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Chilliwack Free Press

VOL. 1. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS EACH CHILLIWACK, B. C., THURSDAY, JUNE, 6 1912 C. A. BARBER Editor and Proprietor No. 40

Saw Mill Sold

The executors for the D. B. Hall estate on Tuesday accepted an offer from W. C. Brewer Mt. Lehman, for the D. B. Hall mill. The deal was consumated through the office of Chas. Hutcheson & Co.

Fifty Mining Licenses Issued

During the month of May fifty mining licenses have been issued from the local office by J. Pelly, twenty-two claims recorded and one claim grouped. The total fees amounted to $400.25. The claims taken out were along the Mt. Baker trail and the Chilliwack river.

Chilliwack to Lose Useful Citizen

T. A. C. Collin, head of the dry goods partment of Ashwells departmental store leaves next week to accept a similiar position in Cumberland, Vancouver Island. Mr. Collin will be missed in the store and especially missed by the Boy Scouts of the City of which he has been Master and always a splendid leader for the boys.

May Move Family Here

C. Selley, operator at the B. C. E. R. station, under the agent F. N. George, and formerly relieving agent at Cloverdale, will we understand, shortly move his family to Chilliwack and become a permanent resident. At present Mrs. Selley and daughter are visiting friends at Helena, Montana. Additional families are always welcome to Chilliwack.

Meet at Victoria Next Week.

The annual session of the Grand Lodge, Grand Encampment, Rebekah Assembly and Dept. Council of British Columbia I. O. O. F. will be held at Victoria on June 10, 11, 12 and 13. Jas. Turvey, P. G., and A. E. Nelms, P. G. will represent Excelsior Lodge No 7, Chilliwack and Mrs. R. J. McIntosh will be the delegate from Ruth Rebekah Lodge, Chilliwack.

St. John's Church, Sardis

An afternoon and evening garden party and sale of work, in and of the above will be held on the 20th June at Oporto Lodge, the residence of Mrs. Sellers. During the afternoon there will be tennis, and also competitions and games for the children and a candy stall. An entrance fee of ten cents will be charged. Tea fifteen cents; Strawberries and Cream ten cents; and Ice Cream ten cents. Rigs will meet the one, six and nine o'clock trams to and from Chilliwack.

Knights of Pythias

The election of the Officers at the meeting of Damon Lodge No 44, Chilliwack held on Thursday evening resulted as follows:—P. C., W. H. Siddall; C. C., T. J. Polley; V. C., H. Bettis; P., H. Stallard; K. of R. & S., W. G. Lillie; M. W., T. P. Knight; M. A., J. O'Hearn; M. F., J. Hammar; M. E., C. W. Webb; I. G., C. S. Smith; O. G., M. Riley. Team Captain J. Robinson P. C. who has also been appointed the Deputy Grand Chancellor for this district.

Of Interest to the Ladies

Monday next will be a day of special interest to the members and friends of the Womans' Institute, Mrs. S. K. Davies, of Vancouver, will be the guest of the day. In the afternoon Mrs. Davies will give an address on the timely topic of "Market Gardening." and in the evening she will talk on the intresting subject of "Flower Culture for Pleasure and Profit." Both meetings will be held in the K of P hall. A very cordial invitation is extended to the ladies of the city and valley to be present at these meetings.

Police Report for May

The Police report for May is as follows: under the Indian liquor act, eight; drunk, nine; vagrant, two; riding bicycle on sidewalk, two; furious driving,one; refusing to take out building permit one—total twenty-four. In each case conviction was secured; there were no lismissals, and the total amount of fines paid to the City Clerk was $407.60. Two charged with vagrancy, were sent to the common goal at Westminster for three months each, with hard labor. For giving liquor to Indians, one got three months and one four months, each with hard labor.

Lost at Tennis

Interesting games of tennis were played on Monday afternoon between a team from New Westminster consisting of Messrs. Lloyd, Porritt, Steacy and Shildrick and Messrs. Frost, Pelly, Porteous and Hutcheson of this city, the former winning in a score of six to two in the doubles and six to four in the singles. Mrs. Hewer and Mrs. Pelly served tea during the afternoon. Onthe regular court day Mrs. Duthie assisted the Misses Rutherford had charge of the tea tables, the weather being most excellent on both days for playing.

Prompt Action Saves Residence.

The residence of E. J. Dickie on De Wolfe avenue, had a narrow escape from total destruction by fire on Monday afternoon. The fire was discovered by Chas. Dolman who was driving along the road, and to his prompt and efficient efforts are due the credit of saving the house from being a total loss. The fire brigade responded promptly it being just twelve minutes from the time the alarm was sounded until the brigade was ready for action on the spot a mile and a quarter distant from the hall. The fire was under control by the time the brigade arrived, the damage amounting to about $400. The family was at Cultus lake at the time and how the fire started is a mystery.

Death of Former Clergyman

The following dispatch appeared in the Vancouver News Advertiser and refers to the death of an old time church of England minister at Chilliwack, of whom old timers will remember as a minister wholly devoted to the cause he represented, and whose work here was of much benefit. "Rev. R. Baskett aged 60, well known throughout Canada for his immigration work, was found dead in bed on May 30 at his hotel at Montreal. He was ordained in 1876 and came to Canada soon after. He was a pioneer clergyman in British Columbia, and rector of Chilliwack, also chaplain to the bishop of New Westminster. He returned to England in 1883, and had made many trips since with parties of settlers."

To Eliminate Long Credits

The Chilliwack Merchants' Association now conducts monthly meetings at which common interests are discussed. At present the association is engaged in formulating a scheme whereby it will be decided to curtail long credits. A thirty day credit is the idea aimed at by the method being adopted and which will become the limit of credit given. There is nothing fair either to merchant or customer in longer terms of credit and the sooner shorter credits are established the better it will be for all concerned. Long and poor credits are a bugbear to successful trade or civic development and in the retail trade under present conditions of competition their continuance is the essence of poor business.

Wanted at Chilliwack

An individual giving his name as A. Barlow and who has been in the employ of R. J. McIntosh as clerk in the shoe store, to all appearances did the "vamoose" act on Sunday morning leaving recently contracted credits among local business men to the amount of about $250 it is reported. Barlow is a married man and on Saturday sold his household effects, and on Sunday he and his wife left presumeable for Vancouver where Mrs. Barlow was going to visit friends, Barlow to return on Monday evening. His non-arrival caused Mr. McIntosh to do a little investigating, when he soon discovered that a handsome hand bag had disappeared from the store. Later it became known that two suits of clothes, a gold watch, and a quantity of ladies' apparel, all of recent purchase, were unpaid for. Mr. McIntosh at once had a warrant issued for his arrest and Chief Derby went to Vancouver on Tuesday evening in search of the missing man.

H. J. Barber is having a plate glass front put in the office recently occupied by the Bank of Montreal, and also a new front in the shop occupied by Sam Pugh. Mr. Barber's entire block will now be fitted with a plate glass front.

Sold Furniture Business

Yesterday a deal was consummated by which W. B. Trenholm disposes of his big stock of furniture and house furnishings to G. P. Chamberlain, and the latter is now in possession. It will be three years tomorrow since Mr. Trenholm started in the furniture business in Chilliwack in a very modest way. In the meantime he has developed an ever increasing trade and by his enterprise had one of the finest furniture stores and stocks of furniture and furnishings to be found in the smaller cities of British Columbia, and one which was a credit to the owner and to the city. Mr. Trenholm has not decided as to what his future plans will be and may continue to reside in Chilliwack. Mr. Chamberlain the purchaser will continue the business in the present fine stand until his new store on Wellington street is completed. In the interval he is conducting a special sale to reduce the stock.

Hospital Report for May

There were patients to the number of eight treated in the city hospital during the month of May all of whom have returned to their homes, well. The donations received for the month were as follows: White spread and Japanese screen, Mrs. G. H. W. Ashwell, grass chair, Mr. Beldam, arm chair, slippers and magazines, Mr. S. A. Parsons, seeds and milk, Mrs. Rutherford, 13 jars of fruit, Mrs. G. Preston, Sardis, bag potatoes, Mr. W. P. Hastings, magazines, Mrs. Joe Burton, two quarts cream, Price Bros., rubber ring, Mrs. Vanderhoof, magazines Mr. Hulbert, flower vases, Mrs. White and Mrs. Hinchliffe, Marmalade, Mrs. H. J. Barber, jam, Mrs J. Broe, clock, Mr. F. Joudry, butter and eggs Mrs. C. H. Cowen, flowers, Mrs. Parry and Mrs. Day and Myra Marshall, marmalade and bed room slippers Mrs. R. J. Douglas.

The Opera House in Good Shape

The most timid patron of the Opera house in regard to its safety, may now have his or her fears set aside indefinitely. Under the management of L. J. Thomas, the proprietor Mr. Rorison, has made ample protection from fire, and for the elimination of risk in the event of such a contingency, and has made it it a comparatively easy matter to empty the hall in a very short time. The electrical apparatus and the scenery are well protected, while smoking on the stage is prohibited. One fireman is stationed on the stage, one in the centre of the hall, and one in the gallery during performances, while fire extinguishers, fire hose, fire escapes and ladders, and fire exits are provided. The fire exits provide for the emptying of a house of much larger seating capacity than the Opera house. All exits are protected and properly lighted and designated. Between $600 and $700 has been expended in these improvements. On Tuesday Ald. Carleton, Chairman of the Fire, Water and Light Committee, Chief Thos. Knight of the Fire Brigade, and members of the press were shown through the house and all agree that ample and adequate protection has been provided. There is a report that the foundations are decayed and the that the building is unsafe from that quarter. The Free Press was shown the foundations which consist of a concrete cement wall, twenty-two inches wide on top, around the entire building, and in addition seven cross walls and three running lengthwise. These walls will average twelve to eighteen inches above ground and joists and planking are both sound. There would appear to be no real cause for apprehension from that standpoint, either in the use of the hall for dancing or entertainment purposes.

D. E. Munn spent Tuesday at Westminster on business. Mr. Munn assumes his new position as manager for the Vancouver office early next week. W. L. Macken takes charge of Chilliwack office this week.

Dr. W. H. Lambert of New Westminster, Graduate of Toronto University, late of London Eng., eye, ear, nose and throat exclusively; will be in Chilliwack from one p. m. to five, at room 3 Hart block on Saturday of each week, opening June 8.

TO DRILL FOR OIL

Another step was taken yesterday afternoon in the scheme to develop the oil and gas fields which are believed by many to be beneath the floor of the valley. A meeting of the shareholders in the Chilliwack Oils, Limited, and local business men, which Company has transferred its holdings to the Colonial Oil Co., took up the proposition of the latter company to invest $50,000 in drilling for oil, the citizens of the Valley to invest a similar sum. H. J. Barber, president of the former company and a director on the Colonial Oil Co., outlined briefly the history of the movement since the organization of the Chilliwack Oils, Ltd., seven years ago, and then introduced Mr. Hosam, representing the Colonial Co., who emphasised the probability of finding oil and gas in the valley in paying quantities, and outlining the proposal made by the Company. R. C. Barwell, secretary of the Chilliwack Co. read the report of F. W. McCraney, a prominent mining engineer. Mr. McCraney gave it as his opinion, from evidences he had discovered, that there was both gas and oil, but whether it existed in paying quanties or not could only be known definitely by proper drilling. The formations were very favorable and the field was one of the easiest developed that he knew of. A general discussion followed, the gist of which was that the belief was held that oil and gas does exist in paying quantities, and from the point of determining the reality or otherwise of such, in the interests of the development of the Valley from an industrial standpoint, and on a strictly business basis, investment was considered a step in the right direction. In the event of failure to tap the hoped for oil or gas, the investmentment would not be wholly lost locally, and the prominence given the district through the instituting of operations would be of considerable benefit. The conditions of investment regarding the Colonial Oil Co., and the reported standing of the Company were set forth in an article published in last issue. A committee comprising C. Hutcheson, A. S. Watson, W.L. Macken, Jas. Munro, A. L. Coote, and H. J. Barber, was appointed to solicit investment and push the proposition to a successful issue. Before the meeting dispersed a considerable amount was subscribed. It might be stated that samples of gas secured have proven to be of a very high grade from analysis made at Victoria and Kingston. In addition to the evidences found of oil and gas, a high grade of coal for cokeing purposes has been traced all along the foot hills, as well as two grades of fire clay. The development of the coal areas, or the discovery of oil and gas, would be of untold value to the Valley, and it is hoped that a thorough test will be the result of the present effort. The investment of $50,000 for this purpose would look very small in the event of a realization of expectations.

ROSEDALE

A splendid site has been purchased by the committee of the Church of England from Chas. Munro for the erection of a new Church and Vicarage. Everything is being pushed forward, and we hope to see the work of preparing the foundations begun this week. On Thursday June 13 at 3 p. m. there will be a sale of work in connection with the womens' auxiliary. Tea with strawberries and ice-cream will be provided. There will also be a concert in the evening at 8 o'clock. The proceeds will be given towards the general church funds.

THE BOY SCOUTS

Both troops of Baden-Powell Scouts were present at the cantata "Eva" given in the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening June 4. The Scouts were epecially invited by the W.C.T.U. under whose auspices the cantata was given. The boys greatly enjoyed the singing and were specially tickled when Scoutmaster Alex. Turnbull came forward to take part in a quartette. On Friday the Boys are the specially invited guests of Mr. Bowes at the Picture Show.

OF INTEREST TO FRUIT GROWERS.

A local industry which should be very prominent in the minds of a large majority of the valley people during the next five or six months is the Chilliwack Canning and Preserving Co., Limited. No one and no fruit grower especially should forget the fact that the valley has a real live industry of this kind. The company is putting forth every effort to meet the demands of the grower and consumer, the co-operation of the grower is one of the necessary conditions to the production of a saleable product and a successful business. The plant has been enlarged and new and improved machinery has been instailed to facilitate an economical and efficient handling of the various varieties of fruits grown by local people. One very necessary condition to a larger profit to the grower and better returns to the Cannery, is that the grower deliver his products to the factory in a thoroughly good condition, not too green and not too ripe—in fact just in the same condition as he would wish it to be, were it served on his own table. A wholesome and palatable food cannot be made from fruit which is over ripe or too green. Wholesome raw fruit will produce a good and saleable article, which produces pleased customers and an increased demand at the top prices, thus redounding to the advantage of the grower and manufacturer. An increased market means increased acreage and larger profits. C. F. Smith and his assistant Mr. Grooms are both experienced men in the canning and preserving of fruits while the business end under the direction of J. H. Ashwell will be energetically and wisely managed. In the matter of employees, it is desirous that as much local help as possible be secured and the Free Press is assured that all employees will be treated in a gentlemanly and courteous manner by those in charge of the work.

BASE BALL NEWS

Thursday last at the fair grounds, Chilliwack and Sardis played their first game in the Fraser Valley League and the home team won easily 28 to 5. Sardis expected to play some of the Institute boys but they could not get off from school. The Chilliwack boys played a good game considering the condition of the ground and lack of practice. Kipp, Jackson and Orr of the High school played with the home team and showed they can play nice ball. Young Kipp batted in great form hitting the ball on the nose for safe hits each time he faced the pitcher. Hall, Barnett and Bobby Orr played fast in the field and with a little more practice should make a very strong infield with Davis at second. Next Thursday at 3 o'clock the Cubs and Grays play at the fair grounds. This should be a very close and hard fought game as the Cubs are in fine condition and will play fast ball from now on. The grounds will be put in shape before the game.

NOTES

Bert Thuston former pitcher for Chilliwack is playing with teams in Vancouver.

Woods who caught here last season is playing with the University of Washington.

Rosedale look to have the cup at their mercy, but base ball is very uncertain. They are very strong in the box with a great bunch of hitters.

Sardis plays at Rosedale next Saturday which will make two won and none lost toward that big Gold Cup for Rosedale.

Maroon of the Cubs pitched a good game against Rosedale on the 24th and will be hard to beat tomorrow.

The manager who had charge of the fruit exhibit at the Toronto Fair last year was in the valley last week, and highly complimented H. Kipp on the excellence of his exhibit. Mr. Kipp was an easy winner of first prize for the "Yellow Egg" plum.

An altercation arose between E. L. Stover, of Prince Rupert and C. J. Hatch, on Wellington street last Friday which cost the two men $25 and $20 respectively the following day upon information being laid by the Mayor. The license of the Commercial hotel was suspended for one week in addition to the fine.

