE SERVICE

Telephone lines in Germany are owned and operated by the German government. The telephone service belongs to the post office, and the telephone lines are operated by the imperial postal authorities, except in Bavaria and Wurtemberg, which have maintained their separate postal service. The total number of subscribers in the German empire, including Bavaria and Wurtemberg, it is stated in the recent report, was 591,973 in 1905 and 1,040,849 in 1910. The number of conversations in 1905 was 1,207,446,753 and 1,664,662,521 in 1910. It will be observed that the number of subscribers has increased more rapidly than the number of conversations.

Current Comment

A NATURAL INFERENCE

(From the Victoria Colonist)

When the despatch came from Spokane saying that the man who had shot the city editor of a newspaper there was not guilty of murder, an irr verent reporter remarked that a man who would shoot an editor was entitled to a bonus. The Spokane jury did not go so far as that, but probably looked upon editors as feroces natura, and as such fit sport for any man with a gun, but not on as high a plane as coyotes, for whose noses there is a bounty.

THE OLD LADY'S BROOM

(From the Hamilton Spectator)

Several American governors are in conference at Seattle, one of their objects being to attempt to stem the tide of immigration to Canada. Probably they never heard of the interesting old lady who tried to keep the sea back with a broom.

REPORTED BETTER THAN THEY SPEAK

(From the Toronto Mail and Empire)

In an analysis of complaints against newspapers, the editor of the Hartford (Conn.) Globe says that reporting is frequently far too accurate for the comfort of public men. At least it is certain that there are many occasions when they are reported as saying what they intended to say—and didn't.

A JUST SENTENCE

(From the Vancouver News-Advertiser)

The sentence of two years' imprisonment imposed upon a citizen for receiving payment upon the sale of land which he could not deliver and to which he had not the slightest claim, is eminently just. It is most unfortunate that in every line of business there are engaged a certain number of men utterly devoid of the first principles of decency and integrity. The pity is that they cannot be properly labelled that all may know their true character.

SOME SPORT FOR SURE

(From the Saskatoon Star)

A Winnipeg magistrate says he would shoot joy riders. If that be c es the order there will be a great season's sport ahead.

IT SURE SHOULD

(From the Toronto Mail and Empire)

If the cage in which a prisoner at the Sault Ste. Marie lock-up was roasted to death was not also destroyed, it should at once become the place of custody of the man or men responsible for the absence of the key at the time of the tragedy.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE

(From the Toronto Mail and Empire)

There will be profound regret that the evening of General Booth's life has deepened into the darkness of night. The surgical operation that was intended to remove a cataract from one of his eyes appears to have been a terrible mistake, for total blindness threatens to follow it.

CUSS WORDS BANNED

(From the Toronto Mail and Empire)

The Publicity Commissioner of Moose Jaw had 50,000 postcards sent out, on which was printed the wish that poverty might be consigned to regions other than those of the waste basket—and which contained an invitation to reside in Moose Jaw. The cards were confiscated. There is a limit to the expression of contempt for poverty even as an abstraction. But if Moose Jaw has lost 50,000 cards it has gained five-fold in advertising.

TIME BY THE FORELOCK

(From the Calgary Albertan)

American cities are rectifying the mistakes of the past at enormous cost. The young cities of the Canadian west have made fewer mistakes only because they are younger. While the older cities of the east must undergo painful and expensive operations before their crooked limbs can be made straight the younger cities of the west are mere "ugly ducklings" with the whole future before them in which to grow beautiful.

SOME STRONG MAGNET

(From the British Whig)

So far as the immigrants from Eur pe are concerned, we may be right. But do we ever pause and consider why it is that people should leave like opportunities which are said to be present over the border to come to us? Is there not something more behind it than the mere seeking of what we have to offer in material things? We do not desire to flatter ourselves, but is it not true that there is something in our laws and institutions, something in our spirit of justice, which in no small measure have likewise their magnetic powers? Surely such is the case, there is no gainsaying the fact.

