

Chilliwack Free Press

Provincial Librarian

VOL. 1. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS EACH CHILLIWACK, B. C., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1912 C. A. BARBER Editor and Proprietor No. 46

Local and General

L. F. Croft, at Mee Studio for photos
For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.
See Denmark & Burtons' advt. in this issue.
Chilliwack Fair dates are September 19 to 21.
Thursday, July 18th P. S. A. Garden Party.
A. N. Smith is now the possessor of a runabout.
Thursday, July 18th P. S. A. Garden Party.
Robt. Rowat was a passenger to the Coast Monday.
Ashwells want your trade; read their advt. page 10.
See R. J. McIntosh's advt. in the Free Press to-day.
J. Knight & Co. for all kinds of breakfast foods, fresh in.
Buy your shoes now at McIntosh's Shoe Sale. Buy at once.
Ald. McGillivray was a passenger to Vancouver on Tuesday.
Chas. Hutcheson & Co., for loans on improved farm property.
Telephone 49 for all express and dray work; City Transfer Co.
To Let—Rooms suitable for offices; apply to H. J. Barber.
R. J. Snellgrove of Vancouver was here this week on business.
Ice cream in all the popular forms and flavors at Johnson's.
A. A. Cruickshank was a passenger to the Coast Wednesday morning.
Henry Eckert was a business visitor to Seattle last Friday and Saturday.
Wanted—Royal Ann cherries. The cannery will pay 6 cents a lb. for good fruit.
For Sale—Good team of horses; wagon and harness, nearly new. Phone 293.
All coal and wood orders receive prompt attention. Phone 49. City Transfer Co.
The Chilliwack Harness Co., has sold out to Messrs. Story & Campbell, of Vancouver.
W. Thompson of the Chilliwack Harness Co., was a visitor to Vancouver on Monday.
For Sale—New light cedar boat and paddles, just the thing for picnicing. Phone L-1896.
Troop No. 1 of Boy Scouts leave on Monday under Scoutmaster Southern for a week at camp.
City Transfer Co. have their office with the Chilliwack Land and Development Co., on Young street.
Let us have the names of your summer visitors. The Free Press prints the news when it is news.
Mr. Ford, who has been with the Royal Bank at Sardis for some time, has been transferred to Chilliwack.
Come early for Bargains in Shoes at Ashwells; read their advt. page 10.
Thursday, July 18th P. S. A. Garden Party.
Men's Straw Hats and Shirts at Bargain Sale prices. Read Ashwells advt. page 10.
Matinee of moving pictures at the Lyric Theatre every Saturday afternoon at 3.30.
When in town be sure and visit Ashwells Store and look around. Read their advt. page 10.
Save money by buying your shoes for the family at McIntosh's Shoe Sale. Great Bargains for you.
J. Knight & Co. for horse and cattle feed, hen and chick food. Big car just arrived from the mills.
Summer Dresses, Blouses, Skirts and Underwear at Bargain Sale Prices. Read Ashwells advt. page 10.
G. H. W. Ashwell was a visitor to Vancouver on Monday, where he attended a meeting of the Directors of the National Biscuit Co.

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

W. L. Macken, Chilliwack Manager for F. J. Hart & Co. Ltd., was a business visitor to the coast on Wednesday.

One of the successful students called to bar by Mr. Justice Murphy in Victoria this week was Mr. John Even of this city.

Ladies, Northway Suit Sale; read Ashwells advt. page 10 and ask Miss Sampson or Mr. Liddell to show you our stock. Ashwells.

The Dain Hay Loader features are emphasized in the advertisement of the Chilliwack Implement and Produce Co. this week.

George Carter of Sardis sold his fine farm property for \$12,000 to a Vancouver buyer, last week. Mr. Carter will not leave Sardis.

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

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

Pleased customers are Ashwells best Advertisement. They have customers dealing with them who bought when their store opened 41 years ago.

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

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

PRIZE COMPETITION in Bread making: Two sacks Golden Grain Flour 1st prize, one sack for 2nd prize. Ask Mr. Siddall at Ashwells Grocery for particulars.

Major W. Beethune Lindsay, D.E. Victoria was in town on Monday with regard to the building of the new drill hall and establishing of a rifle range.

The moving pictures are growing more popular in town every week. See "Blazing the Trail" on Friday and Saturday and take the children to the Saturday Matinee.

Notice is given that prices are reduced on all sizes of photos and post cards from 50 cts a dozen up. Also on amateur supplies and picture framing. Chapman's Studio phone 39.

Miss Hoyle wishes to announce that she has 50 hats reduced to the extremely low price of 50 cts. These will be picked up quickly so make your choice at once. Across from the post office.

Don't forget the ball game on July 12 between the Tigers, of Chilliwack and the champions of the Fraser Valley League at Rosedale Athletic grounds. Admission 25 cents. Everybody welcome.

Boost Chilliwack by trading at Ashwells big store; read their advt. page 10.

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Institute will be held as usual next Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. A paper on "Sanitation" will be given by a local medical man and will be listened to with much interest.

A garden party will be given by the members of the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening July 16, at the home of Mrs. O. L. Marston, First ave. The band will be in attendance and raspberries, ice cream etc. will be served. There will also be a sale of work. Admission fee 10 cts.

Ladies' Northway Suits; sale prices for them at Ashwells. 20 Suits to choose from. Read their advt. page 10.

The P. S. A. Garden Party will be held on the grounds of the Presbyterian Manse on Thursday July 18, when a first class programme will be provided. The funds obtained are to be devoted to furnishing the new Reading Rooms. Admission 25 cents. Tickets will shortly be on sale. For further particulars, see small bills.

Picniced at Chilliwack

Nearly 400 Visitors Spend a Delightful Time. Will Return Next Year.

It was a happy and thoroughly well satisfied crowd of Vancouver people who entrained at the B. C. E. R. station at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening amidst ringing cheers, after spending some eight hours in real picnic style at Chilliwack. The event was the occasion of the annual outing of the Vancouver members of the Independent Order of Foresters and their families. Between three and four hundred people arrived on the special and regular trains over the B. C. Electric from the Terminal City, bent on having a good day's outing. A live committee of the Chilliwack Lodge met the visitors and escorted them to Recreation Park, automobiles and other conveyances being supplied for the ladies. At the park the first order was the luncheon. Picnic appetites were general; and the noon meal was much enjoyed. Following the luncheon a varied and most interesting program of athletic sports was carried out. Time forbids complete list of the events and prize winners. Each item was full of fun interest, the different competitions being keen. In the open events Chilliwack Foresters secured a big share of the excellent prizes offered. Prizes were presented from many parts, two gold rings and two badges, coming from California, others having been sent from various parts of B. C. Many prominent in I. O. F. circles in the province were present and enjoyed the outing. So much did the party enjoy themselves and the hearty reception given them that in all probability the annual gathering of all subordinate courts in B. C. will meet and picnic at Chilliwack next year. D. F. Mawer, of Vancouver, who had charge of the financial end of the picnic, and others, were profuse in voicing their appreciation of the reception and courteous treatment accorded them by the civic authorities of Chilliwack and the local members of the Order. The day was ideal for picnicing and while the visitors enjoyed themselves immensely, the pleasure was not all theirs, and Chilliwack will look forward to their visit next year, and assure them a most hearty welcome.

Chilliwack business men's picnic Wednesday July 31.

Ashwell & Son are conducting their Annual Summer Sale. See their advt. on page ten of this issue for sample bargains in all lines.

Shipments to the Regina Relief will be carried free of charge by the Dominion Express Co., if left at the local office of the company at F. J. Hart & Co. Ltd.

Eventually Golden Grain Flour. Why not now? Buy it at Ashwells Grocery.

The postponed annual picnic to Town's Grove of the Sunday School of Cook's church was very largely attended on Thursday afternoon, crowds going both in the morning and at noon. A very happy day in pleasant surroundings with all the good things attentive to such a picnic was enjoyed by all.

Daily papers during the week have reported much suffering from excessive heat at many points in United States and Canada. The climatic conditions at Chilliwack have been of a very pleasant variety, and it is difficult to realize the extremes to which less fortunate localities are subjected.

PRIZE COMPETITION for best loaf of bread baked from Golden Grain Flour: 1st prize, two sacks; 2nd prize one sack. See the window display and buy Golden Grain Flour at Ashwells. Ask Mr Siddall at the Grocery Counter for particulars of the Competition.

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

Alderman H. T. Goodland, of Chilliwack, chairman of the publicity committee of that city, was busy on the trip on Saturday with the English party of manufacturers, distributing a handsome booklet descriptive of the Garden City. —Columbian.

He Won the Prize.

Mr. McBride, teamster for the Chilliwack Planing Mills is an expert in harnessing and hitching a team. At Sutton, Wash., the other day he won first prize in the event in the remarkably good time of three minutes and five seconds and incidentally annexed twenty-five real American dollars. We hear a great deal about Americans being great hustlers but now and again a Canadian drops over the line and leads the procession.

A Popular Invention.

Mr. McDonald, a brother of John McDonald, Chilliwack, and who resides at Cleveland, Ohio, has perfected a system of cash fare receipts for use on street railway systems. The ticket is so convenient and meets the needs so completely that several roads have already adopted it, and in each case the system has given splendid satisfaction. The Street Railway Review publishes a lengthy article descriptive of the invention which is illustrated by cuts.

Arranged for Provincial Meet.

W. May Fraser of Vancouver, was the guest of J. W. Galloway over the week end. Mr. Fraser is the Secretary of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society of British Columbia, and was conferring with Mr. Galloway, who is the President, with regard to the annual convention and Provincial Caledonian Sports which will take place at Vancouver on August 3rd. At present there are strong prospects that this annual event will be held at Chilliwack next year.

Picnic and Sports Aug. 3rd.

A meeting of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society was held on Monday evening when delegates were appointed to attend the annual Provincial convention to be held at Vancouver on August 3rd. J. C. McLeod and D. R. McLennan were appointed, with J. C. Robertson and R. J. McIntosh as alternates. It was also decided to hold the fourth annual picnic and Caledonian sports at Recreation Park on Thursday August 15. This annual event at Chilliwack is yearly becoming a more popular feature, and this year the local Sons of Scotland will endeavor to make the event the best yet.

Hospital Garden Party.

The most successful garden party of the season was given on Tuesday night under the auspices of the Ladies of the Hospital Auxiliary. About five hundred people were conveyed to the home of Mrs. Larter, the lawns being particularly lovely for such an affair. The ladies of the Auxiliary spared no pains to make it all a huge success and everyone was delighted with the result. The Regimental Band was very popular and with the addition of a short program of vocal and piano selections provided the music for the evening. The receipts of the evening amounted to about \$155.00, without expenses being deducted. The Auxiliary is grateful to all who assisted and especially to the owners of cars who were so good in conveying people out to the grounds.

Celebrating Battle of Boyme To-day.

With due ceremony the day of all days among Orangemen is being duly celebrated in Westminster today and every place where loyal members of the order are living, as the glorious twelfth spells great things for them. Orangemen derive their name from William III and are an association chiefly of Irish Protestants, who are found mainly in the United Kingdom, the British colonies and the United States. They are enrolled in lodges and it has been stated that they can always recognize each other. There is no concealment of their toasts which tend toward the glorious, pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William. The first regular lodges were founded in 1795, but the system existed earlier. Orange flowers are worn and demonstrations to-day are for the anniversary of the Battle of Boyme. Chilliwack Lodge left this morning for the Royal City to join in the Jubilee anniversary of Orangemen in British Columbia, there being a very fair turnout of the brethren and their friends.

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

Picnic and Civic Holiday

Chilliwack Business Men To Hold Big Picnic and Day of Sports Wednesday July 31.

At a meeting of the Chilliwack Merchant's Association held at the City hall on Wednesday evening it was decided to hold a Monster Picnic at Recreation Park on Wednesday July 31. His Worship Mayor Waddington will be asked to proclaim a civic holiday so that the whole day may be devoted to the festivities. Refreshment and Sports committees have the details in hand and a program of games and athletic events, many of which will be novel, will be announced at an early date. The merchants are determined on making this the star event of the season, and will spare no expense or effort in providing the best day's fun, recreation and pleasure, free, to the people of Chilliwack and valley that it has ever been their privilege to engage in. All that guests are asked to provide is a lunch basket and capacity for pleasure and enjoyment. Paste the date in your hat (Wednesday July 31) watch for particulars, and plan to spend the day as the guest of the Chilliwack business men and partake of their hospitality, which we can assure our readers will be both whole hearted and generous.

To Build Suburban Home.

Barrister J. H. Cloughton, of Vancouver and Chilliwack, will shortly begin the erection of a \$4000 home near Cheam on the Yale road, a few miles east of the City. We hope and expect to see quite a number of Vancouver people building homes in the Chilliwack valley, as there are few if any, localities on the lower mainland which offer the advantages for suburban home building as are found here.

Mrs. Geo. Tough Passes Away.

A very sad and unexpected death took place at Munro on Thursday July 4, when Bathia Bannerman, wife of Geo. Tough, passed away after a short illness, at the age of thirty-nine years. Mrs. Tough has been a resident of the valley for the past eight years, coming here from Vancouver, but previously from Scotland, having been born at Aberdeen. Besides a sorrowing husband there is a family of five young children, two girls and three boys, who will miss the kindly ministrations of a loving mother. The funeral was held on Saturday at two o'clock, interment being made in the Old Fellows' cemetery. Rev. Mr. McKay, of Rosedale, conducted the services.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

From a letter addressed by the President of the Colonial Oil Co., to a private individual in Chilliwack: "I desire to assure you and all enquirers that we shall never do it (ie. discontinue operations in Chilliwack valley) until a sufficient number of wells have been drilled to determine the merits or demerits of that field." But never will this company turn its back upon the California Oil Belt. Some people may have more information than we possess and inform you that there is no oil in Chilliwack. There are men who will claim there is no oil anywhere in B. C. and they will say the same thing about Washington. They have said these things about Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Texas, Colorado, Wyoming and California, yet all these States have made millions of thousands of men, so don't lose any sleep about men who resort to slander. Chilliwack Valley has the opportunity of its life right now, if it can only appreciate the fact. If it is turned down now, it may be years before another opportunity presents itself. It is necessary for every man in the Valley to co-operate in a hearty manner. All men are dependent one upon another. The day of individual effort is passed. Men recognize today that co-operation in all matters of development produces the greatest wealth and happiness to the greatest number of people. The success of the undertaking depends upon the power of your committee to arouse the fever of development for the production of untold wealth in your midst.

Yours very truly,
A. J. M. Hoso

IMPROVED MAIL SERVICE FOR VALLEY

Gordon H. Clarke, assistant Post Office Inspector paid a visit to Chilliwack on Wednesday. While here he was arranging with Mr. Mellard about the extension of Rural Route down the Lickman road, also with reference to Rural Route No. 1 Chilliwack which will shortly be established, providing reasonable tenders be sent in to the Department, for carrying the mails. The route will be as follows—leave Chilliwack at nine a.m., proceed south to Chilliwack Central road thence east to East Chilliwack post office thence south to Prairie Central road thence along said road west and north to Chilliwack post office, making a round trip of fifteen miles and returning at one p.m. He was much impressed with that part of the valley, this being his first visit, he thinks it is a beautiful place and a most productive country. He was glad to see such progress being made with the new post office building and he thinks it should be completed by the end of September; and then Chilliwack will have an office for its postal business, that the City and the Valley may well be proud of.

CHILLIWACK GAME ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Chilliwack Game Protection Association was held in the office of the Secretary, Chilliwack, on Wednesday July 10. Present: Mr. H. Hulbert, President, in the chair. Messrs. Col. F. W. Boutbee, Dr. R. McCaffrey, A. P. Cummins, and J. Pelly, Secretary.