June Weddings

CAIRNS—JOHNSON

A pretty June wedding was solemnized at Carman Methodist church on Wednesday afternoon at three-thirty o'clock when Miss Kate Cairns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cairns, Sardis, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Mr. Frederick W. Johnson, also of Sardis, Rev. Dr. White being the officiating clergyman. The church was beautifully decorated for the happy occasion by the choir of which the bride was a valued member, the bridal party standing under an arch from which hung a floral wedding bell. The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father, to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March played effectively by Miss Carrie Knight, and looked exceedingly well in her gown of silk net over messaline, trimmed with silk applique and fringe with the conventional veil and orange blossoms, and carrying a lovely bouquet of bride's roses and fern. Miss Bertha Cairns made a charming bridesmaid dressed in pale green silk, with pretty hat and carrying a bouquet of pink carnations and ferns. Mr. Blake Monkhouse ably supported the groom. During the signing of the register, Miss Bessie White sang "Beloved it is Morn" in a particularly pleasing manner. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch and chatelaine brooch, to the bridesmaid a pearl crescent pin, and to the groomsman a watch fob. After the ceremony the friends were received at Mr. and Mrs. Cairn's home where a dainty lunch was waiting. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left on the six o'clock tram amid showers of confetti for a trip to Prince Rupert, Stewart, and Queen Charlotte Islands, the bride travelling in a smart suit of navy blue serge with hat and blouse to match. The many and handsome gifts received testify to the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are held in the community. Among the out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. Cairns and Mrs. Easton, Vancouver and Mr. H. Cairns of the staff of Vancouver post office.

SNIDER—MCGILLIVRAY

A quiet wedding took place at the Methodist church on Wednesday morning when Miss Helen McGillivray daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. McGillivray was united in marriage to Mr. William Stephen Snider, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Snider, all of this city. The ceremony was peformed by Rev. A. E. Roberts in the presence of the father and mother of both bride and groom and Mrs. Roberts. Mr. and Mrs. Snider left on the 8.30 tram for the coast and on their return will reside at Cheam.

THACKERY—THURLBY

On June 1, at St. Thomas' Church Chilliwack, B. C., by Rev. Canon Hinchliffe, B.A., John Owen Makepeace Thackeray, son of the late Edwin Latham Thackeray of Plas Daugehau Ruthin Denbighshire, Wales and Mrs. E. L. Thackery, Sandon Cottage, Grantham, England, to Emily Thurlby, second daughter of the late John Thurlby of Frieston House, Caythorpe, England.

SAUER—GRIMMITT

R. F. Grimmett and Miss Eva Sauer, both of Vancouver, were married at the Methodist parsonage by the Rev. A. E. Roberts. The happy couple came to Chilliwack by the auto route and were accompanied by the bride's mother. They returned to the Terminal city the same evening, Tuesday.

Mrs. S. Extence and son Harry, of Vancouver, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ramsdell during the week end. While here Mrs. Extence purchased through F. J. Hart & Co. lots 19 and 20, on the south side of Gore avenue, from Mrs. Jane Baker, New Westminster. It is the intention of Mrs. Extence to erect a residence on the property early in the fall and make her home in Chilliwack.

The regular monthly meeting of the Chilliwack Hospital Board will be held in the vestry of the Methodist Church on Saturday afternoon June 8, at 2.30.

ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued)

Maturing Plans

It was Rafferty who helped me turn this over in a real estate deal in which he was interested. I made six hundred dollars by that. Everything Rafferty touched now seemed to turn to money. One reason was that he was thrown in contact with money-makers all of whom were anxious to help him. He received any number of tips from those eager to win his favor. Among the tips were many that were legitimate enough, like the one he shared with me, but there were also many that were not quite so above-board. But to Dan all was fair in business and politics. Yet I don't know a man I'd sooner trust upon his honor in a purely personal matter. He wouldn't graft from his friends, however much he might from the city. In fact, his whole code as far as I could see was based upon this unswerving loyalty to his friends and scrupulous honesty in dealing with them. It was only when honesty became abstract that he couldn't see it. You could put a thousand dollars in gold in his keeping without security and come back twenty years later and find it safe. But he'd scheme a week to frame up a deal to cheat the city out of a hundred dollars. And he'd do it with his head in the air and a grin on his face. I've seen the same thing done by educated men who knew better. I wouldn't trust the latter with a ten cent piece without first consulting a lawyer.

The money I had saved didn't represent all my capital. I had as my chief asset the gang of men I had drilled. Everything else being equal they stood ready to work for me in preference to any other man in the city. In fact their value as a machine depended on me. If I had been discharged and another man put in my place the gang would have resolved itself again into merely one hundred day laborers. Nor was this my only other asset. I had established myself as a reliable man in the eyes of a large group of business men. cut loose with my men and leave out Dan and his influence. He stood ready to back me not only financially but personally. And he knew me well enough to know this would not involve anything but a business obligation on my part.

With these things in mind, then, I felt ready to take a radical departure from the routine of my life when the opportunity came. But I made up my mind I would wait for the opportunity. I must have a chance which would not involve too much capital and in which my chief asset would be the gang. Furthermore, it must be a chance that I could use without resorting to pull. Not only that but it must be something on which I could prove myself to such good advantage that other business would be sure to follow. I couldn't cut loose with any men and leave them stranded at the end of a single job.

I watched every public proposal and analyzed them all. I found that they very quickly resolved themselves into Dan's crowd. I kept my ears wide open for private contracts, but by the time I heard of any I was too late. So I waited for perhaps three months. Then I saw in the daily paper what seemed to me my opportunity. It was an open bid for some park construction which was under the guardianship of a commission. It was a grading job and so would require nothing but the simplest equipment. I looked over the ground and figured out the gang's part in it first. Then I went to Rafferty and told him what I wanted in the way of terms. I wanted only the carts and horses—I would put my own men to work with them. I asked him to take my note for the cost.

"I'll take your word, Carleton," he said. That's enough."

But I insisted on the note. He finally agreed and offered to secure for me anything I wanted for the work.

I went back to Ruth and we sat down and figured the matter all over once again. We stripped it down to a figure so low that my chief profit would came on the time I could save with my machine. I allowed for the scantiest profit on dirt and rock though I had secured a good option on what I needed of this. I was lucky in finding a short haul though I had had my eye on this for some time. Of one thing I was extremely careful—to make my estimate large enough so that I couldn't possibly lose anything but my profit. Even if I wasn't able to carry out my hope of being able to speed up the gang I should be able to pay my bills and come out of the venture even.

Ruth and I worked for a week on it and when I saw the grand total it took away my breath. I wasn't used to dealing in big figures. They frightened me. I've learned since then that it's a good deal easier in some ways to deal in thousands than it is in ones. You have wider margins, for one thing. But I must confess that now I was scared. I was ready to back out. When I turned to Ruth for the final decision, she looked into my eyes a second just as she did when I asked her to marry me and said:

"Go after it, Billy. You can do it."

That night I sent in my estimate endorsed by Dan and a friend of his and for a month I waited. I didn't sleep as well as usual, but Ruth didn't seem to be bothered. Then one night when I came home I found Ruth at the outside door waiting for me. I knew the thing had been decided. She came up to me and put her hand on my shoulder and patted me.

"It's yours, Billy," she said.

My heart stopped beating for a moment and then it went on again beating a dozen ticks to the second.

The next day I closed up my options. I went to Corkery, gave my notice and told him what I was going to do. He was madder than a hornet. I listened to what he had to say and went off without a word in reply. He was so unreasonable that it didn't seem worth it. That noon I rounded up the men and told them frankly that I was going to start in business for myself and needed a hundred men. I told them also that this first job might last only four or five weeks and that while I had nothing definite in mind after that I was in hopes to secure in the meanwhile other contracts. I said this would be largely up to them. I told them that I didn't want a man to come who wasn't willing to take the chance. Of course it was something of a chance because Corkery had been giving them steady employment. Still it wasn't a very big chance, because there was always work for such men.

I watched anxiously to see how they would take it. I felt that the truth of my theories were having their hardest test. When they let out a cheer and started towards me in a mass I saw blurry.

I'll never forget the feeling I had when I started out in the morning that first day as an independent contractor; I'll never forget my feeling as I reached the work an hour ahead of my men and waited for them to come straggling up. I seemed closer than ever to my ancestors. I felt as my great-great-grandfather must have felt when he cut loose from the Massachusetts colony and went off down into the unknown Connecticut. I was full enough of confidence, but I knew that a month might drive me back again. Deeper than this trivial fear, however, there was something bigger—something finer. I was a free man in a larger way than I had ever been before. It made me feel an American to the very core of my marrow.

The work was all staked out, but before the men began I called them all together. I didn't make a speech; I just said:

"Men—I've estimated that this can be done by an ordinary bunch of men in forty days; I've banked that you can do it in thirty. If you succeed, it gives me profit enough to take another contract. Do the best you can."

There wasn't a mother's son among them who didn't appreciate my position. There were a good many who knew Ruth and knew her through what she had done for their families, and these understood it even better. The dirt began to fly and it was a pretty sight to watch. I never spoke again to the men. I simply directed their efforts. I spent about half the time with a shovel in my hands myself. There was scarcely a day when Ruth didnt come out to watch the work with an anxious eye, but after the first week there was little need for anxiety. I think she would have liked to take a shovel herself. One Saturday Dick came out and actually insisted upon being allowed to do this. The men knew him and liked to see such spirit.

Well, we clipped ten days from my estimate, which left me with all my bills paid and with a handsome profit. Better still, I had secured on the strength of Carleton's gang another contract.

The night I deposited my profit in the bank, Ruth quite unconsciously took her pad and pencil and sat down by my side as usual to figure up the household expenses for the week. We had been a bit extravagant that week because she had been away from the house a good deal. The total came to four dollars and sixty-seven cents. When Ruth had finished I took the pad and pencil away from her and put it in my pocket.

"There's no use bothering your head any more over these details," I said.

She looked at me almost sadly.

"No, Billy," she said, with a sigh, "there isn't, is there?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Once Again a New Englander

During all those years we had never seen or heard of any of our old neighbors. They had hardly ever entered our thoughts except as very occasionally the boy ran across one of his former playmates. Shortly after this, however, business took me out into the old neighborhood and I was curious enough to make a few inquiries. There was no change. My trim little house stood just as it then stood and around it were the other trim little houses. There were a few new houses and a few newcomers, but all the old-timers were still there. I met Grover, who was just recovering from a long sickness. He didn't recognize me at first. I was tanned and had filled out a good deal.

"Why, yes," he said, after I had told my name. "Let me see, you went off to Australia or somewhere, didn't you, Carleton?"

"I emigrated," I answered.

He looked up eagerly.

"I remember now. It seems to have agreed with you."

"You're still with the leather firm?" I inquired.

He almost started at this unexpected question.

"Yes," he answered.

His eyes turned back to his trim little house, then to me as though he feared I was bringing him bad news.

"But I've been laid up for six weeks," he faltered.

I knew what was troubling him. He was wondering whether he would find his job when he got back. Poor devil! If he didn't, what would become of his trim little house? Grover was older by five years than I had been when the axe fell.

I talked with him a few minutes. There had been a death or two in the neighborhood and the children had grown up. That was the only change. The sight of Grover made me uncomfortable, so I hurried about my business, eager to get home again.

God pity the poor? Bah! The poor are all right if by poor you mean the tenement dwellers. When you pray again pray God to pity the middle-class American on a salary. Pray that he may not lose his job; pray that if he does it shall be when he is very young; pray that he may find the route to America. The tenement dwellers are safe enough. Pray—and pray hard—for the dwellers in the trim little houses of the suburbs.

I've had my ups and downs, and profits and losses since I entered business for myself, but I've come out at the end of each year well ahead of the game. I never made again as much in so short a time as I made on that first job. One reason is that as soon as I was solidly on my feet I started a profit sharing scheme, dividing with the men what was made on every job over a certain per cent. Many of the original gang have left and gone into business for themselves of one sort and another, but each one when he went, picked a good man to take his place and handed down to him the spirit of the gang.

Dick went through college and is now in my office. He's a hustler and is going to make a good business man. But thank God he has a heart in him as well as brains. He hopes to make "Carleton and Son" a big firm some day, and he will. If he does, every man who faithfully and honestly handles his shovel will be part of the big firm. His idea isn't to make things easy for the men; it's to preserve the spirit they come over with and give them a share of the success due to that spirit.

We didn't move away from our dear, true friends until the other boy came. Then I bought two or three deserted farms outside the city—fifty acres in all. I bought them on time and at a bargain. I'm trying another experiment here. I want to see if the pioneer spirit won't bring even these worn-out acres to life. I find that some of my foreign neighbors have made their old farms pay even though the good Americans who left them nearly starved to death. I have some cows and chickens and pigs and am using every square foot of the soil for one purpose or another. We pretty nearly get our living from the farm now.

We entertain a good deal, but we dont entertain our new neighbors. There isnt a week, summer or winter, that I dont have one or more families of Carletons gang out here for a half holiday. It's the only way I can reconcile myself to having moved from among them. Ruth keeps v ry closely in touch with them all and has any number of schemes to help them. Her pet one just now is for us to raise enough cows so that we can sell fresh milk at cost to those families which have kiddies.

Dan comes out to see us every now and then. He's making ten dollars to my one. He says he's going to be mayor of the city some day. I told him I'd do my best to prevent it. That didn't seem to worry him.

"If ye was an Irishmon, now," he said, "I'd be after sittin' up nights in fear of ye. But ye ain't."

I'm almost done. This has been a hard job for me. And yet it's been a pleasant job. It's always pleasant to talk about Ruth. I found that even by taking away her pad and pencil I didn't accomplish much in the way of making her less busy. Even with three children to look after instead of one she does just as much planning about the housework. And we dont have sirloin steaks even now. We don't want them. Our daily fare doesn't vary much from what it was in the tenement.

Ruth just came in with Billy, Jr., in her arms and read over these last few paragraphs. She says she's glad I'm getting through with this because she doesn't know what I might tell about next. But there's nothing more to tell about except that today, as at the beginning, Ruth is the biggest thing in my life. I can't wish any better luck for those trying to fight their way out than they may find for a partner half as good a wife as Ruth. I wouldn't be afraid to start all over again today with her by my side.

(The End)

AMONG EGYPT'S GODS

To-day we may all stand among the initiated of Egypt's priest-hood. We really know more of the esoteric belief of ancient Egypt than the average Egyptian in ancient times ever knew concerning his own faith.

It was only to be expected that one day should be found at Abydos this special plan of worship of its ruling deity, the "Great Judge of the Dead." That this sanctuary should be a part of the temple dedicated to the worship of the dead, with special apartments for the celebration of the Osirian rites, is very natural and fitting. A line drawn through the axis of Seti's temple, the Osierion and the desert pylon of the temenos wall continues to the royal tombs. Here, close to the tomb of Zer, re-used as the tomb of Osiris, were found four buried figures of Osiris moulded from mud.

This is the Osiris of vegetation and generation referred to in the texts as "He who is on his sand." "Nothing is made living without him, the Lord of Life." And in a hymn of the time of Rameses IX. Osiris is worshipped as the god from whom all life comes: "Thou art praised, thou who stretchest out thine arms, who sleepest on thy side, who liest on the sand, the lord of the ground, the earth lies on thine arm and its corners upon thee from here to the four supports of heaven. Shouldst thou move then trembles the earth. Thou art the father and mother of mankind; they live on thy breath, they subsist on the flesh of my body." So sang the Egyptian psalmist of the twentieth dynasty.

The festival of Osiris as Lord of the Sand is most picturesque as observed at Abydos. Within the beautiful temple of Seti, to which the Osireion leads, is the chamber of the resurrection of Osiris, where part of the ceremony must have been performed, as the presence of the cow goddess Shenty was essential, and in this chamber she presides over the prostrate form of the dead god in a colored bas-relief. A hollow statuette of pure gold was made in the likeness of the god Osiris in his mummified form wearing the high white crown of upper Egypt, type of the heavenly, celestial Egypt, enclosed in a black copper reliquary.

On the 12th of Khoiack four hin of sand and one hin of barley were put into the statuette, which was then laid in the "garden" with rushes over it and under it. The garden was in the "House of Shenty" and was made of stone four-square and resting on four pillars. The statuette was decorated with a necklace and a blue flower laid beside it. On the 21st of Khoiack the sand and barley were removed and dry incense substituted. Four days later the statuette was brought out and laid on its bier and buried in a small shrine of a single block of stone.