OUR TOWN AND COUNTRY

(From the Davidson Leader)

It does not become a community, any more than an individual, to have a too exalted opinion of itself, its gift, its accomplishment, and its achievement. But, on the other hand, communities, like over-modest individuals, may do themselves grave injustice by remaining in the background, while others, less worthy of consideration by reason of their lesser claim in the matter of inherent qualification or endowment, press forward, and perhaps justifiably occupy the places of distinction that properly belong to better qualified, but more unassuming individuals or communities. That is an old truism put in a new and extended way and its force is borne out and exemplified in the case of our town and district of Davidson. We have hidden our light under a bushel, or, at all events, failed to give it the prominence that is its due.

MAYBE MORE GOT AWAY

(From the Hamilton Spectator)

If figures do not lie, there were but 7,700 convictions for crime in Canada last year, as against 14,448 the year previous. This speaks well for public morality. At the same time it will be very inadvisable to leave one's pocketbook lying around loose.

A COMPLIMENTARY CONVENTION

(From the Montreal Star)

A convention at Seattle to stem the tide of American emigration to Canada, is about the finest compliment that our west has yet received. The hemorrhage is being felt so severely in the American states that their governors feel that they must try to do something about it—a condition of panic which our provinces never reached at the height of "the exodus." But they will not be able to stop the drain. The lure of the Canadian west is too strong. It is felt all over the civilized world; and there is no nation in touch with "the news" which does not see every loose human particle within its boundaries powerfully drawn toward Canada.

WORDS OF WISDOM

(From the Toronto News)

Enormous development is inevitable in the vast empire that lies beyond Lake Superior. Immigrants are flowing in at an unprecedented rate, and any attempt to put a brake on this country would prove futile. No such attempt will be made. It is the business of the banks and of the railways to keep pace with the country.

MRS. MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

(From the Toronto Mail and Empire)

Mary Dubal, of Binghampton, N.Y., has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the Onandaga Penitentiary for beating her husband. It was shown that she was in the habit of abusing him. This unnatural wife is a woman suffragist.

SOME DICKENS LETTERS

Sir Cecil Smith, director of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, with the sanction and cooperation of the board of education, has provided a treat for lovers of Dickens of which hundreds of visitors have availed themselves. To mark the centenary of the world-famous novelist, a "special" Dickens exhibition has been arranged.

The exhibition, which will remain open until October, is added to the permanent Forster bequest exhibition and contains Dickens relics of supreme interest. For it room 83 has been set apart. The display is excellently arranged in three sections—autographs, manuscripts and books. Accompanying these there is a wonderful collection of illustrations, portraits and photographs. The material relating to Dickens' works has been grouped.

Naturally "David Copperfield" at once attracts attention. In this collection are the corrected proofs of the novel, which show that "King Charles' head" was an afterthought, and was only introduced after the manuscript had been sent to the printers. Dickens originally wrote: "Do you recollect the date?" said Mr. Dick, looking earnestly at me, and taking up his pen to note it down, "when that bull got into the china warehouse and did so much mischief?" In the corrected proof Dickens cut out the latter portion and inserted "when King Charles the First had his head cut off?"

The "Oliver Twist" collection is equally interesting. In one letter about the work Dickens wrote: "I hope to do great things with Nancy," and in another to George Cruikshanks he asked the artist to design the last plate again—"I feel confident you know me too well to be hurt by this enquiry, and with equal confidence in you I have lost no time in preferring it." The two designs are placed side by side.

Seemingly the title of "Master Humphrey's Clock" gave Dickens some trouble, for in a letter one reads—"I incline rather more to 'Master Humphrey's Clock' than 'Old Humphrey's Clock,' if so be it that there is no danger of the pensive confounding 'Master' with a boy."

Among other features are the unfinished manuscript of "Edwin Drood"; a corrected proof of the preface to the 1847 edition of "Pickwick," in which Dickens cut out the dedication: "This edition of my books is dedicated to my English readers"; several interesting diaries; playbills with Dickens' name on; many good portraits, and a collection of sketches by Cruikshank. For all who value the work of Dickens, this edition to London's exhibitions is a place to visit.

FACTS ABOUT BREATHING

The amount of air breathed in at one normal inhalation of an average male adult is 500 cubic centimetres, or 30.5 cubic inches; but when taking vigorous exercise, seven times as much.

The total area of the lung surfaces is about 30 square metres or 323 square feet; that of the body, however, only 2 square metres or 21.53 square feet.