On motion it was resolved, that 10 percent be paid to collectors on all subscriptions obtained during the year.

On motion it was resolved, that a synopsis of rules relating to non-members be published in the Coast papers for a short period, about two weeks before opening day.

On motion it was resolved, that the President and Secretary be authorized to negotiate with the Dominion Government (through Mr. Cunningham, Fishery Inspector) asking that Spring Salmon fry be laid in Cultus Lake annually, as the rod fishing for same is of great benefit to Chilliwack.

On motion it was resolved, that the Dominion Government be requested to put a bounty on Hair Seals in Inland waters.

J. Pelly,
Hon. Sec.

After a most successful tour of large Eastern Cities Miss Ethel Tucker and her talented Company will be seen at Chilliwack Opera House for an engagement of three nights beginning Thursday July 18. "Queen", "Are You a Mason" and "Baby Mine" will be the plays presented, and each production will be given with a wonderful degree of elaborateness and completeness. Particular attention has been given to the matter of stage settings. In the first named play Miss Tucker will appear in the star role of "Queenia." On July 20 evening "Baby Mine" will be presented, "Queen" on Thursday July 18 and "Are You a Mason" on July 19. For a pleasing personality, a captivating style, engaging manner, fascinating methods and sparkling ways, commend us to that little dramatic lodestone, Ethel Tucker, whose lively impersonations have won the highest commendations of both the critic and the press, and have been indelibly stamped with the mark of popular favor. The methods of this little lady are widely different with the old and hackneyed style of acting. Her new play "Queenia" is replete with all the elements of blended comedy, pathos and romance. No better play than "Queenia" could have been written to exploit her talents and it has all the attendant accessories in the way of talented artists. "Queenia" will be presented at The Chilliwack Opera House on Thursday July 18, "Are You a Mason" Friday July 19 and "Baby Mine" Saturday July 20th.

Ms E. Grossman of Chilliwack, has on recommendation, been appointed confidential clerk, and assistant to Postmaster Mellard and will take a leading part in the new Office. Miss Grossman left on Wednesday last on a two weeks visit to Victoria and the Coast Cities.

THE KEY TO YESTERDAY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

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[By W. J. Watt & Company

CHAPTER VII.—Continued

"I couldn't sleep," she assured him. Then, she added serenely: "Do you suppose that the moon shines like this every night, or that I can always expect times like these? You know," she taunted, "it was so hard to get you to admit that you cared that it was an achievement. I must be appreciative, mustn't I? You are an altogether reserved and cautious person."

He seized her in his arms with neither reserve nor caution.

"Listen," he said in an impassioned voice, "I have no right to touch you. In five minutes, you will probably not even let me speak to you. I had no right to speak. I had no right to tell you that I loved you!"

She did not draw away. She only looked into his eyes very solemnly.

"You had no right?" she repeated, in a bewildered voice. "Don't you love me?"

"You don't have to ask that," he avowed. "You know it. Your own heart can answer such questions."

"Then," she decreed with womanlike philosophy, "you had a right to say so—because I love you, and that is settled."

"No," he expostulated, "I tell you I did not have the right. You must forget it. You must forget everything." He was talking with mad impetuosity.

"It is too late," she said simply. "Forget!" There was an indignant ring in her words. "Do you think that I could forget—or that, if I could, I would? Do you think it is a thing that happens every day?"

From a tree at the fence line came the softly lamenting note of a small owl, and across the fields floated the strident shriek of a lumbering night freight.

To Saxon's ears, the inconsequential sounds came with a painful distinctness. It was only his own voice that seemed to him muffled in a confusion of roaring noises. His lips were so dry that he had to moisten them with his tongue.

To hesitate, to temporize, even to soften his recital, would mean another failure in the telling of it. He must plunge in after his old method of directness, ever brutality, without preface or palliation.

Here, at all events, brutality were best. If his story appalled and repelled her, it would be the blow that would free her from the thralldom of the love he had unfairly stolen. If she turned from him with loathing, at least anger would hurt her less than heartbreak.

"Do you remember the story Ribero so graphically told of the filibuster and assassin and the firing squad in the plaza?" As he spoke, Saxon knew with a nauseating sense of certainty that his brain had never really doubted his identity. He had futilely argued with himself, but it was only his eagerness of wish that had kept clamoring concerning the possibility of a favorable solution. All the while, his reason had convicted him. Now, as he spoke, he felt sure, as sure as though he could really remember, and he felt also his unworthiness to speak to her, as though it were not Saxon, but Carter, who held her in his arms. He suddenly stepped back and held her away at arms' length, as though he, Saxon, were snatching her from the embrace of the other man, Carter. Then, he heard her murmuring:

"Yes, of course I remember."

"And did you notice his look of astonishment when I came? Did you catch the covert innuendoes as he talked—the fact that he talked at me—that he was accusing me—my God! recognizing me?"

"I girl put up her hands, and brushed the hair back from her forehead. She shook her head as though to shake off some cloud of bewilderment and awaken herself from the shock of a nightmare. She stood so unsteadily that the man took her arm, and led her to the bench against the wall. There she sank down with her face in her hands. It seemed a century, but when she looked up again her face, despite its pallor in the moonlight, was the face of one seeking excuses for one she loves, one trying to make the impossible jibe with fact.

"I suppose you did not catch the full significance of that narrative. No one did except the two of us—the unmasker and the unmasked. Later, he studied a scar on my hand. It's too dark to see, but you can feel it."

He caught her fingers in his own. They were icy in his hot clasp, as he pressed them against his right palm.

"Tell me how it happened. Tell me that—that the sequel was a lie!" She imperiously commanded, yet there was under the imperiousness a note of pleading.

"I can't," he answered. "He seemed to know the facts. I don't."

Her senses were unsteady, reeling things, and he in his evening clothes was an xis of black and white around which the moonlit world spun drunkenly.

Her voice was incredulous, far away. "You don't know?" she repeated, slowly. "You don't know what you did?"

Then, for the first time, he remembered that he had not told her of the blind door between himself and the other years. He had presented himself only on a plea of guilty of the charge, without even the palliation of forgetfulness.

Slowly stealing himself for the ordeal, he went through the story. He told it as he had told Saxon, but he added to it all that he had not told Steele—all of the certainty that he was building itself against his own case step by step as a prosecutor might have done, adding bit of testimony after bit of testimony, and ending with the sentence from the letter, which told him that he had gone West. He had played the coward long enough. Now, he did not even mention the hope he had tried to foster, that there might be a mistake. It was all so horribly certain that those hopes were

ghosts, and he could no longer call them from their graves. The girl listened without a word or an interruption of any sort.

"And so," he said calmly at the end, "the possibility that I vaguely feared has come forward. The only thing that I know of my other life is a disgraceful thing—and ruin."

There was a long, torturing silence as she sat steadily, almost hypnotically, gazing into his eyes.

Then, a remarkable thing happened. The girl came to her feet with the old lithe grace that had for the moment forsaken her, leaving her a shape of slender distress. She rose buoyantly and laughed! With a quick step forward, she threw her arms around his neck, and stood looking into his drawn face.

He caught at her arms almost savagely.

"Don't!" he commanded, harshly. "Don't!"

"Why?" Her question was serene.

"Because it was Robert Saxon that you loved. You sha'n't touch Carter. I can't let Carter touch you." He was holding her wrists tightly, and pressing her away from him.

"I have never touched Carter," she said, confidently. "They lied about it, dear. You were never Carter."

In the white light, her upturned eyes were sure with confidence.

"Now, you listen," she ordered. "You told me a case that your imagination has constructed from foundation to top. It is an ingenious case, its circumstantial evidence is skillfully woven into conviction. They have hanged men on that sort of evidence, but here there is a court of appeals. I know nothing about it. I have only my woman's heart, but my woman's heart knows you. There is no guilt in you—there never has been. You have tortured yourself because you look like a man whose name is Carter."

She said it all so positively, so much with the manner of a decree from the supreme bench, that, for a moment, the ghosts of hope began to rise and gather in the man's brain; for a moment, he forgot that this was not really the final word.

He had crucified himself in the recital to make it easier for her to abandon him. He had told one side only, and she had seen only the force of what he had left unsaid. If that could be possible, it might be possible she was right. With the reaction came a wild momentary joyousness. Then, his face grew grave again.

"I had sworn by every oath I knew," he told her, "that I would speak no word of love to you until I was no longer anonymous. I must go to Puerto Frio at once and determine it."

Her arms tightened about his neck, and she stood there, her hair brushing his face, as though she would hold him away from everything past and future except her own heart.

"No! no!" she passionately dissented. "Even if you were the man, which you are not, you are no more responsible for that dead life than for your acts in some other planet. You are mine now, and I am satisfied."

"But, if afterward," he went on doggedly, "if afterward I should awake in another personality—don't you see? Neither you nor I, dearest, can compromise with doubtful things. To us, life must be a thing clean beyond the possibility of blot."

She still shook her head in stubborn negation.

"You gave yourself to me," she said, "and I won't let you go. You won't wake up in another life. I won't let you—and, if you do—" she paused, then added with a smile on her lips that seemed to settle matters for all time—"that is a bridge we will cross when we come to it—and we will cross it together."

CHAPTER VIII.

When he reached the cabin Saxon found Steele still awake. The gray advance-light of dawn beyond the eastern ridges had grown rosy and the rosin had brightened into the blue of living day when an early teamster, passing along the turnpike, saw two men garbed in what he would have called "full-dress suits," still sitting over their cigars on the verandah of the hill shack. A losing love either expels a man into the outer sourness of resentment, or graduates him into a friendship that needs no further testing. Steele was not the type that goes into an embittered exile. His face had become somewhat fixed as he listened, but there had been no surprise. He had known already, and when the story was ended, he was an ally.

"There are two courses open to you," he said, when he rose at last from his seat, "the plan you have of going to South America, and the one I suggested of facing forward and leaving the past behind. If you do the first, whether or not you are the man they want, the circumstantial case is strong. You know too little of your past to defend yourself, and you are placing yourself in the enemy's hands. The result will probably be against you with equal certainty whether innocent or guilty."

"Letting things lie," demurred Saxon, "solves nothing."

"Why solve them?" Steele paused at his door, "it would seem to me that with her in your life you would be safe against forgetting your present at all events—and that present is enough."

The summer was drawing to its close while Saxon still wavered. Unless he faced the charge that seemed impending near the equator, he must always stand, before himself at least, convicted. Yet, Duska was immovable in her decision, and Steele backed her intuition with so many plausible, masculine arguments that he waited. He was packing and preparing the pictures that were to be shipped to New York. Some of them would be exhibited and sold there. Others, to be selected by his eastern agent, would go on to the Paris market. He had included the landscape painted on the cliff, on the day when the purple flowers lured him

over the edge, and the portrait of the girl. These pictures, however, he specified, were only for exhibition, and were not under any circumstances to be sold.

Each day, he insisted on the necessity of his investigation, and argued it with all the forcefulness he could command, but Duska steadfastly overruled him.

Once, as the sunset dyed the west with the richness of gold and purple and orange and lake, they were walking their horses along a hill lane between pines and cedars. The girl's eyes were drinking in the color and abundant beauty, and the man rode silent at her saddle skirt. She had silenced his continual argument after her usual decisive fashion. Now, she turned her head, and demanded:

"Suppose you went and settled this, would you be nearer your certainty? The very disproving of this suspicion would you be nearer your certainty?"

fore Senor Ribero told his story."

"It would mean this much," he argued, "I should have followed to its end every dew that was given me. I should have exhausted the possibilities, and I could then with a clear conscience leave the rest to destiny. I could go on feeling that I had a right to abandon the past because I had questioned it as far as I knew."

She was resolute.

"I should," she urged, "feel that in letting you share the danger I had at least tried to end it."

She raised her chin almost scornfully and her eyes grew deeper.

"Do you think that danger can affect my love? Are we the sort of people who have no eyes in our hearts, and no hearts in our eyes, who live and marry and die, and never have a hint of loving as the gods love? I want to love you that way—audaciously—taking every chance. If the stars up there love, they love like that."

Some days later, Mrs. Horton again referred to her wish to make the trip to Venezuela. To the man's astonishment, Duska appeared this time more than half in favor of it, and spoke as though she might after all reconsider her refusal to be her aunt's travelling companion. Later, when they were alone, he questioned her, and she laughed with the note of having a profound secret. At last, she explained.

"I am interested in South America now," she informed him. "I wasn't before. I shouldn't think of letting you go there, but I guess I'm safe in Puerto Frio, and I might settle your doubts myself. You see," she added judicially, "I'm the one person you can trust not to betray your secret, and yet to find out all about this mysterious Mr. Carter."

Saxon was frankly frightened. Unless she promised that she would do nothing of the sort, he would himself go at once. He had waited in deference to her wishes, but, if the thing were to be recognized as deserving investigation at all, he must do it himself. He could not protect himself behind her as his agent. She finally assented, yet later Mrs. Horton once more referred to the idea of the trip as though she expected Duska to accompany her.

Then it was that Saxon was driven back on strategy. The idea was one that he found it hard to accept, yet he knew that he could never gain her consent, and her suggestion proved that, though she would not admit it, at heart she realized the necessity of a solution. The hanging of his canvases for exhibition afforded an excuse for going to New York. On his arrival there, he would write to her, explaining his determination to take a steamer for the south, and "put it to the touch, to win or lose it all." There seemed to be no alternative.

He did not take Steele into his confidence, because Steele agreed with Duska, and should be able to say, when questioned, that he had not been a party to the conspiracy. When Saxon stood, a few days later, on the step of an inbound train, the girl stood waving her sunbonnet, slenderly outlined against the green background of the woods beyond the flag-station. A sudden look of pain crossed the man's face, and he leaned far out for a last glimpse of her form.

Steele saw Duska's smile grow wistful as the last car rounded the curve.

"I can't quite accustom myself to it," he said, slowly; "this new girl who has taken the place of the other, of the girl who did not know how to love."

"I know more about it," she declared, "than anybody else that ever lived. And I've only one life to give to it."

Saxon's first mistake was born of the precipitate haste of love. He wrote the letter to Duska that same evening on the train. It was a difficult letter to write. He had to explain, and explain convincingly, that he was disobeying her expressed command only because his love was not the sort that could lul itself into false security. If fate held any chance for him, he would bring back victory. If he laid the ghost of Carter, he would question his sphinx no further.

The writing was premature, because he had to stop in Washington and seek Ribero. He had some questions to ask. But at Washington he learned that Ribero had been recalled by government. Then, hurrying through his business in New York, Saxon took the first steamer sailing. It happened to be a slow line, necessitating several transfers.

It was characteristic of Duska that, when she received the letter hardly a day after Saxon's departure, she did not at once open it, but, slipping it, dispatch-like, into her belt, she called the porter, and together they went into the woods. Here, sitting among the ferns with the blackberry thicket at her back and the creek laughing below, she read and reread the pages.

For a while she sat stunned, her brow drawn; then, she said to the porter in a voice of nearly plaintive as she ever allowed it to be:

"I don't like it. I don't want him ever to go away—and yet—" she tossed her head upward—"yet, I guess I shouldn't have much use for him if he didn't do just such things."

The porter evidently approved the sentiment, for he cocked his head gravely to the side, and slowly wagged his stump tail.

But the girl did not remain long in idleness. For a time, her forehead was delicately corrugated under the stress of rapid thinking as she sat, her fingers clasped about her updrawn knees, then she rose and hurried to Horton House. There were things to be done and done at once, and it was her fashion, once reaching resolution, to act quickly.