Although the ceremony was observed in other nomes special deference was paid to the Abydos festival as the veritable abode of Osiris, and a simpler symbolism was followed elsewhere. At Busiris the festival did not begin till the 20th of Khoiack, when the barley and the sand were put into the "garden" in the "House of Shenty." Then fresh inundation water was poured out of a golden vase over both the goddess and the garden and the barley was allowed to grow as the emblem of the resurrection of the god after his burial in the earth, "for the growth of the garden is the growth of the divine substance."

It is a far cry from the first primitive pan grave with its solitary offering jar to the overwhelmingly intricate mysticism of the Osireion. Yet each in its cycle expresses the one belief that underlies all Egyptian research. Look back into the darkness of the past as we will, question as closely as we may the cumulative evidence of offering and inscription, and we find the Egyptian steadily looking forward to an eternal future.

FOUR NEW ANIMALS

N. Hollister, assistant curator of the division of mammals, United States National Museum, announces the discovery of four new animals from the Canadian Rockies, in a paper published by the Smithsonian Institution. During last summer a small party of naturalists from the institution accompanied the expedition of the Alpine Club of Canada to the Mount Robson region, where they made the first natural history collection ever taken in that vicinity. The natural history work of the expedition was under the charge of Mr. Hollister. He paid especial attention, however, to the mammals, four of which he describes, a chipmunk, a mantelled ground-squirrel and two bats. All the specimens come from the neighborhood of Mount Robson, which lies in one of the wild and unexplored parts of British Columbia, at about 14,500 feet elevation.

The chipmunk is a new species and all the specimens of it come from the region along the boundary line between British Columbia and Alberta, from Yellowhead Pass northward. The ground-squirrel is a beautifully marked and highly-colored form of the genus, and was found living in the alpine meadows and rocks of the snow-covered region above timberline. The head and shoulders are a rich and glossy Mars brown and the sides are marked by conspicuous lateral stripes. While the two new species of bats resemble some well-known forms, externally they are quite distinct and readily distinguishable by the shape of the skull. One of them, curiously enough, most resembles a species known only from Mexico.

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KING ALFONSO'S LEGACY

The affair of the legacy of $500,000 bequeathed to King Alfonso by M. Albert Sapene, a wealthy landowner, recently came before the president of the Civil Court at Saint-Gaudens, France, Maitre de Mariball pleading on behalf of his majesty, and Maitre Thevenin for the niece of the deceased, who disputes the will.

It is a very curious case. M. Sapene died at a lunatic asylum in October last year, and when his will was opened at the office of the Civil Court, it was ascertained, with considerable surprise, that he had left the whole of his fortune, as well as his titles of nobility and his orders, to the King of Spain. The fortune existed—of that there could be no doubt whatever—but M. Sapene had no right to any title; nor, again, had he ever been decorated. But, as the will was drawn up in due form, its stipulations with regard to the fortune were about to be carried out, when the niece of the testator came forward as his natural heiress to dispute the will, particular stress being also laid on the fact that M. Sapene had been in an asylum since 1908, and that the very terms of the testament which was drawn up in 1911, tended to indicate that he was not in his right mind.

There had since been an impression that King Alfonso had, in these circumstances, decided on giving up all claim to the legacy, but this was found to be an error.

A LITTLE TORTURE IN RUSSIA

Apparently there are extremes of officialdom not to be tolerated in Russia itself. Two non-commissioned officers of gendarmery and a peasant have have been tried at Elisabetgrad before the Odessa Circuit Court on the charge of savagely maltreating a prisoner, with the result that he died from his injuries. The prisoner—a peasant—was accused of having stolen the fur coat of a railway traveller. He stoutly denied his guilt. In order to extort a confession, the two gendarmes, aided by a peasant whose services they enlisted, pounded him with their fists, kicked him, struck him with a poker, and burned his body with a red-hot soldering iron.

Unable to stand the torture, the prisoner at length said that he had stolen the coat and had hidden it in a certain barn. As it was not found there the gendarmes recommenced their barbarities and inflicted such injuries on their victim that he died the same night.

The medical evidence showed that the bones of both forearms were broken, and that the body was a mass of burns and contusions.

The gendarmes were sentenced to two and a half years' and one year's imprisonment respectively.

Similar stories of the maltreatment of prisoners come from Smolensk. A boy of fourteen recently hanged himself owing to his mind becoming unhinged by the brutality to which he was subjected. He had been accused—apparently wrongfully—of some petty theft. He was flogged and beaten by a police officer and a rural guard, and for four days was attached to the shafts of a cart and forced to keep pace with the horse. A doctor testified that he had found eleven weals on the boy's body. The police officer was sentenced to four months' imprisonment. The rural guard was acquitted.

WHY SAUERKRAUT EXPLODES

That German delicacy sauerkraut is made in large quantities in this country, and tons and tons of cabbage are shredded up to supply the demand. The Germans stoutly declare that all of their kraut is strictly hand made and that the imported kind is vastly superior to the American machine made article. They say that there is no way to obtain the long, slender delicate tendrils of cabbage of which the finest quality of sauerkraut should be made other than by having it sliced up with a sharp knife in the hands of a skilled workman. Nevertheless the greater part of the sauerkraut eaten over here is the product of an American labor saving method.

The cabbages from which the sauerkraut is made in this neighborhood come largely from the northern part of the State, although the greatest cabbage growing section of this country is out in central Ohio. From $2 to $2.50 a ton is paid to the farmers who specialize in cabbage raising and very often the supply is not large enough to meet the demand, thus making it necessary for sauerkraut makers sometimes almost to suspend operations until the cabbage crop looks up.

Sauerkraut does not look like a particularly highly volatile substance when it appears on a platter alongside of a pink pig's knuckle or as the foundation or groundwork upon which is placed the plump, brown frankfurter sausage. But it does frequently explode, sometimes with sufficient violence to wreck its container. This happens when fermentation sets in. And if a carload of sauerkraut goes up barrel after barrel the wreckage is great and the loss complete, while the walls, roof and floor of the car are likely to be covered with the pickled cabbage inches thick.

WHERE WOMAN HAS THE UPPER HAND

The Orient is usually considered to be a sort of male paradise, where females alternately serve as man's slave and plaything. However true this may be of certain parts of Asia, there is at least one country where woman has the upper hand. There men take a back seat, not through a generous impulse or feigned chivalry, but because of inferiority. There woman is the undisputed ruler, the supporter of her husband and head of the family. No other country in the world furnishes a parallel to this little province of the far-away East Indian Empire.

Everywhere in this land of pagodas woman is ubiquitous. In the store, in the home, in the temple, in the market places, on the exchange, you will find her, in her tight-fitting jacket with its loose sleeves, and scant petticoat—always scrupulously clean, for a dirty Burman woman is almost unknown—always smilingly complacent—always serenely capable. If you go into a jewellery store where thousands of dollars worth of precious stones are displayed you will find that a woman owns and manages it. All the clerks will also be women. If you stroll into a booth in the market where the total stock of fruit is not worth five dollars, a woman will hand you an orange or a mango and accept the change in payment. If you see, on the river bank, a gathering of people clad in rich-hued garments, you may think it is a picnic party, but it will prove, on closer investigation, to be a band of Burmese women washing the family clothes in the river, and making a gala occasion out of what otherwise would be "blue Monday." In the railway station a woman sells you tickets and checks your luggage. In the hotel a woman is your host. If you are looking for an amanuensis, a Burmese girl can readily be secured who will take your dictation and deftly hammer the keys of the latest model typewriter as she transcribes her shorthand notes. Not long ago a woman stock broker in Rangoon died, leaving behind her hundreds of thousands of dollars, all amassed by her own ingenious operations on the exchange. Woman is the pillar of the Buddhist Church, which is the leading church of the country, and is assiduous in her attendance and fervent in her prayers.

It is impossible to tell whether the smiling woman who serves you is married or single. There is nothing about her name to indicate whether she is "Miss" or "Mrs." The Burmese woman is too independent to permit such humiliating tagging. Maid or wife, she is called "Mah," and unless she had a herd of children kicking about under foot, or nurses her baby as she waits on you in booth or shop, you never can tell whether or not she owns such a luxury as a husband.

The man of Burma is like the lily of the field. He toils not, neither does he spin. He dresses foppishly in fine white linen, his costly garments richly embroidered in colored silks, his head crowned by a gay-hued turban. And all the time he slouches about and smokes, while his wife is grinding out the family living in the business world. Moreover, the Burmese man has a long head for arithmetic. He figures that if one wife can keep him in comfort, more than one will maintain him in luxury, so he marries three or four or five wives, and they see to it that he is provided with everything necessary for the happiness and well-being of a gentleman. Each wife maintains an establishment of her own, and earns the wherewithal to keep the domestic machinery running smoothly and furnish pocket-money for her coxcomb husband.

So attractive is the woman of Burma that, as a usual thing, the traveller who goes there unmarried is so charmed by the Burmese beauties that he claims a wife from amongst them, and remains in the land. The girls are easily wooed and won by the foreigners, for they are luxury-loving by nature, and the ease and comfort of life promised them by alliance with Europeans or Asiatics, when compared to their tedious drudgery as Burmese wives, appeals to them. It is no wonder that men from all over the world fall in love with the beautiful Burmese maid, for she is fair to look upon—fascinatingly good-looking as well as intelligent. As a rule, the woman of Burma is well educated. The portals of the University of Rangoon and the schools of the land have been open to her for decades, and she has taken good advantage of her opportunities. She is fond of music, dancing and gaiety of all kinds. Life for her, in spite of her incessant labor in the hurly-burly of the business world, is a round of pleasure, and she taps her tiny feet and waves her rosy finger tips, and blows clouds of cigarette smoke about her, and laughs at fortune, be it good or bad. The Burmese woman is an inveterate smoker. Everybody in the land is for that matter. Men, women and children puff incessantly at enormous cigarettes, 18 inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, that would kill them if they were made of pure tobacco, for the tobacco of Burma is exceedingly strong. As it is, three-fourths of the filling of the cigarette, which is wrapped in a banana leaf, is composed of harmless herbs.

The social life of the Burmese woman is every bit as independent as her business activities. There appears to be no distinction between conventionality and unconventionality. No chaperon is necessary in this land of freedom. The sexes take part in the same games, attend the same sort of amusements, and to all intents and purposes are one. In spite of this free comradeship, there is little immorality. The world has been taught to believe that the Burmese woman is morally lax, but this is not true. She is simple in her susceptibilities but constant as a dove to her mate.

BEST DOG DETECTIVES

Major Richardson, a British army officer, who lives at Harrow, has had remarkable success in training dogs for police and war purposes. He uses Airedale terriers exclusively, having found that this game, hardy, wire-haired breed, the largest of the terriers, is best adapted for work which requires pluck, activity and a high degree of intelligence.

The German army is training Airedales for scouting and finding dead and wounded soldiers, having abandoned the effort to train a long-haired native breed of larger size.

The latest achievement of one of Major Richardson's Airedales has been reported from Singapore. Jack, the hero of the exploit, was bred and trained by him and sold to the Singapore police.

When the detective station there got word that a Chinese serving a life sentence in the local prison had escaped Jack was assigned to the case. It was two hours after the Chinese had got away that Jack reached the prison. He took up the scent at once and ran the man down in a jungle.

This was a tremendous exhibition of scenting powers for a terrier, but the Airedale enthusiasts say that this breed can be utilized for a greater variety of field sports than any other dog. In the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming there is a pack of Airedales used for hunting bears, and in the Southern States the Airedale is used for the exciting night sport of treeing the wary 'coon. It has been asserted even that the Airedale makes a good bird dog.

This remarkable breed is a cross between the otterhound, a splendid water dog, and the old-fashioned Skye terrier. Bench shows did not recognize the Airedale as a separate breed until within comparatively recent years, and the breed was practically unknown forty years ago.

He is an upstanding, long-legged fellow, resembling the Irish terrier in conformation, but much taller and heavier, and is distinguished by a saddle or blanket that runs in shade from grizzle to black and contrasts strongly with the tan that covers the rest of the body and the head and legs.

The New York police have some trained Airedales and police in German and Austrian cities have made purchases from Major Richardson's kennels recently.

REVIVAL OF WALKING IN ENGLAND

One of the satisfactory results of the strike has been a revival of the almost lost art of pedestrianism, with the health benefits that such exercise brings in its train. People who have hitherto been victims of the craze for rapid locomotion and have consequently not walked a yard more than was necessary are now weary of the uncertainty of trains and strap hanging in tramcars, covering considerable distances on foot, and so saving money and gaining in health.

The fine mornings such as we have had recently have made a noticeable increase in the numbers of workers who walk a fair distance on their route to town before surrendering to the bus or the tramcar, and in more than one large office in the city the formation of walking parties into town by colleagues who live in the same neighborhood is being considered, and will become actuality if the combination of the present unsatisfactory services and the continuation of the fine weather persist.

"I let my house furnished, and they've had measles there. Of course, we've had the place disinfected; so I suppose it's quite safe. What do you think?"

"I fancy it would be all right, dear; but I think, perhaps, it would be safer to lend it to a friend first."

PILES CURED

Writing from Poplar, B.C., Mrs. C. Hanson, proprietress of the Commercial Hotel, says: "I suffered for years with bleeding piles. The pain was so bad at times that I could hardly walk, and ordinary remedies seemed utterly unable to give me any ease. Finally I decided to undergo an operation, and went to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane. There they performed an operation. For a time I was certainly better, but within twelve months the piles became as painful as ever. I tried liniments, hot poultices, various 'pile cures,' and indeed everything I could think would be likely to do any good, but still I continued to suffer, and the shooting, burning, stinging pains, the dull, aching, 'worn-out' feeling that the disease causes continued as bad as ever.

"One day I read about Zam-Buk and thought I would try it. The first one or two boxes gave me more ease than anything else I had tried, so I went on with the treatment. In a short time I began to feel altogether different and better. Well, I went on using Zam-Buk, and by the time I had used six boxes I was delighted to find myself entirely cured. That was three years ago, and there has been no return of the trouble."

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for piles, eczema, ulcers, abscesses, eruptions, chapped hands, varicose sores, burns, scalds, bruises, inflamed patches, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores everywhere, 50c. box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Zam-Buk

"For downright idiotic, superstitious, weak-minded, gullible credulity," growled Judkins, "recommend me to a woman! Give away a pair of my trousers to an old pedlar to charm warts off the children's hands! Madam are you aware that this is the twentieth century and not the Middle Ages?"

"It does seem a little silly," said Mrs. Judkins mildly; "but I've heard of such things being done. You know those trousers, John, were the pair you tore on the lawn-mower the other day and threw aside."

"It's not the trousers, madam; it's the childish, imbecile, fatuous puerility of the thing. Besides, I left a hare's foot in one of those pockets, madam, that I've been carrying for rheumatism the past three years."

When Your Eyes Need Care

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

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Well, Well!

OLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 16. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

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Sheathing Paper

—a high-grade paper, odorless, tasteless, **free from tar,** waterproof, exceptionally strong **—will not tear.** A durable and effective interlining for walls, floors and ceilings.

Examine DURO carefully at your dealer's, or write for sample and Booklet to the 85

Sole Canadian Manufacturers

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.

of Canada, Limited,

Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver.

Shopping in London

"My first purchase in London," writes an American traveller, "was made in an Oxford Street store shortly after nine o'clock, the opening hour. I entered with some trepidation, my American experience having taught the absurdity of shopping early in the day. But the be-medalled commissionaire at the door bowed me in to a floor manager.

"'A flannel bag for your kodak? Thank you, sir—down the stairs to the right, sir—thank you, sir.'

"The young saleswoman who came forward had entirely finished arranging her coiffure, not a stray tress was there to divert her attention from catering to my needs. Near her stood another saleswoman, yet the two had no confidences to exchange about their male admirers.

"It was all so un-American, so novel, that I bought a flannel bag, paying more for it than I would have been asked in the smallest city at home. Yet the deferent attention was well worth *the difference. I had learned* my first lesson from English merchandising.

"The London 'depots for general merchandise' — English for department stores—are mostly located along Oxford Street. One finds considerable difference between the great shops of the British metropolis and those in our large cities.

"First and foremost the English excel in salesmanship. Once having *got a possible purchaser inside the* door, they reason he should be made profitable to them. The floor manager does not assume that attitude of royal indifference as with us. He watches the struggle between sales person and customer.