An adult breathes ordinarily, in a minute, about 18 times; when doing ordinary physical work, 25 times; when taking vigorous exercise, 60. In case of inflammation of the lungs the respiration takes place at the rate of about 40 breaths a minute.

In the nasal passages the air is warmed more rapidly and thoroughly than when it passes into the lungs through the mouth. Air at a temperature of 6 deg. Cent.—42.8 deg. Fah.—is raised to 32 deg. Cent.—89.6 deg. Fah.—during the short time of an inhalation through the nose. The reason of the more thorough warming by nasal breathing is that the total surface of the nasal passages in the average adult is 100 square centimetres or 15.5 square inches; those of the mouth having an area of only 70 square centimetres or 10.85 square inches. So the nasal passages have 30-70 or 52.85 per cent. more surface, hence greater effective warming power, than the oral.

The story runs that a certain rather prominent gentleman was playing golf. Coming up to his ball, after a drive, he remarked to a looker on: "That's a good lie."

"Yes," returned the other; "you should try your Ananias Club on that, Colonel."

By Order of C. T. McHattie

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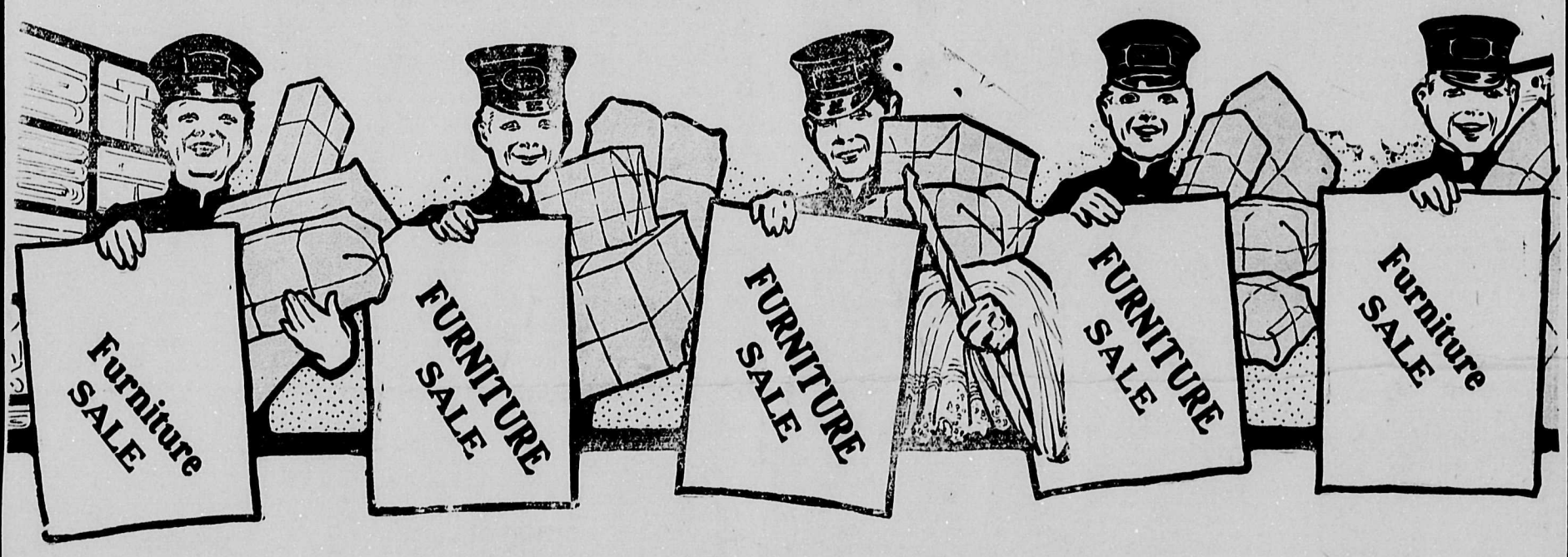

Conditions which make this announcement imperative are explained below. The I. D. Smith Sales Co. of New York, by order of **C. T. McHATTIE, ASSIGNEE,** take possession of Trenholm's Bankrupt Stock, in fact every asset owned and controlled by Trenholm. The I. D. Smith Co. will proceed at once to wind up the affairs at the earliest possible moment to save time and expense.

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Every Day
Until 6 p. m.
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