It was characteristic of Duska that, into her full confidence, because it was necessary that Mrs. Horton should be ready to go with her, as fast as trains and steamers could carry them, to a town called Puerto Frio in South America, and South America was quite a long way off. Mrs. Horton had known for weeks that something more was transpiring than showed on the surface. She had even inferred that there was an understanding between her niece and the painter, and this inference she had not found displeasing. The story that Duska told did astonish her, but under her composure of manner Mrs. Horton had the ability to act with prompt decision. Mr. Horton knew only part, but was complacent, and saw no reason why a trip planned for a later date should not be "advanced on the docket," and it was so ordered.

Steele, of course, already knew most of the story, and it was he who kept the telephone busy between the house and the city ticket-office. While the ladies packed, he was acquiring vast information as to schedules and connections. He learned that they could catch an outgoing steamer from New Orleans, which would probably put them at their destination only a day or two behind Saxon. Incidentally, in making these arrangements, Steele reserved accommodations for himself as well as Mrs. Horton and her niece.

With the American coast left behind, Saxon's journey through the Caribbean, even with the palliation of the trade winds, was insufferably hot. The slenderly filled passenger-list gave the slight alleviation of an uncrowded ship. Those few travelers whose misfortunes doorded them to cruise at such a time, lay listlessly under the awnings, and watched the face of the water grow bluer, bluer, bluer to the hot indigo of the twentieth parallel, where nothing seemed cool enough for energy or motion except the flying fish and the pursuing gull.

There were several days of this to be endured, and the painter, thinking of matters further north and further south, found no delight in his beauty. He would stand, deep in thought, at the bow when day died and night was born without benefit of twilight, watching the disk of the sun plunge into the sea like a diver. It seemed that Nature herself was here sudden and passionate in matters of life and death. He saw the stars come out, low-hanging and large, and the waters blaze with phosphorescence wherever a wave broke, brilliantly luminous where the propeller churned the wake. It was to him an ominous beauty, fraught with crowding portents of ill omen.

The entering and leaving of ports became monotonous. Each was a steaming village of hot adobe walls, corrugated-iron custom houses and sweltering, ragged palms. At last, at a town no more or less appealing than the others, just as the ear-splitting whistle screamed its last warning of departure, a belated passenger came over the side from a frantically-driven rowboat. The painter was looking listlessly out at the green coast line, and did not notice the new arrival.

The newcomer followed his luggage up the gangway to the deck, his forehead streaming perspiration, his non-too-fresh gray flannels spashed with salt water. At the top, he shook the hand of the second officer, with the manner of an old acquaintance.

"I guess that was close," he announced, as he mopped his face with a large handkerchief, and began fanning himself with a stained Panama hat. "Did the—stuff get aboard all right at New York?"

The officer looked up, with a quick, cautious glance about him.

"The machinery is stowed away in the hold," he announced.

"Good," said the newcomer, energetically. "That machinery must be safeguarded. It is required in the development of a country that needs development. Do I draw my usual statement? See the purser? Good!"

The tardy passenger was tall, a bit under six feet, but thin almost to emaciation. His face was keen, and might have been handsome except that the alertness was suggestive of the fox or the weasel—furtive rather than intelligent. The eyes were quick-seeing and roving; the nose, aquiline; the lips, thin. On them sat habitually a half-satirical smile. The man had black hair sprinkled with gray, yet he could not have been more than thirty-six or seven.

"I'll just run in and see the purser," he announced, with his tireless energy. Saxon, turning from the hatch, caught only a vanishing glimpse of a tall, flannel-clad figure disappearing into the doorway of the main saloon, as he himself went to his stateroom to freshen himself up for dinner.

As the painter emerged from his cabin a few minutes before the call of the dinner-bugle, the thin man was lounging against the rail further aft.

Saxon stood for a moment drifting in the grateful coolness that was creeping into the air with the freshening of the evening breeze.

The stranger saw him, and started. Then, he looked again with the swift comprehensiveness that belonged to his keen eyes, and stepped modestly back into the protecting angle where he could himself be sheltered from view by the bulk of a tarpaulined life-boat. When Saxon turned and strolled aft, the man closely followed these movements, then went into his own cabin.

That evening, at dinner, the new passenger did not appear. He dined in his stateroom, but later, as Saxon lounged with his own thoughts on the deck, the tall American was never far away, though he kept always in the blackest shadow thrown by boats or superstructure on the moonlit deck. If Saxon turned suddenly, the other would flatten himself furtively and in evident alarm back into the blackness. He had the manner of a man who is hunted, and who has recognized a pursuer.

Saxon, ignorant even of the other's presence, had no knowledge of the interest he was himself exciting. Had his curiosity been aroused to inquiry, he might have learned that the man who had recently come aboard was one Howard Stanley Rodman. It is highly improbable, however, that he would have discovered the additional fact that the "stuff" Rodman had asked after as he came aboard was not the agricultural implements described in its billing, but revolutionary muskets to be smuggled off at sunrise tomorrow to the coast village La Punta, five miles above Puerto Frio.

Not knowing that a conspirator was hiding away in a cabin through fear of him, Saxon was of course equally unconscious of having as shipmate a man as dangerous as the cornered wolf to one who stands between itself and freedom.

La Punta is hardly a port. The shipping for this section of the east coast goes to Puerto Frio, and Saxon had not come out of his cabin the next morning when Rodman left. The creaking of crane chains disturbed his sleep, but he detected nothing prophetic in the sound. To have done so, he must have understood that the customs officer at this ocean flag station was up to his neck in a revolutionary plot which was soon to burst; that the steamship line, because of interests of its own which a change of government would advance, had agreed to regard the rifles in the hold as agricultural implements, and that Mr. Rodman was among the most expert of travelling salesmen for revolutions and organizers of juntas. To all that knowledge, he must then have added the quality of prophecy. It is certain, however, that had he noted the other's interest in himself and coupled with that interest the coincidence that the initials of the furtive gentleman's name on the purser's list were "H. S. R.," he would have slept still more brokenly.

If he had not looked Mr. Rodman up on the list, Mr. Rodman had not been equally delinquent. The name Robert A. Saxon had by no means escaped his attention.

CHAPTER IX.

Puerto Frio sits back of its harbor, a medley of corrugated iron roofs, adobe walls and square-towered churches. Along the water front is a fringe of ragged palms. At one end of the semicircle that breaks the straight coast line, a few steamers come to anchorage; at the other rise jagged groups of water-eaten rocks, where the surf runs with a cannonading of breakers, and tosses back a perpetual lather of infuriated spray. From the mole Saxon had his first near view of the city. He drew a long inhalation of the hot air, and looked anxiously about him.

He had been asking himself during the length of his journey whether a reminder would be borne in on his senses, and awaken them to a throbbing familiarity. He had climbed the slippery landing stairs with the oppressing consciousness that he might step at their top into a new world—or an old and forgotten world. Now, he drew to one side, and swept his eyes questioningly about.

Before him stretched a broad open space, through which the dust swirled hot and indolent. Beyond lay the Plaza of Santo Domingo, and on the twin towers of its church two crosses leaned dismally askew. A few barefooted natives slouched across the sun-fracturing square, their shadows big against the yellow heat. Saxon's gaze swung steadily about the radius of sight, but his brain, like a paralyzed nerve, touched with the testing-electrode, gave no reflex—no response.

There was a leap at his heart which became hope as his cab jolted on to the Hotel Frances y Ingles over streets that awoke no convicting memories. He set out almost cheerfully for the American Legation to present the letters of introduction he had brought from New York and to tell his story. Thus supplied with credentials and facts, the official might be prepared to assist him.

His second step—the test upon which he mainly depended—involved a search for a yellow cathedral wall surrounded with red flowers and facing an open area. There, Saxon wanted to stand, for a moment, against the masonry, with the sounds of the street in his ears and the rank fragrance of the vine in his nostrils. There he would ask his memory, under the influence of these reminders, the question the water-front had failed to answer.

That wandering, however, should be reserved for the less conspicuous time of night. He would spend the greater part of the day, since his status was so dubious, in the protection of his room at the hotel.

If night did not answer the question, he would go again at sunrise, and await the early glare on the wall, since that would exactly duplicate former conditions. The night influences would be softer, less cruel—and less exact, but he would go first by darkness and reconnoiter the ground—unless his riddle were solved before.

The American Legation, he was informed, stood as did his hotel, on the main Plaza, only a few doors distant and directly opposite the palace of the President.

He was met by Mr. Partridge, the secretary of legation. The minister was spending several days at Miravista, but was expected back that evening, or tomorrow morning at the latest. In the meantime, if the secretary could be of service to a countryman, he would be glad. The secretary was a likable young fellow with frank American eyes. He fancied Saxon's face, and was accordingly cordial.

"There is quite a decent club here for Anglo-Saxon exiles," announced Mr. Partridge. "Possibly, you'd like to look in? I'm occupied for the day, but I'll drop around for you this evening, and make you out a card."

Saxon left his letters with the secretary to be given to the chief on arrival, and returned to the "Frances y Ingles."

He did not again emerge from his room until evening, and, as he left the patio of the hotel for his journey to the old cathedral, the moon was shining brightly between the shadows of the adobe walls and the balconies that hung above the pavements. As he

went out through the street door, Mr. Howard Stanley Rodman glanced furtively up from a corner table, and tossed away a half-smoked cigarette.

The old cathedral takes up a square. In the niches of its outer wall stand the stone effigies of many saints. Before its triple, iron-studded doors stretches a tiled terrace. At its right runs a side-street, and, attracted by a patch of clambering vine on the time-stained walls, where the moon fell full upon them, Saxon turned into the by-way. At the far end, the facade rose blankly, fronting a bare drill-ground, and there he halted. The painter had not counted on the moon. Now, as he took his place against the wall, it bathed him in an almost effulgent whiteness. The shadows of the abutments were inky in contrast, and the disused and ancient cannon, planted at the curb for a corner post, stood out boldly in relief. But the street was silent and, except for himself, absolutely deserted.

For a time, he stood looking outward. From somewhere at his back, in the vaultlike recesses of the building, drifted the heavy pungency of incense burning at a shrine.

His ears were alert for the sounds that might, in their drifting inconsequence, mean everything. Then, as no reminder came, he closed his eyes, and wracked his imagination in concentrated thought as a monitor to memory. He groped after some detail of the other time, if the other time had been an actual fragment of his life. He strove to recall the features of the officer who commanded the death squad, some face that had stood there before him on that morning; the style of uniforms they wore. He kept his eyes closed not only for seconds, but for minutes, and, when in answer to his focused self-hypnotism and prodding suggestion no answer came, there came in its stead a torrent of joyous relief.

Then, he heard something like a subdued ejaculation, and opened his eyes upon a startling spectacle.

Leaning out from the shadow of an abutment stood a thin man, whose face in the moon showed a strange mingling of savagery and terror. It was a face Saxon did not remember to have seen before. The eyes glittered, and the teeth showed as the thin lips were drawn back over them in a snarling sort of smile. But the most startling phase of the tableau, to the man who opened his eyes upon it without warning, was the circumstance of the unknown's pressing an automatic pistol against his breast. Saxon's first impression was that he had fallen prey to a robber, but he knew instinctively that this expression was not that of a man bent on mere thievery. It had more depth and evil satisfaction. It was the look of a man who turns a trick in an important game.

As the painter gazed at the face and figure bending forward from the abutment's sooty shadow like some chimera or gargoyle fashioned in the wall, his first sentiment was less one of immediate peril than of argument with himself. Surely, so startling a denouement should serve to revive his memory, if he had faced other muzzles there!

When the man with the pistol spoke, it was in words that were illuminating. The voice was tremulous with emotion, probably nervous terror, yet the tone was intended to convey irony, and was partly successful.

"I presume," it said icily, "you wished to enjoy the sensation of standing at that point—this time with the certainty of walking away alive. It must be a pleasant reminiscence, but one never can tell." The thin man paused, and then began afresh, his voice charged with a bravado that somehow seemed to lack genuineness.

"Last time, you expected to be carried away dead—and went away living. This time, you expected to walk away in safety, and, instead, you've got to die. Your execution was only delayed." He gave a short, nervous laugh, then his voice came near breaking as he went on almost wildly: "I've got to kill you, Carter. God knows I don't want to do it, but I must have security! This knowledge that you are watching me to drop on me like a hawk on a rat, will drive me mad. They've told me to up and down both these God-forsaken coasts, from Ancon to Buenos Ayres, from La Boca to Concepcion, that you would get me, and now it's sheer self-defense with me. I know you never forgave a wrong—and God knows that I never did you the wrong you are trying to revenge. God knows I am innocent."

Rodman halted breathless, and stood with his flat chest rising and falling almost hysterically. He was in the state when men are most irresponsible and dangerous.

Meanwhile a pistol held in an unsteady hand, its trigger under an uncertain finger, emphasized a situation that called for electrical thinking. To assert a mistake in identity would be ludicrous. Saxon was not in a position to claim that. The other man seemed to have knowledge that he himself lacked. Moreover, that knowledge was the information which Saxon, as self-prosecutor, must have. The only course was to meet the other's bravado with a counter show of bravado, and keep him talking. Perhaps, some one would pass in the empty street.

"Well," demanded Rodman between gasping breaths, "why in hell don't you say something?"

Saxon began to feel the mastery of the stronger man over the weaker, despite the fact that the weaker supplemented his inferiority with a weapon.

"It appears to me," came the answer, and it was the first time Rodman had heard the voice, now almost velvety. "It appears to me that there isn't very much for me to say. You seem to be in the best position to do the talking."

"Yes, damn you!" accused the other, excitedly. "You are always the same—always making the big pyrotechnic display! You have grand-standed and posed as the debonair adventurer, until it's come to be second nature.

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THE IMPROVED SUBMARINE

Had Captain "Nemo" of the Nautilus patrolled the undersea today he would probably have "batted up" against a submarine equipped to send him to the bottom.

The year 1912 will mark a record in the development of the submarine. For the first time submarines are to be armed with guns. England, the United States, and Germany have introduced small ordnance in new designs. These guns, of course, are not intended to give battle to a Dreadnought, against which their discharge would take effect like peanuts, but to attack the conning-towers and defense against submarine and for hulls against an enemy's destroyers. One vessel just completed in England carries on a disappearing mount a small quick-firing gun, which, when the boat is about to dive, sinks into the interior of the hull, where two water-tight doors close down on it.

Some of the newest submarines have three torpedo tubes—two in the bow and one in the stern. Experts predict a great future for this type of craft, which, they claim, will shortly replace destroyers and torpedo-boats. The main difficulty is that submarines lie so low in the water that the field of vision from their bridge is limited. To aid her the vessel is usually accompanied by a cruiser. When the enemy is located by wireless telegraphy this parent ship will retire. The submarines will run in, showing only from time to time their periscopes above water. Unless the enemy be moving fast away, they have every chance of scoring hits. Gun-fire cannot affect them. They offer no target submerged. There is nothing, in short, to unnerve their crews and they can close in until their torpedoes cannot miss.

There remains to be overcome one fundamental fault in the submarine; its slow speed under water. In this respect, three British submarines last year were subjected to an endurance test of nine thousand miles. Starting from Portsmouth, they accomplished the voyage to Hong-Kong in ten weeks and a day. Stoppages for fuel, repainting, etc., were made at Gibraltar, Tunis, and Malta. The Suez canal was safely negotiated at a speed of twelve knots, all traffic being suspended to permit the passage. Further calls before the squadron reached its destination were a couple of days, respectively, at Aden and Colombo. The voyage was entirely without accident, since an officer who was washed overboard from one submarine was rescued after he had been in the water fifteen minutes.

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The Key to Yesterday

(Continued)

"You know I'm frightened, and you're throwing a bluff. You're a fool not to realize that it's because I'm so frightened that I am capable of killing you. I've craned my neck around every corner, and jumped at every shadow since that day—always watching for you. Now I'm going to end it. I see your plan as if it was printed on a glass pane. You've discovered my doings, and, if you left here alive, you'd inform the government."