"If the latter shows signs of escaping into the open with his purse intact another clerk is brought forward as a re-enforcement. Some establishments still lay fines on clerks who do *not effect sales, but the new system* of inciting the sales force to its utmost efforts by giving percentages is now coming into vogue.

"The method that London stores have of letting a cash girl conduct a customer who has finished his purchases to a central cash desk and wrapping counter where he stands in line, keeping an anxious eye on his goods till they are parcelled, seems to us archiac and cumbersome. An Oxford Street *merchant, however, reasons this way.*

"'When a patron has finished his purchases he is better out of the way of new customers. English men and women prefer privacy when they are making purchases, which would be impossible were customers allowed to sit at the counter, awaiting their packages. Then, the wrapping force works more rapidly when the patron watches and urges haste.'

"I did not see how this particular force could work any more slowly, but his other argument might have some merit.

"Marshall Field once said about Whitely's that it was not an establishment, but simply one man who had divided himself into a certain number of parts, each superintending some department of the big store that bears his name. Mr. Whitely himself is dead now and the store belongs to a corporation, but the policies of its founder still prevail.

"'Never tell a customer we haven't what he wants, even though we never have carried it,' was one of the Whitely rules. 'Go to your floor manager.'

"To his staff of managers he said: 'Never tell a sales person we haven't or can't get any item sought by a customer. Keep going higher with your inquiries and, if necessary, come to me.'

"And then there are the co-operative stores, forty in number, which do an immense business, aggregating over a quarter of a billion dollars annually. At the end of the year only 2½ per cent. is kept as a profit on which to capitalize new ventures, the rest of the profit is turned back to the shareholders in the form of a dividend.

"The Army and Navy Co-operative Society, the Civil Service Supply Association, the Junior Army and Navy Stores and the Civil Service Co-operative Society are the principal organizations of this nature in London. Their membership is said to reach three-quarters of a million. The goods sold by them comprise everything that a Londoner needs.

"The immediate price paid is lower than that of the proprietary shops near by, and the rebate or dividend at the end of the year brings the net cost still lower. Membership fee is about three shillings, or seventy-five cents a year. The value of these co-operative associations is said to be about 17 per cent. to the members. That is, if the goods were bought in the general market they would cost that much more."

MAPLE SYRUP STANDARD

"Sugar-making," or, more accurately, syrup-making, is the event of the season, when winter passes into spring, in those sections of the country fortunate enough to possess groves of maple trees. It is an industry of the farm to which increasing attention is being paid. The old charm of getting to the bush in the first real warm day to "tap" and start the camp still lingers, but more and more the business is taking on a commercial aspect, because of the value of the product for home use and sale. Its value is keenly realized by the housekeeper, with the frequent tendency of cane and beet sugars to soar in price. Owing to the peculiarly delightful flavor of well-made maple syrup, and the ease with which it can be kept for table use throughout the year, it enjoys an unique reputation, of which, unfortunately for its producers on the farm, greedy and unscrupulous manufacturers take advantage by the sale of imitation products bearing misleading labels. There are "maple compounds," understood to mean a little pure maple syrup or sugar, probably of low grade, and the remainder of commercial brown or white sugar, molasses or glucose. Then, there are maple-flavored syrups made of ordinary sugar-and-water molasses, flavored with some extract resembling maple, and labelled with a brand that deludes the grocery customer into thinking that he or she is purchasing the genuine article. The shelves of stores in Eastern Canada carry a lot of this stuff, but it is particularly rampant in the West, where an inquiry prosecuted by Dr. J. F. Snell, of Macdonald College, showed that even some syrups labelled pure were evidently adulterated and others represented as compounds" or "mixture," contained little, if any, genuine syrup. Very often, townspeople or settlers asking for maple syrup are handed out the "compound" without explanation. Dr. Snell writes: "There appears to be very little distinction made in regard to price between syrups sold as pure and those sold as compound or maple-flavor. The cans varied considerably in size, but, reducing them all to the price per gallon, six samples sold as pure averaged $2.50; two sold as compounds, $1.96, and two sold as maple-flavor, $2.37. I think you will agree with me that this indicates a very unsatisfactory condition in the Western trade."

Ideal Protection Against Inroads of Catarrh

By Breathing the Rich, Balsamic Vapor of Catarrhozone You Prevent and Cure All Head, Nose, and Throat Disease.

Remember this: You don't take drugs when using Catarrhozone; you simply inhale a healing vapor that cures every type of catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, throat and nose soreness and irritation.

No medicine brings such prompt relief, exerts such an invigorating influence, or so thoroughly and speedily cures throat troubles as "Catarrhozone." Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, all say that for those who suffer from changeable weather, for those who are predisposed to catarrh, lung trouble, deafness, or bronchitis, no treatment is so indispensable as "Catarrhozone."

Victim of Chronic Catarrh Cured

I contracted a severe cold while following my occupation of furniture travelling, and eventually it developed into Catarrh. The desultory mode of life I was following gave me very little chance to attend to the Catarrh condition, and at last I became a victim of Chronic Catarrh. I bought a large package of Catarrhozone, used it as per directions, and have never been bothered since. I will only be too glad to give any information I possess to any person suffering from the disease that was the bane of my life two years.

A. H. SWARTZ, Brockville, Ont.

For certain cure, for relief in an hour, use Catarrhozone, the only direct, breathable medicine. Two months' treatment guaranteed, price $1.00, smaller size 50c.; at all druggists, or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont., and Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS IN REAL LIFE

A story which suggests, with a difference, the theme of Dickens' "Great Expectations," is recalled by the announcement of the death, in his ninetieth year, of Dr. John S. Phene, of Chelsea, London. Dr. Phene was a man of great learning—he was a Doctor of Laws, not of medicine—many accomplishments and high intellectual attainments. He was a man of wealth, too, and owned considerable property in the neighborhood of Oakley Street, Chelsea. For many years he had lived alone, with two housekeepers and four men who came every day to do gardening and other work, *in a big house* at No. 32 Oakley Street.

Almost opposite this house, at the corner of Upper Cheyne row, was another large dwelling of quaint and almost barbaric design. For years this house, which was Dr. Phene's property, has been silent and empty, with ugly wooden boards across the front door and wooden palisades covering the iron railings at the sides, so as effectively to prevent any passerby obtaining a glimpse into the garden.

The house has for many years been regarded by sightseers as one of the curiosities of this part of London. Dr. Phene had caused the face of the structure to be studded with miniature statues of classic heroes and heroines, and heathen gods and goddesses. In days gone by many were resplendent with gilt, and were supposed to trace the descent of Dr. Phene's family from ancient days.

Dr. Phene's secluded life and the existence of this great, silent, empty house, to which he made frequent furtive visits, gave rise to a romantic story that in youth his life had been shattered by the death on the morning fixed for the wedding of the beautiful girl who was his bride. It was said that, like Miss Haversham in "Great Expectations," he had from that moment turned his back upon the world. The story has a charm of its own, just as Dickens' novel had the charm of human constancy, but it is not quite accurate. From enquiries made, it is certain that Dr. Phene did marry the lady of his choice, but that her early death or the clouding of her intellect—it is uncertain which—embittered him and turned his thoughts from the active life of the world, in which he was so well fitted to take part, to solitary study and a secluded life.

This theory was confirmed by one of the four men who worked at No. 32—C. Rootes. Rootes had been in the service of Dr. Phene for twenty years, and one story he related lends color to the romantic side of Dr. Phene's life.

"Apart from the regular work I used to do," said Rootes, "the doctor always put into one of the windows of No. 32 a notice when he wanted me. I knew the meaning of that notice; it was that I was to call and guide him across the street to No. 76 and let him into the empty house. He had a strange and complicated lock on the front door and a peculiar key, both of his own design. I always went in with him and conducted him into the grounds, where he would sit for hours in a deck chair, dreaming, as it seemed to me, of the past. Of course, he did not take me into his confidence, but I believe he was thinking of events of the past which had had a great influence on his life."

Both Rootes and his wife are certain that Dr. Phene did marry, and Rootes pointed out the house in Upper Cheyne row, adjoining the big house, empty, like it, and boarded up. They have been in that condition for at least twenty years, and one of them, known as Old Cheyne House, has a withered vine tree trailing over its front. It was there, Rootes affirmed, that the wedding breakfast took place, and its closing, he believes, coincided with the tragedy of Dr. Phene's life. That the tragedy followed the marriage Rootes is certain, and he informed our representative that Margaretta terrace, which runs from Phene Street (named after the doctor) to Oakley Street, was named after Dr. Phene's wife.

The deserted house had been most beautifully fitted up inside—thousands of pounds must have been spent upon it—a fitting home for a glittering bride, but silent and desolate and dusty.

Dr. Phene was one of the first to plant trees in the London streets, a fact which by a curious coincidence was recalled recently, before the news came of his death. Queen Victoria, it is said, once called upon him in connection with the tree-planting scheme.

BERLIN'S MODEL SANITATION

"The system of sewage disposal in Berlin is admirable," writes Consul General Thackara. "No sewage is permitted to be discharged into the river or canals that pass through the city. It is all pumped through large pipes to the city sewage farms (riesefelder), located within a few miles to the north and south of Berlin. The farms have an area of about 40,000 acres, of which about 6,200 acres are leased in small holdings to farmers and the remainder cultivated by the municipal authorities.

"While the city administration supervises the cleaning of the streets, the disposal of the sweepings and refuse gathered is left to various contractors. Some of these concerns have purchased barren and unproductive land to be used as dumping grounds, and as the garbage contains principally sand and horse manure, it is exceedingly valuable as a fertilizer and filler for such lands.

"By law and by municipal police regulations, householders are obliged to provide for the removal of the waste from their buildings. For this purpose they have formed an association that includes most of the owners in Berlin. This association has made a contract for thirty years, twenty-one of which are still to run, with a limited liability company, which was formed for the purpose of disposing of household and other waste. They have erected a building for the purpose of handling the garbage, disinfecting it, and separating the different articles, such as metal, rags and bones. All the refuse is then disposed of for fattening hogs, fertilizing, paper making or for grading purposes, etc.

"Ingeniously contrived wagons are used in collecting the garbage. In every building large sheet iron tanks or buckets are placed. The daily refuse is thrown into these tanks, which are capable of holding 100 or 200 pounds of ashes and garbage, and which close with a lid. The ashes and garbage are placed in separate receptacles. On certain mornings of the week the tanks are collected by wagons accompanied by three or four men. The wagons are large and tightly covered. A chain elevator is arranged so that a bucket can be placed upon a shelf on the side of the wagon and then raised and dumped into the wagon without permitting any of the dust to escape."

FOREIGN HOTHOUSE GRAPES

Exportation of English hothouse States, in which there was formerly a States, in which there fas formerly a fair trade has been greatly reduced by Belgian competition. The chief hothouse grape producing regions in England are Sussex and Kent.

Thence the fruit is sent to the wholesale dealers at Covent Garden Market, in London, and thence to the Liverpool dealers. The season extends from April to December, during which time prices range from sixteen to thirty-six cents a pound.

Fresh grapes first appeared as a separate item of declared export from Brussels, Belgium, to the United States in 1908, at which time the shipments of fresh grapes totalled $18,632. In the following year these shipments rose to $48,761, and in 1910 to $55,757. The exports in 1911 were valued at $48,427.

DRAB CHINA

Not a single little Chinese hat with a button is to be seen in Wuchang today, but such an assortment of caps upon badly barbered heads—caps of ordinary English make and stranger varieties made from native fabrics; felt hats of every description, from the soft green, called Alpine, to England's familiar billycock. One coolie was seen carrying water with his bamboo over his shoulder glorious in a silk topper. Nearly all the queues are gone.

Chinese gentlemen on all sides are hastening to discard their charming silk gowns, white socks and picturesque shoes for ordinary prosaic European dress. One begins to fear that one may never see a gorgeous mandarin in all his grandeur of robes, and umbrellas, and lovely, buttoned peacock feathered hat again. It seems possible, and even probable, that mandarins—oh, and the pity of it! they were so beautiful—may become just ordinary mortals. Fancy a mandarin in frock coat and black silk hat!

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THE Neal Treatment releases the moderate, periodical or excessive drinker from an appetite stronger than his will power, stronger than the tearful wife's pleadings. It takes all desire for liquor away, and in

Three Days' Time

without hypodermic injections, leaving the patient in the same perfect condition as he was before he ever touched liquor. Write or call for full information. Everything confidential.

The Drug Habit perfectly cured also.

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WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

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

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

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

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

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

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

B. C. Electric Ry. Co. Ltd.

CHILLIWACK FREE PRESS

Formerly (The New Era.)

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertising rates made known on application to the publisher.

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

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

C. A. BARBER, Publisher and Proprietor.

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

The regular monthly session of the Municipal Council was held in the city hall on Saturday afternoon when considerable business was disposed of.

A. M. Rogers asked for drainage of part of section 29, by digging a ditch from Chilliwack Central road to the Dunnville creek. The application was received and a scheme of drainage will be carried out under the provisions of the Drainage and Water Courses Act.

The tender of David McKenzie for grading Evans road from tram line to Sumas road according to requirements, at $1.50 per chain was accepted.

A letter from B. G. Walker, President of the Burnaby Board of Trade, in regard to a publicity scheme, was received and filed.

A. N. Smith asked for the re-approval of sub-division plan of part of S. E. ¼ sec. Vedder river.

Peter Bryne, Indian Agent, wrote stating that the Department had agreed to contribute $200 towards the improvement of the highway through the Soowaplie Indian Reserve (Cultus Lake,) and stating that if said road is within this municipality he would like to secure the co-operation of the Council in a judicious expenditure of the money. The road referred to is not in the Municipality but the Council will co-operate in the matter, the Clerk being authorized to write Mr. Bryne to that effect.

Jakob Zink wrote making complaint that milk wagons are carrying more than two ton loads on two inch tires. The Reeve was instructed to enforce the regulation governing the matter.

The Clerk was instructed to write the Inspector of Dykes requesting him to have noxious weeds cut on dykes and drains under his supervision.

The finance committee reported on accounts amounting to $2380.58.

The Clerk was instructed to notify all road superintendents to keep a close watch for Canadian thistles and to request the owners on whose land they are found to have same cut.

Coun. Bailey was instructed to have brush cut out of road known as McGuire road at McLeod's bush to be cut forty feet wide and grubbed sixteen feet wide in centre.

The tender of F. W. Hepwell was referred to the Reeve with power to act.

The Chilliwack Sports Committee was granted $75, half of deficit in cost of improvements at Recreation Park. The City pays the other half.

MUNICIPAL SCHOOL BOARD

The regular monthly meeting of the Municipal School Board was held on May 28, when Chairman Robertson and Trustees Webb, Denholm and Parker were present.

Peter A. Hughes wrote re increase in salary. Secretary was instructed to write Mr. Hughes offering him $75 per month. Mr. Hughes is the teacher at Cheam school.

George I. Thornton and others made application for a teacher for Promotory Flats. The Chairman and Trustee Webb were delegated to investigate.

The Chairman was requested to look into the matter of contributing $15 to the B. C. School Trustees' Association.

The application of Catherine E. McLeod as teacher for Atchelitz school will be accepted upon receipt of the resignation of Miss M. Calbick.

J. Hope McLeod wrote re teacher for Sardis School. The matter was left in the hands of the Chairman if Miss McAllister resigns.

The tender of R. Bustin for supplying wood for Cheam, Rosedale, East Chilliwack and Camp Slough schools at $4.00 per cord, and that of A. R. Walker for Atchelitz and Sumas at $4.00 per cord, were each accepted.

The finance committee reported favorably on accounts amounting to $1418.21. The report was adopted.

THE CITY COUNCIL

A letter from the City Solicitor Bowes read at the City Council meeting on Monday evening stated that B. A. Irwin was within his rights in serving notice on the council re his intention of cancellation in the arbitrator's award in the expropriation of property for widening of Young street at five corners.

J. J. Jones, of the Elk Creek Waterworks, suggesting that the city and rural municipality co-operate in the purchase of the system. Received and filed.

A communication from B. G. Walker, of New Westminster, re publicity was referred to Board of Trade.

The petition from S. Carson and others for a plank walk on Second avenue, was reported by the clerk as having required number of signatures. Action was deferred for one week, until a scheme of financing these various expenditures was devised.

The Mayor reported that there was some dissatisfaction on the part of the residents on Gore avenue, in being asked to pay full cost of grading, boulevarding, macadamizing and cement sidewalks. The said residents were agreeable to paying two thirds of total cost, or to pay for sidewalks and macadamising.

This brought up the question of equitable scheme of payment and brought forth considerable discussion. Ald. Eckert proposed the city borrowing sufficent money to grade and macadamize every street in the City. The estimate for this amount of work was stated to be in neighborhood of $30,000 in addition to the amount of money on hand for this purpose.

All this money should not be required for this year as all the work could not be done in one season, but sufficient of the amount could be borrowed to cover this year's expenditure. The proposal met with the favor of the other Aldermen, and it is possible that the needs of the case will be met in this way.

The by-law to borrow $210,000 for the purchase of Elk Creek Waterworks was withdrawn, and notice of a by-law to borrow $100,000 for this purpose was given.

Clerk was granted leave of absence for ten days to attend military camp from June 21 to July 4, at Victoria.

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Machela, Nature's Scalp Tonic, will do it in 95 cases out of 100. It is the only remedy ever discovered that is similar to the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp. Removes dandruff, prevents falling of the hair and all other diseases of the scalp. Each package contains a packet of Machela Dry Shampoo Powder. Price for complete home treatment, $1.00. Sold and guaranteed by H. J. Barber

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Fine driving horse four years old (sired by RED TOM) guaranteed sound and a perfect ladies driver, and thoroughly reliable, also slightly used McLaughlin cushion tyred buggy, and harness.

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You'll find they are not split and checked like the ordinary wagon.

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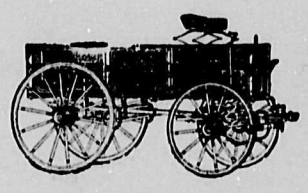

deserve a careful investigation on your part even if you are not quite ready to buy.

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Who wants 160 acres of Fine Land?

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

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

The Prices Range From

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

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Lawn Mowers and Rollers
Garden Wheel Hose

Maynard & Murphy
MAIN STREET — CHILLIWACK

Vancouver City Market
Main Street, Vancouver

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

JOHN McMILLAN
Manager.

CLASSY SUITINGS

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

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Artistic Printing at Free Press.

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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428 5TH AVE. W., VANCOUVER

British Columbia Electric Ry.

PASSENGER SERVICE

Westbound—

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

Train	Leave Htgdn.	Arrive Westmin.	Arrive Van.
1.....	6.30 a.m.	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.....	3.03 p.m.	4.05	6.30

FREIGHT SERVICE

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

All passenger trains handle Express.

City of Chilliwack

Local Improvement Notice
Gore Avenue Improvements

The Municipal Council of the City of Chilliwack having by Resolution determined and specified that it is desirable to carry out the following works, that is to say:

To construct cement sidewalks, macadamized roadway, boulevard, curb and works contingent thereto on Gore avenue from Young Street to Williams Road, and that said works be carried out in accordance with the provisions of the "Local Improvement General Bylaw 1912."

And the City Engineer and City Assessor having reported to the Council in accordance with the provisions of the said bylaw upon the said works giving statements showing the amounts estimated to be chargeable against the various portions of real property to be benefitted by the said works and other particulars and the said reports of said City Engineer and City Assessor having been adopted by the Council.

Notice is hereby given that the said reports are open for inspection at the office of the City Assessor, City Hall, Chilliwack, B. C., and that unless a petition against the proposed works above mentioned signed by a majority of the owners of the land or real property to be assessed or charged in respect of such works representing at least one-half in value thereof is presented to the Council within fifteen days from the date of the first publication of this notice the Council will proceed with the proposed improvements under such terms and conditions as to the payment of the cost of such improvements as the Council may by bylaw in that behalf regulate and determine and also to make the said assessment.

Dated this 30th day of May, A. D. 1912.

D. E. CARELTON,
City Clerk.

Date of first publication May 30th, 1912.

Advertise in the Free Press.

A Broken Contract

Being a Romance of Northern Italy Half a Century Ago

By LUIGI CAPRONI

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

This is a true story. It occurred in northern Italy during the spring of 1861, when in America the southern states, one after another, were leaving the Union and wheeling into Confederate line; when northern men were drilling for a great war and hurrying forward to occupy those states that were part loyal to the north and part ready to join the southern side.

In the land where the story was enacted a crisis that was to result in the formation of a nation was taking place. Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, were endeavoring to draw together the different parts of Italy and unite them in a nation. Garibaldi had brought in the islands of Sicily and Naples, attaching them to the kingdom of Sardinia; Rome hung in the balance; Venice was still under the domination of Austria.

In Turin, the capital of Piedmont and of so much of Italy as had been thus far united, in the villa of one of those aristocratic families whose titles have come down from medieval times, two elderly men, Count Bertinetti and Baron Mettiuci, sat in conference.

"I think," said the baron, "that I can do better for my daughter than to marry her to your son, both in the way of title and fortune. Nevertheless, since we are old friends, I yield the point and give my consent."

"I am delighted, baron, at the prospect of uniting our families," repeated the other. "I take it that we shall have no trouble with the young people. They have never seen each other, but since they have both been brought up to obedience in the choice of a mate I am sure they will make no opposition. My son might rebel if he had made an attachment, but I have heard from him recently, and he assures me that he has no preferences and will accept the bride I provide for him."

"And I assure you, count, that my daughter will obey me. Besides, she has had no opportunity to form any attachment. She is still in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Milan, where she is finishing her education. I intend to present her to society at the coming Tote ball."

The Tote ball, held every spring at Turin, was given for this very purpose of introducing debutantes of aristocratic families. Fresh from their convents, dressed becomingly, animated with this their first view of the social world, they formed a scene charming to look upon. They were all, or nearly all, soon provided with husbands (having themselves nothing to do with the provision), married immediately and might thereafter receive all the attention they liked from the hosts of admirers who crowded about them.

"My son," replied Count Bertinetti, "is now traveling, but will arrive in Turin for the ball. I suggest that the first meeting between the two young people take place on that occasion. There will be a great advantage in such an introduction. The music, the array of beautifully dressed young women and well groomed young men, the adornment and perfume of flowers, the ripple of chat, mingled with laughter, all will conspire to seduce the senses, and that, you know, baron, when we were young men one always found alluring in a matter of love."

"I agree with you, count. My daughter leaves the convent in a few days, and I will give directions to her mother that she be kept like a bird in a cage till she is set free in the ballroom."

This closed the interview, and the two friends separated.

Within a few days after the meeting in which was arranged one of those marriages of convenience without love, common among the aristocracy of Europe, young Count Giuseppe Bertinetti alighted from a post chaise at his father's door and entered the house.

"Ah, my son," exclaimed the older man, kissing his offspring on both cheeks, "I am delighted to see you again."

"I am glad to rejoin you, father, though I admit that I have had a delightful trip."

"The next will be your wedding journey, my boy. My negotiations with my old friend, Baron Mettiuci, have resulted in the betrothal of yourself to his daughter."

The young man's brow darkened ominously. His father saw the change of expression and said anxiously, "Giuseppe, you appear to be disappointed."

Giuseppe made no reply.

"Did you not write me," pursued the father, "not a week ago that you had no preference as to whom you should marry and would leave the matter to me?"

"I did. But a single evening has changed all that. I came by way of Lake Maggiori. The moon was full and unclouded. On one side the peaks were bathed in its soft light, on the other they were black. I sat on deck with a young girl I had just met whose beauty, whose"—

"Fool!" interrupted the father. "How long did the moonlight last? No later than dawn. And how long must you live with a wife? Till you are parted by death, for in our church, as you know, there is no divorce. For this dissolving moonlight, for this face of a young girl, doubtless softened by it and which will soon belong either to a fat or a skinny old woman, you will throw away a splendid opportunity."

The interview ended, as all such interviews are bound to end, in a quarrel. But Giuseppe stood firm as a rock. His attachment to the girl who in a few hours had won his heart was too strong for the father who had begotten him and brought him up. The boy declined to accede to the marriage that had been arranged for him.

The Tote ball was coming on, and it was necessary for Count Bertinetti to announce to his friend that Giuseppe repudiated the contract. The count went to the baron's villa and told the story.

"Do you mean, count," asked the baron, "that I am to suffer, through my daughter, this insult from you, my old friend?"

"What can I do?"

The baron drew down the corners of his mouth, closed his lips tight together and finally spoke:

"Be it so. The contract is broken."

It was only the next evening that the Tote ball took place. There was to be no introduction between Giuseppe and Bianca Mettiuci. Indeed, the girl's father, had he been present at the ball, would have considered a request for an introduction an additional insult. Giuseppe had no thought as to the girl being present and if he had would have naturally kept out of her way. He found many a rosebud to flirt and dance with, but refrained. He was thinking of her he had met on Lake Maggiori.

Suddenly his eye lighted. There on the floor, waltzing with a young lieutenant, was the object of his thoughts. He followed her with his eyes and as soon as she ceased to dance approached and spoke to her. She received him with a smile of delight and, nodding a dismissal to the lieutenant, walked away with Giuseppe.

During their promenade the young count said to her:

"Do you know that at this ball I was to have been presented to a girl to whom I had been contracted in marriage?"

"And I was to have met a young man whom my father had accepted as a husband for me. My betrothed declined the match."

"Are you glad he did so?" asked Giuseppe in a low voice, pressing the hand that rested on his arm.

"Yes," she said in a still softer voice.

Giuseppe was thrilled with delight.

"Who was to have been your fiance?" he asked presently.

"A son of Count Bertinetti."

"What!" exclaimed Giuseppe, turning his eyes upon her in wonder and in horror.

She repeated the name.

"And you are Bianca Mettiuci?"

"I am."

"Heavens! What have I done?"

"What do you mean? Explain."

"I have refused to marry you."

It was the girl's turn to look surprised, but she said nothing. Indeed, there was nothing to say. Her young heart had gone out to the first man she had met after leaving the convent under the influence of the scenery of the beautiful Italian lake bathed in moonlight. But, slight as may be the spark that kindles love, it may lead to the bursting of a flame. And so it was with both these young people.

"I will go to your father at once," said Giuseppe. "I will withdraw my refusal. I will"—

"No, no, not now. Papa is terribly angry. I fear he will never get over the insult that he considers has been offered him. As he feels at present he would be only too glad to refuse a renewal of the contract, and I doubt if he ever will consent to one now."

"Then I will go to my father. He and the baron are old friends. My father will apologize for me. He will get on his knees"—

The girl smiled.

"No; he will say that I am ready to get on my knees before him, beg his pardon, offer to do any penance he may name."

"Let us enjoy the evening together while it lasts; we may never have such another."

"Enjoy it! I am half crazed at what I have done."

Not only does youth live for the present moment, but is full of hope. These two would not have been young had not the delight of being together and their entrancing surroundings enabled them to throw off the cloud that hung over them. If the moonlit lake had first drawn them together, this ballroom, voluptuous, yet above which hung for them a cloud, strengthened the bond that united their hearts. Perhaps the cloud—the terrible mistake that was now likely to separate them—did more to cement them than either of the other causes.

As soon as Giuseppe reached home he aroused his father from slumber, told him of the mistake that had been made and begged him to get out of bed, go at once to the baron and endeavor to effect a renewal of the contract. Naturally the father was opposed to going on such an errand at 2 o'clock in the morning and told his son to go to bed, promising to see the baron as early the next day as it would be proper for him to call.

Giuseppe walked the floor till dawn. His father kept his promise and by 10 o'clock called on the baron. Giuseppe went with him, but on reaching a point some distance from the villa stopped to watch his father's entry and to wait for his exit.

Two hours passed—they seemed like two days to Giuseppe—and still the count failed to reappear. The lover, considering the time occupied, feared the worst. He was in despair when he saw his father coming and ran to meet him.

"I've won," said the count.

Giuseppe fell into his father's arms.

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That intangible, all-important thing called Style is part and parcel of every Fit-Reform Tailored Garment. A glance at our Spring display will prove it.

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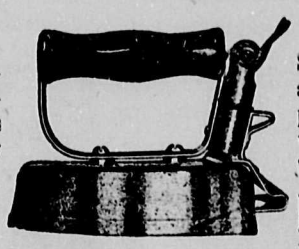

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INTERNATIONAL BARBER COLLEGE
Alexander Ave., First Door West of Main St., Winnipeg.

A young lady who was going out to New Zealand to get married went to a west-end dressmaker for her trousseau. The dressmaker suggested a warm material. The young lady asked, why, seeing that the climate of New Zealand is a mild one.

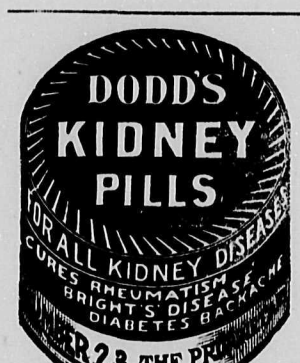
The dressmaker replied: "I assure you, madam, you are mistaken, for that is where the frozen meat comes from."

Teddy Roosevelt's come to town
Upon his spotted pony,
He's thrown his hat into the ring
Against his former crony.

* * *

Binks (who had ordered a pancake half an hour previously): "Er—I say, will that pancake be long?"

Waitress: "No, sir, it'll be round."



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Hard to get rid of them, too. Two or three applications of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor softens the thickest tissue, and removes it painlessly. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes corns, warts, and callouses quickly and painlessly. Sold by all druggists, price 25c.

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

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Gin Pills must be good when people in Massachusetts send all the way to Toronto to get them. There is nothing like Gin Pills—nothing just the same or just as good. Don't accept substitutes if you value your health and want to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Trouble, or Rheumatism. Insist on having Gin Pills. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. R.P., Toronto. 92

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

That Reminds Me

WILSON: "What did that pretty shopgirl say when you stole a kiss?"

Johnson: "She said, "Will that be all today?"

* * *

"Saw two famous bad men come together during my trip West."

"Both killed?"

"Nobody killed. You can't talk a man to death."

* * *

"Mama, our governess can see in the dark."

"How do you know that?"

"Last night out in the hall I heard her tell Uncle Jack that he hadn't had a shave."

* * *

"What's the wages, mum?" asked an applicant for a situation as a cook.

"I'm willing to pay you whatever you are worth," was the reply.

"I've never worked for as little as that, mum! Good-day to you!"

* * *

"Well," said a farmer to an Irishman who was employed on his farm, "I heard you had a little encounter with my Devonshire bull yesterday. Who came off best?"

"Sure, your honor," said Pat, "it was a toss up."

* * *

"Don't you think the Government ought to regulate corporations?"

"I don't know," replied Senator Sorghum; "sometimes I think a Government official has enough to do to get elected to a job and hold on to it without assuming any more responsibility."

* * *

Rev. Silvester Horne once heard a Tory member of Parliament say in praise of bishops:

"Bishops are not really stiff and starchy. There's a good heart beating below their gaiters."

* * *

Chapter I: "I think you are just the sweetest, goodest husband in all the world!"

Chapter II: "I wonder how much she wants."

Chapter III: "And he gave it to me without fussing a bit. I wonder what he has been up to."

* * *

There was an old master of Eton named Day. A big boy named Coles, who was reputed to be a bit of a "swell," went on some errand into Day's classroom and stood proudly by the door. The master looked at him long and hard.

"What is your name?" he asked at last.

"Coles, sir," said the confidant youth, in resonant tones.

"Then, Coles, you may scuttle!" was the devastating reply.

* * *

"Why, how dare you try to kiss me?" she exclaimed. "I have known you less than a week!"

"How long do you have to know a man before you permit him to kiss you?"

"It depends on the man."

"Well, how long would you wish to know me before you would let me kiss you?"

"I should have to know you a long, long time."

"What do you call a long, long time?"

"Five minutes longer, at the very least, than I've known you."

* * *

A young millionaire, being enamored of the new school of opera, persuaded a manager to try his voice. He hoped to sing good parts in "Thais," "Salome," "Tosca," and other famous modern works. The manager, after listening to the young man's powerful voice, said gently:

"I'm afraid that you won't suit for any of the very subdued, very subtly modulated French and Italian works; but I am going to bring out Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman' later on, and I'd much like to engage you to do the howling of the tempest in the wreck scene."

* * *

"Sir," said the tramp, "I have not tasted food for seven days. Another half-hour of fasting and I must die."

"Then," exclaimed the philanthropist, "you shall live. Take this ticket, it will admit you in my stead to a sumptuous banquet, course after course, meats, wines, and dessert, a feast three hours long, glorious company, with Mr. Efforts, Mr. Toofew, Mr. Longyarn, Mr. Fested, and other eminent men."

"Will there be any after-dinner speeches?" asked the starving one.