Here, at least, Saxon could speak, and speak truthfully.

"I don't know anything, or care anything, about your plans," he retorted, curtly.

"That's a damned lie!" almost shrieked the other man. "It's just your style. It's just your infernal chicanery. I wrote you that letter in good faith, and you tracked me. You found out where I was and what I was doing. How you learned it, God knows, but I suppose it's still easy for you to get into the confidence of the juntas. The moment I saw you on the boat, the whole thing flashed on me. It was your fine Italian brand of work to come down on the very steamer that carried my guns—to come ashore just at the psychological moment, and turn me over to the authorities on the exact verge of my success! Your brand of humor saw irony in that—in giving me the same sort of death you escaped. But it's too late. Vegas has the guns in spite of you! There'll be a new president in the palace within three days." The man's voice became almost triumphant. He was breathing more normally once again, as his courage gained its second wind.

Saxon was frowning at him. Incidentally, he was learning profusely about the revolution of tomorrow, but nothing of the revolution of yesterday.

"I neither know, nor want to know, anything about your dirty work," he said, shortly. "Moreover, if you think I'm bent on vengeance, you are a damned fool to tell me."

Rodman laughed satirically.

"Oh, I'm not so easy as you give me credit for being. You are trying to 'kiss your way out,' as the thieves put it. You're trying to talk me out of killing you, but do you know why I'm willing to tell you all this?" He halted, then went on temptuously, "I'll tell you why. In the first place, you know it already, and, in the second place, you'll never repeat any information after tonight. It's killing perhaps, but my reason for not killing you right at the start is that I've got a fancy for telling you the true facts, whether you choose to believe them or not. It will ease my conscience afterward."

Saxon stood waiting for the next move, bracing himself for an opportunity that might present itself, the pistol muzzle still pointed at his chest.

"I'm not timid," went on the other. "You know me. Howard Rodman, speaking in general, takes his chances. But I am afraid of you, more afraid than I am of the devil in hell. I know I can't bluff you. I saw you stand against this wall with the soldiers out there in front, and, since you can't be frightened off, you must be killed." The man's voice gathered vehemence as he talked, and his face showed growing agitation. "And the horrible part is that it's all a mistake, that I'd rather be friends with you, if you'd let me. I never was informant against you."

He paused, exhausted by his panic and his flow of words. Saxon, with a strenuous effort, collected his staggered senses.

"Why do you think I come for vengeance?" he asked.

"Why do I think it?" The thief man laughed bitterly. "Why, indeed? What except necessity or implacable vengeance could drive a man to this God-forsaken strip of coast? And you—you with money, you who live richly in God's country, you whose very face in these boundaries invites imprisonment or death! What else could bring you? But I knew you'd come—and, so help me God, I'm innocent."

A sudden idea struck Saxon. This might be the cue to draw on the frightened talker without self-revelation.

"What do you want me to believe were the real facts?" he demanded, with an assumption of the cold incredulity that seemed expected of him.

The other spoke eagerly. "That morning when General Ojedas' forces entered Puerto Frio, and the government released me, you were free. Then, I was released, and you arrested. You drew your conclusions. Oh, they were natural enough. But, before heaven, they were wrong!"

Saxon felt that, until he had learned the full story, he must remain the actor. Accordingly, he allowed himself a skeptical laugh. Rodman, stung by the implied disbelief, took up his argument again:

"You think I'm lying. It sounds too fishy! Of course, it was my enterprise. It was a revolution of my making. You were called in as the small lawyer calls in the great one. I concede all that. For me to have sacrificed you would have been infamous, but I didn't do it. I had been little seen in Puerto Frio. I was not well known. I had arranged it all from the outside while you had been in the city. You were less suspected, but more suspected. You remember how carefully we planned—how we kept apart. You know that even you and I met only twice, and that I never even saw your man, Williams."

Through the bitterness of conviction, a part of Saxon's brain seemed to be looking on impersonally and marveling, almost with amusement, at the remarkable position in which he found himself. Here stood a man before him with a pistol pressed close to his chest, threatening execution, denouncing, cursing, yet all the while giving evidence of terror, almost pleading with his victim to believe his story! It was the armed man who was frightened, who dreaded the act he declared he was about to commit. And, as Saxon stood listening, it dawned upon him, in

the despair of the moment, that it was a matter of small concern to himself whether or not the other fired. The story he had heard had already done the injury. The bullet would be less cruel. . . . Rodman went on:

"I bent every effort to saving you, but Williams had confessed. He was frightened. It was his first experience. He didn't know of my connection with the thing. So help me God, that is the true version."

The story sickened Saxon, coming to him as it did in a form he could no longer disbelieve. He raised his hands despairingly. At last, he heard the other's voice again.

"When the scrap ended, and you were in power, I had gone. I was afraid to come back. I knew what you would think, and then, after you left the country, I couldn't find where you had gone."

"You may believe me or not," the painter said apathetically, "but I have forgotten all that. I have no resentment, no wish for vengeance. I had not even suspected you. I give you my word on that."

"Of course," retorted Rodman excitedly, "you'd say that. You're looking down a gun-barrel. You're talking for your life. Of course, you'd lie."

Then, the revolutionist did a foolish and unguarded thing. He came a step nearer, and pressed the muzzle closer against Saxon's chest, his own eyes glaring into those of his captive. The movement threw Saxon's hands out of the invisible field of sight. In an instant, the painter had caught the wrist of the slighter man in a grip that paralyzed the hand, and forced it aside. The pistol fell from the nerveless fingers, and dropped clattering to the flagstones. As it struck, Saxon swept it backward with his foot.

Rodman leaped frantically backward, and stood for a moment rearranging his crumpled cuff with the dazed manner of a man who hopes for no quarter. His lower jaw dropped, and he remained trembling, almost idiotic of mien. Then, as Saxon picked up the weapon and stood fixing its trigger, the diluster drew himself up really empty hands, and shrugged his shoulders.

(To be continued)

THE YELLOW GOPHER AND HIS WAYS

On the level prairie the yellow gopher stands erect, like a short stake, surveying the easy distance. Supported on his short, bushy tail and hind feet, he rises to his full stature and seems to be trying by taking thought to add a cubit to it. His short fore-feet are invisible against his body, and there are no projecting ears to destroy the aspect of something inanimate. A surveyor's marking-peg could not stand more rigidly still and could scarcely seem more unlike an active little animal. His few inches of erect stature give him a wide range over the level prairie, where his ancient domain has not been invaded by house-building and fence-building bipeds. He likes the open area, where even the feathery-seeded poplar has not yet found a foothold. He has not, like his less resourceful neighbor, the striped gopher, retreated before the invading hosts of civilization. That little burrower has found his habitations crushed and destroyed by the relentless gang-plough, his roadways cut off and opened up, and himself exposed to his enemies, the weasels, hawks and owls. Though an ally of the new forces and helping them by destroying grasshoppers, cutworms, webworms and other insects, he has been forced to gradually retire. But the yellow gopher, more sturdy and self-assertive, stands sentinel near the opening of his burrow and watches, without flinching, the advance of civilization. As an exponent of the tube system of transportation he believes in going sufficiently deep to be out of the way of other operations, so the ploughs that destroy the tunneled habitations of his striped neighbor pass unheeded over his head.

He does not pile up an occasional Lushel or half-bushel of earth along his tunnels like the more unreasonable pocket gopher, who seems to delight in leaving real landmarks of his progress. These mounds of fine mould find above the carefully plugged openings are sometimes attributed to the yellow gopher, simply because he advertises himself more extensively. The mound-builder, who works in the winter when his yellow neighbor is

soundly asleep, and piles up earth under and inside the wheat stalks left standing on account of elevator shortage, who is already testing the dietary quality of the roots of newly-planted orchards in the mountain country, seldom or never ventures abroad by day. He is cosmopolitan in his tastes, and will build his mounds beside the railway or in the open field—anywhere on the prairies of the interior or among the mountain ranges to the coast—but night is his time for venturing abroad. Even then his arch-enemy, the owl, is on the alert, and may at any time swoop over the field, with broad and silent wings, on its errand of destruction.

The yellow gopher is no mound-builder; he leaves no earth to mark the opening of his burrow, which is always ready to facilitate a speedy retreat. He never ventures far away, and when his sentinel gaze discerns an enemy he moves with gliding lope to the ready haven. Sometimes he emits a few short and sharp whistles, each accompanied by a nervous, squirrel-like twitching of his body, and a jerking movement of his tail. Unless an enemy advances in hot pursuit he does not disappear at once into his burrow. Even then he seems to enjoy a tantalizing presumption on his assured safety, for he waits until the dog, owl, or other pursuer is certain of an easy capture. Then there is a spasmodic elevation of the tail, so quick that the eye can scarcely discern it, and the place where the gopher was is vacant. Though somewhat larger than the red squirrel, he lacks the long, expanded tail that gives the squirrel a deceptive appearance of greater size. The gopher is slow, too, in his gliding gait, but the sudden descent into his burrow is among the rapid transformations of animated nature. He is a social animal, always living in colonies, and by the door of his burrow is quite tolerant of an easy approach. He will look with round, steady eye at an intruder and return an inquisitive stare minute after minute. If the mesmeric connection is broken by the slightest movement of foot or hand the gopher isn't there. This speedy disappearance has enabled him to survive and prosper in spite of his many enemies. Weasels, minks, prairie wolves, owls, and hawks are a perpetual menace. It is said that the burrowing owl sometimes nests in his home and feeds on the progeny with which he is abundantly blessed. He is also beset by insect pests that seem to appear occasionally and prevent inordinate increases. With a family of eight or ten reared safely every season in the intricacy of deep tunnels, the gopher would not become a serious menace if it were not for natural and artificial checks. The chief of these is the industrious farmer, who suffocates him with carbon monoxide fumes or poisons him by scattering grain soaked in some arsenious compound. In spite of these checks he destroys a large quantity of growing grain every year, and seems to be holding his own in the struggle. The coal miners tunnel beneath him and the traction engine passes over his head, but the swift, disappearing muscular spasm is the same assurance of safety it was through long ages before the prairie was invaded.

And yet enough to let us see—The things right well we knew—That fairer than a jonquil she—And that her eyes were blue.

The bureau with its knobs of brass—Stood dim and soft and high, As did our barns out in the grass—Against the rosy sky.

And dimly from the wall looked down—Mary, with Child at breast; Our mother wore as blue a gown—On Sundays for her best.

A moment and we were in bed, A moment did she stay, To tuck us in from foot to head; And then she went away. Upon us fell the night; How strange it was a thing so small—Could make so great a light!—Lizette Wordsworth Reese.

RAINFALL AND CONSUMPTION
A study of the influence of rain-bearing winds upon the prevalence of

MY MOTHER'S CANDLE
She set the candle in the spot—Where each night it was set; A mother cannot be forgot— I think I see her yet.

How small a light within the room!—Naught but the delicate flare Of jonquils in the yard that burn—Along the April air.

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Advertisement for CASTORIA. Text: "900 DROPS CASTORIA. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Recipe of Old Dr. J.C. WOODS' PITCHER. Pumpkin Seed - 1/2 lb. Sassafras - 1/2 lb. Rochelle Salt - 1/2 lb. Sweet Oil - 1/2 lb. Turmeric - 1/2 lb. White Sugar - 1/2 lb. Water - 1/2 lb. Castoria is a perfect remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep. Facsimile Signature of Dr. J.C. Woods, NEW YORK. 106 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Advertisement for CASTORIA. Text: "CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J.C. Woods. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY."

So and So, "Royal Supernumerary Hay-Binder's daughter," or of So and So, "Head Billposter's daughter."

When a royal personage dies his body is spoken of, with becoming reverence, as "the high corpse" or the "most high corpse."

Much may be said in favor of the German title system. For instance, in Germany when a man takes the prefix "doctor" he has a right to do so. The title cannot have been bought, begged or self-created. Moreover, one may be sure that he has won his title in a university.

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tuberculosis has been made by Dr. William Gordon, physician to the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital. After classifying several Devonshire parishes according to their exposure to rainy winds, Dr. Gordon searched out in precision which parishes the deaths from consumption during a series of years had mainly occurred. He found that the death rate in the parishes exposed to rain-bearing winds was generally twice as high as that of the parishes sheltered from them. Further investigations were conducted in many other localities, among them the city of Exeter. The result was the same. Dr. Gordon declares that the important point to consider in the choice of a residence for consumptives is the matter of shelter from the rain-bearing winds of the locality, exposure to which is a more serious matter than altitude, character of soil, or even the amount of rainfall.

AUSTRIAN RADIUM MONOPOLY
The Austrian State is about to purchase Count Syla Tarouca's pitch blende mines in the neighborhood of Joachimsthal for 2,250,000 kronen (\$457,000). This purchase would give the State a practical monopoly of the radium production in Austria, if not in the world, inasmuch as the radium yielding pitch blende deposits in other countries are insignificant in comparison with those of the Joachimsthal district, where it is hoped in future to produce as much as five grammes of radium per year.

HAVE YOU A PAINFUL CORN?
What any corn needs is the soothing influence of Putnam's Twenty-four Hours Lifts out every root, branch and stem of corns and warts, no matter how long standing. No pain, no scar, no sore—just clean, wholesome corn—that's the way Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor acts. Get a 25c. bottle.

Advertisement for WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX. Text: "WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX. Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise water damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables, by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be. So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him, in the looking after selling of his grain, than he does this season. Farmers, you will therefore do well for yourselves not to accept street or track prices, but to ship your grain by carload direct to Fort William or Port Arthur, to be handled by us in a way that will get for you all there is in it. We make liberal advances when desired, on receipt of shipping bills for cars shipped. We never buy your grain on our own account, but act as your agents in selling it to the best advantage for your account, and we do so on a fixed commission of 1c. per bushel. We have made a specialty of this work for many years, and are well known over Western Canada for our experience in the grain trade, reliability, careful attention to our customers' interests, and promptness in making settlements. We invite farmers who have not yet employed us to write to us for shipping instructions and market information, and in regard to our standing in the Winnipeg Grain Trade, and our financial position, we beg to refer you to the Union Bank of Canada, and any of its branches, also to the commercial agencies of Bradstreets and R. G. Dun & Co. THOMPSON SONS & CO. GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS 703 Y Grain Exchange Winnipeg

McIntosh's Shoe Clearance Sale

Big reductions in prices on all seasonable footwear for the balance of this month. My stock of Men's, Ladies', Misses and Children's Oxfords and Pumps, in all leathers and colors, must be cleared out to make room for our Fall Goods. You can get two pairs for less than the price of one during this sale. Below are a few of our prices:

	Misses & Children's Oxfords & Pumps — All leathers and colors. Regular up to \$2.25 For \$1.00	Men's Oxtords In Tan, Patent and Gunmetal Regular \$5.00 and \$6.00 For \$2.50	All kinds of Canvas Shoes — at prices ranging From 25c up	Ladies' Oxfords and Pumps — All leathers and colors. Regular from \$3.00 to \$5.00 For \$1.25	
	R. J. McINTOSH				

Look! Listen! READ

About Parkers' Great Alteration Sale

Not a clean up of Odds and Ends, Broken Sizes, etc., but a Genuine Sale of

Strictly High Class Clothing and Furnishings

An event which may never present itself to you again. Now is your opportunity. Grasp it. Do you know what it means to be able to buy high class merchandise at a price which means a saving of twenty-five to fifty per cent. It means Dollars to you. It means a great loss to us, but this temporary loss means a permanent gain, for in our new quarters we will be able to handle our stock to better advantage and give you a more efficient service. But our present stock has to be cleared out and our prices are certainly cutting a wide swath to this end and our immense stock is on the move. Don't delay if you want to share in the many bargains presenting themselves to you all over the store. They have the mail order houses Beaten to a frazzle.