"Columns of 'em," said the philanthropist.

And the tramp handed back the ticket, and crawled wearily away into a silent timber-yard to die.

* * *

A leading theatrical manager told a dramatic critic stories.

"There was one chap," he said, "I couldn't get rid of. Dear me, he was persistent. I refused his farce seven times and he still kept turning up with it, re-written here and there.

"The eighth time he came I told him firmly it was no use.

"'But sir,' he said, 'is there no possible way you could put my farce on the stage?'

"'Well,' said I, 'there's one way, but I don't know if you'd submit——'

"'Oh, I'd submit!' he cried. 'I'd submit to anything!'

"'Then,' said I, 'we'll grind it up and use it as a snow-storm.'"

* * *

Baggs and Jaggs met, and Baggs and Jaggs got yarning.

"I once knew a man, dear boy," began Baggs, "who was so ticklish on the bottoms of his feet that whenever he took a bath he had to walk about afterwards on a blotter. It was the only method of foot-drying that wouldn't throw him into fits."

"That's nothing, my dear fellow," retorted Jaggs. "I used to board at a place where the landlady was so nervous that, whenever the wind blew, she had to go out and grease the corners of the house, so the wind wouldn't creak when it went round them."

And then Baggs wept bitterly, for he had long held the championship, and was loth to relinquish it.

* * *

Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put on her specs. "The paper tells us about the burning lather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got afire."

* * *

Edith—Yes, I am going to marry Mr. Goldbag.

Ethel—Why, he's old enough to be your father.

Edith—I know, but he doesn't seem to care for mother.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE. 25 CENTS

Couldn't Get Strong

Seemed To Have Lost All Ambition, Was Pale and Anaemic

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

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

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

WIFE OF THE P.M. TALKS TO WOMEN

TELLS WHAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DID FOR HER

She Suffered for Two Years and Found a Cure for all Her Troubles in a Single Box.

Lower Caraquet, Gloucester, N. B. (Special).—Mrs. Jos. O. Chiasson, wife of the police magistrate here, who for two years has been practically an invalid, is again in the best of health, and she is telling her friends how quick and complete was her cure when she took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My illness," Mrs. Chiasson says, "was caused by a strain, and for two years I was a sufferer. My back ached, I was always tired and nervous, *there were dark circles under my eyes* and after sleeping I had a bitter taste in my mouth.

"I had a pressure and sharp pain on the top of my head, I was always thirsty and my skin had a harsh, dry feeling. I was often dizzy. I perspired easily and my perspiration had an unpleasant odor.

"Almost from the first dose Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me and by the time I had finished the first box I was a well woman."

Mrs. Chiasson's symptoms showed that the trouble was her kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her so quickly.

With the Horses

While on general principles it is wise and profitable for the farmer and stock-owner to employ a veterinary in all serious cases of sickness or injury to stock, there are many simple cases of sickness or injury that he should be able to treat successfully himself if he has an intelligent idea of the proper drugs to apply or administer for certain cases. The average proprietary medicine on the market doubtless has value for certain purposes, but the advertised virtues are so many and varied that a person is at a loss to know when and where to use it. Many of these preparations are highly recommended for both internal administration and local application. They are said to produce wonderful curative effects in cases of diseases of the digestive, respiratory, urinary and genereative organs, promptly cure a case of indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, sore throat, dyspepsia, congestion of the lungs, brain trouble, kidney trouble, etc.; and, by local application, effect wonderful cures in cases of wounds, bruises, strains, skin disease, enlargements of all kinds whether painful or not, bone diseases of all kinds, fistula, lump-jaw, etc. In fact, the same medicine, whether given internally or applied externally, is highly recommended for diseases diametrically opposite in nature and effect. In many cases such claims are backed up with testimonials by those who have used them. A little consideration should teach a man that the same preparation cannot be used as a cure for diseases that are essentially different in their nature, and of necessity should be treated with the idea of producing entirely different results. For instance, a wound or raw surface requires a dressing that establishes an action different from one that would be serviceable for the reduction of a chronic enlargement or induration. For the former, an antiseptic, cooling, astringent lotion is indicated; while for the latter a stimulant, irritating dressing is required. Here are a few of the standard prescriptions that are used in general veterinary practice for the treatment of simple cases, mentioning the cases for which they are useful, and the mode of application:

White lotion—Acetate of lead, 1 ounce; sulphate of zinc, 6 drams; water, 1 pint.

This is an old prescription that has stood the test for many years. It is an antiseptic, cooling, non-irritant, and astringent. It costs little, is applied by the hand, and is safe to use. It is useful for fresh wounds, sore shoulders, sore necks or backs, scratches, mud fever, etc.; in fact, gives good results on any raw surface. In cases of scratches or mud fever, in cold, dry weather, the astringent action may in some cases be too great, and cause a tendency for cracks to reopen; hence, in such cases, the dressing should be alternated with an ointment or oil. This lotion also has the effect of checking itchiness, which makes it useful in some skin diseases where there is no raw surface.

Stimulant liniment: Alcohol, 2 fluid ounces; oil of turpentine, 2 fluid ounces; liquor ammonia Fortier, 1 liquid ounce; water to make, 1 pint. The addition to this of ½ ounce gum camphor makes a camphorated stimulant liniment, which by many is preferred, but the addition of the camphor does not materially increase its usefulness, but gives to it a pleasant odor.

This liniment differs essentially from the white lotion. It is stimulant and irritant. It is applied by the hand, and, in order to get results, should be applied with smart friction (well rubbed in). It is useful in cases of sprains or bruises, after the acute inflammation has been allayed by heat and soothing applications. In cases of slight enlargements resulting from sprains, bruises or other causes, its application, followed by bandaging, tends to increase the activity of the absorbents and reduce the enlargements. In case bandaging follows its application, care must be taken not to repeat it too often, else it will blister. This liniment will mix with water in all proportions, hence the addition of water will weaken it, which is often advisable, and is indicated by too great an irritation to the skin. The attendant must be the judge of the action required, and make the liniment strong or weak, accordingly. Of course, a liniment of this nature should never be applied to a raw, irritated, tender or acutely-inflamed surface, except where the tenderness has been caused by the application of the liniment and a continuation of the irritation is desired to reduce enlargement or allay deep-seated irritation.

Carron oil: What is known as "Carron oil" is made by mixing equal quantities of raw linseed oil or sweet oil, and lime water.

Lime water is made by slacking a small lump of lime, say, the size of a goose egg, in a pail, filling the pail with water, stirring it thoroughly with a stick, and then allowing it to stand. The undissolved lime settles to the bottom, and the clear fluid on top is lime water.

This mixture is practically a specific for scalds and burns, especially serviceable in veterinary practice for what are called "rope burns" caused usually by an animal getting his foot *over a rope, and in his struggles to* get loose practically burning the posterior surface of his pastern by friction on the rope. This accident usually causes a severe case of scratches. In the early stages of this, as in cases of real burns or scalds caused by fire, coals, hot irons, etc., or by scalding water or other fluids, the free and frequent application of carron oil allays pain, soothes and prevents cracks and sloughing (where the burn is not too severe), and often effects an early cure of what otherwise would have been a serious and tedious case to treat.

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

A farmer was paid for the first time in his life by cheque.

"What's this?" he said.

"Why, brass for the beasts," said the cattle-dealer.

The farmer stared, and had to be assured that if he took it to the bank they would give him gold for it.

"Well," said he "aw'll try, but if it's *a wrong 'un tha'll hear about it.*"

The cheque was cashed, of course, and the farmer went home happy, but could not sleep. He had seen a wonderful thing, and it had excited him. As soon as day broke he made for the cattle-dealer's house and woke the dealer.

"It's me," he said. "Where's ta got thim bits of paper from? Aw cud do wi' half-a-dozen myself!"

"You must not talk all the time, Ethel," said the mother who had been interrupted.

"When will I be old enough to, mama?" asked the little girl.

Expected Death From Day to Day

ANOTHER CASE WHERE LIFE WAS SAVED AND HEALTH RESTORED BY NERVILINE

We have all read and heard of the agonies of sciatica, but only those who have been tortured by this dread malady can fully appreciate what it must mean to be cured after years of suffering.

It is because he feels it his solemn duty to tell to the world his faith in Nerviline that Victor P. Hires makes the following declaration. "For three years I was in the Royal Mail service, and in all kinds of weather had to meet the night trains. Dampness, cold, and exposure brought on sciatica that affected my left side. Sometimes an attack would come on that made me powerless to work. I was so nearly a complete cripple that I had to give up my job. I was in despair, completely cast down, because the money I had spent on trying to get well was wasted. I was speaking to my chemist one day, and he recommended 'Nerviline.' I had this good liniment rubbed on several times a day, and got relief. I continued this treatment four months, and was cured. I have used all kinds of liniments, and can truthfully say that Nerviline is far stronger, more penetrating and infinitely better than anything else for relieving pain. I urge everyone with lumbago, neuralgia, rheumatism, or sciatica, to use Nerviline. I know it will cure them."

Get Nerviline to-day, large family size, 50c.; trial size, 25c.; all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y. and Kingston, Canada.

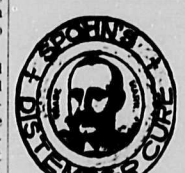
Headaches — nausea — indigestion — muddy complexion — pimples — bad breath — these are some of the effects of constipation. The mild, sensible, reliable remedy is

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

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

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

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



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Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings, and is a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and $1 a bottle; $6 and $11 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper Causes and Cures."

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Present Prices—10 cents and 11 cents for salted hides.

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Write today for our specification booklet.

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Is a close-in subdivision and will be the scene of considerable more building operations this summer. Adjoins the million-dollar packing plant owned by Swift & Co. Is half mile from Burns' plant and alongside Edmonton Carpet and Box factory. Five thousand men employed in these factories. Lies between two car-lines; consequently Industrial View will be a big factor to all who invest today—Ideal Industrial View.

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Write at once for Particulars

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THE TURK

By Richard Barry

In meeting the Turkish army the Italians will have to reckon with one who will be called here Ferkoz Bey. During the Manchurian campaign of 1904-05 Ferkoz, together with half a dozen other white men, of whom I happened to be one, was attached to General Nogi's Third Imperial Japanese Army headquarters.

We all agreed that if Ferkoz once got under fire he would either run or wilt, for he was the most frivolous man with the army. He perpetually bucked about, volubly longing for a fight. On prospective days of battle he rose early, wrapped his hundredweight of tense animal spirits in tight-fitting kersey breeches, donned his tiny astrachan fez, and thus, half-naked, would dance a Spanish bolero about the compound, while he tried to sing, in turn, the Marseillaise, the Star Spangled Banner, and God Save the King.

The rest of us, drowsily fighting flies on the kangs inside, would look up to see what the row was about, and then gradually assemble in the compound for the morning tea and biscuits. That was all Ferkoz wanted—to get the party moving, and he would laugh like a boy as he ducked under the pail of cold water his betto threw over him.

"What a rotter!" once exclaimed old General Whitgrave, souring with British animosity toward all levity against His Majesty, or any of His Majesty's possessions, even down to His Majesty's hymn. "He'll sneak at the first shot. I know the breed."

But Ferkoz was as oblivious of our disgust as he was of the tiger mosquitoes that made life dear at half the price for the rest of us. He still bounded about our successive compounds with the same frivolous ferocity, insulted every national air with the same ingenuous belief that he was conveying subtle compliments, and wakened us all morning after morning for a month with that bloodthirsty cry for battle.

Finally it came to be a matter of speculation as to just how soon Ferkoz would fade when the fighting commenced and how far he would recede as it continued, for we all knew that the imminent conflict was to be titanic, and even the war-lust of a Turk would be sated.

Then one day the other Ferkoz, the Turk of the battle-field, gleamed forth. We were hardened and saddened that day. The men we were marching with were no longer the light, simple-faced lads we saw huddled in box-cars in Japan and penned between decks on the transports.

Firing from ahead boomed on us and Ferkoz screamed with delight. His first action thereafter gave the lie to General Whitgrave, for he spurred his horse and left us to guess if it were still his blue kerseys that danced in the dust storm ahead.

A few minutes later we overtook him where he had been halted by a colonel in charge of a four-point-seven battery emplaced on a knoll by the roadside. He was cursing privately in three languages, while he was explaining in French, German, Turkish, English and broken Japanese that he felt safer two thousand yards further on, with the infantry, than he did with the battery, drawing fire.

For the moment I was inclined to believe that Ferkoz really would feel safer ahead, for he tried to explain that up with the skirmishers a man ran no risk except from Mauser balls, while back where he stood there were the vitreous bursts of shrapnel to confuse one; the air was spilled full of smokepuffs that concealed the worst kind of ragged shot. But the colonel knew his orders: no foreigners were to advance beyond his battery. When Ferkoz found that swearing did no good he sobbed. Then nobody was interested in him.

After perhaps an hour orders came for the battery to advance. Ferkoz ecstatically hugged the lanyard major, and, finding the colonel had forgotten him, he slipped up to join the postilion guards. He was outriding ahead of them when his horse got a spent bullet through the chest and went down.

Ferkoz, disentangling himself, abandoned his rations and accoutrement, and ran on, keeping pace with the canter of the postilions. It was only a few hundred yards further on that the relief mounts of the battery came to grief. Three of them were twirled out and killed with a blast of shrapnel. The next instant the rear horse of the foremost gun went down with his rider, both done for.

It was then that the Turk came to life and gloried in the joy of his soul.

To the right, under a village wall, the foremost Russian battery had been dislodged. Overwhelmed at the audacity of the attack and out-manoeuvred from the start, it had pulled out an hour after dawn—all of it that could get away. There was one gun left and it was smashed in three places, all vital; in the breech, under one hub, and by the tree of the criss axle. However, it was so inextricably mussed that only a careful cross-examination could have told what ailed it.

Apparently this broken gun had been left as a rear guard, because its barrel, except for the slight declination due to the shot that angled it awry, was pointed toward the victorious empire-builders. Under it and around it lay proof of the most desperate struggle.

Three of the horses were mixed up with the debris, two wounded and bleeding, the third apparently unhurt. The fourth lay off at one side, quite dead. Across the broken wheel lay a Russian cannoneer, finished, and beyond him two Japanese corpses. All the rest of the eighteen men concerned in this affair of the foremost battery were still alive, still meat for the Red Cross to fix up, that they might live and fight another day.

Ferkoz dashed on the scene simultaneously with the Japanese sergeant who had lost his rear horse. Both saw the game they were after at the same moment. The groans of the wounded, some of whom were begging for water, the pitiful moans of the horses, affected them not at all. Friend and foe made no difference to them.

Each saw a single thing—the unharmed horse!

Ferkoz and the sergeant leaped together toward the mass of death and destruction; together they searched frantically for a way to secure that perfect horse. Ferkoz reached through the shattered wheel, crushing the dead Russian with his hundredweight as he did so, and stroked the animal up and down his chest; then withdrew with a satisfied grunt and inadvertently stepped on the shoulder of a wounded Japanese. Leaping across two bodies he ran to the other side and wriggled under the torn whiffletree, clotting his blue kerseys with blood, until he could poke his small shoulders under the gun barrel where it had fallen across the horse's back.

"Kore desuka!" (I have it!) he cried, with wild delight, when he found that all four feet of the horse could move. By this time the Japanese had also wriggled in and, together, the two managed to pry the barrel a bit sidewise, break off some protruding spokes, and bear down the tongue of the carriage until it smashed the ribs of the Russian lying under it.

"Was he dead?" we asked Ferkoz later. "He is dead," replied the Turk.

When these two Orientals, one from the shores of the Black Sea, the other from the shoes of the Sea of Japan, finally extricated their prize, they regarded him for a brief instant with that jealous joy with which a connoisseur looks upon a hidden masterpiece. Then, seizing the prize, they ran with him as fast as they could back to the road where the three-horse gun carriage had been deserted by the rest of the battery, which was now up in front of the village and ready to go into action.

About this time we rode up and accompanied the delayed gun as it went forward. As we passed the scene of the original carnage we stopped with Ferkoz a moment while he showed us where the horse came from. The two wounded horses were still groaning. The blanched, weazened faces of the men were twisted into the tensity of mortal agony. One had turned over on his face in the vain attempt to staunch an abdominal wound that might have been staunched half an hour before, had so deft a person as Ferkoz but lent him a helping hand. One arm hung limp by his side and the other was gone. In desperation he had bitten the sod.

"Why! Why!" cried the old general, as he jumped down to assist the wounded. "Didn't you help these men? You're a non-combatant."

"But I am zee fighting man!" exclaimed Ferkoz with the same frivolity that awoke us those early summer mornings.

Ferkoz and I, being mounted, rode off an hour later to the western outposts. I had picked up his horse for him where he had abandoned it without a second thought. Finding that it had been no more than stunned, I brought it on, and again he was jubilant to find that he could ride on to where the Japanese horsemen were reported as being active. With us went a Japanese lieutenant, as our guide and protector, and Muta, our orderly.

Everything was vague. A mist settled early over the land and mingled with the dust clouds that rose, as though conjured by magicians, and yet palpably wrought of the passing of regiments, the galloping of artillery parks, the clattering of yellow cavalry. All the facts we had were vague. We knew we were part of an army that might number half a million men, while it might number a million. Some said the battle front was eighty miles long; others that it was a hundred and eighty miles from tip to tip of the outposts. Some contended that we were on the aggressive, others that the Russians had hit our centre first and that we were now retaliating by trying to outflank them on the right.

Ferkoz was in one of his sulky moods when a column of dust appeared on the horizon out of the southeast. We drew our horses into the kowliang fields. The steady patter, patter of many feet lapping the heavy dust of the Manchu loam was quickly succeeded by a column of graven-faced blue-coats, rifles at shoulder-rest, on the dog trot, headed straight for the nearest village, a quarter of a mile away.

The regiment, however, received no attention from Ferkoz. He was angrily scanning the village and the ground between. Suddenly he dug spurs into his horse, heading back across the fields at right angles to the direction in which he had come, and yelled to us to follow.

As I pulled up beside him Ferkoz cried that the village was surrounded by range finders, which are little white stakes stuck in the ground a hundred yards apart, so placed as to give the defenders accurate estimates for sighting. We had been racing away from the regiment only a few minutes when the bluecoats reached the first row of white stakes. It was probably the thousand metre mark, for there they received their first peppering.

We were well out of range and cantering on, our horses in a lather, and Ferkoz again in great spirits, chuckling and singing snatches of national anthems. He had more reason now to be happy, for two batteries of field guns had opened simultaneously with the Russian attack from the next village, and from both left and right for what seemed hundreds of miles, and for what really was forty or fifty miles, came the intermittent crackle of rifles and the dull, low boom of the heavy guns.

Then, to fill Ferkoz's cup of joy, there appeared directly in our front, between the two villages occupied respectively by the two sides, the figures of two horsemen. And they were not clothed in the yellow surtout and the jaunty low cap of the Japanese cavalryman, but in black Siberian shakos, their breasts criss-crossed with banderillos and their saddle paunches Cossack padded.

Like us, they were lost. However, unlike us, they were also cut off, for the flank of the Japanese line extended between them and the Russians. And they were walking their horses leisurely, so as not to attract attention.

I thought Ferkoz would faint with delight. It was no ordinary pleasure of the observer, such as mine, but a real passion which he expressed. As I looked in his eyes, from which all recognition of common things, myself included, had departed, I beheld that primeval lust for blood which only blood can breed and which only blood can satisfy; an eternal, smoldering brimstone flashing from the deeps and breaking through every law and restraint as molten lava breaks through the heart of an ancient volcano. I was as nothing to him. That he had no right to blood, under the circumstances, and that I knew it, deterred him not. In awe I dropped behind. No one could have halted that inspired Mussulman whom the furies pursued and the houris beckoned on.

With a Macedonian yell, digging his spurs deeply into the China pony, Ferkoz leaped the low ditch by the roadside and charged madly toward the Cossacks. As the pony leaped he drew from his girdle a short, keen Damascene blade which he had twirled for us on evenings when time hung heavy in the dingy compounds.

The Cossacks heard the shouting, turned, saw the extraordinary apparition, and, not knowing what lay behind, urged their mounts into vigorous action. Ferkoz passed the reins to his teeth and drew his revolver.

This was too much for the Japanese who had been detailed to accompany us and not to mingle in the fighting. He slipped after the Turk with that side welch which distinguishes a pickpocket as he eludes the grip of a corner policeman.

Muta and I dismounted and watched the duel.

Ferkoz hamstrung the rear horse with his first shot, passed the dismounted Cossack on the gallop, and reined in behind the second before he could reach a little wood that stretched between the two villages six or eight hundred yards beyond. The Japanese leaped from his tough little stallion when he reached the first man, and I lost sight of what happened with him in vainly attempting to follow Ferkoz with my glass.

Presently the Japanese brought his Cossack to the road, a willing prisoner; but I forgot that phase of the peculiar affair in watching Ferkoz as he returned, prancing his horse elegantly along the green kowliang sprouts and twirling the Damascene blade.

As he came up I opened my mouth to ask about the second Cossack, but I remained speechless, for, as Ferkoz twirled the blade, a drop of blood splotched from it to the horse's neck. I was about to cry "Murder!" when my speech was arrested, for I glanced at his eye.

He did not see me. From him had departed all the frivolity of the gay comrade and all the friendliness of the man who had shared with me the same mess table and the same bed for three months. He was gazing profoundly beyond me into the rumble of battle which rose through the surrounding miles like a mighty diapason.

He was no longer the Ferkoz of the mess table. The demon of war had exalted him, and he sat there an inspired warrior. Before him, could he have been turned to stone, millions of fiery men might have worshipped!

We hurried on to the village, from which the battery was hurling shrapnel over the Russian retreat, and as we approached its outer wall shells burst above us. We were crossing some marshy land where the water was up to the horse's knees. I had been riding ahead with Muta, but as we entered the village I heard cries behind. Looking back, I saw both Ferkoz and the Japanese officer had fallen from their horses and that their mounts were down.

Thinking they were bogged I told the nearest soldiers. Then I hastened to headquarters, not being interested in sordid bogging on such a momentous day. Moreover, I was nauseated with the revelation which had just come to me.

An hour later they brought Ferkoz and the Japanese officer in on stretchers. Their horses had been killed by shrapnel and each man had been wounded. The Japanese had been hit in the calf of his left leg and the wound was slight, but Ferkoz had been dangerously hit in the thigh.

Late that night the surgeon turned to me with a burst of admiration in academic French: "The Turk!" he cried. "C'est marveilleux!"

It seems that Ferkoz had sent the first aide on to the Japanese. Later it was discovered that a bullet had severed the great artery in his own leg above the knee. Meanwhile, with his own hands, his coat sleeve, and his sword blade, Ferkoz had stopped the flow. Such a tourniquet usually requires the united strength of two men, but the Turk had thus, alone, saved his own life, while he turned over to the Japanese, who did not need it, the first attention.

Ferkoz Bey received his Fifth Class Order of the Rising Sun for succoring a wounded Japanese lieutenant at the expense of his own grave danger, not because he killed a Cossack in an obscure Manchurian wood.

GOOD REVENUE FROM PEACOCKS

(By Elizabeth Parker)

Probably every girl who suddenly discovers she has to make her own living tries to find some kind of distinguished work with a tinge of aristocracy about it. I will confess that I had this failing. Peacocks appealed to me as the one creature that carried an air of birth and breeding since this historic bird was Juno's attendant in the age of mythology. So I started my peacocks for profit.

It was a happy idea, too, for I soon found that money could be made in it, that the work was comparatively easy and that the gorgeous creatures themselves were a never failing source of entertainment. The beautiful birds, with their magnificent color, gorgeous plumage, and their tendency to exhibit their splendor on every occasion, have been to me a continual pleasure.

As a plain business proposition they are money makers, as there is a good market for them at prices ranging from $20 to $200 a pair, according to beauty. As they are a rich man's luxury, one seldom has to cut prices to make sales. I suppose in time the market will grow less, but at present there are so many men building themselves great estates that the demand is strong. On these estates the decorative features of the peacock add the final touch to all that is rare and beautiful, and once you have got the eye of your prospective customer you have little difficulty in effecting a sale. The peacock seems to belong to clipped hedges, great carved stone vases, lovely terraces and green lawns.

The peacock has stood as an emblem of wealth ever since history was written, for Solomon had his peacocks imported from India and China, where they were the birds of the wealthy in earlier ages. For many years a peacock feather was regarded as an emblem of the highest rank in China, Li Hung Chang, it will be remembered, having had a peacock and yellow jacket.

At first I could hardly believe that these gorgeous birds were easy to rear. I discovered to my good fortune, however, that they were hardy creatures that will roost in trees all winter long and go through snowstorms as chipper as a chickadee.

I never house my birds, no matter how near zero the mercury hovers. I thought at first they surely ought to be housed and would not believe what the experts told me of their hardy endurance. I was soon convinced that outdoors was the place for these birds as they contracted diseases and became ailing and weak when housed up.

The feeding of the birds is simple. They require food but once a day, just before sunset, when they go to roost. Their diet is made up of cracked corn, pounded rice, buckwheat and a great deal more wheat than anything else should be used.

As soon as spring breaks the peahens wander about in search of good nesting places, and they are very wise in their selection, having a keen instinct for their safety; in fact, full trust may be put in the quiet peahen as she is a wise bird and makes an excellent mother.

When her nest is made she lays from six to eight eggs and immediately starts in to hatch them. When the chicks come out she should be left entirely alone, for she knows how to take care of them better than anyone else. I found it was a great mistake to try to hatch the eggs under common hens. While I let the peahens run with their chicks, and they usually find plenty of insects, I always place some food for them morning and evening. This chick food is a mixture of prepared game foods, chopped lettuce and hard boiled eggs.

The one warning the amateur in peacock breeding should beware of is wet and dampness. Wet feet combined with many days of cold will prove fatal and for this reason an airy enclosure should be provided into which the birds may be driven when a long, cold rain comes on. I have a big shed, one side of which is open, but covered with wire netting or chicken wire. Into this I can drive my birds and lock them up until the storm is over.

For my first pair of peacocks I paid $20, getting them in the winter at a bargain. In the spring the peahen laid seven eggs and hatched and reared six young ones from this clutch. During that spring she laid two other clutches and I had fifteen birds in all from the pair. I sold most of these in the autumn, and realized $450, one pair fetching $150, the others from $50 to $100 a pair. Then I bought another beautiful cock and bred him to a very fine peahen that was one of my own chicks, so that next spring I had two pairs of birds to start with. From these I raised 29 birds that season and more than doubled my profits, making $1,200 clear.

Since then I have gone in for some of the wonderful Java peacocks and some of the lovely snowy white ones, and I get all kinds of fancy prices. It is really very little trouble and I love the work, for it is immensely interesting. I raised the birds on a place of ten acres, which is more than enough to give them ample ranging territory. My only source of trouble is that they sometimes take to flying. When they do decide to go up they go like aeroplanes and sometimes land on other farms. They either come back, however, or are brought back, as every one far and near knows they are my birds, and I have never yet had any stolen from me.

Certainly for the girl in the country who has or can get the use of some land useless for almost any other purpose, peacocks for profit seem to offer a pleasant and interesting source of income.

FLYING WITHOUT ENGINES

No fewer than ninety-nine persons have inscribed their names and paid ten francs each to participate in the Aviette competition in France, of which the trials commence on June 1st. The promptitude with which inventors have presented themselves is probably due to the stipulations that the start shall be given in the order of inscription, and that the $2,000 shall go to the first man who achieves the feat of covering in the air on a flying machine propelled by nothing but muscular force the distance of only ten metres (32 feet 10 inches). The competition is international, but the trials are to be made in France under the control of a special commission to be appointed by M. Peugeot, the donor of the prize. The fact that so many people have already inscribed their names and will consequently have the right to a first trial before a newcomer need discourage no one. It may be taken for granted there will be many absentees on the first day, and it will be a miracle if the prize is captured at the first trial.

The idea of flight without mechanically created force is so captivating that most people, especially after seeing our artificial birds of all descriptions rise from the ground with ease, seem to fail to realize the difficulty of the task demanded of them by M. Peugeot. It is true they have to cover a distance of only ten metres (32 feet 10 inches)—a mere jump—but they may have no sort of assistance such as springboard to start from, trainers, etc. They must start from level ground and alight on the same level ground, and perform the feat twice, starting from opposite directions to show they are not assisted by the wind.

FIRST PROCESSES OF SUGAR MAKING

The sugar cane after it is hauled to the factory is first passed through mills to remove the juice. The cane mills are of all kinds and types, and range from the crude ox-driven mills employed in the Philippines and other primitive countries, to the high power, steam-driven hydraulic nine and twelve roller mills employed in Cuba, Java, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Louisiana, and other countries where the most modern machinery is used. In the best equipped factories the cane is delivered by an endless carrier to huge corrugated crushers, which reduce the stalks to a thick blanket of pulpy fiber, removing at the same time some 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the juice. The crushed stalks pass next through a mill of three rollers, where still more of the juice is removed, and then through a second, third and sometimes a fourth set of such rollers, the hydraulic pressure upon the rollers being increased at each mill in order to remove more and more of the juice. It is also customary to wet the pulp with a thin spray of water between the sets of rollers, the water thus soaked up facilitating the removal of the residual sugar by the succeeding rollers. This process of wetting, of maceration, as it is called, is highly important, but requires to be carefully controlled; the water added must of course be afterward evaporated and the question which the chemist must decide is when the cost of evaporation begins to exceed the value of the extra sugar recovered. Large numbers of treatises have been written upon maceration and scarcely any two authorities are found to agree upon the details of manipulation. The quantity of water used for wetting the fiber is usually about 15 per cent. per 100 parts of normal undiluted juice, although 25 per cent. and more is sometimes used. With 15 per cent. maceration about 90 per cent. of the sugar in the cane is extracted in the juice; with 25 per cent. maceration over 95 per cent. of the sugar may be extracted. The residue of cane fiber as it leaves the last mill contains about 45 to 50 per cent. moisture and from 3 to 5 per cent. sugar, i.e., from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. of the original sugar in the cane. This residue of fiber is called "bagasse," and is burned under the boilers; it constitutes the chief and in some countries the only supply of fuel for operating the sugar factory.

AS OTHERS SEE US

A charming feature of this gay world of ours is that the quality of self-satisfaction is divided with the greatest impartiality among all nations and races of the earth. We hold our sides with laughter at the sight of a stranger, and then we check ourselves, murmuring: "How cruel of us. Poor fellow!" but as a matter of fact he has been holding his sides at us. A Russian who had lived much among the Chinese and acquired some knowledge of their language, gave point to this reflection by an anecdote from his own experience.

"I was walking through a country district in China with two Englishmen," he said, "and for some hours I had listened to their polite patronage of the natives. A group of peasants came solemnly down the road.

"'You know, they really are a jolly queer looking lot,' said one Englishman, and the other one reflected that it was no wonder little boys in other lands hooted at the sight of one—not of course, that they might not be in their way a very good sort.

"The approaching group suddenly broke into song, one man singing a line and the rest joining in after a solemn pause of half a minute. They stood aside deferentially as we passed, and then I gathered the purport of their dirge. The soloist was singing lines like this:

"'Oh, look at the foreigners coming down the road—'

"And the chorus, after the pause that gave solemnity to the chant, would intone:

"'Oh, aren't they funny?'

"Then there would come from the soloist:

"'Look at their hideous long noses.'

"And the chorus:

"'Oh, aren't they funny?'

"'I suppose,' said one of the Englishmen, 'that they're singing a hymn of some sort. It sounds like it.'

"'Well, I'm glad we aren't made like that,' observed the other, while from down the road I caught:

"'Did you see their extraordinary big feet?'

"And the answering chorus:

"'Oh, aren't they funny?'"

EXERCISE FOR THE HORSE

There is no interest more important or so much neglected, especially of our breeding stallions, as the one thing—exercise. Feed, water and exercise are important for all horses, but especially for breeding horses. If they get feed and water without exercise, they will soon be ruined and become shy breeders.

The Arabs, who, as a people, raise horses of the best quality(the cleanest, hardest bone, and with the greatest proportion of muscle) have a saying that "rest and fat are the greatest enemies of the horse." There is also a natural law of atrophy, or withering up, which acts on any organ or system of the body that is not kept in constant use. The horse is especially an animal of activities. We value him in proportion to the development of his powers of speed or draft.

With winter necessitating stall feeding, comes the dangerous period of the horse's (especially the young horse's) life, for it is then that feed and exercise are most out of balance. With a feeling of kindness, or for reasons of convenience, many of our colts are kept in comfortable quarters and well fed from one week to another, without more than an hour or two for exercise each day. This condition is not conducive to the best development of horse flesh.