Chas. Parker

Your Outfitter - - - Chilliwack.

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 CITY COUNCIL

All the members of the City Council were present at a meeting held on Monday evening.

B. A. Irwin petitioned for a cement walk on the east side walk of Young street in front of his property. Referred to chairman of Board of Works.

A petition was also presented from property owners on the south side of Main street between Spadina ave. and Wellington street payment to spread over a term of ten years.

Owners of property in block between Mill and College streets asked that the Council take action on behalf of the petitioners and have a twenty foot lane opened up between these streets. Matter was referred to City Solicitor for report.

A letter was read from the President of the Elk Creek Waterworks Co., wrote setting out the terms of purchase of the system. The City to take over system from July 1st at a cost of capital expenditure plus thirty per cent, pays all costs of transfer and interest at the rate of eight per cent from July 1st until such time as the system is finally taken over. In connection with this matter the Mayor stated the letter was a response to an interview that the Mayor and Ald. Eckert had with the President. Also that a firm of auditors had been engaged to make a thorough audit of the Company's books as soon as they were ready. Several minor matters were discussed and the Mayor and Ald. Eckert were appointed a committee with power to act in regard to these.

The commission form of management and the appointment of a number of Directors who would conduct the system along the same lines as at present, the only change being in the ownership of the plant, were both discussed and it is likely that either form will be adopted.

The inventory of stock of supplies and fittings was left to Ald. Gervan to check over. The Elk Creek Co., are asking for abonus of thirty per cent on all unused material, is as yet a part of the system and therefore must be sold at cost price. There was an applicant for a merry-go-round. For the first six

days the usual fee of \$10 a day will be charged and afterwards half of the amount will be refunded.
 Council adjourned.

ROSEDALE

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dennis and family, of Vancouver, spent the week end the guests of Mr. and D. Kerr, Sr.

Charles Summers made a business trip to the coast last week.

A number from here went to Sumas on July 4.

Mrs. F. Lickman, of Chilliwack, is the guest of Miss N. Bradley for a couple of weeks.

James Love made a flying trip to Vancouver the past week.

Messrs. Johnson & Smith, of Abbotsford, are erecting a new saw mill at the East end of the city on their timber limit recently purchased from D. D. Munn. Mr. Smith is an energetic saw-mill man and expects to have wheels running by August 1. The plant will be capable of an out put of forty thousand feet per day. There will also be in connection a dry kiln. So watch Rosedale boom in the near future.

R. A. Archibald is building a new residence on First avenue. What the matter with Rosedale, "Eh Dough?"

Miss Bertha Tribe is able to be around again after an attack of measles.

Miss Munro returned home last week from Vancouver, accompanied by her cousin Miss Burkett.

Harry Archibald spent Dominion Day at Vancouver.

The Sacrament of the Lord's supper will be dispensed in Cook's Presbyterian church on Sunday July 21, at the morning service.

CARD OF THANKS

To all who by their thoughtfulness and kindness shown in so many tangible ways, have assisted myself and family during the illness and death of my wife, I desire to publicly express my sincere thankfulness. In our hour of deep sorrow these kindnesses have been greatly appreciated. GEORGE TOUGH.

AUTO FOR SALE

Hudson 33, 1912 Model, only used four months for demonstrating; is in perfect running order, trial given. Best high grade medium car on road; Will stand more work than any car made. Write for more particulars to, W. Guttridge, 115 File st., New Westminster.

LYRIC THEATRE

Special Feature FOR

Friday and Saturday

Blazing the Trail

This is one of the spectacular Bison Films made with the assistance of Miller Bros. 101 Wild West Show

ADMISSION 10 Cts.

Saturday Matinee at 3.30

FOR SALE

Thoroughbred Poland China Sow for Sale, \$100. B. C. HOP CO., Sardinia.

Fresh CREAM and MILK

Delivered to any part of the City. Order by

PHONE 275

PRICE BROS. City Dairy

Chilliwack Electric Co.

House Wiring Fittings Fixtures

J. H. Patterson Proprietor

Wellington St., opp. Opera House

Chilliwack Acreage at a SNAP

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

Price \$150 Per Acre

For full particulars apply

F. J. HART & CO., LTD.

The Chilliwack Specialists

WE CARRY

Stocks of Lumber

AT THE PLANTS OF

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

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

ABBOTSFORD TIMBER & TRADING CO. LIMITED

W. L. MACKEN
MANAGER

Yard Phone 224

Office Phone 86

REMOVAL NOTICE

Having Secured the premises now occupied by Mr. Huston, Boot and Shoe Merchant, opposite Barber's Drug Store, will move into these in a few weeks and am offering my entire stock at a great reduction. Therefore if there is any article in the jewelry line you are thinking of purchasing it will pay you to call and see our bargains.

Would also like to inform you that Dr. L. R. Stevens, the eye specialist, can be consulted with at any time at my store. Don't forget our repair department where you can have your work attended to promptly and correctly.

REG. E. BROADHEAD

Watchmaker and Jeweler. 2nd door from Empress Hotel

Fruit Crates

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

The Chilliwack Planing Mills

P. O. Box 243

Phone L2442

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

PRE-EMPTIONS

Who wants 160 acres of Fine Land?

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

Chilliwack Land and Development Co. Ltd.

Box 109

Phone 178

Chilliwack, B.C.

Chilliwack College of Music

Principal: THEO. J. HUTTON, L.A.B.

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

Terms \$3 for four lessons, payable in advance P. O. Box 318 Phone F 198

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

ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS
B. C. LAND SURVEYOR

Rooms 10 & 11, Westminster Trust Block CHILLIWACK, B. C.

J. H. BOWES

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

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

JOHN H. CLAUGHTON

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC

Westminster Trust Building CHILLIWACK, B. C.

Vancouver City Market

Main Street, Vancouver

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

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

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

SHARP RETURNS, QUICK SALES, PROMPT SETTLEMENTS

JOHN McMILLAN

Manager.

NOTICE

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

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

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 1900 with 1300 feet 3/4 cable, 53 feet 7/8, 30 feet 3/4, all new with blocks. Can be seen on S. E. 10 acres of N. W. 1/4 Sec. 15, Township 25, New Westminster District. Apply to H. HULBERT, Route 1, Sardis.

HAY FOR SALE

A few tons of good Timothy hay left.

B. C. HOP CO., Sardis.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Partnership heretofore subsisting between J. Howe Bent and H. T. Goodland as Bent and Goodland, in the City of Chilliwack in the Province of British Columbia, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to either member of the late firm at the office of the late firm in Chilliwack aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to either member of the late firm, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at Chilliwack, B. C., this 15th day of June A.D. 1912.

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 Hgdln. Arrive Westmin. Van.			
1.....	6.30 a.m.	3.55	9.45
Eastbound---			
Train	Leave Van.	Arrive Chwk.	Arrive Westmin.
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 Van. Westmin. Hgdln.			
6.....	3.00 p.m.	4.05	6.30

FREIGHT SERVICE

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

Church News

Baptist Church—Rev. J. T. Marshall, Minister. Subject for Sunday evening "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew (The darkest deed in French History.)"

The monthly missionary meeting of the Epworth League was held in the Methodist Church last Monday evening. The story of "Ah-Wa and Ah-Mae," representing mission work among the Chinese of the Coast cities, was told by the pastor and was greatly enjoyed by all present. Next Monday evening the League will hold their social gathering on the parsonage lawn.

The Adult Bible Class of the Methodist church has outgrown the vestry in which they have been meeting in the past, and a larger room has been provided for occupation next Sunday. The class, under the leadership of Mr. M. Willerton, meets every Sunday at 2.30 p.m., and visitors will find the new place of meeting on the left as they enter the School room door on Spadina avenue.

Rev. R. J. Douglas delivered an especially thoughtful and well reasoned discourse on true Canadian Patriotism on Sunday evening. His vision of the subject was wide and his treatment vigorous. He showed how wealth and resources of earth yielded themselves all down the ages, to men of sound principles, principles which are maintained by the Christian nations, and how absolutely necessary it is that these great sources of wealth and prosperity must be controlled and properly distributed by men of strong moral stamina, in order that the true and lasting growth and development of Canada may be assured. Canada has many advantages, and is a veritable mine of wealth, but great and necessary as these things are, Canada depends upon, needs first and waits for honest upright men, men of high ideals, broad visions and worthy motives.

The Ministerial Association of the Valley held the regular monthly meeting last Monday at Agassiz, where they were the guests of Rev. J. H. Miller. The Chilliwack party consisted of Revs. Douglas, Roberts and Bunt, with Mrs. Roberts and Miss Monteith, drove to Agassiz with the popular Presbyterian pastor as Jehu, and in accordance with the well known principles of the denomination he represents, the procession was properly slow and stately. However Agassiz was reached in safety and the meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church. Rev. A. E. Roberts, president, was in the chair, and there were present, Revs. Barlow, Stevenson, Miller, Bunt, McKay and Douglas. Mr. Barlow reviewed "The Renaissance of Faith" by Rev. Richard Roberts, of England, and so interesting was the review and discussion that it was resolved to continue the study of the book next month. After the meeting lunch was served in the Presbyterian Manse and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. and Mrs. Miller for their kind entertainment of the Association. The afternoon was spent in tennis and croquet the party returning to Chilliwack in the cool of the evening.

ANNUAL ORANGE SERVICE

The Annual Church service for members of the Orange Order was held last Sunday in the Methodist church. The musical programme was excellent and included a solo, "The Gentle Shepherd" by Dr. Patten. His rendering of this beautiful song was very much enjoyed and added much to the effectiveness of the service. The Rev. Bro. Roberts preached an appropriate sermon on "Gideon and his Army". He referred to the fact that the Orange Order stood for religion, patriotism and philanthropy, and found satisfaction in the fact that much of the bigotry of earlier days had passed away. The Order was growing in number and influence in the country and this the speaker thought was due to the higher standards of life accepted by all members of the Order. Lessons were drawn from the life of Gideon, from the self sacrificing action of the 300 men that lapped, and from the victory obtained by this consecrated army. There was a splendid turnout of members of the Order, nearly forty being present at the service. At the conclusion of the service in the church the Orangemen re-assembled in the Lodge Room and passed votes of thanks to those who had assisted in making the service such a success.

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

Here's a Hoe!

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

Denmark & Burton

PHONE 10. CHILLIWACK.

9.45 p. m.

"Hello Johnnie! in bed?" "No, just taking off my shoes." "Well get a move on and get down and pull out another buggy." "Well I thought I had done my share, I pulled out three to-day."

The New Style McLaughlin takes the lead. They all know a good buggy when they see it.

Maynard & Murphy are doing the biz. Drop in if you want anything in their line.

Maynard & Murphy

MAIN STREET CHILLIWACK

Money to Loan ON IMPROVED FARMS

Call in and we will supply you with full particulars.

Chas. Hutcheson & Co.

REALTY AND INSURANCE AGENTS CHILLIWACK

Continuity of Impression is successful advertising.

USEFUL AND ACCEPTABLE Household Articles

El boilo

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

El Stovo

The stove which boils your kettle quickly



Hotpoint

Toaster

Stove—For all cooking purposes as well as toasting.

El Perco

Makes delicious coffee in at few minutes.

Phone 257

S. PUGH

Chilliwack

60 MEN WANTED

At Once to Learn Barber Trade

Only eight weeks required to learn, tools free and pay wages while learning. Positions secured on completion, at from \$15 to \$20 per week.

SPRING

There is a wide-spread and incurable delusion about spring. It is manifest in the yearly talk of an "early" or "late" spring, whereas there are no such things.

Spring has been doing this for years without any variation of programme, and for the same length of time we have deluded ourselves with the idea that it was a beautiful season of the year that might be long or short, according to our luck.

Upon further reflection, this error seems to be part of a general self-deception about the seasons, due, perhaps, to our tendency to generalize from particular instances and color remembrance from a single experience.

So it is with spring. Perhaps to all of us once in our youth was vouchsafed a day of warm blue skies and sparkling grass and bird notes when we walked with one, the touch of whose dress caused a thrilling sensation up our spine into our hair.

Frederick W. Taylor, the advocate of scientific management, said the other day in Philadelphia:

"Two men stood watching a steam shovel at work. With a clatter and a roar the shovel bit into a steep bank, closed on a carload of earth and dumped it on to a waiting freight train.

"It drives me wild," said the first onlooker, "to see that monster taking the bread out of good men's mouths. Look at it. Why, it's filling up those flat cars faster than a hundred men with picks and shovels could do it."

"But the other onlooker shook his head and answered: "See here, mister, if it would be better to employ a hundred men with picks and shovels on this job, wouldn't it be better still, by your way of thinking, to employ a thousand men with forks and tablespoons?"

That Reminds Me

PERKINS—"Does the young man who is courting your daughter leave at a reasonable hour?"

Manager (to applying office boy)—"Why did you leave your last place?"

Boy—"Well, I couldn't get along with the boss, an' he wouldn't git out."

We asked the young lady across the way what she thought of the initiative and referendum, and she said it seemed to her that the old motto of "In God We Trust" was just as good as any.

Teacher (in geography class)—"John, you may tell the class what a league is."

John (promptly)—"Eight baseball clubs is a league."

Silliness—"Do you believe in long engagements?"

Cynicus—"Sure. The longer a man is engaged the less time he has to be married."

Assistant—"As we've given up our music department, I may as well throw away this sign reading: 'Take this home and try it on your piano.'"

Manager—"Throw it away. Certainly not! Stick it up on the furniture polish counter."

Street Urchin—"Where yer goin' Maggie?"

Maggie—"Goin' ter de butcher fer fi cents wort' uv liver."

Urchin—"Chee! Yer goin' ter have company fer dinner, ain't yer?"

"Your wife will be married twice. Her second husband will be handsome, wise and honorable, a man of simple tastes and refined habits with the manners of a courtier."

"Hang the old cat! She never told me she had been married before."

Bridegroom (two days after wedding)—"I haven't seen anything yet of that \$5,000 check from your father."

Bride—"Well, you see, dear, papa heard that your father had already given us one, and he knew we shouldn't care to have duplicate presents."

"I'm thinking of going a tour on the Rhine this summer, and I should like your advice about the best things to buy there. You've been there, haven't you?"

"Yes, but it's a long time ago. I shall have to refresh my memory. Waiter, bring the wine card."

An exceedingly drunk man, on a very rainy day, stood weaving back and forth beneath a belching water-spout. A passing policeman took him by the arm, thinking to lead him away, but the drunk resisted weakly and mumbled:

"Swam the wimmen an' children! I c'n swim."

"I met Miss Knox today," said Miss Blundin. "By the way, she asked me if I knew you."

"Is that so?" said Miss Giggles. "Yes, we had quite an argument. I happened to remark that Mary Simpers was the silliest girl I knew, and she—er—she simply wouldn't agree with me."

The Artist—"No; it can't be done. My tariff for landscape cows is 3s. 6d. apiece; double fees if shown standing in water on account of the reflections. However, if you like to have 'em on the bank in the long grass so that their legs don't show and only the tops of their backs are reflected, I darsay I could run you in half a dozen for thirty bob."

"Now, Pat," said the prosecuting attorney, "we need your testimony in this automobile case to secure a conviction. You say the defendant was going at a terrific rate of speed. Now just how fast do you mean by that?"

"Sure," said Pat, "he was goin' so dommed fast I niver even seen the kyar!"

"I'm seriously thinking of publishing a little volume of my motor poems," said Scribbles, "but I can't think of a decent title for the book. Ever read any of the verses, Whibbles?"

"Yes," said Whibbles. "I've read 'em."

"What would you suggest as a suitable descriptive title?" asked Scribbles. "How would 'Motor-Truck' do?" queried Whibbles.

Gifford Pinchot, at his brother's house, in Park avenue, New York, listened quizzically to a political story that was being submitted to him for verification by a political reporter.

THIN, FRAIL WOMEN WITH PALE CHEEKS

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

Thousands of half-dead, emaciated, worn-out women are dragging out their weary lives simply because they don't know what ails them. Nine times in ten it's indigestion, which directly leads to anaemia, poor circulation, and eventually invalidism.



The first step towards relief is to flush out all wastes and unhealthy matter. Loosen the bowels—stimulate the liver—stimulate the kidneys. Once this is done, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will quickly manifest their health-restoring qualities.

"The best way to correct impaired digestion, to cure constipation, headache, liver trouble, and other ailments of the stomach and bowels," writes Mrs. Uriah A. Dempsey, from Woodstock, "is by the frequent use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I didn't know what it was to enjoy a good meal for months. My stomach was sour, I belched gas, was thin, tired, pale and nervous. I simply house-cleaned my system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and have been robust and vigorous ever since."

To keep the machinery of the body in active working order, no remedy is so efficient, so mild, so curative as Dr. Hamilton's Pills—good for men, women and children. 25c. per box, at all dealers or the Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

torment with me than in bliss by yourself."

"Well, I had my wish," growled Marrit.

The White House, Chelsea, once the home of Whistler, has been bought by Mr. Claude Lovther, but it was Harry Quilter who occupied it immediately after Whistler, and the artist never forgave him for it.

"Over the doorway of the White House," writes Quilter, "at the time when it passed into my hands, was an inscription passably irreverent, but decidedly amusing, which had been painted up by Mr. Whistler himself, mainly for the purpose of annoying his friend and architect, Mr. E. W. Godwin; 'Except the Lord build the house they labour but in vain that build it.'—E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., built this one." This pearl of wit I had clipped off the stone.

With the Horses

During 1911, five hundred and forty Percheron horses were imported into Canada. Of this number, 117 stallions and 8 mares came from France, and 192 stallions and 152 mares from the United States. The horses coming from the United States, at a conservative valuation, were worth more than a quarter of a million dollars. The trade is increasing in 1912. Between January 1st and March 25th, 1912, one hundred and sixty-nine Percherons were imported from the United States, and there seems to be every probability that Canada will import from the United States during the present year Percheron horses to the value of upwards of one-half million dollars.

Most of these horses are being imported by farmers in the west. Horses are needed in that fast-developing portion of the Dominion, and the horse trade between the two countries is likely to continue to flourish.

Tom Gahagan, the "syndicate Grand Circuit scribbler," reports that a gray imported Percheron, Gov. Ogglesby,

NO OPERATION WAS EVER NEEDED HERE

Because Mrs. Goodine Used Dodd's Kidney Pills

Doctor said she would have to undergo operation, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Central Kingsclear, York Co., N.B., May 27. (Special)—"The doctor said I would have to undergo an operation." So said Mrs. J. V. Goodine, of this place. But she smiled as she made the remark, for all need of the dreaded operation had vanished. Mrs. Goodine used Dodd's Kidney Pills and is a well woman. Given in brief and in her own words, Mrs. Goodine's experience is as follows:

"I was very miserable with Kidney Disease and unable to do my own work. The doctor said I would have to undergo an operation. After using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was all better and able to do my work. This statement is true, as you can easily prove by enquiring among my neighbors."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys; cured kidneys strain all the poisons and other causes of disease out of the blood. Thus Dodd's Kidney Pills are a natural cure for all Kidney diseases and all ills caused by diseased kidneys.

owned by his father at Hudson, Mich., sired over 400 foals, all gray. While gray is the prevailing color among Percherons this record is certainly remarkable.

Another remarkable incident is reported by Dr. Batey, who says that of the first 100 foals sired by Jerome Eddy, L. 1674, at the Jewett Ranch, in Sedgewick county, Kan., 98 were bays and not one of the 100 had white feet.

Overfat or "drugged" stallions are not likely to produce colts with great vim and vigor.

The draft colt is usually more easily raised than the lighter types, and is the natural type to be produced on the farm where heavy work is plentiful.

Do not pamper your young stallion with too much concentrated, unhealthful food, nor put him into too heavy service at too early an age. Many a good colt has been ruined by these practices.

Choose a sire that is as nearly perfect as possible, but be sure that he is strong where your mare is weak. Like imperfections in both parents can scarcely fail to be manifested in the offspring.

The horse with the short back, compact and closely-knit body is the horse whose period of usefulness lasts over the greatest number of years.

It is not the stallion with the cheapest service fees that is likely to be the greatest factor in improving the horses of his district. Owners of the best sires demand higher fees, and the progeny generally warrants the increased expense.

A railroad company received for shipment certain horses which were to be transported by it and a connecting carrier and by the latter delivered to a third railroad company. But, if the second carrier, at the request or instance of the shippers, delivered the horses to a stockyard, or to some person, instead of to the third railroad company, the supreme court of Texas holds that the second carrier's liability ceased, and the initial carrier was entitled to have the jury instructed, in an action brought by the shippers to recover damages, that they could not recover if for any delays or injuries to the horses after they were delivered to the stockyard.

The court also holds that it was a question for the jury whether or not the contracts set up by the defendant were the contracts of the shippers, the evidence showing that when one of the shippers applied for shipment the agent replied, "Bring your horses and the cars will be ready," and the horses were loaded without anything further being said, after which the contracts were presented for signature and were signed. The court says, November 8, 1911, Southern Pacific Railroad Co. vs. W. T. Meadors & Co., 140 Southwestern Reporter, 427, that if the first or initial carrier received the horses for shipment, furnishing the cars for that purpose, without demanding any written contract of the parties, and after the horses were upon the cars and the train about to leave, the contracts were presented to the men in charge, or to the shipper, for signature, and if the shipper or the person who signed them did not know the contents of the contracts and had no time for reading them, and signed them under those conditions in order to secure the passes to attend the horses, such contracts would not be the contract of the shipper, and the limitation which restricted the liability of the railroad company to damages accruing on its own line was not binding upon the shipper.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch and the prophet and the evangelist and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely-formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in eponymic terms. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems to plagiarize from this description in the text, so much alike are the description of Virgil and the description of Job.

The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war horse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden 15 hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?"

There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger Marchegay. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely-honored creature of God that in "St. Roman's Well" he orders the "girl slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT WITH GORILLAS

(By Captain Fritz Duquesne) Being despairing of shooting a gorilla, I had wandered about the forest in hope of securing one. I came across many of the familiar trails that the gorilla leaves, and I was also informed by a female from a distance. The were in the district. One day, while sitting on one of the vine bridges that the natives build over the streams, waiting for a possible sight of my game, I heard the peculiar waa-waa of the male gorilla, which was answered by a female from a distance. The animals, which were evidently searching for food, kept in constant communication with each other by their guttural calls. All at once I heard a cry of alarm from the female gorilla and, a few minutes later, she came bounding through the bush to her mate, whom I could hear coming in the opposite direction.

They met in an opening in the forest before me, and clasped each other

with evident affection. I was about to raise my rifle and fire, when, in the line of the shot I intended to take, I saw a little man start up, so I did not pull my trigger. A moment later the bushes in front of me seemed to spring the yellow forms of the pygmies into life, and from every side the lit-peared.

The gorillas stood in defiance, still and silent, until one of the dwarfs raised his bow and shot a dart which entered the thigh of the female. She gave a shrill cry of pain and the male, with a roar of anger, rushed toward the bowman. He stood his ground to the last instant, shooting darts as the gorilla advanced, every one of which hit, but none had the slightest effect in breaking the rush of the black, hairy monster.

Other pygmies attacked the female, who cried to her mate for help. Immediately he turned back toward her. One of the dwarfs was directly in his way. With a mighty bound the gorilla was upon him and, seizing the little man by the throat and thigh, upraised him for a moment and hurled him with stunning force to the ground. The pygmy did not move again. Many times I tried to aim my rifle, but I could have fired only at the risk of killing one of the little men, so I was forced to be a useless looker-on.

When the gorilla clutched the pygmy, half a dozen other dwarfs rushed on him with upraised spears. In the heat of the fight the female joined her mate. They stood back to back, surrounded by the fendish little men, for whom, I must say, I was losing sympathy, so much courage did the huge apes show against such overwhelming odds. The fight was desperate. The pygmies kept charging with their spears at the gorillas, and falling back when the apes rushed in turn at the ring which encircled them. In spite of their agility, the little men often failed to elude the rush, and one after another was killed or knocked senseless with one blow from the mighty fists of the gorillas.

Yet, while pygmy after pygmy went down under the blows, the apes were continually gashed by the spears of the dwarfs. At last the female fell with a spear in her heart; the male, weakened with loss of blood, stood at bay over her, roaring fiercely. A pygmy, rather than the rest, sprang at the animal's breast with a broad dagger in his hand. The brute clasped his arms around him fiercely then they staggered about in a death struggle, the gorilla trying to crush the man who was jabbing his dagger into his side.

Then the big ape tore the dwarf away and pitched him headlong to the ground. As the brute rushed to seize another, a path was opened through the ring, leaving me an open line, for the first time, for a shot. I fired and, with a bullet in his spine, the beast fell dead.

GROWTH OF EMPIRE

The British Board of Trade has just issued a most interesting abstract in regard to the growth of the British Empire between 1881 and 1911. The total area of the empire is placed at 11,306,000 square miles. In 1881 the total population was 303,694,000, but

When Nostrils are Plugged Your Catarrh is Bad

BY ACTING TODAY YOU CAN QUICKLY CURE CATARRH AND AVOID BRONCHITIS, PERICONSUMPTION

Most Agreeable and Surest Cure is Catarrhzone, Which Cures Every Curable Case

Catarrhzone proves especially good in those chronic cases where mucus drops down the throat, sickens the stomach, and pollutes the breath. When the nostrils are stuffed, only a few breaths through the inhaler are needed to clear the passages, and where there is coughing and sore bronchial tubes the soothing, healing properties of Catarrhzone act almost as magic.

Once you stop taking medicine into the stomach and get the healing oils and pure balsams of Catarrhzone at work you can be sure of quick and lasting cure for nose colds, catarrh, weak lungs, bronchitis, and speaker's sore throat.

13 YEARS OF CATARRH CURED. "As Catarrhzone has cured me of a Catarrhal Cough and Asthma that lasted thirteen years, I feel I can honestly recommend it. I really used all kinds of medicine, but Catarrhzone was the only one that did any real good. I am entirely cured—have no cough, no bad breathing spells, not a sign of a cold or catarrh about me. But I will always occasionally use 'Catarrhzone,' I prize it so highly."

"Mrs. E. L. Osgood, Johnson P. O., Ont." The complete \$1.00 outfit of Catarrhzone is sufficient for two months' treatment, and is guaranteed. Smaller size, 50c., at all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

In the thirty years it has grown to 416,318,000, or a population of 36.8 to the square mile. But old England offers a startling contrast in its proportion of people to the country's area. Its population last year was 45,216,655 as against 34,884,748 in 1881, and averages out at 373.4 per square mile.

The growth of the various portions of the empire in the thirty years is illustrated by the following figures:

India from 253,561,470 to 314,965,240. Canada from 4,324,810 to 7,091,869. Australia from 2,250,194 to 4,455,005. New Zealand from 489,933 to 1,098,458. Natal from 402,687 to 1,191,958. Cape Colony from 720,984 to 2,567,000.

Orange State from 387,315 to 526,906. Transvaal from 1,269,951 to 1,676,611. The chief significance of these figures lies in the fact that outside of India, the increase has been almost wholly of white people, every nation in Europe having added its quota of people to swear allegiance to the British flag and add to the strength of the empire.

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

When a New Perfection Comes in at the Door Heat and Dirt Fly Out at the Window. This Stove saves Time It saves Labor It saves Fuel It saves—YOU. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners, with long, enameled, turquoise-blue chimneys. Handsomely finished throughout. The 2- and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without a cabinet top, which is fitted with drop shelves, towel racks, etc. All dealers carry the New Perfection Stove. Free Cook-Book with every stove. Cook-Book also given to anyone sending 5 cents to cover mailing cost. With the New Perfection Oven, the New Perfection Stove is the most complete cooking device on the market. It is just as quick and handy, too, for washing and ironing. THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

WALL PLASTER The "Empire" Brands of Wood Fiber, Cement Wall and Finish Plasters should interest you if you are looking for the best plaster board. Write today for our specification booklet. The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd. WINNIPEG, MAN.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. CORALS, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE. DR. 23 THE PROPRIETOR.

USE ABSORBINE JR. FOR IT. Gout, Swollen Glands, Cystitis, Varicose Veins, etc. Absorbine Jr. is a safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic, pleasant-tasting, quickly absorbed, non-toxic, powerful penetrating but does not blister under bandages nor cause any application. ABSORBINE, JR., 50c. and 75c. bottles at druggists or delivered. Book 2 c. free. It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F. 210 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q. Also furnished by Fortin, Cole & Young, Co., Winnipeg, The National Drug and Chemical Co., Vancouver, and Holders, H. Ross, Co., Ltd., Vancouver.

Don't Persecute your Bowels. Cut out cathartics and enemas. They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Fully vegetable. As gentle as the breeze. Cleanses the bowels, soothes the delicate membrane of the bowels, cures Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches and Indigestion, as millions know. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature. Beantwood

BARBARO'S BABY

(By Charles Fleming Embree)

Out of his door three blocks from the plaza in the beautiful city of Morcha went Barbaro in haste. He was strong and broad, of the servant class. Halting before Gil, the cobbler, who sat at his bench some distance away, he seemed to be held by Gil's prying eye. "When one gets along badly with one's wife," said he, looking tragic and aghast, "one had better leave." Having thus justified himself he disappeared into the many-streeted future.

In the poor little rented room from which he had escaped sat his wife, Martina, with two children; and Gil came prying about, wondering how many weeks he had best wait till he ran off with her, or took her without running off. Martina was calm and indifferent. "God wills," said she.

After a time her third baby was born. It was a poor place for a baby to come to—two chairs, a board bed, and a few pots on the brasero; and the other children somewhat soiled. So the youngster, having endured it a week, began to pine. The cobbler put his head in at the window, peered all about, and said: "It is going, dear!" She looked at it in case. One baby more or less is not to be considered at this stage of the game. The Lord kills about 60 per cent. of them anyhow. When it gave a gasp the following morning and was quiet, and Gil, sticking his head in, said, "It's dead," she remarked, absent-mindedly, that she guessed it was, and added, "God wills."

Gil now had an inspiration and used up all his savings to buy her a rich coffin, by way of courting her. You can court some women with coffins. She put the baby in, and leaving the other children in the beans, took the burden under her arm and sauntered out by herself toward the graveyard. It was a happy morning; and the baby had gone to heaven. Everything was dreamy and cheerful; she saw some queer shoes in a window and stopped to look, the coffin resting on her hip. In the plaza it was pleasant, so she sat down and stared at the sky, might even have taken a nap, but a band went by. She started up and ran to see what it was, leaving the baby on the bench surrounded by trees, fountains, and church towers. Why, that was a queer band, and there was a baboon howling from the top of something. Her face was full of absent-minded interest, and her jaw hung a little down. The baby would wait; she ran round the corner to see where the band went, and yonder there was a fight, and a saint coming down the street; and a good deal going on.

Barbaro had got a job as mozo in the rich home of Dona Luisa Negrete. The big house, with its patio full of vines, was on the prettiest street, next the finest church. Luisa was blonde, tall and drooping, emotional and active, with great eyes which opened and closed heavily but nervously. She was only twenty years old, and her dark, Indian-like husband died. Then her baby was born. Her doctor adhered to the medieval custom of keeping the room dark when anybody had fever. For a week Luisa was exceedingly ill, and she could feel her child, but not see it plainly. She yearned and hugged the little thing up warm; but it got weaker and could hardly even cry. Poor girl—she wanted it so. "Oh, doctor, can't I, can't I have the shutters open today?" she pleaded; "I want to see it."