A rule laid down by Prof. Henry, who made a life study of methods of feeding all classes of stock, is that a mature horse should be out in the open air not less than four or five hours a day, and should travel from ten to fifteen miles daily to maintain health; and a well-fed colt should be out of doors from eight to ten hours a day, and should move several miles, either in a yard or on a track.

No one questions the soundness of such teaching, but many, from neglect or other reasons, omit to act upon the knowledge. One generation of horses may not show ill effects from "too kindly" treatment, but in years to come flabbiness of muscle, softness of bone, weaknes of feet and a generally impaired constitution will be the price of laxity in the matter of giving healthful exercise, not neglecting good food, to young horses or to other breeding stock.

HARD TO READ FACES

When some countenances are subjected to a reasonably close scrutiny the intelligent student of physiognomy is no longer inclined to wonder at crime. The fact of human perversity seems clear, and the observer is apt to realize that he is living in a strange and awful world. We may slip along through the daily routine without being appalled by these facial evidences because the living countenance in most cases is animated by a constantly changing play of emotions, lending concealment to depravity and giving a softening effect that is advantageous. Occasionally faces are seen, of course, which seem shocking in their revelation of inherent brutality and apparent lack of human quality, but such faces are exceptional. With the average, the worst effects are an acquired coldness of expression, a supercilious look and an apparent lack of intelligence. There there is nothing to make it seem incredible that these persons do not have their finer and softer moments, when they may exhibit those sentiments and emotions which are accepted as marks of the loftier side of human nature.

But the living face in its relation to the real character might be likened to an expert juggler manipulating the various articles of his mystic trade. Except in moments of revery or abstraction the expression is constantly changing; it scarcely remains the same for five consecutive seconds. It is a case of "Now you see me, and now you don't," and it is extremely difficult to determine when you may be catching a glimpse of the real character, and when the fleeting expression may be a misleading token, involuntary, perhaps, on the part of the individual, but cunningly calculated by nature to deceive the eye of the spectator.

Hence the genuine ability to "read character" in facial expression is much rarer than is commonly supposed. It is not only a fine art but an intricate one. Most persons who fancy that they possess it in some degree are really proceeding upon a sort of blind instinct, which is likely to be deceived entirely by superficial indications. The accurate judges of men are extremely scarce; their gift is one which should invariably lead them to success if they are blessed with half an opportunity.

The appraisal of character by photographic evidence may be as erroneous as that which is based on the living face, but at least the photograph gives opportunity for continuous study and shows none of those shifting moods which are sure to confuse the judgment. The camera catches its subject as he or she may appear at the given moment. It may be an inopportune moment, the camera may be a poor one, there may be a fault in the plate, or the photographer may lack skill, but something of the true soul and character of the subject is bound to appear on the surface and to stand revealed to all who see it.

The truth may be somewhat qualified by the fact that the average person in front of a camera is invariably more or less self-conscious, but in general effect the dominant qualities are at least partially revealed, so that in almost any photographic portrait one may see strength of character, vanity, self-esteem, nobility, meanness, fussiness, unscrupulousness or what-not, as the case may be.

When photographs are "reproduced" by half-tone process the essential facts of the physiognomy are sometimes obscured, especially in the hurried processes of newspaper portraiture. Still, in all but the most atrocious examples of such art, these essential facts show through, even if it be with but a dim glow.

BUYING CHINESE COTTON MILLS

The Osaka "Mainichi" has the following with reference to the increasing attention paid in Japan to the financing and controlling of the Chinese cotton industry:

"The Hua Hsuan spinning mill at Shanghai and the Wuchang spinning and weaving mills have been placed under the control of the Mitsui Bussan Company, which will in future manage them. There is no doubt that the gradual tendency in the spinning industry in China is toward joint Chino-Japanese undertakings. The Mitsu Bishi Company is purchasing the Chen-Hua spinning mill at Shanghai, a concern operating 21,776 spindles, to which another 40,000 will be added by the new owners.

"The following Chinese mills have been acquired by Japanese interests, either completely or as managers: The Shanghai Spinning Mill (Mitsui), the Santai Spinning Mill (Mitsui), Jih Hsin Spinning Mill (Japan Cotton Spinning Mill Company), Nai Wai Spinning Mill (Nai Gai Cotton Spinning Mill Company), Wuchang Spinning and Weaving Mills (Mitsui), Chen-Hua Spinning Mills (Mitsu), totalling 150,000 spindles."

In times of financial difficulties the Loochooans, residents of the southwestern islands of Japan, sometimes pawn the graves of their relatives. They are always redeemed, however, failure to do so meaning family disgrace. The turtle-back shaped tombs, usually located on a hillside facing the water, are elaborate affairs of stone and cement, and their cost and upkeep often bankrupt the family.

Social and Personal

Mrs. E. W. Thomas, Gore ave., will not receive on the third Wednesday in June, nor again until fail.

Mrs. J. L. Denholm will not receive on the second Wednesday in June, and not again until autumn.

Miss F. Orr spent Sunday with New Westminster friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Milestone visited at Vancouver last week.

Mrs. Carvolth is visiting with friends at Victoria this week.

Miss McNevin spent the week end at her home at Westminster.

Mrs. (Capt.) Gardiner daughter visited in Vancouver over Sunday.

Arthur Henderson, brother of Dr. Henderson, left last week for Edmonton, Alberta on a visit.

Miss Street of New Westminster spent the week end at her home here.

Mrs. W. L. Macken is visiting with friends in Vancouver this week.

J. E. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison visited the coast cities this week.

Elywn Cawley of New Westminster spent the week end at his home here.

Rev. A. E. Roberts was a visitor to New Westminster on Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Bassatt of New Westminster has entered the Chilliwack Hospital as probationer.

Deane Maxwell of New Westminster spent a few days last week at the home of Mrs. J. C. Henderson, Sr.

Chas. W. Webb was a week end visitor to New Westminster and Royal Oak, returning on Monday evening.

Dr. Muirehead is at the coast this week making final preparation for writing on the B. C. Dental Examinations.

Mrs. H. W. Swain and child of New Westminster spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. S. Calbick, Yale road.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Peers go to, Vancouver to-morrow on a weeks' visit. Mr. Peers may attend I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge at Victoria before returning.

Mr. Thomas, wife and family have taken up their residence in Chilliwack. Mr. Thomas is a brother-in-law of Geo. Armstrong, section foreman on the B. C. E. R.

Henry Kipp was a visitor to the coast on Saturday. On returning he was accompanied by Mrs. Kipp who spent three weeks visiting friends at Westminster and Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. John McLean, and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Johnston of Port Moody spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hall on Henderson ave., having motored over the road from Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Giles left yesterday on a extended visit to friends at London and Toronto, Ont., and Saskatoon and Prince Albert, Sask. They expect to return about October 1.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. John Story was taken to the hospital at Vancouver last week where an operation for a tumor was performed on Saturday. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

W. Beer manager of the the Light and Power department of the B. C. E. R. leaves on June 14 on an extended visit of three months to his old home in Lancaster, Lancashire, England, sailing from Montreal on the 21st by the Victorian.

The Cantata "Eva" under the auspices of the ladies of the W. C. T. U. which was held in Cook's church on Tuesday evening was quite successful, a fair number listening with pleasure to the evening's program.

The members of Chilliwack Institute will pay a visit to Matsqui on Wednesday June 12, where they will be guests of the Matsqui Womans' Institute. The party will leave on the one o'clock tram returning the same evening.

At the elocution contest which was held at Sardis last Friday night, Miss Edith Newby was awarded the medal for highest proficiency. Among others who recited were Misses Eva Crankshaw, Cora Minckler and Jessie Mower, and Geo. Matheson. Geo. Carter was a happy chairman, and besides the recitations a good musical program was enjoyed by all.

Miss Wilkie and Miss Florence Morse have resigned their positions as teachers on the public school staff. Miss C. Stevenson, of Sardis, has been engaged to take charge the room vacated by Miss Wilkie. A teacher has not been secured to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Morse. Miss Morse will return to her home in Nova Scotia and will enter Acadia College.

Special business will be brought up at the next meeting of the Chilliwack Hospital Auxiliary. Amendments to the constitution will be voted on and arrangements made for the Garden Party to be held on June 27 at the home of Mrs. Larter. Hope River road. All members are requested to attend the meeting in the City hall on Monday June 10 at three o'clock.

Local Items

L.F.Croft, at Mee Studio for photos

For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.

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

Wm. Topley has returned from a trip to Manitoba.

Capt. Garvie was a passenger to the coast Monday.

Thos. Gibbens was a passenger to Vancouver to-day.

Wm. McConnell of Vancouver spent Sunday in town.

T. J. Polley was a business visito to Vancouver Tuesday.

Capt. J. C. Garvie was at the coast on business Monday.

J. H. Menzies is at present on a trip to points in Manitoba.

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

Military Band concert has been been post-poned until June 21.

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

W. B. Trenholm was a business visitor to the coast this morning.

Alderman D. C. McGillivray was a visitor to Huntingdon Tuesday.

The banks, post office and schools observed the holiday on Monday.

The Montreal Bank is now open for business in their new quarters.

W. L. Gammon left last week on a business trip to Victoria and Alberni.

HELP WANTED—male and female, apply Chas. F. Smith at Chilliwack Cannery.

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

Found—a large umbrella; owner can have same by calling on Henry Kipp, Yale road.

A special discount sale of Ladies' Spring and Summer Suits is now on at W. T. Rolfe's.

Capt. Hawkshaw has purchased from D. W. Chadsey a very fine pure bred Holstein bull.

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

Born—At the Hospital, Chilliwack on Tuesday June 4, to Mr. and Mrs. J. McCorquodale, a daugter.

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

Ed. Ramsdell, D. R. McLennan, and L. J. Thomas were among yesterday's passengers to the coast.

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

For Sale—A ladies driving horse, quiet and well broken, four years old. Apply at the Free Press office.

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

FOR SALE Splendid little saddle pony, cheap for quick sale; A bargain. Jno. Robinson, Hazel street.

The cement foundations for C. P. Chamberlain's new block on Wellington street are about completed.

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

Big discount on all millinery at Miss Hoyles; all trimmed and untrimmed hats at greatly reduced prices.

Ed. Ramsdell was at White Rock on Friday, and while there purchased a lot and summer cottage at this favorite summer resort. The family will go to White Rock as soon as the schools close.

Free Press Printing Pleases.

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

D. Morden this week sold through Chas. Hutcheson & Co., a quarter acre lot on Hazel street, to J. H. Bowes.

Mr. Bremmer, manager of the Bank of Montreal, Westminster was a business visitor to Chilliwack on Saturday.

Home grown strawberries, the big lucious kind, were on sale locally, this week and were quickly bought up.

Hill Macken, Bert Thompson, Wm. and Thos. Muirhead, of Rosedale, were passengers to Mt. Lehman on Saturday.

Mr. Bradey who has employed in H. R. Thompson's crew as lineman on the B. C. E. R. left last week for Butte, Montana.

Mr. Bollert, of Vancouver, was a visitor to the City on Friday. Mr. Bollert has a sub-division on the Chilliwack Central road.

The regular monthly meeting of the Chilliwack Merchants Association will be held at the City hall on Wednesday evening next.

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

The annual Garden Party of the Methodist Church, Cheam, will be held on the Church grounds on Tuesday evening June 25. Refreshments and program provided.

"The Martian writing in the Westminster News:" The question is being asked, "Why, when the headquarters and two companies of the regiment are in New Westminster, and a detachment of one company is in Chilliwack, is the formation of the regimental band left to the smaller but more enterprising place?"

A. Blair who has been employed on the Free Press for some time failed to connect with the office on Monday morning. On enquiry we learned that he had decamped for Ontario, he evidently being a member of the typographical tourist fraternity. The unexpected decrease in our staff has made the publication of this issue a difficult proposition.

Church News

Rev. C. B. Clarke of Sardis is attending the Synod in Vancouver this week.

Rev. W. P. Bunt has arrived in the Valley and will conduct his first services in the Sumas Methodist church on Sunday, June 9.

Evangelist Sampson is meeting with great success in his series of meetings now being conducted at Rosedale.

F. Semple left on Saturday for Edmonton where he will attend the Synod meeting of the Presbyterian church. Mrs. Semple accompanied her husband as far as Vancouver.

The monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary will be held in the school room of the Methodist Church on Tuesday June 11 at three p.m. The Sardis Auxiliary have kindly consented to be with us on that date and their delegate will give her report of the branch meeting recently held in Victoria. A cordial invitation is extended to all the ladies of the church to be present.—Com.

The Rev. A. E. Roberts was present last Monday evening at the launching of the new Mission steamer "Thomas Crosby" at the Heaps Mill slips, Vancouver, and assisted in the interesting ceremony attending the launching.

The christening ceremony was preformed by Mrs. R. W. Harris, daughter of Rev. Dr. Crosby, who smashed a bottle containing salt water on the stem. Rev. Dr. Thomas Crosby, who was seen fifty years service among the Indians, and after whom the boat is named, was present, as also were Rev. Dr. White, superintendent of missions and Rev. A. E. Green. Costing $20,000 the Thomas Crosby designed and built by Dan McPhee, is 87 1-2 feet long, 17 1-2 feet beam and draws 7 1-2 feet. Her power is steam obtained from oil burning boilers and Scotch built compound engines develop 160 horsepower. Her station will include all coast waters as far north as Stewart and she will be commanded by Captain William Oliver, who has been identified with mission work for years and held command of the mission boats Glad Tidings, Udal and the Homespun.

FRESH CREAM

20 CENTS PER PINT

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

Order for Morning Delivery.

PHONE 275

PRICE BROS.

City Dairy

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 5/8 cable, 53 feet 7/8, 30 feet 3/4, all new with blocks. Can be seen on S. E. 40 acres of N. W. 1/4 Sec. 15, Township 26, New Westminster District. Apply to H. HULBERT,
Route 1, Sardis.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that all petitions for cement sidewalks to be constructed during the current year must be received by the City Clerk not later than July 1st. Petitions received after that date will not be acted upon.

D. E. CARLETON,
City Clerk.

FOR SALE

Thoroughbred Poland China Sow for Sale, $100.

B. C. HOP CO., Sardis.

FOR SALE

Six tons good Timothy hay, loose. Good work mare, 1200 lbs., quiet and reliable. Collapsable fowl house, new. Apply

A. N. MacKRAY,
Young Road, Chilliwack.

Quarter Acre Home Sites

I have for sale some Quarter Acre Lots exceptionally well situated for Home Sites. Prices from

$350 up, on terms

of $30 Cash, balance $15 per month, interest 6 p.c.

It will pay you to see these before you select your building site.

A. E. McLANE

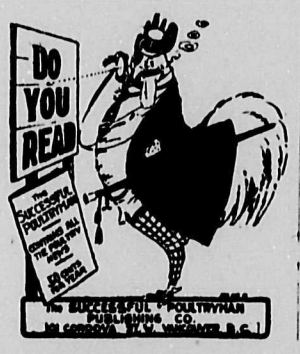
Real Estate and Insurance Chilliwack

We Repair Watches

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

REG. E. BROADHEAD

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



Chilliwack Electric Co.

House Wiring
Fittings
Fixtures

J. H. Patterson
Proprietor

Wellington St., opp. Opera House

Where Do You Shop?

DO you shop in a brisk, active store or in a dull store?

Advertising makes bright stores. Failure to advertise goes hand in hand with dullness and stagnation.

Advertising brushes away cobwebs and dust, smartens shop windows, quickens the intelligence of salesmen, and lets in the sunlight.

Advertising makes the merchant think of you—of your wants and needs; makes him anxious to serve you to your liking and advantage.

Advertising keeps stock from having birthdays.

Advertising acquaints you with new things, and brightens your home, your life, your person.

Advertising keeps a business from growing lazy and stupid. Advertising injects rich red blood into the arteries of business and keeps it healthful and active.

Shop where your wants and needs are uppermost in the mind of the merchant. Shop in the store which reflects you, which you dominate. Shop where your money returns to you in better goods, better value, better service.

Shun the shop that is dumb and dark and dreary; keep away from the shop that never speaks to you, never smiles at you, never bothers about you.

Reward by your custom the merchant who lives to serve you, and who is doing his utmost to build up this community; who takes you into his confidence by means of advertisements in your local newspapers.

Smile back at the shop which smiles at you. Shake hands with it---keep company with it---your favor will be returned to you tenfold.