"Not for three days," said he; and Barbaro, who had begun to worship her, entered and knelt down; and the chambermaid knelt down; and then the doctor said: "Senora, the baby is dead."

She uttered a moan which rent Barbaro's heart. What would he not do to bring her baby back! She wanted it so.

The doctor called him out. "Here is money; go get a fine coffin. You must manage things."

In the sunshine the mozo is a child. What a quantity of money! That would keep him for months. He went through the plaza, and suddenly came to a halt, rubbing his eyes. Why, as for fine ones, the very finest in the world was there by itself on a bench, unless the Lord were playing tricks with his air. Some coffins have over them an emblem of the elegant. He approached it with awe; the white lid was exquisitely adorned. He looked about fearfully, and no one was observing him, for some excitement round a corner had made everybody run. He wept, and went out staggering under God's command, as Abraham, when he went to slay his son, might have staggered. Poor thing—she wanted it so.

Never telling his secret, Barbaro searched for two days. The death and burial records, the visits of the health officer, enabled him at length to find a clue. Such and such a case, the officer decided, must be the one. So they went out together to find the house.

It proved to be his old home, and Barbaro stood in the sun a long time and looked at his door, feeling weak. He shut his jaws hard and approached, gazing at the entrance as though he believed some horrible thing would come out of it. Now he straightened himself and knocked, and Martina let him in.

"It's you," she said, as though giving him information.

"True," he replied, and sat down in the room.

She went and looked out of the window, and then returned to the brasero, paying little attention to him sitting there. Gil put his head in, leaned on the window sill, and puffed a cigarette in silent contemplation.

"I see," said Barbaro, "that our Pepa has grown fat."

"God wills," replied Martina.

"I see," said Barbaro again, "that Tomas will be strong and big."

"Yes, he is big," she said.

There was a pause; he was like the wood of his chair.

"How did your last one turn out?" asked he.

"All right," she replied.

"Hm. Was it in good health?"

"Oh, yes, it had good health."

He waited a long time, she stirring the beans; Gil puffing his cigarette in

at the window where the sun came in. "Where is it now?" asked Barbaro. "In heaven," she replied. "But did it not then have good health?"

"Oh, yes, it had."

"How, then, did it die?"

"God willed."

"Ah, yes," he sighed heavily. "God takes many. When did He take it?"

"Two days before Corpus Christi."

"Hm. There was a story that some one left a coffin in the plaza on that day; was it you?"

She took the spoon out of the beans. "I laid it down a minute."

He rested his chin in his hands. "Did you find it?"

"Oh, yes; I buried it."

Now Gil withdrew from the window to spit, and chuckled in the street, and presently thrust in his head again.

Then it was that the emotion of Barbaro, roused to double strength by Martina's indifference, broke out; he arose and cried, passionately: "You talk about your baby as if he were a dog—heartless woman! I'll tell you then what you don't know. I found that coffin, I found that baby. I took it to my nina, who had just lost hers; and what do you think?" His eyes were glittering. "Our baby was alive—alive!"

She turned slowly toward him; the spoon fell into the beans. "Is it so?" she said, surprised.

"So! My God—it is there still—my nina has it and thinks it hers, for I changed them!"

The woman stared a moment. "Well," she said, "God willed."

He gazed on her in an agony of her callousness. She gazed on him; Gil puffed and puffed, sending little clouds of smoke across the room. Then Martina turned and stirred the beans. Barbaro, sinking to his chair, sat there with his head in his hands. At length he said: "Martina, don't you want that baby?"

"Why, yes," she said; "only it is probably well placed."

"Martina, if you'll take it, I'll come back, I'll be faithful, I'll work hard, I'll take care of it, Martina—I want that baby, I want that baby!"

"I don't see what you want to hang around me for," she said, querulously, looking at Gil.

Barbaro saw but one chance to win her. "Come and look at it!"

She seemed anxious to do so, wrapper her rebozo round her head, and went away with him. Behind the vines in Luisa's patio, they stationed themselves; and now Luisa, the maid, and the child came out. Beside an urn they made a glorious group. Luisa, dressed in pink and white gown that clung to her and showed her throat, sat and nursed the baby. Her big eyes were half closed, her face was full of happiness. The baby's clothing was dainty and rich; the place was one of luxury.

Surely, thought Barbaro, that picture must win Martina, yet felt within him a perverse hope that it might not. Martina, holding the vines apart with her hands, stared long. At last she turned to him and said: "God had done all, and well. Evidently He wills it that it stay."

Barbaro drew his breath out long and slow, with his lips pursed as if to whistle. Life was changed. He led her out of the door; and she went off alone to the cobbler's street, where the cobbler stood at her window, puffing his cigarette, waiting. And a load was lifted from Barbaro.

When he could he came timidly into the patio again, and approached his mistress with his dog-like worship in his eyes. The baby was asleep, and Luisa smiled at him. He stood ten feet away, twirling his big hat in his hands. "Nina," he said.

"What is it, Barbaro?"

"The baby—is it all right? It is—it is a good one, no?"

She laughed a sweet laugh. "Yes, it is a good one, Barbaro."

"Nina."

"What is it?"

"I want to work for you forever; I want to be the mozo here and never go away."

"I'm glad, Barbaro. Be faithful and you may."

"You'll let me stay?"

"Till you die, if you want to."

A pause.

"Nina."

"I love you."

"I love that baby, Nina."

"I know you do, Barbaro."

"Because," said he, "it seems God willed that I should bring it to life."

"Yes, Barbaro."

OLD BLUE TABLEWARE IN GROWING DEMAND

At a recent auction sale of a private collection of house furnishings in New York an old blue Staffordshire platter measuring 14 by 18 1/2 inches was sold for \$1,225. In 1903 at a similar sale its mate sold for \$290. Both plates were by the same maker, Andrew Stevenson, and the same artist, W. G. Wall, furnished both designs. The only difference was that the platter sold in 1903 was a view of "New York from Brooklyn Heights" and that sold in 1912 was "New York from Weehawken."

The difference of \$935 in the valuation of these two platters was not the measure of Weehawken's superiority over Brooklyn Heights as a point from which to observe New York in 1818, when Wall came to America from Dublin to make his sketches for Stevenson, but it is a measure of the increasing value placed by collectors on "old blue," or "historic plates" or "blue Staffordshire," or whatever it is called today.

"Old blue" has become one of the leading staples of the antique market. It has at least two elements of attraction that distinguish it from other old-fashioned household wares that are nowadays sought out. First comes its historical interest. It was made in England, but for America; and to win American favor there were reproduced upon it American views and other subjects suited to the American trade. It came to be used largely, and the old plates, platters and other things present many scenes of a hundred years ago. This is the basis of old blue's historical interest.

Its other elements of attraction lies in its decorative quality. Although many of the pieces are deficient in fine detail of decoration because of the vicissitudes of the process by which the designs were printed on paper from copper plates and then transferred to the china, they provided a color note of

value in the decorating of Colonial rooms, or when associated with old furniture or pewter or copper and brass.

It would not do to assume that all blue Staffordshire has increased 420 per cent. in value in nine years because of the records of the two sales already cited. Prices at auctions do not supply evidence on which to base final conclusions of that nature. The personal rivalry of two bidders may run up a price far beyond its proper level or the absence of private collectors at an auction may leave a piece wholly at the mercy of the dealers, who are never bulls when they buy, but always bears until they have bought. At another recent auction sale two women simultaneously became possessed of the desire to own the same Sheraton mahogany cupboard, and neither surrendered until the \$400 mark was reached. Yet the preceding sale was of a Sheraton sideboard with all the desirable characteristics which brought only \$230. Most collectors would have appraised this sideboard above the corner cabinet. So with the platter. The rivalry of two bidders may have raised the price unduly. Nevertheless there is no doubt about the increasing valuation placed by collectors on old blue.

Enoch Wood began to make blue Staffordshire ware for the American trade shortly after he started in business in 1784. His lead was quickly followed by his competitors and from 1784 to 1840 or thereabout not less than twenty-one firms identified their names with the trade, while others were engaged in it but are not known by name. There are records of at least 429 American subjects that were employed by these British potters to adorn their wares, and there were also many English and Continental subjects, some of which acquired popularity in America.

Enoch Wood, Andrew Stevenson, J. and R. Clews, Joseph Stubbs, J. and W. Ridgway, Ralph Stevenson and T. Mayer are the best known names of the English makers of old blue tableware. Specimens of their work are still to be found frequently in the antique shops. Prices vary in proportions to the reputed rarity of the subjects, the condition of the pieces, the eagerness of the collector and the necessities of the dealer. Current quotations on a few of the best known subjects will serve in a general way to indicate general market conditions.

The Clews plate, "Landing of Gen. Lafayette," ten inches in diameter, is valued at \$20, and one specimen can be had for \$12 because it is chipped and cracked. Eight or nine years ago \$10 would have been a fair price for this plate in good condition. The "Landing of Lafayette" view is considered essential in every good collection of old blue and is a good one to employ as a test of market conditions. It came out in 1824 as a souvenir of Gen. Lafayette's visit to America, and the picture was taken from Battery Park when the old Castle Garden fort was connected with the mainland by a foot bridge. A "Landing of Clews, with the Battery picture on both sides and the inscription beneath the nose, can be had at present for \$14. A pair of Lafayette plates five and a half inches in diameter were recently bought for \$17, and plates six and a half or seven and three-quarter inches in diameter are worth from \$10 to \$15.

Another favorite is the "Pittsfield Elm" by Clews. Twenty dollars is the price at present for a perfect nine-inch plate, while ten years ago a ten-inch soup plate, with the same pattern was sold at private sale for \$10. This design must have appeared subsequently to 1823, the year in which the fence shown around the tree was erected to prevent its further use as a hitching post. This old elm became famous in Revolutionary days, when a patriotic clergyman enlisted a company of Yankee farmers under it for service against the British.

Every collector of Staffordshire knows about the "States" series by Clews. It consisted of a dozen or more subjects with a border giving the names of fifteen states in a series of festoons. A medallion of Washington and female figures of America and Independence are always in evidence in the design. A fine large "States" platter sold at auction in Boston ten years ago for \$40. Today a nine-inch plate in perfect condition is offered for \$13. Another New York shop has a "States" plate six and three-quarters inches in diameter in good condition which it holds at \$12 and one of the same size has just been sold at auction for \$9.

The Ridgway "Beauties of America" series of nineteen views of almshouses, insane asylums, churches, city halls and other public buildings always has been a prime favorite with collectors. One of the best known subjects is the "City Hall, New York." A shop has one of these plates, cracked and chipped, for which \$10 is asked. Twenty dollars would be the price of the plate were it in good condition.

This is one of the subjects that have attracted those who make spurious old Staffordshire. Specimens have to be examined carefully for the old still marks, and they should bear the Ridgway mark, which is always used on the "Beauties of America," with the name of the series, the title of the subject and the manufacturer's name in full. "Dr. Staughton's Church, Philadelphia," was another of the "Beauties," and an eight-inch plate in deep form has recently changed owners for \$14. Still another recent sale was of a soup tureen with cover and tray, the tureen decorated with the Boston almshouse on each side, the cover with a view of Harvard college, and the tray with the deaf and dumb asylum at Hartford. The price was \$80.

An amusing strain marks the selection of the American views by the British potters. They seem to have had a strong predilection for asylums, hospitals and other institutions which in the early days were hardly beautiful, architectural speaking, and this particular specimen, in which a soup tureen is employed as the medium for depicting Harvard college between an almshouse and a deaf and dumb asylum, is about the quaintest conception of all.

Joseph Stubbs was one of the less prolific producers of blue Staffordshire, but his work is considered especially desirable on account of its dark blue coloring, its carefully executed design and its handsome borders of flowers, scrolls and eagles. Stubbs has, though he was in the business nearly forty years, beginning in 1790. One of his views of the New York city hall on a plate six and one-half inches in diameter brought

\$13 a few days ago. A large plate, showing "Upper Ferry Bridge over River Schuylkill," badly timeworn but with no cracks, is held at \$14. Stubbs' platters, sixteen or eighteen inches, are at present worth from \$50 to \$75, the "Boston State House" being a favorite. A collector who recently picked up a Stubbs ten-inch plate of "Philadelphia, near Fairmount," for \$10 got a bargain.

Other old Staffordshire blue works that departed from the work traditions but whose pieces are much admired are the Adams family, father and two sons. It is said that William, the father, was at one time a favorite pupil of the famous Josiah Wedgwood. English views predominated in the Adams assortment, but the American views were carefully chosen.

THE ZAPOTE TREE AS A SOURCE OF CHICLE

Among the numerous natural products abounding in Mexico the zapote tree (*Achras sapota* L.) is among the most valuable. Both the gum and the wood during many years has formed a source of great wealth to a large number of individuals and corporations, which have obtained from the State government concessions to extract the gum. The wood which is called sanodilla, nispero, bully wood, or bullet wood, is very highly esteemed for making furniture, cabinet work, and occasionally buildings. A good deal of the wood has been exported from various ports of southern Mexico as a substitute for mahogany. It is dark, reddish-brown, somewhat resembling true mahogany, and although exceedingly hard when first cut it is easily worked until thoroughly seasoned, when only its finest edged tools have any effect on its flint-like surface. The wood is susceptible of a beautiful polish, and when thoroughly seasoned shrinks and warps very little. It is so heavy that it sinks rapidly in water, and will remain immersed for many years without being affected in the least. Sharp pointed nails can be driven into the wood only about an inch. Zapote door frames in the ruins of Uxmal in Yucatan are as perfect today as when first placed in position.

The zapote tree is of a very slow growth, requiring 40 to 50 years to attain the average height of 30 feet. The average zapote will square from 5 to 8 inches, and occasionally two feet. The trees thrive best on high, rolling land, and although they are found on the lowlands they are inferior in both sap and wood. Continuous tapping does not appear to have a seriously detrimental effect, provided the incisions are not too deep. The magnificent trees are rapidly disappearing, however, because operators are taking no precautions to protect them from the destructive methods of the chicleos, laborers, who cut the trees so deep that they generally die. Trees are known to have been tapped for twenty-five years, but after that time produced only from half a pound to 2 pounds of sap. If allowed to rest five or six years they will produce from 3 to 5 pounds. Trees tapped for the first time will produce from 15 to 25 pounds of gum or sap, according to size. In order to produce 25 pounds a tree would have to square about 2 feet and be from 25 to 30 feet high.

The chicle industry extends from Tuxpam as far as the extreme southern portion of Yucatan, which produces the largest yield, but in quality the gum is inferior to that obtained from the Tuxpam district. The latter gum commands a higher price in the United States, to which it is almost exclusively shipped.

Quantity and quality of imports of chicle into the United States from 1901 to 1910, inclusive, are as follows:

Year.	Quantity	Value
1901	3,140,768	\$753,696
1902	4,574,605	936,065
1903	4,282,247	954,389
1904	5,084,580	1,308,540
1905	5,060,166	1,357,458
1906	5,641,508	1,495,366
1907	6,732,581	2,139,204
1908	6,089,607	2,027,148
1909	5,450,139	1,987,112
1910	6,793,821	2,547,339

The chicle season opens early in September, though the yield at this time is often limited, owing to the frequent rains which retard the chicleos in their work. The rainy season is favorable to an abundant flow of sap, provided it is not prolonged beyond October, in which case sap would contain a larger proportion of water, and the loss in condensation would be heavy and the product inferior.

The process of extracting the sap is primitive. Open V-shaped incisions are made in the tree trunks. At the base of each tree a palm or other appropriate leaf is fastened, which acts as a leader or gutter from which the chicle drips into the receptacle placed to receive it. The sap as it flows into the incisions is a beautiful white, has the consistency of light cream, but as it runs down it gradually becomes more viscous, until, as it drops into the receiving receptacle, it is of the density of heavy treacle. When the receptacle is filled it is emptied into a large iron kettle and boiled to evaporate the water, which amounts to about 25 per cent. of the sap. As the boiling progresses the chicle thickens, and when it is kneaded to extract more of the water content, and is then shaped by hand into rough, uneven leaves weighing 5 to 30 pounds. If carefully cooked it is of a whitish-grey shade; if carelessly handled and improperly boiled it is of a dirty dark grey. When prepared with extra care it is of a light pinkish color. The sap freshly extracted will weigh about 7 to 8 pounds to the gallon. It is very adhesive, and is extensively employed for repairing broken articles and fastening leather tips to billiard cues.

TROLLEY WITHOUT TRACKS

Two somewhat unusual transportation systems are to be found at Los Angeles, Cal., a trackless trolley and three incline railways which lead to various hilly sections. The trackless trolley is said to be the only one of its kind in the country and consists of the

regular overhead wires, but no tracks, the cars running on the ordinary street paving. The cars are entirely different from the regulation street car; in fact, the first to be installed was a rebuilt automobile, equipped with the proper electrical apparatus and two overhead rods to connect with the wires. The two cars in use at the present time resemble an omnibus, have a capacity of sixteen passengers and are furnished with a steering wheel like that used on autos. They run up the winding road known as Laurel Canyon connecting a newly opened tract with the city and meeting the regular car lines. The road is only a few miles long, but is so winding and steep that it was considered more economical to avoid the use of tracks, and this is of considerable advantage to the automobile traffic along that road. The cars turn out readily to avoid passing vehicles and are a complete success. The fare is ten cents, and the expenses are light, only the driver being required for a car.

The incline railroads are still shorter. Two of them run from the business district to the adjacent heights known as "Bunker's Hill," a thickly settled apartment house district. The distance is only one block, but the grade is very steep. The fare is only one cent for commuters, five cents for a single fare, or three persons in a party for ten cents. Some of the hotels on the hill give tickets to their patrons. These roads operate by a cable which draws the cars to the top of the incline, electric power being used for driving the cable. There is but one track, with a "turn out" in the middle of the course, where the ascending and descending cars pass. One man operates the two cars from a station at the top, and also receives the fares. A feature of these roads is a rest pavilion, free to the public, and an observation tower, which are appreciated by tourists. The company is said to pay an exceedingly high rate of interest on the investment.

The third of the incline railways, and the latest to be installed, was built to connect a newly opened real estate tract on Mt. Washington with the regular trolley line. It is about a quarter of a mile long, but otherwise resembles the short incline in the center of the town.

SUITABLE LITERATURE

Infinite are the requirements and profound the judgment of librarians. The other day a little girl does the family marketing rushed into a library with the announcement that the sewing society was going to meet at her mother's house that afternoon and wouldn't the librarian please send around a book suitable for the education of the society to read about while the others worked? The young woman appealed to sent the sequel to a particularly charming story that had beguiled the tedium of the same circle on a previous afternoon. In a short time the little girl returned with the book.

"Ma says this ain't the kind of a story they need today," she said. "They ain't workin' on baby clothes and shirtwaists today. They're darin' men's socks and mendin' shirts, and they want something suitable."

There was a consultation of librarians. Just what kind of literature would fit the mental attitude of women engaged in darning socks and mending shirts was a question hitherto unconsidered.

They decided on a woman's rights pamphlet called "The Eternal Warfare." Apparently it suited, for the child did not bring it back.

SCHOOLS AS MOVING PICTURE SHOWS

Edison is preparing to spend \$3,000,000 and devote eight years of effort to the perfection of a series of educational moving-picture films for use in school-rooms. It is expected that moving pictures will in time become "an indispensable adjunct of a school course, and one of the special advantages claimed for the plan is that it will interest boys who hate school and cannot learn from books."

When schools are transformed into amusement resorts for the benefit of boys too lazy to study, the new educational dispensation will be thought to have attained its highest development.

Under the old theory of education, schools were places of mental discipline. Their object was to teach pupils to think, and the course was purposely made difficult to prepare them for the serious work of life. But benevolent boards of education have changed all that. All the rough pieces have been smoothed away. There is no algebra or higher arithmetic for those who do not want it, because it is "unnecessary" and might cause young heads to ache. All knowledge is predigested and warranted not to strain the weakest mental digestion. When to this easy shortcut to learning is added the attraction of moving pictures, the educational codding process will be complete.

Going to school will then have all the zest of going to the theatre. But it would be instructive to match the graduate of the modern peptonized school course with a boy from the old-time little red school-house in a test of actual mental capacity.

THE ANDROMEDA NEBULA

One of the most astonishing objects in the heavens is the great nebula in the constellation Andromeda, which is visible as a misty speck to the naked eye. It has long puzzled astronomers because, while its structure—a series of vast rings surrounding a central mass—suggests a gaseous constitution, its spectrum is continuous, resembling that of the sun. It has been suggested that it may be composed of stars constituting a universe external to ours. Studies of its parallax, however, indicate that it is nearer to us than some of the well-known stars, such as Capella; and Gore, the English astronomer, points out that if the Andromeda nebula were assumed to be an external universe, having a diameter comparable with that of the Milky Way, its mass would be forty million million million times the mass of the sun. This is regarded as incredible and so may be taken as an additional argument in favor of the view that this nebula is a member of our system.

Great July Sale Goes Merrily On

Now's the time to buy, while you can get such good values. You have three months to use and enjoy summer things, but we must part with them, and use the cash to buy new goods for the new season. Only a few of the bargains waiting you are mentioned here. There are thousands more, equally as big, scattered here, there, and in every section of this reliable store. See the price tickets--they tell the story.

Any Woman who wants to buy a Smart Suit Now

Would have hard work to find a Tailor to make such Suits, not to mention the finding the material for them. All well made, good style.

- \$ 8.50 for Northway Suits worth to \$17.50
- \$12.50 for Northway Suits worth to \$22.50
- \$19.50 for Northway Suits worth to \$35.00
- \$15.00 for Ladies' Coats worth to \$22.50
- \$ 9.50 for Ladies' Coats worth to \$13.50
- \$ 5.25 for Summer Dresses worth to \$ 8.50
- \$ 3.00 for Summer Dresses worth to \$ 4.50
- \$ 1.95 for Summer Dresses worth to \$ 3.00
- 65c for Children's Dresses worth to \$1.15
- 85c for Children's Dresses worth to \$1.50
- \$1.25 for Children's Dresses worth to \$2.00
- \$2.00 for Skirts worth to \$3.50
- \$2.50 for Skirts worth to \$4.00
- \$3.00 for Skirts worth to \$5.00

The Out-Clearing in Dry Goods

CURTAIN MADRAS, MUSLINS
 12 1-2e yard for values to 20c
 20e yard for values to 35c and 40c
 40e yard for values to 50c

GINGHAMS
 10e yard for values to 15c
 12 1-2e yard for values to 20c

WHITE AND FANCY MUSLINS
 10e yard for values to 15c
 15e yard for values to 25c

PRINTS ON SALE
 10e yard values to 15c

DRESS GOODS
 Choose from our complete range of Cashmeres, Serges, Fancy Stripes, Voiles, etc. All going

at 1-4 off.

The Sale of Men's Suits Continues

We are clearing all Spring and Summer Suits. Big assortment to choose from and every Suit in the offering is a good, sane, safe pattern, and is cut in a style that will be as correct next year as it is this.

\$ 7.50 for Suits that were \$10.00	\$11.95 for Suits that were \$16.50
\$ 9.95 for Suits that were \$12.50	\$14.00 for Suits that were \$19.00
\$11.25 for Suits that were \$15.00	\$17.75 for Suits that were \$22.50
40c for Underwear usual 50c	75c for Bathing Suits usual \$1.00
50c for Underwear usual 65c and 75c	\$1.00 for Bathing Suits usual \$1.25
80c for Underwear usual \$1.00	10c for Trunks usual 15c
\$1.00 for Underwear usual \$1.25	15c for Trunks usual 25c

MEN'S SHIRTS Clearing Sale Prices

WE ARE CLEARING the remainder of our stock in these summer lines at Slaughter Prices. It will pay you to see our display. Our prices are the lowest in Canada.

MEN'S NECKWEAR at clearing prices. See the assortment and choose the particular color you want, we have it

Shoe Bargains

In All Kinds, that are Bargains in earnest.

EMPRESS SHOES FOR LADIES
 \$2.25 for values to \$3.00
 \$2.65 for values to \$3.50

LADIES' SLIPPERS
 \$1.60 for values to \$2.00
 \$1.20 for values to \$1.50

MEN'S SHOES
 \$2.25 for values to \$3.00
 \$2.65 for values to \$3.50
 \$3.75 for values to \$5.00
 \$4.50 for values to \$6.00

Stationery and Crockery at Sale Prices

BIG CLEARANCE IN WRITING TABLETS.

25c for Tablets worth 35c
15c for Tablets worth 25c
10c for Tablets worth 15c

BOX NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES

35c for Boxes worth 50c
25c for Boxes worth 35c
15c for Boxes worth 25c
Envelopes Selling at 6 pkts. for 25c.

BARGAINS IN CROCKERY

Dinner Sets Reduced 20 per cent.
 Tea Sets Reduced 20 per cent.
 Cups and Saucers Reduced 20 per cent

GROCERIES AT REDUCED PRICES

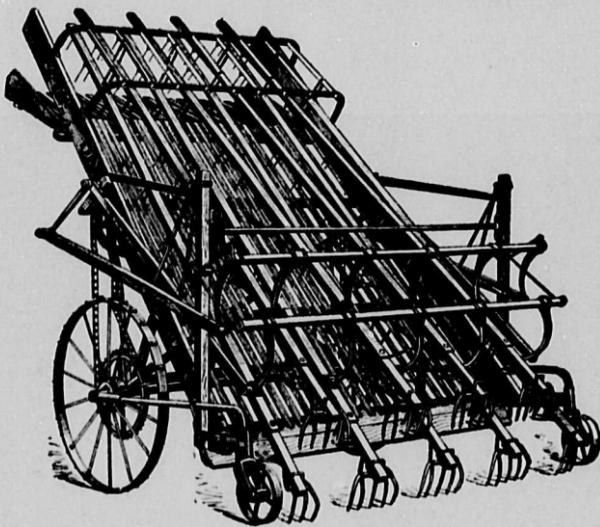
Premier Flour is good \$1.85 a Sack	Olives in bulk 25c a pint
Sweet Pickles in bulk 25c a pint	Jar Rubbers 5c a dozen
Laurel Bath Soap 10 cakes at 5c each	

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FRESH EGGS

ASHWELL & SON

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR GOOD DAIRY BUTTER

The values are big enough to make them go fast, so step lively if you want to Save Money. Come and Come Quick



DAIN The Light Draft "One Man" HAY LOADER

HERE is a real Hay Loader; a genuine labor saver; not a mere hay elevator. It's rightfully called the "One Man" loader because one man is all that's needed to run it. The force delivery pushes the hay well forward on the load, where it can be easily handled by the driver.

Dain Exclusive Advantages

Easy to couple all wagons without adjustment. No long, crooked crankshaft to break or cause trouble. Geared right to insure light draft and greatest hay gathering efficiency. Gathering rakes and elevating parts operated by hammock mounted pitmans. Works equally well on swath or windrow. Caster wheels in rear lessen draft and make turning easy.

The Dain Loader is lightest draft, most simple in design and most convenient to operate. Gets all the hay; made to last from best materials. That's why it is the most popular loader built today--why it is most widely imitated and just why it should be your choice.

Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co.

Social and Personal

The Misses Coote returned home this week.

Mrs. A. Cupples visited in Vancouver last week.

Miss Grossman is visiting in Vancouver this week.

Miss Monteith of Victoria is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Roberts.

Keith Macken of Vancouver is visiting his brother W. L. Macken.

Mrs. C. T. Orr returned from a trip to Seattle on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Broe have moved for the summer to Yarrow Station.

Capt. and Mrs. J. C. Garvie have returned from a holiday trip up the Pacific Coast.

Dr. McEwen of Warton, Ont. visited his friend Mr. L. Snider of this city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mutree, of Vancouver visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Blanchfield last week.

Miss Watson of Vancouver is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Watson, Gore ave.

Mrs. Geo. Leary, Fairfield Island, returned on Tuesday from a two months visit to points in Manitoba.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Raith of Strathcona, Alta., are the guests of Mrs. W. B. Walker East Chilliwack.

Capt. Hawkshaw and the Misses Hawkshaw of Prairie Central Road left on Monday on an extended visit to England and Ireland.

G. W. Hamilton, of Lucan, Ontario, who is visiting the coast with a view to purchasing a future home, is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hodgins.

Dr. John Stevenson and wife, of Eastern Washington, spent the past week with the former's brothers D. E. and W. R. Stevenson in town. They left on Tuesday for their home in Washington.

Mrs. Sellers Oporto Lodge, Sardis has as her guests the Rev. Mr. Perrin and son and Miss Briggs of Vancouver.

John McDonald left Wednesday on a months trip to Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago and Cleveland, at the latter point Mr. McDonald will visit his brother whom he has not seen for some twenty-six years.

Mr. and Mrs. James Munro and three children left Tuesday on an extended visit to the east. They will visit Chicago, New York, Toronto and other points and do not expect to return before the end of September. Their many friends wish them a very enjoyable holiday and a safe return.

J. G. Spencer, son of Dr. Spencer, of Vancouver, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cowen. Mr. Spencer is a good tenor soloist and delighted the Sunday morning congregation at Cook's church with a rendition of "Ninety and Nine." In the evening he sang a solo at the Baptist church, which was much appreciated.

Born--on Monday July 8 to Mr. and Mrs. Geig, Spadina ave., a daughter.

Wanted--Royal Ann cherries The Cannery will pay 6 cents a lb. for good fruit.

The boulevarding of Gore avenue was started by the City force on Monday.

Wanted--Royal Ann cherries. The Cannery will pay 6 cents a lb. for good fruit

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Partnership heretofore subsisting between J. Howe Bent and H. T. Goodland as Bent and Goodland, in the City of Chilliwack in the Province of British Columbia, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to either member of the late firm at the office of the late firm in Chilliwack aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to either member of the late firm, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at Chilliwack, B. C., this 15th day of June A.D. 1912.

Moths

will destroy your furs and clothing.

Use Bell's Pure Fibre

Moth Bags

in Medium and Large Sizes

Moth Balls
 Chloride of Lime
 Insect Powder

Fly Papers
 Sticky and Poison Felts.

H. J. BARBER
 DRUGGIST

DONKEY ENGINE FOR SALE

25 H. P. Donkey Engine, Cylinder 7 x 10, boiler 36 x 96, in good condition, with 1800 feet of new cable, blocks, etc. Price \$700. Apply H. HULBERT, Route 1, Sardis, B. C.

HAY FOR SALE

A few tons of good Timothy hay left. B. C. HOP CO., Sardis.

WANTED

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

STONE & WELLINGTON
 The Fonthill Nurseries (Established 1837)
 TORONTO - ONT.

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FOR IMMEDIATE SALE

Donkey Engine in good condition; cylinder 7 x 10; boiler 36 x 96, made in Thorold, Ontario, Spring of 1900 from Portie & Co., Vancouver. Spring of 1900 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. 14 Sec. 15, Township 26, New Westminster District. Apply to H. HULBERT, Route 1, Sardis.